

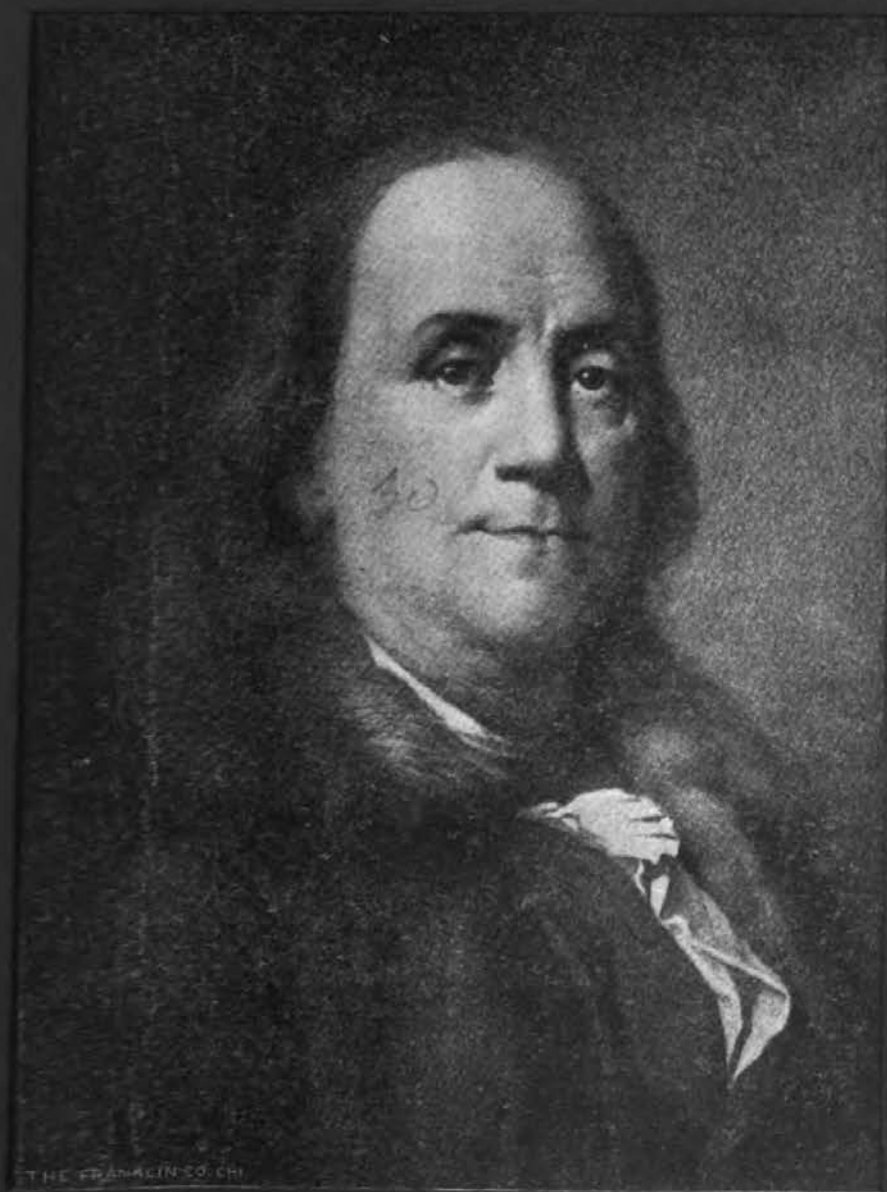
THE EPIC OF LOVE.
MARSHALL FIELD'S FATAL GUN.
CHRISTMAS TURKEY GRAFT.
THIRY-FIVE KINDS OF TYRANNY.
RACE SUICIDE, ETC.—IN THIS NUMBER.

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JANUARY — 1906

TO-MORROW

FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK



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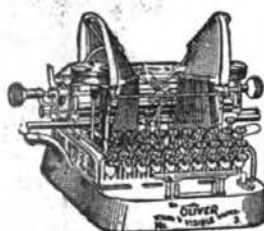
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The Business End.

Franklin and Paine.



THOMAS PAINE.

"To-Morrow's" heroes for January are Benjamin Franklin, who was born January 17th, 1706, and lived eighty-four years, and Thomas Paine, who was born January 29th, 1737, and lived seventy-two years.

The picture of Franklin, no doubt the greatest intellect ever produced in America, adorns the front cover of this Magazine, and the picture of Paine, the author of "Common Sense", "The Rights of

Man" and "The Age of Reason", occupies space on this page.

Franklin, besides being the High Priest of the printers' art and the cannonized saint of the electrical profession, has by his common sense inventions touched more households than any other man. Franklin excelled as a literateur and a philosopher, and his letters while Ambassador at the Court of the Louises, are to this day held as models of diplomacy. The world has scarcely produced another so versatile a mind able to excel and become pre-eminent in all fields, with perhaps the one exception of William Morris, the English manufacturer, poet and artist.

"To-Morrow" chooses these two as its heroes for January for the reason not only of the great works they have accomplished for humanity's sake, but because they were liberal and advanced thinkers of their day and as much removed from dogmatism and superstition as their epoch would permit. Both friends of George Washington, both were skeptics, and both were strong factors in producing American independence, it being believed by many that it was Paine's hand which made the original draft of the Declaration of Independence.

In any event, this honor lies between Paine and Jefferson, the latter also a liberal and one of "To-Morrow's" heroes for April.

Whether Paine drafted the Declaration of Independence or not, he was the **Author Hero** of the American Revolution, for it was his pamphlet, "Common Sense" that incited the spirit of revolt and showed the way for its accomplish-

ment. Paine was pure intellect. He was no emotionalist, and were he alive today, we would be glad to make him an honorary member of the Spencer-Whitman Center.

"To-Morrow's" heroes for February will be Abraham Lincoln, John Ruskin and Ernest Haeckel, the latter living, and though aged, still a Professor at the University of Jena, recognized as the greatest living scientist and constructive iconoclast.

Be **kind** always. Be **gentle** when necessary. Be **tender** sometimes.

Those who are ever afraid of failure will never succeed.

A subscriber writes: "I must have "To-Morrow to-day in order to be happy the day after."

You can sometimes afford to deceive a friend, but never an enemy.

"To-Morrow" is one year old, that is, "To-Morrow" has a past.

It is better to love two people than to hate one.

Someone says that to subscribe for "To-Morrow" to-day is to take time by the forelock.

The man who woos with gifts must take it for granted that all women have cortizan instincts.

We cannot too quickly forget to remember an injury.

Our promise to make "To-Morrow" better than yesterday is made good by our Janaury number.

The woman who exploits her sex ever so delicately is a grafter.

Always remember that the wrongdoer is your brother.

Success cannot always be measured by results, for the quality of intention must also be considered.

N. B.—All mail addressed to Herbert Spencer and Walt Whitman at 2238 Calumet Ave. is opened by Sercombe Himself.

Sociologists Attention! If man waiting for elevator looks up, he wants to go down. If he looks down, he is waiting for it to go up.

"To-Morrow" is for people who have not left their futures behind them.

To stand alone is to stand on air.

Herman Koehn contributes an article for February on his Doctrine of "**Rights**." He says there is no such thing.

The congregation of the Spencer-Whitman Center will hereafter hold forth every Sunday evening at eight o'clock in Fraternity (Dewey) Hall, No. 70 East Adams St., Chicago, (opposite The Fair). Seats are free to all and the subject for Sunday evening, January 7th, will be "Tyranny." Mr. Sercombe will also analyze the morning sermon of Rev. Frank Gunsaulus. (One Broad Pair of Stairs to the Hall.)

Hugh Pentecost of New York will contribute an alive article on "The Tyranny of Family Love" for our February unumber.

Jacob Loeb will tell us in February "How to be useful Though Educated."

Lyde Parce Robinson will commence a serial article in "To-Morrow" for February on "The History of Human Marriage."

Parker H. Sercombe will contribute for February an appreciation of the courage of the late Abram Brokaw of Bloomington, who though a millionaire, had the stamina to resist all forms of display, gluttony and elaborateness and live the **Simple Life** on three hundred a year to the end of his days.

THE EPIC OF LOVE.

Do you seek understanding? Then why not know the law of love? You can live without knowing the law. You can love without knowing the law. Fishes, birds, tigers, men, have all used the eye for millions of years without knowing the theory of vision.

We now know the theory of vision and we know the law of love, but it is not what you thought.

Once we thought the world was flat because that is the way it looked to us. We must also look all around the world and all through the universe and obtain the knowledge of many men in many ages before we can know the law of love.

Love was in the world before man came, before there were plants or animals, before there was even air. For many ages love was merely attraction, cohesion, harmony, reproduction, but time advancing and vegetable, animal and human organisms appearing on the earth, they sought each other out, and this was love.

The amoeba enfolding the atom wafted to its embrace and assuming character and color according to its influence; the sponge fast to the racks, but reaching out its fibrous gauze to ensnare floating particles into becoming a part of itself; the fish in its ecstasy, distributing its spawn for the perpetuation of its race; the wailing of the swaying elm at midnight, its branches rising, and falling, thus distributing its pollen and drawing the life juices into its trunk; the writhing vine seeking to connect the earth with the sun; the call and echo of the wolf signaling his mate, and the consent of the bashful primitive first girl, are all various forms of love.

All those influences in nature which make for stability, harmony, equilibrium, mental, physical and social balance, are manifestations of the great law of love.

Influences which tend towards upbuilding, developing, creating, perpetuation of species, of thought, of ideals and organisms, are all forms of love.

Hate, criticism, unkindness, all tend towards destruction, dissolution, disintegration, death.

Love is constructive, never destructive.

Nature's method of progress is to constantly eliminate the inharmonious, the sluggish, the over-used and the under-used. She seeks equilibrium—**peace**.

Love will not live in bondage or slavery.

Give it fetters, rules, laws, limitations and it is no more love but it will pretend.

Let fall the chains and the cringing, vain, hypocritical, dogged thing will take on a glow of beauty and irresistible charm.

All sorts of foulness, all morbid conditions in atoms, stars, ponds, people and putrefactions result from confined units urging to be set free.

Only those who are great enough to trust to the end, tolerate to the end, demand nothing, insist on nothing and make no rules for others, will ever be truly loved.

Nothing more gentle than a sleeping thunderbolt; the sigh of Vesuvius at peace. A regal Lion of a summer afternoon playful and dainty as Daphne, curls on his side and in the transports of tender love laps the mouth of his mate. His eyes have the soft glow that only comes when power surrenders to passion.

She is exquisitely feminine, untamed and uncontrolled, "less guarded than ever yet more guarded than ever." She denies not his carresses, the game is sweet to both. Her velvet paw at peace to its tip with the melting drows that steals her to him, taps softly his burly snout, really to feel in her sensitive palm somewhat more of the hot breath that conquers her.

The soft delights of June converted in an instant to the frigid terrors of December can scarcely symbol the unearthly roar and thundering growl, as springing to his feet, his eyes aflame, his muscles tense, his tail lashing the air, he passes in a second from angel to fiend as a slight rustle of leaves at a hundred yards betrays the bushy head of a rival, only part visible, watching, crouching, creeping, but just mounted to the edge from the gorge below.

The first roar was all. The other wastes no breath on growls. This brute "Juan" had met rivals before and won. They had both been victors else they could not have been here now. Neither one bounds or springs in the air nor wastes the slightest effort in preliminaries, but cat-like and close to the ground, so close that their bodies almost drag, they approach each other like lightning; they approach within twenty feet, not in direct line but in a slight curve to the left, and stop.

For an instant what a human tableaux!

Brothers of the same race—there are tears in the half-groan of "Regal,"—his farewell to the love of a moment since,

as with hell in his eyes and a demon's jaws, still low on the ground, he dashes straight for the other's throat.

This is no economic struggle, **death** for the other is the prize for each.

A thousand hopes dash through Regal's mind as he plunges forward. "Ah! wait for me there, I'll come to you Leona! these giant paws are invincible, **this one combat more** and then peace for us always. I know the trick so well he cannot avoid me,—he turns his head slightly—now for him! Once my fangs are sunk around his wind-pipe I will hold on if it takes all the night to strangle him. I will sink my teeth in his throat and drink his blood. Once I get my hold he may do his worst. I will hold on no matter what comes, no matter who. Should he struggle to the edge of the precipice there will be no release in store for him, I will hold fast. In the fall I will keep him underneath and fall upon him and dash his body upon the rocks and still hold fast until his foul body has made its last convulsion." He dashes low, sure—Oh! so sure of his mark, but Juan suddenly turning his head outward, Regal only secured a side hold, too far back—so far, that had he not suddenly released it, Juan would have turned underneath him and obtained the fatal advantage he had hoped for. Leaping forward to avoid Juan's rush he met him on the turn upward and with open jaws. "Now for his throat!" But Juan's powerful jaws, fully open, dropped close to his bosom for protection and while he fiented to crush Regal's paw, quick as a flash he turned and sunk his fangs into Regal's throat. Juan's jaws had hardly closed as with convulsive quickness Regal drew back and up just in time to save his wind, and leaving two ugly wounds in the thick covering of his throat.

Do not tremble Comrade, This is not your fight, Leona yonder is not your loved one. These are not Don "Pedro" and Don "Ganzalo" fighting for the favor of a Courtazan. These are Lions they are not young men. What made you think of young men? What made you think of Roscoe Conkling enduring torments for Kate Chase Sprague? What made you think of Wm. E. Corey and Mabelle Gilman? This is **animal passion**, not human love, for see Leona as she crouches there, her eyes aflame with interest, her haunches high, her face resting low on her paws. Alert, supple, intense, she utters not a sound. She creeps and glides to a place of advantage as the terrific fight proceeds. She is terrible. She is cunning. She is the cause and the symbol of the horrible battle. They move toward the precipice in their fearful struggle. She is full of **interest—intensified interest**, for well she knows that the survivor of the **combat** is winning the right to be the father and protector of her children.

To-Morrow

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1906.

The Business End.....	Personally Conducted Paine and Franklin. Some Sayings The Epic of Love
Frontispiece—"Margaret"	Gibson, Sykes and Fowler
Editorial Notes	Editors
	The Gun as a Plaything At Your Peril. The Christmas Turkey Graft Thirty-five Kinds of Tyranny. The Prize Contest The Holidays Desire As a Factor (Giving)
Evils of Liberty (Concluded)	Lizzie M. Holmes
In the Matter of Funerals	Riley M. Fletcher Berry
To-Day (Poem)	R. W. Burroughs
A Thoughtful Consideration of Race Suicide	
	Lida Parce Robinson
Courage, My Heart (Poem)	Wm. F. Barnard
Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians Part V.	Carlos Montezuma
A Social Watchword	Grace Moore
Past and Present (Poem)	F. D. Harrigan
High Finance in Mexico, Part VIII.....	Parker H. Sercombe
The Spencer-Whitman Round Table....	Grace Moore, Editor
The Informal Brotherhood	Viola Richardson, Editor
Desmorganslandt	M. F. Canfield
Books, Reviews and Magazines	

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To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

WILLIAM F. BARNARD

GRACE MOORE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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Volume 2.

JANUARY, 1906.

Number 1.

Beginning with 1906, To-MORROW makes a new departure along the line of hero worship, and will devote its front cover each month, and other interior space, to portraits of the world's thinkers, reformers and radicals.

Among those whose portraits will adorn the front cover to commemorate the months of their anniversaries will be Lincoln, Voltaire, Paine, Jefferson, Tyndall, Darwin, Garrison, Franklin, Thoreau, Shelly, Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel, Ingersoll, Morris, Ruskin, Whitman, Beecher, Altgeld, Humboldt and Henry George.

To the thoughtful person the death of Marshall Field Jr., while playing with a "new gun," is a most startling arraignment of the common sense of our leisure class who, in the face of great responsibilities, economic and domestic, still persist for diversion, in "harking back" to an epoch when death dealing weapons were necessary for obtaining game for food and for self protection.

If it is true, as announced, that Marshall Field Jr., met his death by accidental discharge of a new automatic gun, if the thousands and millions of dollars which he and his father were ready



PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

to spend to safeguard him from dangers and pitfalls of every kind and variety, if the affection of his large circle of friends and the tender love of his own immediate family were not sufficient to impress his responsibilities and the need of discretion in the choice of playthings on his mind, then the Field millions are for naught to thus buy only failure in the family.

To become an expert money maker, a colossal trader, is small comfort when this kind of success is achieved at the expense of failure to implant high ideals in the minds of ones offspring.

Had proper parental instruction and proper tutelage been employed in moulding the mind of young Field—and, of course had his father understood his needs he was able to purchase for him any environment that he saw fit—surely the tendency of his intellect would have led him into loftier channels of thought and recreation.

Expert educators will bear me out that when properly taught, it is just as easy to cultivate a love for the use of the hoe, the trowel and the spade for employment in the delicate and beautiful recreation of gardening, as it is to acquire reactionary and perverted tastes for cigarettes, midnight dinners and death dealing weapons; or had some of the Field millions been employed in stimulating in his son a love of philosophy, of science, or inspired him with sufficient love for his fellow men to cause him to make a rational study of the human race; or had he withdrawn his mind from profit getting sufficiently to understand the beauty and art to be found in acquiring the use of tools, and stimulated the ability to design and create beautiful objects in wood and metal, all the tendencies of mind that caused his son to drift into the prevailing habits and customs of the leisure class would have been obliterated and in place of death, the father would now be in a position to contemplate a living soul willing to serve, balanced in mind and body, beautifying and uplifting the world because he loved IT and not self, and by his devotion glorifying himself and his race.

But our merchant prince has done "even as you and I," and educated his family, not in accordance with the known science of education, not with the idea of giving to the world a well rounded man in mental, physical and social equilibrium, not attaining for him the HIGHEST which his money could easily buy, but like the other weak children of earth, he taught him to decorate his mind as he clothed his body; in the prevailing fashion, and he has his reward.

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY GRAFT:--No other phenomenon better illustrates the tendency of our race than the ever advancing graft principle that underlies both organized and unorganized Christmas giving.

To be in the fashion, to do as others do, to outdo others, all of these tendencies of our epoch are year by year becoming more highly exaggerated, more commercial, more competitive, more obnoxious.

The slum-district saloons outdoing each other in their free lunch offerings, competing for patronage on a basis of how much each is willing to give away for nothing, find their prototype in the Presbyterian church that sends around its notices from house to house, "Car loads of provisions given away this year," or the Baptist church's flaunting notice: "More turkeys given away this year than ever before," or the Salvation Army's appeal: "Twelve thousand Christmas feasts to be eaten by families in the privacy of their homes," or the disgusting trafficking of the Chicago news papers collecting funds and disbursing gumbo soup, purely for graft, purely for increase of subscriptions, nothing more. To what base uses have we come!

Is there any one so dull these days that they do not observe that the motive back of these offerings is simply a scheme to attract patronage, a form of common, low, dull, sordid graft? What do these givings amount to, any way?

The total amount that the Salvation Army will give this season will not amount in money to the profit of Marshall Field from his ribbon counter, and President Forgan of the First National Bank could give the total amount dis-

pensed by all the Presbyterian churches in the city put together, and it would make so small a hole in his income that it would not be noticed. All the Chicago Christmas dinners furnished this year by the Chicago American could be paid for with the price of the furnishings of a single room in the one hundred thousand dollar mansion which President Eckles of the Commercial Bank has just built in Oconomowoc, and the bar room of Mrs. Potter Palmer's hotel yields a bigger annual income than all the holiday gratuities of all the Chicago orthodox churches and newspapers combined.

It must be that these Christmas turkey grafters find it profitable to keep on hoodwinking the people by giving them two cents every time they make twenty thousand dollars, or else why do they continue the deception?

One would almost think the turkeys would get ashamed of themselves for participating in such a manifest fraud.

What can we say of the preacher's spiritual state as he writes up a circular to be sent around among his flock, reading in large headings, "Carloads of provisions given away this year," etc.

It is the free lunch graft pure and simple. It is bidding for patronage, whether church, newspaper, or saloon, entirely unmindful that its educational result is invariably to produce beggars, hypocrites and thieves.

While Carlos Montezuma, the rational Apache Indian, is calling in ringing tones for discontinuing reservations and the withdrawal of government aid to Indians; this to prevent his race from losing their independence and manhood, our churches and newspapers and free lunch counters are each year making startling advances in means which tend to the degeneration of the masses, all for profit under the pretense of generosity.

The printed boast of the Salvation Army, that they fed twelve thousand people last year, and that they expect to find many more who have sufficiently degenerated during the past twelve months, reminds one of the avarice of the undertaker.

The more we feed the greater our glory.
The more there are to feed the greater our glory.
The more degradation the greater our glory.
The harder we work the more converts to acceptance of
charity, the greater our glory.

The chaotic, unmanly and degenerate state of mind of the Salvation Army lads who make their living by standing on street corners with well browned papier mache representations of Christmas dinners crying: "Remember the poor," "Help fill the basket," etc., is not one whit more noble or less destructive than sitting in the rear of a saloon dealing cards in a gambling game, for both occupations tend rottenward.

Ten million people in the United States are living in poverty; perhaps one hundred thousand of these are in Chicago, most of whom will accept free Christmas dinners from one source or another, the entire cost of which is a mere bagatelle compared with the annual earnings of any one of the large department stores, banks or prominent business firms, all of whom while pocketing their millions of annual profits will flatter their egotism, bunco the masses and prepare for another year's graft because they flauntingly give one tenth of one per cent of their earnings without being forced to judgment and execution by those they have robbed.

AT YOUR PERIL.—How few understand life or realize that every pathway, every avenue of thought and action, is taken at our peril.

Everything we do we do at our peril, because so sensitive is our mental, physical and emotional organization, that exercise of any of these, tends to build up and make us strong and powerful in the direction of the tendencies brought into action.

Not only is the way always perilous in the positive sense, but in the negative also, for our power of growth is indeed so limited that immediately we concentrate in any one direction our blood supply, nerve force, and mental interest are attracted to that one channel to the exclusion of all else.

The ambitious musician compelling himself to hours of

practice each day, the youthful orator concentrating his powers on the goal of his ambition, the astronomer searching the stars, the chemist finding affinity with atoms and globules, the statesman, the engineer, the gambler, the preacher, the thief, the drunkard, the clubman, the parent, the captain of industry, are all examples of momentum and concentration in a direction which so completely absorbs their power of growth as to disable the possibilities of high attainment in other fields.

Each thought, each act, each emotion, then, is a movement or at least a part of a movement in its own direction, which if persisted in develops a momentum to which all other powers and faculties must pay tribute.

Choose then at your peril.

Choose selfish aims and environments and nature's system of gradual advancement will eventually develop your disposition into a maelstrom of conscienceless avarice.

On the other hand choose comradeship, choose living for others instead of for self, choose the environment wherein you may gradually learn to live with others and for others, wherein your heart and soul may be exerted for the benefit and uplift of the whole community instead of for self alone, and without preacher or baptism you shall gradually discard the unworthy parts of you and without other effort or thought you shall become that of which the Nazarene only dreamed when he preached of the brotherhood of man. **The thief is your first apostle of mutual ownership.**

HEROES WANTED.—One hundred and fifty years ago the loins of our country were giving forth the heroes of 1776 and no one dreamed that Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Randolph and George Washington should be among those chosen to break down forever the scoffs of political tyranny and establish democracy on a practical basis.

Political freedom is attained, chattel slavery has been disposed of by a later band of patriots, and now a call goes forth to the ends of the earth, a cry that will not be hushed; a demand for democracy in its completest sense, economic and domestic.

The call goes out for heroes, for leaders, and they must have all the daring and fierceness and unconquerable spirit that has characterized those who have wrought for democracy in the past. The enemies of social and economic democracy employ weapons none the less destructive, none the less deathly and in no way less torturing than the implements which the destroyers of freedom forged for use on our revolutionary ancestors.

Though living under the label of democracy, we are oppressed on all sides by tyrannies, social, domestic, economic, traditional.

THIRTY-FIVE KINDS OF TYRANNY.

These tyrannies having descended to us from past ages, when no form of democracy was known; in fact the very fabric of our social customs are interwoven so completely with the forms, methods and precedents of despotism that it will take hundreds of years of **real democratic living** to gradually sift out the taints and hereditary blemishes of tyranny.

There are more than thirty different varieties of everyday tyranny which modern leaders, modern heroes are now called upon to overthrow.

In the first division we have

Official tyranny,
 Military tyranny,
 Judicial tyranny,
 Clerical tyranny,
 Educational tyranny,
 Proprietary tyranny,
 Institutional tyranny,
 Ceremonial tyranny,
 Domestic tyranny,
 Parental tyranny,
 Prison tyranny,
 Hereditary tyranny,
 Social tyranny and
 Economic tyranny.

Add to these the Tyranny of Precedent,
 Tyranny of Belief,
 Tyranny of Inspiration,

Tyranny of the Dead,
Tyranny of Tradition,
Tyranny of Appetite,
Tyranny of Conventionalism,
Tyranny of Radicalism,
Tyranny of Sex,
Tyranny of Love,
Tyranny of Fashion,
Tyranny of Manners,
Tyranny of Poverty,
Tyranny of Riches,
Tyranny of Wisdom,
Tyranny of Fear,
Tyranny of Gossips,
Tyranny of the Envious,
Tyranny of Ignorance,
Tyranny of Infants

and worst of all, The Tyranny of Self.

To begin at the last, no influence stands out so strongly against the progress of the human race as self tyranny; viz.: the manner in which each one of us attempts through self-direction to destroy the automotism of nature and guide our acts into channels and byways that we are in no way intended or fitted for. Not only are all our futile struggles against our God-given natures purely a waste of time, but the way in which we resort to chemicals and drugs and thereby destroy the automatism of our being, is another simple manifestation of the crude manner with which we have imbibed the spirit of democracy in its application to our physical organisms, and permitted ourselves to submit to the tyranny of drugs and medicines instead of applying the democratic remedies of outdoor air and healthful exercise.

From time to time the various forms of tyranny will be taken up in these editorials. The tyranny of poverty, of riches, of fashion, of success, of appetite, of tradition, will be duly touched upon showing that not only in our intellects and hearts we are not truly democratic, but considering the traditional origin of our manners and customs inherited from an age of despotism it would be a miracle if we were.

THE PRIZE CONTEST.—The original objects of To-MORROW's publishers in offering prizes for the best answers to the question, "Why is To-Morrow the most vital publication today?" were:

First: A desire to bring out the fact that *it is the most vital publication.*

Second: To secure in this way somewhat of a statistical knowledge as to the number of people who are able to recognize *Impersonal Philosophy* when they come in contact with it.

Third: For purposes of our own we desire to get the benefit of the best phraseology and forms of expression by which to present our message.

As already explained in these columns, we were not seeking praise. We did not want to be jollied, we want to be *understood.*

Our aim is to study humanity individually and collectively from the point of view of a man from Mars, with no more personal interest or bias, in favor of our manners, customs forms ceremonies, than we have in studying the habits of ants and bees.

We have previously made use of these terms, but find that those who have considered them thoughtfully and really understand the breadth of meaning implied in this mental attitude are exceedingly scarce if we are to judge at all by the character of the answers in the prize contest.

To cast aside all traditional interpretation and judge of our most cherished forms, ceremonies and customs purely from the standpoint of science, is a revolution of thought so great that but few persons are capable of assuming the attitude, especially when applied to beliefs that have become a part of their own lives.

Suppose we declare that government can be best administered by the House of Representatives and favor doing away with both the Senate and the President.

Suppose we should advocate a plan that would mean the discontinuance of gold and silver as money.

Suppose we show that our much revered jury system is merely a relic of an antiquated economic and political ideal.

Suppose we should recommend doing away with all laws and powers for the collection of debts.

Suppose we advocate that all laws for punishing theft should be wiped off our statute books.

Suppose we declare that jails and all other forms of punishment for criminals should be abolished.

Suppose we favor an education that should consist in nothing more than learning to love your work, live simply and think rationally.

Suppose we should favor a new marriage law whereby mutual attraction for each other should be the only force depended upon to hold couples together.

Suppose we favor children being segregated away from their always incompetent parents and brought up by expert educators.

Suppose we should favor the abolition of all forms of tyranny.

Suppose we advocated the limitation of wealth so as to make it impossible for ten per cent of our population to own ninety per cent of the property.

Suppose we believe it should become incumbent upon those of great money making instinct to exert their faculties for *the benefit of society as a whole* instead of for self.

NOW, suppose all of these hypotheses were sound and that To-MORROW was the only magazine in the world to advocate them; it still *would not* be the most vital publication.

To-MORROW only becomes The Most Vital Publication as it is able to show the relationship and interdependence of all the phenomena herein dealt with. It only becomes *vital* as it indicates the automatism of universal law, as it plays upon these phenomena and it is The Most Vital Publication only as it indicates the universal cosmic principles true throughout all time and space, in the light of which these phenomena are held up to scrutiny and thus *proven true or untrue.*

In a few matters the impersonal viewpoint has already become almost the universal habit of thought. In the matter of the shape of the earth; though it appears flat to us personally, we agree that it is round. In relation to the sun rising and setting, though it appears to come up and go down, we know its relation to the solar system. In our attitude towards the wonders of chemistry, physics and other sciences, the impersonal attitude has been almost universally accepted; but in the study of man, his habits, customs, forms, and ceremonies, the mental attitude remains almost strictly personal that is, each person judging from the standpoint of his likes, dislikes, tastes, training and environment, but it happens that in this field of speculation impersonal and disinterested thought is more necessary than in all others combined.

Not only does a study of material science prove that it is absolutely essential to establish fixed principles for guidance, but the application of these principles further establish the great truth that they are universal and applicable to the minutest subdivisions of human life, personal, social and political; and the office of *TO-MORROW MAGAZINE* as a vital publication, shall be to point out these universal principles, draw conclusions in accordance with them instead of in accordance with tradition, and make application without fear or favor to every problem of human existence.

The prizes in the contest have been awarded in accordance with the aptness with which the contestants have understood and stated these principles, and are as follows:

First Prize, twenty-five dollars, Maude Jacobs, Sigourney, Iowa.

Second Prize, fifteen dollars, Martyn Johnson, Chicago, Ill.

Third prize, five dollars, Geo. B. Williams, Frackville, Pa.

Among other contestants whose answers deserve favorable mention are the following in the order of their excellence:

Wyatt Millikan, Frankfort, Kans.; H. W. Francis, Chicago; Zene Spurrer, Kingman, Kas.; Joel Richardson, Hayesville, Ia.; Ernest Morehouse, Chicago; Margaret Huddleston, Washington, D. C.; Jessie W. Brabant, Traverse City, Mich.; Walter Hurt, Cincinnati, Ohio; and Arthur E. Steele, Chicago.

The answer of the winner of the first prize is given below in full, also extracts from the answers of Martyn Johnson and Geo. B. Williams, the winners of the second and third prizes. The answer of Zene Spurrer, of Kingman, Kans., while not a prize winner, is written in good verse and appears on another page in this number, and the answer of Wyatt Millikan of Frankfort, Kans., is so excellent, that while it is not a prize winner, it will be published in full in the February number of this magazine.

Dear Editor,

"*TO-MORROW*" is the most vital publication to-day because it seems to be the only publication which attempts the classification of all Human phenomena as manifestations of certain unvarying natural laws.

It is the only publication which points out the affiliation of events, circumstances and forces and indicates their relation to primal law.

"*TO-MORROW*" is unlike other publications in that it employs a system of rational thinking which it applies to every problem discussed in its columns, whether "High Finance," "Indian Education," "Special Privilege" or "Child Culture", all of which are submitted to the scrutiny of the same general principles.

"*TO-MORROW*" is vital in that its principles are not for one class of citizens, nor for the people of one time or nation, nor for one type of mentality but for all people for all time.

Other publications have not based their conclusions upon any systematized method of reasoning. Their ideas do not hang together since they are not guided by basic principles, but by prevailing manners, customs and traditions. They treat all questions under contemplation as isolated problems, as if unrelated to other phenomena.

The opinions they give generally have rise in prejudice or bias and are therefore unreliable, changeful, full of inconsistencies and contradictions.

Other publications discuss Human problems from the egoistic or

personal view point, and their conclusions are biased by class or self interest, colored by early training and environment, while "To-Morrow" discusses these problems from the impersonal view point and in this way sees them in their true proportions and in their true relation to themselves, the universe and to society as a whole.

The minds that are back of "To-Morrow" are cosmic in their conceptions, viewing humanity as an organism, composed of units which as brothers look forward to a "To-Morrow" when racial needs and individual needs will be unified so as to form but one problem.

Yours sincerely,

MAUDE JACOBS. .

Extract from answer of Martyn Johnson the winner of Second Prize:

As I take it, the purpose of To-Morrow is to arouse in the individual the COSMIC SPIRIT and thus lift us out of the impotency of our individual selfness. So soon as I, the individual, realize that I am also a symbol of the whole, I am filled with harmony. It is only in relation to the whole that I live and move and have my being.

To-Morrow has the organic conception of the universe, it realizes that each individual has a peculiar function to perform and that it is only in the performing of this function that the individual has value or meaning. Happiness or success can never be found on the individual basis, nor through special privilege. They are found only by identifying the individual life with the life of the whole. Salvation is but the finding of this identification which gives infinite possibility of growth.

Thus we lose our individuality in so far as it interferes with the larger life, that is, we lose our life but find it in terms of the whole.

Once the cosmic conception is grasped everything becomes a symbol of the harmonious whole. God is revealed in a flower, yet more in a man and yet more in the life of a society. I believe that To-Morrow has this conception and that it catches a glint of the Divine in everything, it judges the values of all things with reference to the whole.

Thus To-Morrow reveals to the dissatisfied individual a new habit of thought and of life in which he may forget his selfness and live his life in relation to the society about him, content to perform his function in the life of the whole, and when he has attained to this frame of mind he has, to use a well worn phrase, "found himself."

This, then is why To-Morrow is the most vital of the publications of to-day, it sees in the social unrest the way to social salvation through the individual.

Extract from the answer of Geo. B. Williams, the winner of Third Prize:

Because it has the organic conception of the universe, and realizes that each individual has a peculiar function to perform as part of the all. His various organs also have special functions, and he should specially understand this functioning in producing bodily health, and also the functioning of the organs which have perceptive, ideating reasoning and powers, or which express outwardly to others the results of same on himself.

Because it shows individuals how to make themselves really capable and worthy parts of the all, instead of posing as the all, and fighting the laws of nature as well as everyone and everything else except themselves.

Because it is unalterably opposed to the effrontery with which the rights of the masses and poorer classes are openly defied and trodden under foot by graft and special privilege.

Because it is opposed to all forms of special privilege, special divine right, special inspiration, or any form of monopoly, trust or graft whatever. No individual has any right to anything whatever that any other individual may not have on the same terms.

Because it asserts that all men, women and children on this earth have certain equal natural and inalienable rights, among which are life

and the fullest liberty to utilize all their faculties and powers to make such life worth living.

Because it advocates the broadest possible liberty for man individually and collectively, in ever pressing forward toward higher ideals, a more glorious, real worth and greater happiness.

Because it understands that the proper function of public opinion as well as of all forms of government is the protection, defense and enlargement of individual liberty, the assistance of the individual in using that liberty to the best possible advantage, and the unsparing suppression of everything that is inimical to or destructive of individual liberty.

It has no respect for public opinion or gossip that has been debased by preaching. It teaches a natural morality based on unchallengeable laws, and which is not a mere outward form and pretense but the spontaneous expression of the natural pure spirituality of an intelligent and loving soul, which spirituality is the cause of which true morality is the effect and outward expression.

Because it discusses fundamental human problems and other problems with strict impersonality, seeking for, finding and explaining the causes which alone can produce desired results in human betterment and increasing happiness.

Because it asserts the unification of thought, the unification of knowledge, the unification of love, and the inseparable co-ordinate oneness of these and all other forms of goodness.

Because it advocates learning by doing, instead of by committing some unexplainable dogmatic uselessness to memory. If an individual learns by doing he will miss the terrible curse of being taught so much that is not so, and would be useless if it was so. He can learn thinking and reasoning by thinking and reasoning. He can learn to love by loving. Theory is good as far as it goes if it is sound and provable, but one can only fully know by doing and by experience.

Because it insists on the absolute necessity for a vastly improved system of education in the public schools.

Because it advocates reforms in the administration of justice and in prison management.

Because of the comprehensiveness and unification of its thoughts, methods and aims. In these respects it has a breadth without shallowness and depth without narrowness which is unique. Nearly all periodicals have some single and special line of work. There is a division of labor amongst them. *To-Morrow* excludes nothing which concerns human betterment and individual happiness. It starts on a solid foundation of basic and fundamental natural truths, and deals with causes which produce well known effects.

Because it teaches the unification of individualism and collectivism which are merely different phases or forms of the utilization of the same individual effort. The initiative is taken by individualism.

Because in order to awaken and encourage an enlightened self interest in its readers, it has offered prizes for who can best grasp and most fully enter into the spirit of methods, aims and objects, and can most clearly state to what extent they do so. It wishes to know that it is understood, and that its readers are well qualified to be fully receptive of the saving knowledge it imparts and benefit thereby. Other publications usually offer prizes for the solution of unimportant puzzles which does little or no good to the solvers, and is for the sole purpose of increasing the circulation and profits of the publication.

Extract from answer of H. W. Francis:

To-Morrow is the most vital publication because it discusses vital questions in a lively, far-reaching way. The publications which discuss Mr. Rockefeller, the Trusts, etc., as if *THEY* were vital questions are confounding an effect with a cause and they are not reaching the real *VITAL* question. *To-Morrow* is vital because it seeks to discover the disease—the *CAUSE*—and to point out the way to eradicate it with application to the whole body politic and not to an individual only, realizing that the individual and the body politic must suffer together.

I opine the name *To-Morrow* was chosen not to mean that the Magazine does not deal with the questions of to-day—because it most certainly DOES do that—but because it cares nothing about yesterday except as yesterday points a lesson to be recalled to-day in order that we may profit by past errors and have a better to-morrow.

While “Himself” claims the right to be himself he allows you to be “yourself;” and *To-Morrow*’s opinions are not influenced by advertising patronage or any financial considerations. The Editor and writers tell what they think for your thought, but *To-Morrow*’s pages are open to you to disagree and tell why, and you are allowed to disagree with the Editor by which means the reader hears ALL sides and concludes for himself. Very often I do not agree with the Magazine’s ideas, but they give me a point of view which had not occurred to me, and which while it may fail to convince me broadens my mind just that much.

A thing is not good with *To-Morrow* because it is old; on the contrary it is likely to be bad.

It teaches the individual that he cannot be independent and happy through SELFISHNESS but only as the WHOLE are independent and happy.

To-Morrow follows the lines of Evolution and seeks to trace all the different political phenomena by correlation back to CAUSE. *To-Morrow* not only talks—it THINKS; and if you read it, it will make YOU think. It is therefore THE vital publication of to-day.

The answer of Joel Richardson:

To those who are in touch with the spirit of the magazine, the name *To-Morrow* is prophetic of a new and better social order.

To-Morrow is a magazine with a single purpose so broad as to comprehend all the various reforms along the line of social regeneration.

Drawing to its support the best and brightest minds of the present generation, and inspired by the wisdom of the past, it seeks to free society from the complexities of a false and vicious civilization, by a return to nature and in harmony with the cosmic forces lay the foundation of an ideal Democracy.

Persistent intelligent effort for the attainment of these ends renders the *To-Morrow MAGAZINE* the most vital publication of the day.

The answer of Ernest Morehouse:

To the Editor.—The most vital problem confronting the human race is the correct interpretation of the complex manifestations of that universal potency designated as the “conservation of energy.” In the concentration and dissipation of cosmic force is to be found the key to the explanation of all the processes of Nature. Alike in the rising sun, bathing the earth in its vibrations, in the growing vegetation, in the developed animal life and eventually in the mental life of man and his product—the social organism.

The goal of this effort is to advance the evolution of mind to a point where it may formulate the law of universal energy; thus giving definiteness and accuracy to human judgement in its interpretations of nature—the only possible source of real knowledge.

The present adolescent age of intellectual evolution gropes for reasons in a maze of feelings, sentiments and whimsicalities. Humanity surges along a tortuous zigzag towards the heights of reason. A false step, a hesitation, and the abyss of oblivion has claimed you as one of the unfit.

Scientific philosophy seeks to attain such a knowledge of the natural forces controlling all human activities, as will make it possible to conform to nature along the direct line of progress. As man is a part of nature, he must there find the buffeting of ages he has made slow progress in the most severe school of experience and every lesson has been dearly acquired. With the practical application of the deductions from cosmic laws the frictions of life should be greatly lessened, as we will be more able to anticipate and avoid the errors which at present are only realized when we feel the touch of that implacable

law: "The survival of the fittest." Words may not be substitutes for realities; the unfolding of the higher manhood must ever be a labor of mutual attrition, of self-development, and I believe Parker H. Sercombe had a deep conception of universal principles and their practical application to life, and therefore his magazine is a most vital publication.

The Answer of Margaret Huddleson:

To-MORROW is the beacon that lights the future! It is a truth-seeker, a philosopher, a free-thinker. It is a literary digest of the world's best thoughts. It is a standard-bearer of Right! A vital magazine for the people and by the people. A stickler for *that* largest Liberty for which our forefathers fought! It is a fearless arraigner of the wrongdoer. It preaches the democracy of industry and blazes the trail for moral, physical and psychological development. Character culture is its creed; it is father to the faithful, in teaching the beauty of the commonplace and the *rationale* of high ideals. It mercifully measures men by the Golden Rule and sets the standard for the Utopia of our dreams.

It stimulates industry, honor and ambition, expounds cosmic philosophy and teaches the universal brotherhood of man. It is like the ozone of out-of-doors, you feel happier and more humane each time you come in contact with it.

It is the gospel of unselfishness, the unification of knowledge and it possesses the uniqueness of newness. Its editorial staff has few equals. The size, shape and color of the magazine is good and the price is right. Its ads. are artistic and useful. The magazine tells its own story. In the language of a popular playwright: "It is not only up-to-date but UP TO THE DAY AFTER.

Extract from answer of Jesse W. Barbant:

To-MORROW is the most vital publication for today, because it reaches forth with keen discernment and tells us today, what tomorrow will yield. It champions causes which are bound to grow like all great movements lying dormant in an embryotic state, until properly launched on the great tidal wave of progress. Inductive methods are employed in its teachings whereby justice is lured to earth in the cause of universal brotherhood.

The tocsin of reform is sounded whereby all nations without regard to color are given equality in this democracy, of "Tomorrow," while with sociological insight things are viewed *as they are* and not as they seem.

It not only recognizes the changing order but is vitally instrumental in the actual movement.

The answer of Walter Hurt:

As it appeals to my consciousness, To-MORROW is the most vital publication to-day because it reaches the heart of the cosmical verities, reveals the tremendous integrities of existence, and translates to humanity the real significance of being. This definition comprehends all that is incident to detail, and, being my individual interpretation of To-MORROW's conception, scope and purpose, is necessarily correct so far as I personally am affected by its influence.

SPECIAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF "TO-MORROW."

The "Nautilus," an Advance Thought magazine of the first class, edited by Elizabeth Towne, price Fifty Cents a year, and "To-MORROW" Magazine, price One Dollar a year. When ordered together both these magazines will be sent for one year to those so ordering, for ONE DOLLAR. ORDER AT ONCE WHILE THE OFFER STANDS.

THE HOLIDAYS.

The recurrence of Christmas and the Holidays brings back once more a season of rest and rejoicing, which, with its repetition from the days of childhood till now, is full of dreams and memories. The waking on Christmas morning, the giving of gifts to loved ones, the dinner with its embarrassment of good things, the feeling of love and confidence which the occasion inspired—all these things, and others as delightful, which accompany them, rise in the



W. F. BARNARD.

mind; and wet-eyed we sigh for the old days and the old heart. There is something in the Holidays which makes them dear to us in a peculiar way; and as we muse over it year by year, and do not wholly realize what it is that moves us, but muse and muse in tenderness and pathetic memory, we realize whatsoever there is left to us of the old feeling and the old glad life.

It is a carping criticism, one feels at such times, to call attention to the fact that nowadays there is such an element of the mercenary in the giving of gifts during the holidays. The old religious significance of the day almost lost sight of; and properly, one may venture to say; but the fact that gifts are given very generally in the expectation that they will be reciprocated, is one which it is painful to realize, but which we must admit with all of its significance. But, admitting that gifts are given, not in the spirit of giving, but in the spirit of barter and trade, what is the true significance of the fact?

The holidays have a significance which is altogether pathetic.

We are dealers in merchandise today. The spirit of commerce has taken possession of the common mind, and so habituated are we to its exactions and its ethics that we must wish to be paid for everything which we give. But, observe; we still give. We still purchase, and think that we purchase secretly; we still anticipate the surprises of Christmas morning; we still feel the old surgings of joy as the gifts which we have given are unwrapped and spread before dancing eyes of childhood or manhood and womanhood. That we hope to get something in return for our gifts, is true; but the fact that we give is the significant fact, and not the fact that we wish to be paid. We are still affected by the old Holiday spirit; but, because the demands of commercial life are laid heavily upon us, we forget, and Christmas is not wholly Christmas to us. The fault lies not principally with us, but with the conditions into which our lives fall, led hither and thither by the search for their proper expressions.

When, on Christmas morning, we count our presents, and wonder if we have given something to each person who has remembered us; when we count the cost of the turkey dinner, and almost suspect that we are insane in our general munificence, we are not principally exhibiting the traits which the critic would allege that we are; the sweetness of life is clouded with the bitter, that is it. We are still whole-souled and kind, but we are far away from our true life. It is infinitely pathetic, the state in which we find ourselves; it is at once pregnant with memory and portent.

In truth, the Christmas spirit is a normal spirit, permitted to us in the past of childhood and early life with but little alloy, but growing weaker as time passed, till adult life found us rather cold than warm at times, and rather calculating than free. Whenever circumstances have been favorable to it, the spirit of love and confidence and the spirit of giving have filled the heart of Man. We are in the world as experimenters. We do not know all the wisdom of life; we are too young to know it. We have found ourselves in part. Some day we shall find ourselves as a whole.

A state of society is to be on this earth in which all that is social in our natures will find free play and ample expression. The Holiday spirit in its essence will then be our true spirit; and it will be a practical spirit, too. The lessons of these pages in the past few months have been lessons of fellowship; the feeling of fellowship is permitted to us now under all kinds of restrictions, and it lives. What will be its intensity when the day comes in which the demands of common comfort and common life find expression to the fullest social life. Christmas with its longings for fellowship and its desires to give, is but the faint promise of a world which childhood and youth dreamed. What we are half ashamed of today will one day be our pride; what we blame ourselves for spending now we shall one day spend gladly; what seems to us now but a sort of amiable folly, will then prove to be the wisdom of life. **Tomorrow** has stood for fellowship, and those who shape its editorial policy are with tens of thousands of others committed to fellowship as a principle. I, for one, believe thoroughly in the practically of the Christmas spirit as the normal spirit of life, and look on beyond the struggling man of this day to the man of the future, whose life, normally social, will be one of giving and taking without a thought of pay.

So, let men and women count their gifts and demand an equivalent for all that they give; we can see beyond the fact to its significance, and recognize in the spirit of the hour the promise and portent, however obscure, of a life in years to come and under fair conditions.

Let us be glad that Christmas is still celebrated; let us rejoice over the Holidays; let us remember, and hope. Let us work.

W. F. B.

It is wonderful how closely the color of dollar greenbacks harmonizes with the cover of **TO-MORROW MAGAZINE**, hence you will not disturb the unities nor offend our artistic sense by sending them in for annual subscriptions.

DESIRE AS A FACTOR.

(The Desire to Give.)

Nature's superb line of beauty is drawn at the point where there is a desire to give, without reference to any return.

We see in the mother animal this mark of beauty. It's instinct is to feed, nourish and protect its offspring at any cost to itself. Its own needs and desires are of no concern to it beyond the necessity of such nourishment and protection for itself as the nourishment, protection and care for its offspring may exact.



GRACE MOORE.

We might apply for our own use the lesson of indifference to self, as we see it in the mother dog, cow or horse. She gives, gives, gives. Her only care is that the little creature she serves may not want or suffer. The mother animal, forgetful of all but that she cares for her own, lies down and gives birth, nourishes and fondles and provides whatever is within its human power to provide for its young, without the slightest apparent regard for itself individually, or any consideration of limitations of person or environment.

In the animal kingdom we see this power and desire to give, without thought of self, beautifully anticipated and made ready for by the creative forces of nature. Provision is made in advance for sustenance, comfort and growth and the satisfaction and pleasure of normal, healthy, happy living. The animals without quibble or question, respond to the conditions and the laws of their being as naturally as the sun shines.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid
and self contained,
I stand and look at them sometimes an hour at a stretch.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
No one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania
of owning things. (Whitman.)

If man were normal, natural and healthy, as the animals he loves, he would find as they do, his every need and desire fully anticipated and provided for. If the human race were only in the fullest sense human, it would have no need or desire for the overweening complexities and artificialities of its present day civilization. Man having grown away from the simple necessities of being, and coming to crave superfluous, ostentatious addenda which sicken and destroy, has lost the art and the joy of living.

The desire to own has so largely taken the place of the desire to give that man is pitifully out of harmony with nature, for nature first of all gives, freely and without price. The Christmas season is possibly an improvement over every other season in that we have then the mania, not of owning but of giving things. But why have a mania at all? Why not be normal, placid and content as are the birds, the fishes and the dumb brutes of the fields and forests? Why not live our life as they live theirs, from the impulses of nature's loving desire to give? To just the degree that man is normal, wholesome and modest in his desires, desiring most of all to give, to that degree has nature provided for him.

Not that nature bakes our bread or weaves the cloth and cuts and fits our garments, or that to fittingly and adequately provide for us she should do so, but that there is in existence just and suitable supply for every human need. The supply only ends where man's selfishness begins: his unwillingness to share makes all the trouble. Inappropriateness of such material as man finds to his hand is due only to his inadaptability and unnaturalness. It is as human beings become monop-

olists and inhuman, and therefore out of harmony with the natural order of things, that the seeming injustices and insufficiencies of nature assert themselves. Man's ignorant discriminations and self direction are the unintentional but indisputable cause of all the peculiarities of environment which make charity and gift giving necessary.

The mania of owning things is so all powerful as to blind us to the truth, beauty and perfection of life itself. Why be possessed of so much value, either when given or as received? Do we indeed enrich our friends or ourselves by the attachment of names to things? After all is it either the possession or use of anything material that truly satisfies, or is it not that we find our joy in a reality far remote from things? It is due to excessive selfishness of human beings that they necessarily find their particular means for the expression of usefulness in the giving of things. Were the sources and means of production at the disposal of all human beings equally, and no element of barter and sale anywhere to be found, the giving and receiving of gifts as expressions of affection between individuals, would prove less selfish and far more satisfying.

So long as we have personal likes and dislikes we shall have need of the means to express them. But as we have become less personal in our tastes and mental attitudes and have so systematized the production and apportionment of things necessary to man's comfort and welfare, we shall find more worthy and more effective means of expressing our human emotions and sympathies than by the giving of turkeys, clothing, furniture and what not, one day in the year. As we grow in consciousness of the greater satisfaction to be derived from the contemplation and exercise of life principles rather than from mere possession of such things as houses and lands, stocks and bonds, diamond necklaces and pearl inlaid cigar cases, we shall also come into knowledge of the means wherewith to express our human love far more beautifully and effectively than we do now. Rather than give personally to only a few, we shall seek to give imper-

sonally to all. Recognizing that Nature's gifts to us all are with the single objection that we in turn may give to all also, we shall have no desire to appropriate or own anything more than is necessary to make us of the highest service to our fellowmen.

The most forlorn of all human beings at Christmas time is that person who says, "I have nothing to give." What folly! as if one's two arms warm with the flow of a life energy which the greatest minds of the world have utterly failed to account for, placed about the neck of a fellow creature sick at heart, were not the most precious conceivable gifts. The next most wretched creature of whom we know is the person who says, "I have no one to love, I am alone in the world." Alone in a world peopled with millions upon millions of human beings, all born as we were and all traveling the same weary road! "No one to love," yet every moment love starved, hungry souled, despairing fellow mortals all about one! to feel one's self apart, rather than a part of the great world in which one lives and moves, to have not the sense of kinship with all creatures, and the desire to serve them, with which life may be made more satisfying and beautiful than by any other relationship or desire, is truly unfortunate; desolate indeed is that person.

But there are a few more normal bodies who have awakened to the possibilities of kinship, love and service upon an entirely different basis than that of mere physical relationship and personal congeniality, beautiful as those are. Happily they are conscious of the supreme fact that life with all its difficulties and bitter lessons is the gift of gifts, and that to know the normal life, to partake of it fearlessly, freely, fully, to understand and co-operate with it, to share it and radiate it with every breath that they draw, is to forget distinctions, forget conditions, forget pain and suffering, forget self, forget everything but that—they love and are satisfied.

G. M.

The Evils of Liberty.

By Lizzie M. Holmes.

PART II.

Let us carefully examine the evil conditions which apparently have been brought about by the new freedom for women, and take up politics first, for it is here that the change is most marked. It is said that politics has corrupted women without being improved itself in the least. Then there must be something radically wrong in politics. If it is something that contaminates the mothers of men, it cannot be very good for **men**. Men and women are human beings alike and what injures one sex will very probably do harm to the other. Politics might be called the art of seating and unseating rulers. Perhaps we will learn in time that choosing rulers is an evil in itself and cannot be indulged in without more or less corruption. "I will rule over no man; I want no man to rule over me," is a good motto for both men and women. Human beings will yet learn that control must come from within to be of any benefit. Outside restraint after all, never created a moral man. If somehow, somewhere the man does not develop the divine spark within his breast, which alone leads to a high and useful life, he never will reach the high planes. There is no other method, no other plan whereby he may be saved. He may be prevented from exercising his vicious instincts by forcible restraint, but he will never be made a good man by the process. So we will sometime learn that true government comes from within—that its seat is in the breast of each and every individual. Then we will cease dabbling in politics, a thing which is but another name for interfering with our brothers' affairs and robbing them of their birthrights. If politics is not good for women it is not good for any of us.

But the irreligion of modern society cannot be excused on the plea that religion itself is wrong. It may be true that the growth away from old church creeds is due to the modern craving for liberty and to women's wider outlook. But is

this an unmixed evil? Is it not a hopeful sign that women are beginning to be influenced through their reasoning faculties rather than through their emotions? Adherence to creeds centuries old is not in itself a great virtue. True religion is something higher than loyalty to an old, crystalized guess of our ancestors; it is an inward growth, an aspiration, a hope, a worship of the highest ideals. It does not consist in believing certain dogmas, in a place of everlasting punishment, in impossible miracles, in any particular plan of salvation, or in petty doctrinal distinctions. To "love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy strength and thy neighbor as thyself" is the whole of true religion, and the people who endeavor to live up to this definition are not to be numbered by counting church members. That women are no longer blind followers of creeds and priests, does not argue they are irreligious. Genuine religion is really more widespread today than ever before, and the motives and aims of the people are higher.

In industrial fields the mischief seems deeper and more irremediable. Women have taken the places of men to their own injury, and men, because of it, are leaping into vagabondage. Women are weakened and rendered unfit for wifehood and motherhood by the excessive strain which wage slavery entails. But what is the cure? We cannot expect to crowd all women back into private homes at this stage of industrial and capitalistic development. If our industrial conditions were based on justice, it would not matter how many workers there were—the more the better. The more producers, the more wealth, and the more general comforts, luxury and advantages would be. But our industrial system is not what it should be and not only women and children suffer, but men also. Too intense a struggle against overwhelming forces, distorts the natures of both men and women. It is truly painful to see women grow hard, unscrupulous and brazen in the competitive field; to see them worn and shrunken by the terrific toil when they fail; to see their mannish airs when successful; to watch them growing masculine in looks and demeanor as they become accustomed to

the grinding routine of business or wage working. But it is equally sad to see mankind in general, stunted and coarsened by too intense toil and struggle. Business ought not to be a tug of war. "Making a living" ought not to be a fierce encounter with deadly foes. To make one's self independent in the world ought not to be a battle in which one or another must fall. There is no need of it all; the world is bountiful in natural resources; there are plenty of willing hands and inventive brains to turn it all into comforts and luxuries.

We are still pursuing old, clumsy methods of production and distribution. As a civilized society we have learned nearly everything except how to be just. But we must learn that soon, or lose all that we have gained in many centuries of progress. When we have learned it, men and women will be free to choose their activities according to their abilities and tastes without invading each other's rights. A free choice would soon determine whether it is an artificial law or a natural one which binds women to particular lines of work to the exclusion of other kinds. If we should find that women can do their best work and be happier and better as adjuncts to a cookstove or a sewing machine, no doubt they will become willing attachments to these implements. But we may discover that there is no more reason for every woman being first of all a housekeeper and nurse than there is for every man being a carpenter and a gardener before he is anything else. Under free and wise methods of production and distribution, children would never be forced to work beyond the normal expression of their natures while learning and growing. So here again, the liberty that has apparently resulted only in coarsening women and injuring men, should expand until all mankind is free to work as naturally as the birds fly and animals run. No one would ever be injured by the natural, reasonable use of one's powers and faculties, and no one would care to shirk such exercise of their abilities. It is not work which people dread, but drudgery and slavery.

But the social evil, the terrible state of affairs which prevails even in so-called "best society," what can excuse that?

It all seems so inexplicable, so helpless. Homes are being broken up, husbands and wives are separating every day, marriage has lost its sanctity and the nuptial vows no longer possess any significance.

What ought to be done? Shall we try to force a return to the old time ideals by passing more and severer laws against divorce? By excommunicating or ostracising the lax creatures who will not abide by the arrangements which go to form the everlasting bulwarks of society?

We will find that impossible, too. We can never go back to an old condition when once the gigantic forces of evolution have swept us out of it. We must go on to the end, whatever it is, and await another cycle in the great upward spiral of progress.

And if we could? If it were possible, have we any right to try to purchase the stability of our old institutions with the sufferings of silent victims? True, we heard little outcry in those old days when a woman's fate was irrevocably fixed by outsiders before she was old enough to know what it meant. We had peace, certainly, and our nerves were not outraged by the exposition of home tragedies in ugly court rooms. But this does not prove that there was no suffering. There **were** tragedies in those days. The secret history has escaped in the relieved sigh of many a dying mother, in the hidden, tear-dimmed words written in secrecy, in the dwarfed and stunted bodies and souls of children, in the crazed brains of both men and women. There were long drawn out agonies of endurance when there was no escape from a loveless union; when innumerable children were born in hate and iniquity; when death was the only release from bonds that no legal ceremony could sanctify.

The cry of the oppressed is never a pleasant sound; it troubles and annoys, and we would like to hush it when we can. But hushing it does not cure the wrong. If an institution can only be kept sacred by forbidding its victims to cry out, let its sanctity be lost. If society can only be saved from

ruin and destruction by hushing the rattle of its chains, it would better not be saved.

But it is not all so hopeless. Society has within it the elements of its own security. It does not need salvation by sacrifice. Love is forever sacred, and it **exists**—not as the result of ceremonies, institutions and legal bonds, but in spite of them. Whatever is truly sacred, requires no “keeping.” “What God hath joined together let no man put asunder,” but if God joins, man cannot put asunder. We cannot destroy the sanctity of love if we would, and we cannot make a forced union without love sacred, try as we may.

In a recent editorial of a modern daily paper, comment on the President’s advice to all women “to be able and willing to perform the first and greatest duty of womanhood, to bear and bring up healthy, sound children numerous enough so that the race shall increase and not decrease,” are these words:

“Laws for the protection of home may be enacted and enforced; fathers and mothers may be exhorted concerning their sacred obligations to the race; but does not human history teach the lesson so plainly that he who runs may read, that none of these things are necessary for the homes of the land that are founded on the highest and holiest emotions of the human heart?”

And in answer to a German philosopher who said “while the republic endures there will be one monarch who will never be dethroned, and that is his majesty, the baby,” the editorial says:

“But this would be nearer the truth had he said that ‘while love reigns in the homes of the republic,’ and he might have added, ‘**when it does not, it ought to be dethroned.**’”

We will never reach quiet by trying to force one when there is the real turbulence of suffering. We must have liberty, of expression, of action, of choice. The right will ever come uppermost where there is sufficient free and unhindered agitation. **The only cure for the evils of liberty is more liberty.**

When women have grown more accustomed to liberty;

when through experience and suffering they learn what constitutes true purity and genuine peace, they will of their own accord seek and accept them. They will need no outside restraints or bonds to keep them from doing wrong. In the sunlight of freedom, they will grow upright as the flower and send forth blossoms to bless and enrich all mankind as naturally.

Under the present new liberty, crude though it is, women are bewildered, they shiver in the rare, fine air and know not how to breathe it properly. But this does not prove that the air is not good for them. The invalid shrinks and gasps in the glorious, fine air of the mountains at first but he becomes strong and healthful in it. Many women have let go the old guards and fetters and have forgotten to create new supports. They have drifted, been whirled into maelstroms and apparently lost. But the divine womanhood within, the essence of that lofty humanity which is to reign sometime on earth, is never entirely lost. The free woman will in time rise to a realizing sense of **herself**. She will not be coerced, restricted, threatened, but she will not waste herself. She will rear a standard of her own; she will cherish ideals loftier and purer than any that church, state or society have ever tried to enforce upon her, and she will grow to them. Nothing can detain her. Marriage will then be truly sacred, for love will be its only foundation. The woman of the future will not value herself cheaply; she will not sell herself for wealth, position, fashion or influence—these things will have nothing to do with her marriage.

Man need not fear for his happiness when this grand, new creature shall come to meet him. He will be loved as he never has been loved. And love shall inspire and uplift him, never drag him down or degrade him.

This new woman can only grow under freedom. Statutes, creeds and institutions cannot create her. She must come of the divine spark within every human being, unfolding naturally in the sunshine of love and liberty.

In the Matter of Funerals.

By Riley M. Fletcher Berry.

This is the age of specialists. The press has presented to the public the working of machines, men and minds in relation to every known business or distinct profession in the world—with one exception. In giving the personal experiences of men and women of all classes and the whys and wherefores of their taking up and following out certain lines of work one has been omitted from the category. But why? In neglecting or overlooking the undertaker a glorious opportunity has been missed, for at the rate and in the manner in which funerals of private individuals are conducted for the benefit of the public, written up afterward with detailed descriptions of burial robes, coffins, and lists of mourners from abroad, added to that of the pall-bearers,—and such accounts read with morbidly eager interest, the profession of undertaking would seem to offer a most acceptable topic.

Seriously, the optimist can only hope, so great a hold has such taste in this matter grown to have upon us, "us, the fools of habit," that in this, as in other things, it may ultimately be proven "our little systems have their day, they have their day and cease to be," for there is nothing which more distinctly proves a lack in modern civilization—a failure to eradicate every trace of pagan ideals than the relic of barbarism called a "funeral."

Why should the going-beyond be celebrated if death is considered a sorrow, "in equal scale weighing delight and dole?" For what is the regulation funeral but a celebration: a strange, unevolutionized combination of pride and sorrow? Even "Christians" bury their dead as if it were indeed the last of them and as if those left behind considered it both a duty and pleasure to improve the occasion by doing the most and the very best they ever had done for them. And, often it is, unfortunately.

The common sense of a few people—very few indeed,

comparatively, has been allowed to develop to such a degree that funerals in such families are announced as "private." It has even become fashionable to have this stamp of privacy in certain higher circles, but this has, so far, with the latter, been because of the **fashionable** exclusiveness which obtains in such circles rather than the possession of ultra-common sense. Still fewer of the funerals announced as such really are, for almost without exception the "near" relatives—hosts of them—are invited because to leave out the next-of-kin is to be forever damned in their eyes and the eyes of the public. Public opinion often prevents the evolution of sense. But as to relatives, there are several types; those who have really loved the one gone and would vastly have preferred to stay away rather than suffer the pangs of a formal and most superfluous farewell, others who attend from an inexplicably uncomfortable sense of "duty," abhorring the idea of possibly witnessing unpleasant scenes—their chief pity being for themselves that they cannot remain at home, and a third type who feel such utter indifference that they attend only when the family of the "departed" stand for position and wealth. This type of relative makes outward show of respect a cover for heartless criticism in which he permits no one outside the privileged pale to surpass him. But—these are all **relatives**; they **must** be invited.

It is passing strange that those upon whom has come the feeling of deep grief should wish or permit anyone to witness it, but, as a usual thing, for even bowing acquaintances to absent themselves is to risk offending the mourning family when the services are held. The attendance of relatives, friends and acquaintances is ranked as a token of regard for the family as well as for the dead, and even strangers, whose presence is in most cases the outcome of morbid curiosity, are directly welcomed and encouraged in this pernicious trait, since (at church-funerals in particular) the earthly reputation of the dead and the social standing of the weeping family are as a rule reckoned according to the greatness of the multitude assembled and the number of carriages in the procession.

And this in a country so "advanced" that mourners are not hired!

To those who heroically attend, not from choice, but "by request," the death-shadowed past of each is brought up with tragic remembrance and the concentration of sorrow-laden thought forced into the mental atmosphere is sufficient to darken life for days and weeks. We need for the brave facing of each day a sunny, wholesome atmosphere; enough to bear and share comes to each without the assumption and endurance of the last-rites-attendance martyrdom. Who cannot remember having to sit, tense and silent, through a long funeral service whose words but bitterly increased the throbs of pain, and the music (cruelly touching) strained the emotions to the breaking point? It is grief's supermost opportunity to rise up to crush the heart and almost choke the struggling soul's sublimely desperate efforts to master it.

There is but one type of people who might profit by going to funerals: the utterly frivolous; but **they** never impose such penance upon themselves. They are wise in their frivolity sometimes. There is another type for whom the funeral itself is not sufficient; they must go both before and after "to offer sympathy," rushing where angels alone **should** tread. But that grief is sacred such "fools" cannot understand, and perhaps nothing can make well-meaning presumption realize that "consolation" may lacerate anew and but retard the efforts of the only two physicians who are skilled in healing deep sorrow: Time and God.

There are others who wish not to intrude: who would only show most delicate sympathy; the authors of notes of condolence. But to be even more brutally frank—such notes have degenerated into a custom which becomes an unspeakable trial. They are the most difficult things in the world to write, receive or answer, which the demon of social duty presents. Why cater to him at all? Why let him in another form keep the sorrow-dweller constantly reminded of that which he should not concentrate upon?

Grief leads those who are left on earth to wish to remain

as long as possible with the earthly tenement of loved ones, but could those who remain for a season say their farewells at once it would spare, often, infinitely greater suffering in the second parting at the grave. Grief but intensifies itself by association with nailed coffin lids, which grip the heart and haunt the mind.

The Scotch Presbyterians have a beautiful, simple custom of the reading of a few verses, and the uttering of the simplest, briefest of prayers over their dead, and, as in most British and Continental families, the women do not appear at either house or church service, the men members, with perhaps a few near friends, follow the body to the grave. Whether based upon the greater emotional sensitiveness of women or the old-country traditions of conservatism, the result is more sensible than most burial customs.

In the fashion of mourning-garb, however, foreigners are less sensible than even funeral-ridden Americans, for tradition forces them, from the head of the house down to the veriest infant and servant, to assume the "trappings and the suits of woe," "together with all the forms, modes, shows of grief." Quaker simplicity of custom which puts on no outward symbol of mourning, is, unfortunately, not entirely fashionable in our own country. The "necessity" of wearing black often adds the last straw to expenses already too great to be easily borne, and to have such ever-present reminders of the dark side of death is appalling. It seems to be often an actual solace, however, so of course, if people can so afford to indulge themselves it is literally "their own funeral," but "'tis a fault to heaven, a fault against the dead, a fault to Nature."

There have been few greater sources of harm to health, leaving out of consideration the possible emotional strain or the invitation to disease-germs by let-down feelings, than funerals. Many a man has been injured forever by the physical strain put upon them as a pall-bearer in the name of honor or duty, and from which he has felt it impossible to escape, be it public or private funeral, for custom has seldom made

easier this part of such services by permitting the hiring of suitable giants in strength—as should be done. And the long waiting by the grave in all sorts of weather, with uncovered heads! How often does one funeral cause another—not, as newspaper notices of such “co-incidences” would lead one to believe—by super-natural agency, but from lack of common sense in burial customs.

Occasionally it seems fitting that some well-known or much-loved public man should be laid to rest with a certain degree of state. Such a case impresses the masses with the solemnity and impartiality of death; but it is the exceptionally rare instance when it is proper.

It looks in truth as if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest,
And in the places of his youth,

but in reality is it not a misplaced sentiment in which men and women indulge when they request to be buried at a certain spot? Whatever stupendous sacrifices this must entail it has come to be regarded as almost sacrilege not to carry out such expressed desires. But why assert that the bodily casket of the spirit is of such vast importance? “What is this quintessence of dust?” The body has served its mission and what difference will it make “at the last trump” where, in one or a thousand places, it may lie? But—it **may** make a difference **now** in adding an impossible load of debt for the living to carry.

And how the proneness of humanity to cling to the idea of perpetuating earthly reputation and grandeur is evidenced by the magnificence of mausoleums and shafts of costly marble in our cemeteries! “The good men do **must** be written in the hearts of their fellow mortals to make any real impression on the world, and, for the rest—What’s in a name?” It is these execrably elaborate and costly churchyard decorations which, in a few generations, excite, ah, what descent!—amusement. It is indeed pathetic that these useless memorials of human affection or pride (more likely) may furnish subject, only for jesting when

The names we loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb

pathetic, indeed, when the money thus invested could practically relieve suffering for more real than that supposed to be typified by these vain blocks of marble.

Must the burial-places of mortals be marked, it is far more fittingly done by means of God's green, wholesome, joy-giving trees, with outwardly suggestive beauty of eternal growth, than by the inanimate, cold slabs which, however simple, stand for heart-vacancy, and send out depressing influences.

Whether death be regarded from the standpoint of awful majesty or a joyful departure, its simple grandeur and the simple standard of the only true and valuable life-conditions have yet to teach the world the beauty and right of being **buried** (or cremated) with simplicity. No earthly funeral pomp and pride can possibly be of assistance to those gone on before or those who wait a little longer. When men and women realize that it is only in this human stage of earth-life that bravery of accountment may be of avail, and that human death is but the passing of the spirit in divinest simplicity, there will be a change in the matter of funerals.

TO-DAY.

By R. W. BOROUGH.

Out in the world yet the clamor and wailing,
The mad shout of triumph, the cry of despair,
The jest flung at weakness, the curse for the failing,
The lust of the master, the fall of the fair.

Out from that world cursed by tyrant and traitor,
Lost in forboding, engulfed in the night,
Now rises a prayer to the silent Creator,—
The pleading of peoples for Liberty's light.

Out in that world cursed by tyrant and traitor
The passion for freedom is thrilling the race.
Rent chains leap asunder, O soon great Creator,
The untrammled earth-lords shall hail the Dawn's face.

A Thoughtful Consideration of Race Suicide.

By Lida Parce Robinson.

Our readers are to be congratulated that we have arranged with Mrs. Robinson for a serial contribution on "The History of Human Marriage," the first installment of which will appear in our February number. In these days when Chicago alone contains fifteen thousand deserted married women, earning their own living and twenty thousand homes wherein both sexes are supported by the labor of the women of the family and One Hundred Thousand Homes wherein both sexes live so unhappily that they nightly seek clubs, theaters, "companionship," any old excuse to be "out." It is high time that mothers, club women, church women in fact ALL WHO THINK should study up as to what this INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE really is.—Editor.

The problem of race suicide is but the converse of that of race preservation. The real problem is: How can the largest possible population be maintained in conditions that secure the highest development?

It is customary to touch this subject only at its outermost circumference and to announce the most immature conclusions with an air of absurd finality.

An adequate consideration of the subject requires a careful investigation of the tendencies in operation toward the reproduction of the species, and of the checks, both natural and artificial, which these tendencies meet.

Scientists have long regarded the question as one of great importance to civilization; and the "Law of Population" was formulated as the result of scientific investigation of the subject. Malthus stated the law thus: "The constant tendency in all animated life is to increase beyond the nourishment provided for it."

Dr. Franklin wrote on this subject: "There is no bound to the prolific nature of animals but what is made by their interfering with each others means of subsistence." In "The Origin of Species" Darwin says: "There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at such a rate that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered with the progeny of a single pair."

Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years and at this rate, in a few thousand years, there would not be standing room for his progeny.

To return to Malthus, he sums up the case in the following way: "Population is necessarily limited by the means of subsistence. Population invariably increases when the means

of subsistence increase, unless prevented by some very obvious check. The immediate check may be stated to consist in all those customs and all those diseases which seem to be generated by a scarcity of the means of subsistence,—which tend prematurely to weaken and destroy the human frame.”

John Stuart Mill says: “In the most favorable circumstances known to exist, which are those of a fertile region colonized by an industrious people, population has continued for several generations, independently of fresh immigration to double itself in not much more than twenty years.”

Thus it seems plain that the difficulty lies in the operation of checks to increase, and not in a deficient tendency toward reproduction.

When we turn to a study of the checks in operation against the increase of population, we find that history is written largely in the terms that represent these checks. Indeed, when the casual reader views history with this thought in mind, he is prone to think it strange that the race has survived at all; the path of life has been so beset with the agencies of death. ¹

Examination will show that these agencies have been invoked, not by the mere fact of living, but by the violation of those necessary conditions of living which come under the heads of proper air and space, proper food and shelter. And the student will see that the life supply must have been amazingly abundant in order that the race could increase and multiply, in spite of the incessant activities of these death-agencies.

The institution of marriage grew up at a very early date to act as a check upon the natural increase of population; for marriage is not a device for securing the propagation of the species, but for restricting it.

Then war, the two-edged sword, was constantly operating in both directions, to reduce the population. On the one hand, it mowed down the strong men on the field of battle, while it destroyed crops and cut off the means of subsistence on the other. The operation of this check was doubly disas-

trous, because in this case it was the flower and strength of a people —those capable of both reproducing and feeding the race to the best advantage that were swept away; whereas, by nature's unaided processes of elimination, the best specimens had the largest hope of survival.

But after the two most powerful artificial restrictions, marriage and war had done their work, nature intervened at frequent intervals to still farther reduce the population. She visited those centers where population was congested with pestilence and plagues; and where population increased beyond the average increase in the food supply, she sought by famine to teach the lesson of restricting the number of births.

But when we turn from the past to the present time, we observe radical changes in the elements of the problem. These changes have progressed so far as to produce wide differences in the results. Thus, war has ceased to be the normal state of a people, and has become only an occasional disturbance of normal conditions. And so the percentage of robust, adult males is larger in proportion to the immature and decrepit male population, than in historic times; and the need of frequent births in order to maintain the number is not so great.

Sanitary and medical science have so far learned to cooperate with Nature in the cause of life, that the element of pestilence has been largely removed; so that people can crowd together by the help of modern observances with impunity, to an extent that would have been fatal to the larger number of them a few generations ago.

The question of race suicide, then, is not one of securing the propagation of the species, nor of protecting it against the ravages of war or pestilence, as in the past.

These great changes in the problem of race conservation are seemingly ignored by those who undertake to settle it off-hand. But the present results of the modifications in the factors of the problem are so great that to try to get results by figuring with the one element of the number of births, is hopelessly futile.

We now have these factors to reckon with: A species with unlimited reproductive capacity. The restriction of matrimony mostly intact. War and pestilence so far removed as to be negligible in this connection. The question of subsistence remains formidable. And it is in this question and in the increasing impracticability of marriage, that the whole problem of race suicide resides.

Two limits are put by the nature of things, upon the possibility of producing subsistence. One of these is the capacity of the soil to yield the raw material; the other is the capacity of man to convert the material into the available product and to distribute the product.

Formerly the necessity of doing all labor by hand placed a narrow limit upon the earth's production. But the invention of machinery has enabled man to multiply his demands upon Nature for material, and to utilize the material so that the supply of food, shelter and clothing is tremendously increased. Invention of the machinery and methods of transportation has furnished the means of making this increased supply available to the race. And these sudden almost marvelous developments in facilities so far overcome the natural check of subsistence, and so enlarge and economize and elaborate the natural supply of the things necessary for the support of human life that it may be said that the possible population of the earth has been multiplied many times.

But while it is true that the difficulties presented by the means of subsistence being deficient, or being in a different place from the people who need them has been potentially overcome, the fact remains that it is harder than ever for a majority of the people to obtain the necessities of life.

One naturally asks the questions: Why do we still suffer for want of things that now exist in plenty? Why do people still succumb in appalling numbers to the world-old enemies of insufficient food and clothing and shelter? Since Nature's bounty has been so infinitely enlarged, why is the struggle for existence not correspondingly eased? Population has not increased with any startling bounds, in response to the

wonderful increase in the means of subsistence, and the pressure of those causes which restrict it seems to be just as heavy as before.

And this brings us to face the fact that it is an artificial famine by which the race is committing suicide. The answer to all the natural whys is to be found in the Captainization (the word follows the idea) of industry, and the operations of "frenzied finance."

The time was, but yesterday, when the members of a family might till the ground and reap and grind the grain themselves; might herd the flocks and spin and weave the wool by hand; when they might make their own house and dwell in it with dignity, and live so on an equality with their neighbors. It was possible then, by industry and thrift, to conquer Nature's restriction upon life, and to live wholesomely by toil. But today, people can obtain the things that make life possible only by an exchange of money. They can work only by arrangement with an employer and they receive payment according to the employer's pleasure. Then, when they exchange their earnings for the products or manufacture, they must pay Nature's price for her material, which is very small, and Man's price which is very large.

It was possible to overcome Nature's check, to the point of comfortable living, by industry. But the artificial barriers that have been raised by Man's price against the life of man, are iron clad. There is no degree of thrift or industry or self-restraint that will overcome them.

The operations of "high finance" make it ever more difficult for the people to obtain or protect the money with which to pay Man's price. The Beef Trust, Standard Oil and other combinations operating in similar ways, by all sorts of shady and shabby methods obtain and hoard very large portions of the money supply, our only means of exchanging commodities.

Money is defined as being a representative of value, a medium of exchange; and when it is paid for goods, or exchanged for labor, or invested in the machinery of produc-

tion or distribution, it performs its normal function. But when it is sequestered in deposit vaults or used for speculative purposes it is destroyed as money, and becomes a machine for disturbing economic conditions, destroying values and killing legitimate productive enterprise.

There is plenty of money to represent the enlarged supply of subsistence, and man, with the help of the machines he has created to serve him, is doing enough work to earn for his every unit a fair supply of the things that make life possible and happy. The only thing that stands between man and his good today is the destruction of money in wholesale quantities—the wiping out of the means of exchanging necessities of life among the people.

By making subsistence purchasable only with money, and then permitting large portions of the money to be destroyed, for the performance of its normal functions, an artificial famine is produced against which there is no remedy, save in the reversal of the conditions which create it. Among the more thoughtful of the mass of the people, this famine results in the restriction of births. Among the less thoughtful it causes deaths.

We have the phenomenon of a social condition wherein a portion of the people are permitted to exploit the subsistence of all for private gain; and the leaders and teachers of the public, acquiesce in this exploitation, while they also preach and teach the doctrine of “old fashioned families,” regardless of the restriction of subsistence.

Race suicide will stop, not with the bearing of more children by mothers already overburdened with caring for families without sufficient means; but by removing the excessive part of Man's price from the things necessary to the life of those now born. Newly developed facilities must be made a help to the race; and must not be as an impassible barrier placed before it. As for that limited class of people who have small families, or none, because of their devotion to the pleasures of society; there are several reasons why their conduct in this particular is not a cause for alarm, but on the

contrary is even advantageous. The general insecurity of the tenure of property in the presence of High Finance extends to them as well as to the less gay and fashionable; and this butterfly class of men and women are not as well equipped as more normal people, to earn a living, in case their money were swept into other people's pockets, which is so liable to happen to any of us now-a-days. Then it is just as well that the peculiarly narrow and personal mind bred of this unwholesome life be not transmitted to large numbers of the coming generation. But after all the number of this class is so small comparatively, that they may safely be neglected in this connection.

COURAGE, MY HEART.

By WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

Courage, my heart, amidst the battle here;
 Ever its winter season hath the year; ,
 Arouse thyself and fight on without fear;
 At last the flowered springtime will appear.
 Courage, my heart!

Courage, my heart, and fail not in the fight;
 The day is struggling in the bonds of night;
 Yield not one step; nay, dare all in thy might;
 The hours are counted that shall bring the light.
 Courage, my heart!

Courage, my heart, and let deed follow deed;
 Slow is the increase of the long-sown seed;
 Hear no dark words, and no forbodings heed;
 The harvest days will come and bring their meed.
 Courage, my heart!

Courage, my heart; strive on for mastery;
 The winds and waves have strength upon the sea;
 Remember that thou hast been bold and free;
 The ship at last shall in its harbor be.
 Courage, my heart!

Courage, my heart, and be thou staunch and strong;
 The things are many that would work thee wrong;
 Beat bravely now, and meet thy foes in throng;
 For thou shalt triumph. Sing the victor's song!
 Courage, my heart!

Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians.

By Carlos Montezuma, M. D.

PART V.

If the following splendid appeal for rugged justice does not reach the eyes and understanding of every official and agent interested in the Indian question in the United States, so much the worse for them. By the eternal, Dr. Montezuma is telling the truth, and Apache that he is, he is holding up the unscientific pale face grafters to the scorn that they deserve.

It is surely high time that impersonal and lofty motives should be injected into our various government bureaucracies to the end that more rational and more scientific policies may be obtained in place of the tyrannies of precedent established by the venerable, dear, dead statesmen of other days.—Editor.

All development in organic life involves a struggle with the (seemingly) adverse forces of nature. And in this evolutionary process man comes in for a liberal share of hard knocks. The almost limitless power of resistance which the rugged, gnarled oak comes, finally, to possess was attained only after years of battling against wind and storm. So has it been with rugged man in all ages. Growth is a struggle. In other words, without the struggle



CARLOS MONTEZUMA.

there is no growth. So that, after all, those forces against which we must contend are beneficent rather than adverse, as a rule, even though they sometimes destroy.

Owing to his power of mobility, and in proportion to his freedom of action, man comes to contend with nature's forces in every conceivable form, and therefore, in keeping with his experience, he acquires a complexity of organization superior to that of all other forms of life. Thus, apparently

is man enabled to realize more out of life as it is, than does any other living creature: and thus out of the struggle with multitudes of opposing forces comes to him a corresponding abundance of opportunity. As with the oak, so with individual man. Nature furnishes him with nothing to lean upon. Nature is wiser than he. She knows how to prepare him for an advanced condition in life, and sends out her forces on every hand to give him battle, that he may be strong, giving him the world for his field of operations.

With a consciousness of these facts how clearly appears the necessity that this nation give to all those in its keeping the widest sphere of action! Wherever the Indian is so situated that he is not compelled to exert himself for sustenance he is being injured both in body and in morals. His existence becomes artificial. Nature would force him to exertion and to battle, that he might eat, and live a full life, and learn and enjoy. Nature would keep a strict account with the young Indian. She would pay him in proportion to his labors, and in proportion as he developed the power to cope with his fellow-man in industry and skillfulness so would he receive of the good things the world had to give. Every day that the Indian or any other creature is kept under guardianship is a day lost to him that should have been put to individual effort. The sooner he has to meet the storm and tempest of life's battle, the sooner will he develop the power to resist its forces and to keep his equilibrium.

The Indian, individually, is entitled to the privilege of waging his contest for existence in civilization just as much as other men are. He also owes it as a duty to the country as well as to himself to get out and get to work and to begin to grow like other men. The question is not what he can be taught to do, and what he can accomplish under certain conditions, but, rather, **is he out among men?** Is he existing under natural conditions among civilized men, and slipping, and climbing and getting on, surely, even though slowly? This is the question, and the answer should be that he is. There is no reason why he should be housed and nursed. The proposition seems foolish the moment we look upon him simply as a man, and nothing different. Forget the past for the sake of the present. Close the books that tell of war and strife, hatred and death and give attention to the demands of peace

which "hath her victories, no less than war;" and the Indian will naturally and legitimately be given and assume his place in civilized life, where he can look and reach forward with that hopefulness others seem to possess.

The Government should use the Indian to help out in shaking off the reservation burden, and to this end the Indians who come out from the schools should not be given employment in any department of the Indian Bureau. They should not thus be labeled and put away where they could not (if at all) freely exert themselves in the work of getting their fellows out from the limitations of the reservation life. None can be spared from the work. Every voice counts^a for something in advocating a reform that is for the welfare of all; and once the educated Indian becomes an employee of the Indian Bureau, he must of necessity **cease** to be a factor in the work which was designed to do away with that branch of the Government service.

In other words the Indian can not serve two masters. He should therefore choose a calling or engage in such employment as will not prevent him from talking, writing and working for the speedy release of his people from the Government Nursery.

The Indians must become their own emancipators. There is none to carry the burden for them. The Gen. Pratts are too scarce to bring sufficient force to the work. Educated Indians should unite in one body, giving themselves, as an association, some designation indicating that they are banded together for the one purpose of advancing the cause of Indian liberation from Government guardianship. Under proper organization, sections of this society would be located throughout the country and meetings would be regularly held, methods of work would be considered, and at appropriate times delegations could be assembled and petitions prepared and presented to those of the Government heads whose influence was desired, thus making the Indian's cause a matter of permanent interest to every Indian who was capable of aiding in the work. Let them not look elsewhere for results. The white brother, the writer of books and stories, the Garlands, the Remingtons, the Leupps, the Lummis, and Indian Rights Associations are not able, even if inclined, to get away from the practice of using the Indian as a means

for coddling themselves. They would give the Indian something to eat that they might admire his gustatory feats, and that he might remain an Indian and seek or desire nothing but a mere existence, content to remain an object of missionary work for the book writers and the association resolvers. They attract attention to themselves by having the Indian to pipe upon. This "benighted savage" is a handy thing to have on tap when these authors and quasi-missionaries wish to draw attention to themselves as humanitarians, for, do they not deserve credit for taking interest in those uncouth people who wear such long hair and have such fantastic modes of dress? Surely the Garlands and other writers must be kindly disposed by nature or they would not trouble themselves in behalf of these "savages," called Indians. Yet, if we look closely into the doings of these benevolent writers and missionaries, you find no mention of the Indian as a man. No advocating of any plan to transform this Indian; no suggestion of a way in which he might be successfully turned from his wild habits and induced to forsake his savage customs of daily life. That would be inconsistent with their desire to preserve him in all his aboriginal uncouthness for the sport of it.

These writers and association members remind me of the people who sometimes (formerly more than now) made up slumming parties that went out to view with pretended awe the poverty of the poor and the wretchedness of the vicious and the unfortunate. How they coddled themselves on the contrast they presented to the people of the slums! And with what long-drawn, half-hysterical gasps and sighs they said how glad they were that they were so different from these miserable creatures. I say to all those who want the Indian to **remain** an Indian, without hope or aspiration, that you are inconsistent.

You are working against, rather than along **with** the law of natural development. It is inconsistent to preserve for exhibition purposes and for social gatherings and bazaars, those trinkets, ornaments, accoutrements and all his paraphernalia of warfare, while at the same time, you claim to be working for the civilization of the Indian himself. As you would teach him to drop the old and lead the new life, you, yourselves, should forego whatever pleasure or entertainment you possibly might derive from these bazaaral exploitations of the rude things which belong only to the primitive life.

Cast these things away. Put them out of sight, that the Indians as well as others may forget them. **They** are of the past and so let the **memory** of them be. These things have no place as we move forward, reaching out for other and better things. The road that we travel in our efforts to progress we do not return to nor strive to keep nor preserve the memory of.

One experience over the route is sufficient, and we are glad to forget it. And so it is with our daily life as we advance. We seek the best for our use and have no desire to work our way with the crude material and rude implements that one time served us in the absence of anything better.

Let us cease then to mock the Indians by parading them before the gaze of pleasure seekers. Those crude materials have nothing in common with the Indian's life to-day, and came into existence in the first place only as necessity forced their contrivance to meet the demands of primitive life. As we grow to manhood we put away childish things. So must we do in the work of connecting the Indian with the higher life. We have no right to do so and should be above using the Indian or any of the evidences of his former wild life for the purposes of amusement.

Your forefathers wore the cocked-hat, the red, tight sleeved coat, the heavy buckled shoe; and many **other** articles now not to be seen anywhere except at masquerades.

Forget the Indian and his trinkets as a type or a specimen. View him not as a curiosity. Look beyond the buckskin leggins, the paint, the feathers and the moccasins. Adjust your vision to **the man** and when you have discovered him try what you can do for him. Who are we, or any among us who shall assume to say, "here is the line, these on this side are men, those over there are something else?" By what authority would we thus speak? By what means did we reach this high eminence from which we smile down at those on the lower plane? How much had we to do with the carving out of the narrow way that led us out of the darkness? None can tell who will eventually be first or who will be last. Let us keep close to the human side of life, that we may be less liable to err toward humanity itself. Of course, ere long there will be no Indian question, just as there is now no English question, no Scotch question, no German question, and we propose doing, in our weak way, what we can do to hasten the coming of that time. And when every educated Indian shall become thoroughly imbued with this determination of spirit to put forth his best effort for the uplifting of his brother there will result a combination movement that cannot be resisted. We must un-Indian the Indian, that is the object to be kept in view. He is willing to be, has been and is being, modernized. As a people the Indians would have progressed much beyond their present status had they been dealt with from a better understanding of what they were capable of becoming.

A Social Watchword.

By Grace Moore.



GRACE MOORE.

We may like a person for what he seems to be, but we must love him for what he may become. To like is human, to love divine. We like whatever is conducive to our pride and our physical comfort and welfare. We love only that which gives us a sense of unity and oneness with all nature and all mankind. Personally we like, impersonally we love.

We are frequently reminded that an individual's value to society is not in what he possesses but in what he is. We take special pleasure in affirming that what a man has accumulated or owns, is not what appeals to us, but

that we are attracted or repelled by what he is. Nothing could be farther from the truth. We do not in reality know what a man is; we only think we do. How often we hear this comment: "I thought that so and so was a man after my own heart, but I found on further acquaintance that he was not." Or we hear such an exclamation as the following: "Who would have thought that young so and so would ever have amounted to anything?"

At one time we recognize and felicitate an individual who upon a previous occasion we deemed unworthy of our notice.

Is that because we loved the man for what he was, or is it not that we like him now for what he has become?

And suppose that this man whom we like today for his gentle, temperate, frugal habits, should tomorrow be plunged into despair and debauchery, the result perchance, of the deepest love and the bitterest disappointment of his life. Shall we dislike him with his bad breath and rambling, senseless talk, for what he is or for what he has become? Only God is, man is forever becoming.

Argument to the contrary, all recognition of man as a social being in the present order of society, is based upon what he possesses, not upon what he is. The error lies in the supposition that character is principle rather than that it is the result of principle. There is a further error in supposing that a man's possessions are limited to what only the contents of his purse will procure.

Character is so much high class dry goods. A man rich in the qualities of industry, tolerance, gentleness, patience, devotion, etc., is in himself a department store. His character traits are an accumulation, an estate, the product of generations and incarnations of environment and evolutionary growth, in which the forces of the very universe have all taken their part. The stamp of individuality, whether of high or low degree, were impossible except for the society in which it is envired, as the department store is impossible but for the weaver of fabrics, the cutter and maker of garments, the truck driver, the janitor, and the thousands of toilers all over the world who in some way or another have contributed to its wealth.

We respect a man for his extraordinary integrity and public spirit and for his executive ability and wise administration of affairs in his community, state or nation as the case may be. Another man we look up to through deference to some other qualities he may possess, such as devotion to his family and fireside, and his plodding perseverance and frugality. One person is generally liked for his natural inclination to the funny, frolicsome side of life, another attracts and responds to our desire for serious reflection and philosophic reasoning. One child in school is credited with unusual devotion to its studies and its teacher, another is a model of sympathy and generosity to its playmates but with no capacity for books. All these and like qualities are **possessions**. They are the rewards of Mother Nature for service rendered. As for instance, the quality of patience which we so admire in a chronic invalid or cripple. How were it possible that this quality should have developed to the degree that it has, but for associations, environment, food, clothing and care, all the product of hundreds of human hands and of years and generations of concentration and evolvment.

Should we have the plodding, persevering industry of the artist or the mechanic, had not other human hands contributed for their use the tools with which to do their work? The frolicsome maid was not carried in the womb of one given to

despondency and tears. The sage and seer also, owe the realization and effectiveness of their powers to associations, environment and forces, in the control of which they were not absolute masters and without which they could never have become known to posterity or to themselves.

Reincarnationists assure us, with considerable display of logic, that all egoistic qualities have an individual, spiritual power of transmission, as well as a racial, physical heredity. It is argued that every slightest effort in one human embodiment toward the cultivation of spiritual qualities, is rewarded in a future life by the possession of these qualities as natural which before were artificial.

Whether Theosophists be right or wrong, and whether or not there be individual immortality (the writer of this paper believes that there is) it is at least clear that our virtues so-called are our **possessions**, and that those possessions, under the existing social system, form the basis of our social relationships. Our character traits, no less than our lands, houses and clothing, are the accumulated result of the struggle to own. The virtue (?) that is natural to us was sometime in our own or in the experience of a progenitor, held up as an ideal quality to be striven for and obtained.

Somewhere in a primitive stage of our character development, we got somehow the idea that it was more decent to eat our food as individuals, from separate compartments, than to eat out of one big dish. Today only a halfwit or a wag would suggest eating with our fingers from a huge bowl in the middle of the floor. Is it a virtue that we use knives and forks and a table and table cloth, or do we make use of the means and conditions to our hand, the result of a general advance in social science, because to do so contributes most to our individual comfort and welfare and makes us acceptable members of society? What in reality is virtue but the intelligence to perceive that the development of certain powers, or the particular application of those powers when acquired, are to one's own highest interests and welfare? What is spirituality but the faculty of adaptability and the most effective self assertion and self cultivation?

The disinclination to break into a neighbor's house and steal is not a virtue but a common mark of intelligence. The virtuous thief is he who is still contending with the desire to steal, not the one to whom it is natural not to steal. And if a so-called thief has it in his heart, or ever has had it in his heart to be an honest man, has he not some claims upon the society of which he is a part and which partly has made him what he seems to be? The truth is, we do not like the man because he is character poor, nor do we love him for what he may become.

The ideal of the man who breaks through a window and steals his neighbor's loose change, at three or four o'clock in the morning, is not different from that of the woman who appropriates a Pullman hairbrush or a hotel spoon. The desire of the house breaker and the pilferer, the political grafter

and the bargain fiend are all one and the same, namely, the desire to possess. All are seeking power, all are making a wrong use of power. Any difference that there may be in the last analysis is only a difference in degree.

So it is with character possession. And no one has a monopoly of any one character trait or of any one combination of character traits. Each of us embodies to some degree, however slight, all the qualities of the murderer, the thief and the pick-pocket. Not one of us but partakes in a measure of all the divine attributes of the Christ.

We pride ourselves that we are not vain of our material possessions, but we are at least proud of our character possessions and jealously guard them. Where is the essential difference? A man's character possessions are only his intellectual luggage. They are necessary to his comfort and happiness, but they are not the man himself any more than his shirt or his trousers are. The first question in society's catechism is not "what are you?" but "what have you?" The question with us is not "what are the immediate potential qualities which this man may develop and how may we assist him?" but "does he prefer the same kind of food, shelter and raiment and the same people, amusements, etc., that we do?" In the new catechism we shall find the questions, "do we love him or do we only like him? Are we disposed to condescend, or are we in spirit and in truth comrades of only varying degrees, each necessary to the other? What, with the proper surroundings, incentive and encouragement may this man not accomplish?"

Society has too long looked upon its individual members with favor or disfavor, for what it thinks they are. Its present task is to regard all men in the light of what it may be possible for them to become, and to give each and every one, unconditionally, a chance. It shall further realize that each individual or unit of the organism we call society, is to itself as the physical hand or foot is to the torso, and that only as the individual or unit is adapted and made necessary and vital to the whole, can the whole or any part of it prosper.

Society owes it to **itself** to create environments, encourage associations and develop opportunities for each and every child born to it. Among the results of a public school system we still have idiots, defectives and all sorts of irresponsibles, but justice is done in that every child is given or should be given an opportunity, and the number of educated, cultured, desirable individuals (black as well as white) coming to us from the tenement and farm house via the free class room, makes us blush that we ever disputed their right as human beings to knowledge and intellectual freedom. Yet we continue to question the right of a human being to social freedom, to food, shelter and decent surroundings. We fear that free opportunities for social development, except as charity from the rich to the poor, may be destructive of society, and we question the wisdom of allowing to the individual as a right what we so gladly concede him as a favor.

Oh, ye heavens! what blooming hypocrites we are! to insist upon taking a man's measure as we do that of a dead man, which in truth he is, rather than look deeply into his inner nature for the springs of life that may enable him in due time, to do greater things than we have ever done. To think that we have so little interest and faith in the better tendencies of our human fellows only a few steps behind us in their evolution. We are so mindful of our own safety, comfort and future possibilities, and we think so little of theirs. We punish them, look hard at them, and then wonder that robbery and false witness are so rapidly on the increase and love so scarce in the world.

The social relationships of men and women today cannot be said to be relationships at all. They are the mere fancies of kindergarten pupils, the idle pranks and prattle of children, not the dignified, whole-souled interdependence and interrelationship of adult human beings. We have not learned to "love one another," we only like each other fairly well. We banquet a man today and to-morrow send him to prison, realizing not that the laws of action and reaction must of necessity find their expression in the fluctuations of the human soul no less than in the rise and fall of the sap in the oak or in the ebb and flow of the waters of the ocean.

We fear to trust the soul to the operation of its own laws, knowing not that experience is the safest, surest and speediest of all teachers. We should not fear those laws but should endeavor to understand and co-operate with them.

In a new and better order of social life we shall find our satisfaction, not in similarity of personal likes and dislikes, but in a common ground of personal adaptability to the end that each may assist the other in his evolutionary climb to the mountain top. We may be too far apart on the path to take hold of hands, but at least we may signal to each other as friends and comrades. Society will then realize its higher possibilities to just the extent that it recognizes those possibilities in its individual members, and varying types and classes of human beings, granting to all equally, the opportunities for higher social culture, the right to the joys as distinguished from the drudgery of labor, and the blessings of sufficient recreation to rejuvenate and inspire.

PAST AND PRESENT.

By F. D. HARRIGAN.

Yes! the days of old are gone,
 With their outbursts of wild gladness,
 With Art's magic and Love's madness,
 With the dead Past we are done!
 It is dead—and we live on!

Oh! the glories of old Greece,
 When it seemed man's highest duty
 To love Truth and worship Beauty!
 Do we mourn for their surcease,
 With our traffic and our peace?

Oh! the deeds of mighty Rome,
 With her never-vanquished legions,
 Penetrating darkest regions!
 Chasms they crossed and Alps they climbed;
 Then, triumphant, they marched home!

Alexander proudly sighed
 For a second world to master!
 Naught he feared but scorned disaster!
 Gods and mortals he defied—
 So he lived and loved and died!

Sappho loved when Earth was young;
 We admired her splendid errors!
 Now Love fills our souls with terrors!
 We leave Passion's songs unsung!
 We name Love with faltering tongue!

Cleopatra flung away
 Throne and life when Love no longer
 Had an object—Love was stronger
 Than the fears of mortal clay!
 Let Death come! She had her day!

Ah! to live and love again
 As they did in ages olden,
 When Life's pages all were golden,
 When no fond heart pined in vain,
 And when Passion was not pain!

Now we preach and prate of Good,
 But we tremble at To-morrow,
 And our lives are full of sorrow!
 We are dull and hard as wood,
 Void of Human Brotherhood!

Naked arms and breasts of snow!
 Sweet embraces soft and tender!
 Eyes that flash with light and splendor!
 Have ye vanished? Must we go
 Loveless to our graves below?

Can we buy this gift with gold?
 Can we call up deep emotion,
 Win some trusting heart's devotion,
 Just as goods are bought and sold?
 'Twas not thus in days of old!

Oh! the heart leaps up and cries:
 "This is but a passing fashion;
 Money cannot purchase Passion.
 Greed and Envy it defies—
 Like the soul, it never dies!

Love! it is the spark Divine!
 It outlives all vain ambition!
 This is its eternal mission—
 To make clasping forms entwined,—
 To make hearts throb as with wine!

Down with Law's avenging rod!
 Down with all the cant of preachers!
 Art and Love are our best teachers!
 We obey their mastering nod!
 They are Ministers of God.

The contents of these chapters on "High Finance in Mexico" will be printed in book form in both English and Spanish and sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

High Finance in Mexico.

By Parker H. Sercombe.

PART VIII.

In my last installment I introduced a specific instance of the power of the **LAWYER OF INFLUENCE** in financial and court affairs, and from this number onward it will be seen that the most important factor in Mexican high finance wherein "Los Respectables" are enabled to work their robberies and grafts upon the uninitiated is invariably through the means of the **influence** of lawyers, who "stand in" and divide with the officials.

Even as the devout Catholic prays to obtain divine favor through the intercession of The Blessed Virgin, so does the successful money getter invariably work **his** graft through the **LAWYER OF INFLUENCE** as his intermediary. Fortified by a princely retainer paid by the Mutual Life Insurance Company to its Mexican lawyer, it is easily realized with what success and avidity "Juan" Hatfield as local representative promptly made use of the situation for his own personal profit; and while it is remembered that these fabulous profits must ultimately come out of the "lambs," (the common people), it is also interesting to note that these bunco schemes invariably work within a circle, in order that the profits may always round up in the hands of the lawyers of **INFLUENCE** and their especial clients, who, it will later be observed, are invariably the same group with Lemantour as the final arbiter and Cassasus as chief plunder monger.

There is now pending in the courts of Mexico a suit that is a disgrace to civilization.

William H. Ellis, of New York, some years ago acquired from W. W. Blake and Mrs. Blackmore a property, one of the most valuable in the city of Mexico, situated on Balderes St. and running through to Humboldt where the Vice-President of the Republic now has his office. Directly in front of Mr. Ellis' establishment is the residence of Captain Diaz, the son of the President of Mexico.

The Government recently bought the plot of land on Balderes Street in front of Mr. Ellis' building, and paid \$400 a meter for it. For purposes of graft, the property changed hands several times, and there was a large profit made before it finally reached the real purchaser. A large furniture factory was located on the plot, and it was operated some years by the Butts Manufacturing Company, the entire investment costing Mr. Ellis about \$250,000.

Now for a study of Mexican High Finance. A short time since, Mr. Ellis, while in Mexico, was called upon at his

hotel by a law partner of Joaquin Cassasus and asked at what price he would sell his property, and he offered it at the same price the Government had paid just across the street; and mark you, this implied elimination of the various intermediate profits and transfers that took place when the government paid \$400 a meter.

After some discussion and waiting the immediate prospects for a sale was abandoned and the factory having been closed down since February, 1895, it was finally rented to a Frenchman by the name of Albert Neique for a period of ten years at a gradually increasing price of from \$800 to \$1,500 per month, Neique agreeing to pay all taxes and insurance and make valuable improvements besides.

The contract was legally drawn up and Mr. Neique took possession, after which Mr. Ellis was again approached by Mr. Avilla from the office of Mr. Cassasus, with an offer to buy the property.

Undaunted at finding himself too late for a bargain, the wiley Mr. Avilla under instruction from his chief, proceeded to make a combination with Mr. Neique whereby he could take the property from Mr. Ellis by force at his own price through one of the favorite schemes of high financing in Mexico, and this is how it was done: Through the influence of Cassasus a notice from the Government was promptly served on Mr. Neique informing him that owing to some technicality of the law he would not be allowed to run the furniture factory, and the two in collusion proceeded to swear out an injunction against Mr. Ellis restraining him from selling, mortgaging, or disposing of the property and although Neique had not yet paid a dollar cash for rent he demanded \$50,000 damages because the Government would not let the factory run.

As though the fraud was not sufficiently manifest, Joaquin Cassasus himself became personal surety on a bond for \$50,000 in order that the injunction and suit might be brought against Ellis, and thereby force him to terms, or make him submit to having his property and income tied up in litigation for ten years as the other alternative.

In view of the influence of Cassasus with Mr. Lemantour, who practically controls the decision of courts in Mexico, Mr. Ellis, with small hope of winning his case, called upon Mr. Cassasus who laughed at him when he suggested submitting the whole matter to arbitration, which is fully provided for under Mexican law, but suggested that the suit would be withdrawn if Ellis would compromise by settling at \$35,000 damages or else accept \$50 a meter on private sale, for the property, instead of \$400, the price which he asked.

It is to be hoped that in this instance Mr. Ellis will act with his usual energy and bring this high handed Mexican Ambassador to Washington out into the glare of publicity, which under present conditions is the only way in which he will be able to obtain common justice.

Another similar example of the way in which Cassasus employs FORCE and INFLUENCE in obtaining his ends occurred while the writer was Vice President and General Manager of the Mexican Trust Company and its branches.

Having been applied to by a considerable number of stock holders in the American Bank who had purchased their holdings while I was President of that institution, I arranged exchanges with a considerable number of them, taking their American Bank shares in trade for their equivalent value in Mexican Trust Company stock.

So generally was this desire for exchange sought, outside of the American Bank officials and their particular intimates, that it soon became manifest that within a short time the Mexican Trust Company would become the owner of a majority of the American Bank stock, for within ninety days from the first transaction the number of exchanges actually consummated, together with those offered, were sufficient to bring the Mexican Trust holdings within fifty-one shares of a controlling interest.

In addition to the active tendency of the American Bank share holders wishing to unload, the large number of depositors daily withdrawing their accounts from the American Bank and placing their funds with the Mexican Trust Company, so depleted the coffers of the former as to make it necessary for the directors to borrow large sums in order to keep affairs afloat pending the realization of maturing loans and securities.

At this time our holdings in American Bank shares had grown so large, and ugly rumors on the street had become so persistent that I addressed a letter to George W. Cook, President, deploring the falling off of funds in his charge and offering on proper terms \$300,000 with which to tide over the stringent period. It was, of course, my expectation at this time to, within sixty days, not only assume control of the American Bank, but to merge it with the Mexican Trust Company, thereby effecting a deal that would have doubled the value of the shares of both institutions, and it is the unanimous verdict of every one in touch with my plans at that time, that such a merger would have placed American financiering in Mexico on so strong a basis as to be a bulwark and tower of strength for all time to come.

My letter offering the American Bank \$300,000 was with due authority from our Board but it promised no particular glory nor reward to George Cook and his bandit associates. It was a sincere offering and would have benefitted all interested to the highest degree; but this letter was not only my undoing, but it was the undoing of the shareholders of both institutions, for such was the vanity and selfishness of Cook, Hegewisch, Gorchach and their colleagues that they preferred to effect great loss to the shareholders, rather than jeopardize their personal prestige and

the opportunity for graft which they were enjoying at that time—Cook's overdrafts alone running as high as \$80,000.

As before stated, Cook was renting two buildings from Minister Lemantour, one for his store on Calle San Francisco, and the other on Alcaiceria, sublet to a piano house, and not only had the intimacy this inaugurated with the Minister of Finance enabled him to secure all government contracts for furniture, sales, etc., at his own price in defiance of competition, but it served at this time the stronger purpose of enabling him to go to the Finance Minister for aid to defeat my better plans and by exhibiting my letter, to secure the necessary co-operation, not in money alone, but in INFLUENCE, always better than capital in Mexico high financiering.

That Letter Was My Undoing.—Without it Cook could not have obtained the assistance of Lemantour, Cassasus, and the Banco Central, for "did not Sercombe himself organize the American Bank and manage it for five years? Did he not know better than any one else that the institution was perfectly good for an advance of \$300,000, and if his institution could offer this advance was it not a perfectly safe proposition for the Banco Central?"

The circumstances which followed have gone into history. Cassasus, the wiley, the fawning, the revengeful, laid his plans, his traps, and the time for action was chosen when it was known that I would be in New York City at the annual meeting of the Mexican Trust Company. The advice and influence of Enrique Creel were brought into play, the necessary money was advanced by the Banco Central coterie with which to buy up at exorbitant prices the floating American Bank shares which otherwise would soon have fallen into my hands, and about the time of my departure for New York a fake order of indictment was gotten out against me based on an obsolete Mexican law which imposed a maximum fine of \$3,000 silver on any one who should attempt to depreciate the value of shares in a financial corporation in order to purchase them at reduced price.

Even in the old Scriptures we find it written that there existed the tiger like creatures who "lie in wait," and —Joaquin Cassasus, now ambassador for Mexico to the United States, is the true article, the leopard of Mexican finance; the lynxlike compiler of **banking laws** inaugurated to **prevent banking** and the surety and bondsman for barefaced conspiracies to rob American citizens of their Mexican properties.

I am now gathering statistics for publication in these columns to show the hundreds of instances wherein American investors have been "plucked" through the methods of Cassasus and other Mexican lawyers of INFLUENCE, from the late confiding Volney W. Foster down the line, and it will be seen that the majority of these wholesale bunco games have been carried out by the Lemantour group, of which

Joaquin Cassasus and Enrique Creel are the leading "separators."

I do not claim that the Governor of Chihuahua and the Mexican Ambassador at Washington have slugged anyone with lead pipe, or picked any pockets, but in line with President McCurdy of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, who drew \$150,000 a year for himself, another \$150,000 for his son, and another \$150,000 for his son-in-law, from the funds of the confiding policy holders, these dignitaries by schemes, oppressions, divisions of plunder, graft, and official pressure which they have always at hand have succeeded in taking away vast sums of money from others for the benefit of themselves and their clients and they are still continuing in the wholesale bunco business, and in a good natured way are ever ready to resort to any methods, however disreputable, in order to gain their ends.

Among the thousands of readers of this article, I ask that as many as possible send me a list of cases of Americans and others who have been forced and buncoed and crowded out of their rights in Mexico. Please send at as early a date as possible, as I desire to complete the list without delay and I guarantee to scrupulously keep the senders' names in strict confidence, being well aware of the extent of persecution which might otherwise be brought upon some as a result of exposure.

I call the attention of court practitioners throughout the world to the manifest unfairness of Joaquin Cassasus and others of his kind, who not content with winning suits through the ordinary methods of court procedure, which in every respect are as reliable in Mexico as anywhere else, but always **bound to win** at all hazards, he invariably brings the pressure of **influence** and **officialism** to play, in order to brow-beat and crush the pretensions of those who oppose him.

In my own case above described, so vicious and outrageous was the official pressure brought against the Mexican Trust Company by Joaquin Cassasus, stimulated by Lemantour, to defeat my plans for the American Bank merger, that my New York directors so feared complete annihilation of their interests, that they directed me to remain in this country, or travel abroad on full pay, until the pressure, of which I seemed to be the storm center, had subsided.

Let those who have never been crucified jest if they please at the wounds which the dirk of Mexican officialism inflicts upon those whose interests may oppose INFLUENCE.

While appalled at the subsequent dirty work initiated and promulgated by Cook, Hegewisch, Cassasus and others, I must pause here to commend the shrewdness and diplomacy that prompted George Cook to do the right thing at the right time, viz.: carry my \$300,000 letter to Lemantour, and in his hour of need use it so effectively to accomplish my defeat. This act is the one and only truly brilliant and in no way rep-

rehensible move in the entire self seeking career of George W. Cook.

Those who would know the world and its creatures must have experience with them, and surely the strenuous and in many respects quite unusual contortion acts in Mexican finance through which I have passed have given me glimpses into human nature under strained conditions that have not been vouchsafed to the vision of many. To become the "mark" for the misinterpretation of those who can't understand, and for the misrepresentation of those whose profession is to obscure their thefts in a cloud of lies, is not without its measure of pungent joy to him from whom no circumstance can take away his sense of humor.

My salary at that time was \$2,000 per month under contract with the Mexican Trust Company. I was blessed with the friendship and co-operation of W. O. Staples, J. H. Hampson, Isaac M. Hutchins, J. O. Rice, and others. I was a good fellow, but of course, not so good but that my associates would be willing to exchange my company at any time for a pro rata share in my salary and dividends.

In a few months I had built up the Mexican Trust Company to over \$3,000,000 assets, where others had struggled a much longer time without success. Things were moving. Our surplus was large, and so, notwithstanding J. O. Rice's sudden elevation to Assistant Manager, entirely due to my efforts, his unparalleled ingratitude in co-operating with the late W. W. Graham, G. W. Cook, Cassasus and others, in order to encourage my directors to see the wisdom of my remaining in New York permanently, was, of course, in no way a part of his and Hutchinson's scheme to divide up my income between them.

The story of the hobnobbing of these plunderers and the way in which they gave me a double cross that they might profit thereby, is to be told in full in future chapters of High Finance in Mexico, and is only touched upon in this number in order to bring out more recent occurrences which are necessary in order to emphasize the general setting of the denouement which I am planning.

The next little drama in this continuous vaudeville in High Finance has for its dramatis personae William L. Moyer, William Astor Chanler, Mr. McIntire and others of New York, and Leonel Miller, J. O. Rice, W. O. Staples, José Lemantour, Joaquín Cassasus, A. C. Scales, George I. Ham, J. L. Starr-Hunt and others of the City of Mexico.

The wildest dreams of Swedenborg scarcely reach in mystic speculation the complexity of plots and counterplots and schemes within schemes that resulted in the final demise of the International Bank and Trust Company.

The poor thing was simply worried to death by a lot of self-centered human mosquitoes. The intrigues of the Court of Louis XIV were scarcely a parallel to the movements of Starr-Hunt, Ham, Staples, Rice, Scales, Miller, Moyer and Chanler in the scenes preceding these memorable obsequies.

I am fortunate in having in my possession many of the original documents, letters, telegrams, and proofs of the devious details of this extraordinary failure in which \$60,000 gold exchange was purchased on that memorable Friday by Dr. Gluck for the Mexico City Banking Company, and an hour later, in fact only a few minutes after Gen. Frisbie and Emetrio de la Garsa had been assured that "all was in perfect order," the following notice appeared on the door:

"This bank has gone into voluntary liquidation. Depositors will be paid in full immediately."

(Signed) International Bank and Trust Company,
A. C. Scales, Cashier.

The selfish, unwarranted motives that prompted the above act not only accomplished the early suicide of the German to whom Rice had sold his own shares but precipitated an epidemic of other suffering and distress without end.

The whole sad story will be told in the February number.

TO-MORROW: THE VITAL PUBLICATION.

BY ZENE SPURRIER.

(Written for the Prize Contest.)

To-Morrow—yes, To-Morrow—the future here at last;
The dream of sage and poet through all the ages past;
Undauntedly espousing the cause of humankind—
Effulgent mental sunshine, enlightening the blind.

It's rational deductions arrayed as plain as day,
So e'en the one who stumbleth need err not in the way
To broader comprehension of rights and duties here—
Alas, too warped and tangled through doubt, mistake and fear.

Upholding in the Godlight the rights of you and me
To live, enjoy and labor, and feel ourselves set free,
Unhampered by oppression in any form or guise—
And free, as God intended, His gifts to utilize.

No faction, sect or dogma, enthroned by fixed design—
No stimulated prejudice to keep the herd in line,
But in the world-wide forum of this greed-stricken ball
To-Morrow stands for justice—equality to all.

Humanity uplifting in its unconquered might,
To claim in stainless battle, the world for sense and right;
That mind and soul and body—freed from despotic sway—
May mingle with the harmony of Nature's kindly way.

Health, hearts and homes protected, preserves possessions rare,
That yield existence gladsome and lighten every care.
But sympathise, my Brother, fraternally renew
Reciprocal relations between the world and you.

Who champions Man's birthright and sounds the true keynote,
Must bear some love of general kin that reckons not the mote.
But recognizes at a glance the common right of Man,
And helps each one and bids him to do the very best he can.

There is no rule of reason can make this otherwise—
No sophistry to change it—'tis but the knave who tries,
The sun of Truth has risen—To-Morrow is to-day
The vital publication that has come to light the way.

The Spencer-Whitman Round Table.

Conducted by Grace Moore.

The editor of the Round Table being a woman, it occasionally falls to her lot to lend a hand at cutting the bread, washing the dishes and keeping the kitchen clean. Not being an artist in the handling of flour, eggs and baking powder, as Maxine and others are, but being always on hand when the dinner bell sounds, some pricks of conscience now and then get in their deadly work and spur her on to the scouring of a few pans, laying some clean papers in the pantry, and by other similar means, satisfying herself at least, that she has the spirit, even if she may not have the most convincing theory and practice of co-operation.

Thanks to Maxine's more able service, we had an unusually fine lay out of muffins for our breakfast this morning. In our supreme enjoyment of the first two pan's full, we forgot the third batch browning in the oven, and while "Sercombe Himself" was discussing the probable reasons that Mr. Mangassarian would give in his lecture down town, "Why Mrs. Eddy's Teachings Appeal to Women," the last dozen muffins evolved a peculiarly strong affinity for the tin pans they were up against. The chairman of the Round Table having eaten more than her share of the muffins, felt an extra twinge of conscience and so volunteered to weild the Sapolio and the wire dish cloth over the burned tin pans. The muffin pans are shining now "to beat the band," but there is little time left and very scant material for the Round Table.

When one begins to feel their way toward becoming actively as well as theoretically co-operative, the errors in the system of competition under which we live, and one's individual habits and limitations, become a really serious problem. The reasons for the failures of so many communistic ventures, and the appalling difficulties in the way of the necessary changes in one's own mental attitudes and modes of life, ere the new life can be lived, become then so clear and positive as to test the courage and devotion of the strongest.

One must first become indifferent to prejudice, misunderstanding and misrepresentation. One's love of the idea for which he stands must carry him to the point where all personal considerations sink into insignificance and he is even willing to accept failure and calamity as rewards for his efforts to make tangible the idea. Not the least of the sacrifices to be made, are those which continually emphasize personal limitations and eccentricities, and which unfailingly place the individual at a disadvantage in the estimation of the people and of his relatives and friends and comrades, and even himself. One may have intellectually and at heart an idea, and still

be quite unable to adapt himself personally to its practical application.

A realization of the difficulties and sacrifices which such an effort necessarily involves, is not the least of the difficulties. Repeatedly we hear the assertion, "all well enough as a theory, but it won't work." To make it "work," may require many more failures than have yet been made, and involve many more sacrifices. But there is an exhilaration and increased sense of power in even the first staggering attempts at being practically democratic, comradely and co-operative. We are not ashamed of our baby steps. We have as much joy out of them as little Marguerite has, when she takes only one or two steps toward her Mamma, independent of the "walker" that she ordinarily depends upon. We were asked not long ago if such an inconvenience as a baby would be tolerated at the S.-W. Center. We replied that we had plenty of room for a baby, and as if in response to a direct invitation, the very next day the dearest mother and 14 months old baby that a community ever heard of, took up their abode with us. Little Marguerite is very largely the "center" now, and a glance at her picture published in "To-Morrow" this month will satisfy our readers as to the reason why.

But to go back to our subject, that of the test and difficulties with which we come in contact the moment we attempt a practical exemplification of the principles of voluntary service and co-operation as opposed to compulsion and competition. Every inconvenience, difficulty and failure but proves the terrible slavery of human personalities to their abnormal egoism and a falsely intensified social system. It is when one realizes from experience, the hard, up-hill climbing yet to be done, ere fellowship, mutual aid and true social efficiency as an ideal for the human race can be demonstrated, that the real need of such an ideal becomes truly apparent. We cannot know the instability of the structure upon which we lean until we stand for a moment independent of it and have courage to step far enough away to view it as we would view a falling tree. Peace on earth, good will to men, will ever remain a mere holiday slogan instead of becoming a reality for all human beings 365 days in the year, if all persist in bearing their full weight upon customs and institutions no longer alive, if indeed they ever were alive, with the spirit of peace and good will.

The Spencer-Whitman Centerers cherish the wish that with every succeeding Christmas, the spirit of loving good will that so fills the day, may have a larger overflow of life, until every single day in the year there may be as much peace and good will standing around waiting for a seat as there is on Christmas morning. It shall be our constant aim, to raise so high the banner of a universal peace and good will as to make it as much a reproach upon a community for any of its individual members to be hungry and miserable on the 25th

day of any month in the year, as on the 25th day of December. Our hope is not that there may be less happiness on the Christ day, but that all days may become Christ days and all days be happy ones. Not only that the friends of the Spencer-Whitman Center may have a merry Christmas and a Joyous New Year, but that every day, every year, everybody may be merrier and more joyous.

GREETING.

A continuous Merry Christmas and an increasingly joyous New Year to all.

Lectures and discussions at the Centre continue as broadly educational and as entertaining and well attended as usual. The "Ladies' Night" dinner, Nov. 13th, was delightfully informal and spontaneous, Mrs. Weaver presiding as toast-mistress. Mrs. Mabel MacCoy Irwin was with us, but on account of the failure of her voice for a few days, following her lecture in the Grand Opera House, was unable to address the gathering. Some sprightly feminine talks, the reading of a poem from Mr. Barnard's new volume just off the press, a recitation by Miss Zora Forberg and music by Miss Irene Stolofsky, gave charming variety to the evening's diversion. The selections rendered by Miss S. on both piano and violin were keenly appreciated, the young woman more than justifying the enviable reputation she has gained as a musical artist. Miss S. was recently the winner of a gold medal at the Balatka school of music.

Thursday, Nov. 16th, Mabel MacCoy Irwin being unable to give her lecture on Walt Whitman, as announced, Mr. Kantor very kindly read a paper on Divine Healing which proved highly interesting and called forth much lively and pertinent discussion.

Mr. Kantor suggested that "The scriptures never taught the so-called Divine healing of to-day and that all cures effected in modern times by healers were brought about through hypnotic suggestions (which does not imply sleep) and not through the intervention of God or any living or dead saint or sinner. The doctrines of modern divine healing will be the rocks on which the Christian church will eventually founder."

Nov. 20th, Mr. Jacob Le Bosky delighted the S.-W. Centerers with his very thoughtful discourse on the subject of Oscar Wilde's literary works. Mr. Le B. knows how to speak directly from the heart to the heart, and we recommend that he give less attention to the practice of law and more to the presentation of his literary conceptions.

Mr. W. F. Stone, who is the author of several standard works on Art, Music and the Drama, gave (Nov. 23rd) some splendid thoughts relative to Art Gratification vs the Snobbery of Art. Mr. Stone is an independent thinker as well as a scholar, traveler and writer and has ideas that many advanced students of art and music might well avail themselves of. His principal contention is that we are as a people lacking in the artistic sense, and not even disposed to give time or thought to the task of cultivating it. We judge at a glance, a work of art that is the result of a lifetime of studious concentration on the part of the artist, rather than spend an hour each week for a few weeks or months, studying the artists' work, and so preparing ourselves to consider it intelligently.

Nov. 27th, Dr. Axel Gustafsson gave a strenuous presentation of the subject of Municipal Ownership. He emphasized in a masterly way the fact of the popular vote of the people for municipal ownership, having been so flagrantly disregarded by the corrupt aldermen of Chicago, who by virtue of the people's vote, were under obligations to instruct and co-operate with the city council to that end, but who instead have favored the street car companies and corporations for personal profit. "The effect of this betrayal of the people's interests," said Dr. G., "will eventually be the rousing of the people to a consciousness

of the dangers of the graft system under which we live, and a revolution looking to a permanent and world-wide democracy." The discussion that followed was noticeable for the strength, variety and clearness of the opinions expressed.

Our Thanksgiving dinner served to about one hundred guests, was one of the best and most enjoyable of the "sunset" dinners that have so far been given. Vegetarian menus are most in favor at the Center, but the conventional Turkey, with cranberry sauce and other accompaniments, were conspicuously present on this occasion, and no one allowed to feel that a possible choice of food, could prove a hindrance to comradely associations. It might not be out of place to acknowledge that there were only clean bones on the turkey platters left by our guests, notwithstanding their vegetarian principles. Mrs. De Shon entertained us with some well executed piano solos and there were many delightful responses to the toasts called for by Mr. Sercombe, one gentleman in particular, a newspaper man whose name we have not permission to publish, giving a number of stories and recitations which will be remembered when we have ceased to give "sunset" dinners at the S.-W. Center.

"Industrial Combinations and the American Laborer," was the topic for discussion Monday evening, Dec. 4th. Mr. Adolph Adelman giving the address, which was one of the best that has been given at the Center this season. Mr. Adelman's chief point of argument was that the increase in wages to the laboring man (granting for the sake of argument that he has an increase) as a result of the enormous profits accruing to the Trusts, was not in the least to be compared with the increase in the cost of living. The extra tax upon the laboring men to support himself and family, is so great and so entirely out of proportion to whatever increase of wages he may receive, that it is waste of breath to talk about it.

WENONAH'S EXPERIENCE.

Wenonah, whose "Confessions of a Divorcee" were discontinued in the December To-Morrow, has addressed a letter to Pres. Roosevelt regarding her experience of being "sat upon" by the ubiquitous postal discriminators, that is so good that we feel to include some portions of it in the Round Table.

Dear Sir:

Believing that you know ignorance makes for crime, I call your attention to the fact that our Post Office censorship is diametrically opposed to your own habit of speech. When an officer of the Post Office Censor Bureau can not distinguish between vital truth which needs to be stated, and obscenity, he has outlived his usefulness as a public servant. In its place, our postal regulation along this line is all right; but as administered, your articles on race suicide could not secure second-class privileges if their authorship were unknown.

Of course a case in hand has brought this to immediate attention. One who has worked long in the rescue field becomes convinced that the literature and lectures of W. C. T. U. and kindred organizations can never combat the ignorance of the average mother, because such matter reaches only those who are already cognizant of general facts and merely wish statistics—as witness the sale of "Traffic in Girls." Yet every worker along rescue lines will agree that fully one-third of those who enter lives of shame do so because of ignorance on sex and motherhood. This being true, one woman decided that narrative depicting in the simplest manner the ignorance of the more gently bred girls, the trouble thus brought into life and the subsequent divorce, with all its attendant evils, ought to reach thinkers. She wrote it and chose "To-Morrow," of Chicago, as her medium for putting the tale before the public, because its editors fearlessly stand for truth even where they disagree with its mode of expression. When MS. was submitted to Post Office Censorship, its most vital chapters were vetoed. Yet the story is true and every rescue worker would recognize it as typical.

If it is true that the one-third of our so-called fallen women are living as they are because of ignorance and false modesty of their

mothers (and I believe this estimate to be too low) and the press is not open to those who wish to clear away this barrier, how is this national blot to be wiped out?

Estimating that about twenty-five and a half million females in the United States are above the age of ten, one in every thirty-eight is now living by the sale of her womanhood, either in brothals or more privately, and these figures do not include those married women who sold themselves for loveless homes. One hundred and thirty-three thousand are added to this number every year: an average of one woman for every four minutes of every twenty-four hours, a surprisingly large proportion of them being still in their early 'teens."

Elsewhere in this letter she says: "I feel that sex is a vital fact which needs to be taught purely, and that until it is so taught, it is well that the birth-rate should be low rather than that too many girls be born to suffer, as they now are."

On Thursday, December 7th, the "To-Morrow" family and their friends had a genuine treat in the lecture of Joseph Loeb on "How To Be Useful Though Educated." He pictured the long-haired professor and old-time educator as the efficient agents in the perpetuation of that type of artificial insanity known as the "College Education Frenzy," and made a strong appeal for common sense methods that would fit men and women for the work of their lives rather than supplying the student the doubtful culture and scholastic ideals which the schools continue to implant.

Mr. Loeb, now an attorney in Chicago, is a graduate of the Wisconsin University, and is one of the team of debators to win several contests in which the Wisconsin University was pitted against other institutions.

DESMORGENSLANDT

Conducted by M. F. Canfield.

THE SPIRIT OF NIGHT.

The spirit of night broods upon the mountain-tops.
Her garment falls in trailing folds of misty white,
Kissed by iridescent light of moon-beams, shimmering;
The magic of her touch inbreathes a living soul,
In things inanimate, and glorifies the night.
Crowned is tree and shrub and flower, with halos, glimmering.

M. F. C.

THE MASQUE.

May not the frown, that silent proof
Of discord far within,
But tell that clouds o'er-shade the soul
Where sunlight once has been?
May not the smile that haunts the face
Of yon fair thoughtless One,
Alone bespeak a cloudless sky
Where glows the noon-day sun?
Ah, not the smiles, nor yet the frowns,
The inmost soul reveal,
For oft expression play its part,
Some secret to conceal.

M. F. C.

The Informal Brotherhood.

Conducted by Viola Richardson.



VIOLA RICHARDSON.

Subconsciously, we all act on the assumption that the purpose of life is that we may have more life—that we may **learn to live**. If we read the story of man from the time when he was a savage down to the present time, we will find that it is a story of continual growth in a recognition and application of the forces and principles of life, both within and without himself, and a consequent manifold increase in the reach and power of individual life.

Consciously, we, most of us, act on the assumption that the purpose of life is that we should shut out as much of life as possible and limit ourselves to the narrowest possible circle of thought and understanding and activity.

Every advance that has been made in any branch of science has been made at the peril of the man or men who dared to think beyond the limits of the knowledge or belief of their time. To discover some hitherto unknown force in nature and learn to apply it in some useful way has always been regarded by the great mass of humankind as the commission of that worst of sins—going against the will and intention of God.

The man who earnestly searches for more truth, for larger life, fuller understanding, completer expression, will have dealt out to him in one form or another banishment, ostracism, torture on the rack, burning at the stake.

The conscious attitude of mankind towards innovation, investigation and advance along scientific lines, is one of resistance and condemnation. The truth which individuals here and there search out with painful effort against opposition, at last permeate the masses, so that slowly and almost unconsciously to themselves, they, too, are lifted towards truth and life is broadened for them.

Speculation is perhaps always profitless, but we are led to speculate on what immense strides in the way of achieve-

ment in every line humankind would make if only the bonds of resistance were loosed and every one were willing to receive all there is to receive in the way of knowledge and power—willing to learn to live.

If a man should undertake to learn to swim by wading cautiously into a pool of water and grasping a stump that happened to be sticking up out of the water and clinching onto it for all time, we know he never would learn to swim.

If a child never cut loose from supports in the way of chairs, the hand of an older person, etc., it would never learn to walk.

And so it is with life. There are many of us who have stuck our toes into the stream of life, and found a stump in the way of an idea or a belief or some sort of limitation, and have clinched onto it, fearful that if we let go we shall not be able to exist.

We need to remember that not one of us has ever reached the ultimate in the matter of knowledge of life and its meaning and its forces; and if we fence ourselves around with fear and prejudice we do not change the great truths of life nor destroy a single force in nature. We simply shut ourselves in and limit our vision and our understanding.

To keep ones life and mind fluid, seems to me the greatest thing that comes to one—to simply be willing to know all of life that is knowable, to be willing to learn to live. V. R.

"Hope Springs eternal in the human breast."

This saying of Pope's has never been better illustrated than by the members of the Liberty Educational Club, as they sit night after night, working with their teachers from the Spencer-Whitman Center.

These young men and women have learned lots from experience. Born in poor Jewish homes, emigrants from paternal shores, they have come here full of prejudices and superstitions. But under our strenuous economic system their eyes are slowly being opened. They have become students of politics, socialism and anarchy, and now have organized the above named club for the advancement of education among themselves. Their society is liberal, free from "ism" or political creed. Every member thinks for himself or herself, and is bound by no one. Their main purpose is education, and to this end the writer has interested himself and others of the S.-W. Center. Three nights in the week we teach them how to read and write, and to see these sixty young men and women studying intelligently and earnestly with bright faces, lofty ideals and keen minds, is what makes us exclaim with the poet, "Hope springs," etc., or with another, who had the same ideal:

TO-MORROW.

To you, to you I look and hope,
 For Courage, strength with which to cope
 With sorrow.
 I may to-day in darkness grope,
 But Ah! how limitless your scope—
 An optimistic future bright,
 Ever appears before my sight.
 I borrow
 Trouble to-day, but overnight
 It will be gone; and seem more light—
 To-morrow."

J. M. KANTOR.

Dear V. R. and Comrades of the Informal Brotherhood:

Such a happy and apt title should of itself create the Department and sustain it.

December's salutatory magnificently develops the idea. It lifts grand words into new uses above the trite and commonplace. It dedicates them and us to a fellowship not less strong because its bonds are made of the stuff that magnetism is made of, and its authority is the authority of the still small voice.

Why should we not join together here to seek and find our proper adjustment to the life forces? Has not the Great Intelligence ever rewarded the slightest effort of Individualized Intelligence by increased powers, and seemingly rewarded it, too, out of all proportion to the force of its desire? What creature too small, or with whim too grotesque to be gratified if only its desire vibrate until it strikes the chord of the universe!

It is no small stunt which a proper faith in the Cosmic law marks out as possible for the free fellowship of the Informal Brotherhood. We must demonstrate that the impelling power in the highest upward-reaching human is under the same law as that by which the worlds were brought to form and order. It works ever by pairs, in polarity, and results in ultimate useful or beautiful satisfied aggregations. We might also demonstrate that matter out of place is mud, which mars polarization in the crystal, and hence, that matter should be in place and order in human society, to work the most beautifully and quickly the highest ends.

I trust I have named items enough to start the list or a friendly protest, and not enough to be barred out on the space limit.

Fraternally,

BEN IRA.

LIFE.

O, Is it bliss, or is it woe;
This dream of mortals here below,
This looking for a brighter day
Along life's yet untrodden way,
This star of hope to lure us on

Alike from joys and sorrows gone,
To where the mirage lifts on high
New scenes to please the expectant eye,
While dark along the path between
Life's changes rudely intervene
That in an hour can well destroy
Each cherished hope of future joy?
Yet such is life to every soul,
Impelled to reach some promised goal.

Bright hopes the quickening pulses thrill,
Sweet visions all the future fill,
Whose radiance holds us tranced and still,
'Till o'er us steals the icy chill,
The fear that Fate, relentless Might,
Unschool'd in law of human right
May snatch away each beacon light
That guides us onward through the night.

Thus, hope and fear together go.
O, Is it bliss, or is it woe?
If woe, then let my torture be
To languish in such misery,
Let phantoms paint each cherished dream,
To lure me down life's turbid stream,
With not a murmur nor a sigh,
O'er pleasures gone forever by.

—J. R.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MAN?

Is it a strenuous life that makes a man a man indeed, or is it the nurturing of his innate heritage of good by a Christian environment, that is responsible for the best development of the highest species of a perfect Creation?

Perhaps a growing tendency of the majority to live too far from the ground, has made the thinkers see the dire need of more men that are men, men with the brain and brawn, men able to carry the world upon their shoulders, men with whom life is subservient to right.

The question often comes up: "What is a Man?" and study does not offer much elucidation upon the subject.

First history tells us, "Something made in the image of God," and later upon being brought face to face with the Perfection of Man, Pontius Pilate's lips said "Ecce homo," while his heart cried out "Ecce Deis."

Next, we find Dante claiming, "Man is a little World," and later Swedenborg, that, "The World was a Man," showing a difference in thought after four hundred years.

Then Balzac, makes his Man a Child and we cross the channel to find that Dickens, makes his Child a Man.

Now let us get a bit nearer the ground. An Ayershire ploughman a hundred years ago, made his manifesto, saying "A Man's a Man." This plowman poet seems to have the greatest claim upon our respect, as to best knowledge of human nature; his life was simple and so to him as to a child, men in all stations of life bared their hearts.

So after all is said and done, "A Man's a Man," no more, no less. He is given a Man's start and a Man's finish, and the undisputed ability to live a Man's life, if such be his desire. So "A Man's a Man."

R. P. CHRYSTIE.

Away with the plunder. We eat too much, wear too much, sport too many Barrios gems, have too much junk in our homes (some call it furniture and bric a brac, but it is junk just the same), too much lumber in our lives.

Only in freedom can man ever work out his life problem and freedom means the mastery of his environment. He must not, cannot be bound by things.

Anything we cannot use now is only dead wood. The dead limbs must be pruned out, otherwise they sap the strength of the tree. We're on a long voyage. We must throw overboard all junk and lighten ship for easy sailing.

Indulgence is not happiness. It is misery. Its bite is sharper than the serpent's tooth. It is only through self mastery, control of the appetite and primal passions for their proper functions, only in living the sane wholesome life, that the highest joys are attained. The delight of a pure, cleanly, simple, healthful life is beyond all other earthly pleasures. Try it.

We need more fresh air, more breathing, more attention to diet; more care of the body and less doctoring; more sanity, less superstition; more light, more love, less gloom; more life, less of death.

See what nature does with so little—a tiny seed, a little dust, a drop of water, a ray of sunshine—lo! a dream of bud and blossom! Maybe she's just trying to teach us how simple life is, how little we really need if only we knew how to use it.

B. T. CALVERT.

You are inclined to believe that no magazine for "people who think" can ever be a financial success. It may appear so at present. It will not be always so. The morning light is breaking, the darkness is fading. Monopoly and special privilege cannot always make people believe that "Whosoever thinketh for himself shall be in danger of hell fire." People will not always believe that any man or church can lock up God in heaven and keep people away from Him and from happiness.

People need more liberty, but they cannot understand what liberty really means, so long as they do not know the a b c of right thinking and right feeling in active unification and work. They do not know that the sparks of intelligence and love within them are God's only vicegerents on earth.

GEORGE B. WILLIAMS.

For ten years I have been looking for the proverbial happy home. I am young, I may find it yet.

The time to be happy is now.

The more time you put into feeding your stomach the less time you are going to have left to feed your brain.

Many a devil passes for a saint because he is wise enough to keep his mouth shut.

GLADYS VERA LAMB.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

To-Morrow" deals directly with causes, and for brotherhood and co-operation as opposed to selfishness and competition. These latter have had their places in evolution, but we now want something better. Society will work more and more in harmony as complex conditions increase, and the spirit of brotherhood is the only real and permanent solution which will secure social unity.

ARTHUR E. STEELE.

Editor To-MORROW:

As a reader of your magazine I can say that To-Morrow supplies a long felt want in every intelligent American household. Its columns are of timely and vital interest to all.

INGRAM CHAPMAN.

Editor To-MORROW:

The vitality of your magazine is in the strength and soundness of its attitude.

D. H. WEVER.

I have not had time to analyze the charm of To-MORROW but only to read and be refreshed by it.

MRS. BERTHA W. HOWE.

New York City.

Editor To-MORROW:

Your magazine is a crucible of refined twenty-one carat gold to its readers each month, for it combats wealth and its might with honesty and right.

C. R. PRICE.

My dear Sercombe:

I must congratulate you on the superior merits of the December To-Morrow, and especially your "Granite Column." It is certainly a classic, equal to Ingersoll or Osseon. I couldn't have done better myself. If you do much more of that your name will go down to the to-morrow of the world as the prose poet of the twentieth century.

With warmest regards,

Yours,

JOEL RICHARDSON.

Editor To-Morrow:

I like your magazine. You are digging to the foundation of all problems and using no tact, which is a compliment to your honesty and courage.

JULIUS COHEN.

My dear Mr. Sercombe:

I appreciate your very beautiful Magazine and especially the article of my Friend Meakin. The "Epic of the Granite Column" is one of the best things I ever read.

Faithfully yours,

Geo. B. FISHER.

Editor To-Morrow:

Your magazine is so good that I am sending you another one dollar bill in payment for To-Morrow for one year, to be sent to my mother, and I never send her a present that is not all right. I also mention To-Morrow to my friends and will if possible get some of them to join in. It is the one magazine that is a thought provoker. I would not be without it for several times its cost. Dr. Montezuma is giving us some splendid ideas, and in fact every article is good. May you succeed is my wish.

Yours fraternally,

D. C. MILLICAN.

To-Morrow is a magazine for the people who think, and the November number offers a plentiful supply of food for thought. The editor claims that the only enduring method for federal control of the corporation evil is to make it a crime to receive salary of dividends from other than the one corporation each person exclusively serves. It is worth everybody's while to read it carefully.

Evening Item, Lynn, Mass.

Editor To-Morrow Magazine:

"Why is To-Morrow the most vital publication of to-day?"

The answer is easy: Because we cannot live without it.

M. K.,

Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor To-Morrow:

I find your magazine forceful and helpful. May it be a success more and more.

Yours truly,

MIRANDA P. SWENSON.

Artistic Engraving and Electrotyping

The fine portrait of Benjamin Franklin which adorns the front cover of this magazine was drawn from a painting by a celebrated French Artist, and the excellent half-tone was made for us by the courtesy of The Franklin Engraving Co., 346 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The portrait of Walt. Whitman on the front cover of our December number, likewise all other half-tones in the book this month and last are also the work of The Franklin Co.

Books, Reviews and Magazines.

CURRENT LITERATURE (Dec.) is characteristically replete with information and comments upon the trend of events in the social, political, scientific and literary world. Under the heading, "Review of the World," the Hearst vote and its meaning, the President's position on "Maximum Rates," the upheaval in Russia and many other world occurrences are forcefully treated. Among the literary articles are those dealing with such subjects as "Edgar Allen Poe and the Hall of Fame;" The "Talkative Aspect of Lowell's Genius;" "Gibson's Abandonment of the Pen for the Brush;" "The Cuban Poet who Defeated Zola," etc. There is a portion of Maeterlinck's drama, "Joyzelle," reprinted from Poet Lore, a story, "Christmas Phantoms," by Maxim Gorky and many fine contributions to the departments of "Science and Discovery," "Religion and Ethics," and others. A beautiful cover design of hollies in Christmas reds and greens, lend color and good cheer to this very excellent number.

THE PUBLIC, a Journal of Fundamental Democracy, and a weekly narrative of History in the Making, comes regularly to the office of the To-Morrow Magazine and is indispensable. The issue of December 2nd, is accompanied by a supplementary half-tone portrait of John P. Altgeld, copied from the painting by Mr. Clarkson, which was lately presented to the Chicago Historical Society. There is an eight-paged biography of Mr. Altgeld by the editor which everyone should read, also a reprint of an interview with Mr. Altgeld published in "Live Questions" of April 7th, 1905. This interview, giving Mr. Altgeld's impressions of Chauncey M. Depew, in the search-light of recent events in which Mr. Depew figures, becomes truly a prophecy and a remarkable one. Among the telling comments that were made by Mr. Altgeld in this interview concerning Mr. Depew, are these: "I understand he gets still other salaries and have no doubt he earns them all, for in the art of engineering money out of the public and into the pockets of private individuals he has no superior. And it looks as if his career will compel the American people to adopt an eleventh commandment reading as follows: 'Go thou and do evil that thou mayest live on the fat of the land, and that thy sleekness may be the wonder of men.'" The Public is certainly to be congratulated upon the force, pertinence and attractiveness of its editorials.

The November REVIEW OF REVIEWS presents on its cover this most attractive "menu," The New Note in Politics; The Driving Power of Life Insurance; Russia's First Parliament, the Duma; Rural Ireland and the New Land Law; A Notable Jewish Anniversary; The Movement for Church Federation; Lessons in Sanitation from Japan; Park Playgrounds for City Children. There are twenty-five pages of editorial matter, treating most interestingly of recent political events in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere. "Mr. Hearst's Public Ownership Party" and "Mayor McClellan's Candidacy," with good portraits of Mr. Hearst, Mr. McClellan and other candidates in the recent N. Y. elections, are among the best articles. Some very quaint landscape pictures accompany the delightful article by Plummer F. Jones on "Rural Ireland As It Is Today." In addition to the superb original matter in this number of the Review, there are the usual attractive and trustworthy comments upon domestic and foreign periodicals and the new books, with numerous good portraits of authors and other men and women prominent in the world today. A fine portrait of Sir Henry Irving is included.

"Chain Lightning," a magazine of brevity and brightness, flashes quarterly from the Caxton Building, Chicago, by Frank Honeywell, is among the clever booklets that come frequently to our desk. It's purpose seems best presented in a portion of the editorial in December number: "For him who recognizes the fact that a great moral principle, or a little moral principle, or a plain fact, is often better put in the form of a

jest, or in the unexpected way of a surprise, than in a calm, subdued, immovable earnest." And elsewhere it says, "get the laugh on the Old Nick and make him appear foolish, and you'll win out every time." (10c a flash.)

LUCIFER, of December 7th, comes to us with a symposium entitled, "Shall Speech be Free?" being a collection of opinions, past and present, on the subject. Lucifer, the Light Bearer, the much persecuted, now the professional mark for Post Office censorship is an example of how hard it is to kill by injunction. Right or wrong, Moses Harmon is of the material of which heroes are made.

McCLURE's, for December, the cover design being a Christmas suggestion in rich tones of blue and gold, is up to its usually high standard. Among the most interesting things are the five large portraits in the advertising pages, of its editor, Lincoln Steffens, and of its contributors, Wm. Allen White, Ray Stannard Baker and Carl Schurz. Love of Life, by Jack London, in this number, is illustrated in color, the pictures by E. L. Blumenschein being remarkably strong portrayals of the emotional and gressive in human experience. Ray Stannard Baker writes of "Railroad Rebates," there is a "Parable for Husbands," with quaint illustrative sketches, a second reminiscent article by Carl Schurz, picturing his school days, and a biography of Gov. Folk by Wm. Allen White.

THE LIBERAL REVIEW, December, an organ of the Independent Thinkers of America (Chicago, 140 Dearborn St.), announces the permanent withdrawal of Mr. M. M. Mangassarin as editor. The further announcement is made that "until the proper person can be secured as editor, the magazine will be conducted by its Board of Directors, advised by such able and willing co-adjutors as it can come in touch with." The current number is a strong one, the best essay as it seems to us, because constructive in thought, being "Modern Treatment of Crime," by Ernest P. Bicknell. The little Christmas declaration by Rob't Ingersoll of "the things he wanted for Christmas," a literary and philosophic gem that all should read, is included, and speaks most forcefully for true, liberal humanitarianism, and the sharing of life's opportunities and blessings, not only on one day in the year, but all the year round.

THE HUMANITARIAN REVIEW, issued monthly, at Los Angeles, Cal., by Singleton W. Davis, 825 E. Lee St., is a liberal, rationalistic monthly magazine, very similar to the "Liberal Review." Among the able articles in defense of humanitarian principles, in the December issue, is "Our Heritage," by Judge Parish B. Ladd.

The Christmas HEALTH CULTURE (151 W. 23rd St., N. Y.), is decidedly attractive, having the usual amount of excellent reading matter pertaining to the subject for which it stands. Half-tones illustrative of gymnasium exercises, one of which represents "Sarah Bernhardt's Resting Poise," are not the least of the many good things in this magazine of practical hygiene and health culture.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, November 1st, contains a translation of the famous speech by August Bebel at the Jent Congress, on "Socialism and the General Strike in Germany," also "The Historical Development of the American Proletarian," by Werner Lombart. Editorially, "Conditions in Germany and America," and "The World of Labor" are discussed. Whether or not one is politically a Socialist, it is impossible not to sympathize with the socialist idea, when one reads the stirring calls of the great Socialist writers and organizers in Germany who are known the world over for their human breadth and marvelous grasp of the social, economic and political conditions of the world. The Socialist Review should be read occasionally by every one inclined to be liberal, even if not truly socialistic. It is only by

such first hand information that one is able to get a correct and impartial view of the movement and philosophy of socialism. (Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.)

THE STRAIGHT EDGE, a monthly news letter published to explore the straight and narrow way that is said to lead unto *life*, and to make observations concerning the hollows and hummocks of society and industry, and concerning the cuts and fills necessary to make a roadbed on the level. An assortment of these pocket leaflets will be sent on request, to anyone interested in co-operation. Straight Edge Press, No. 1, Abingdon Square, N. Y.

"The Progressive Thinker," as a spiritualist publication, is in every way deserving of its good name and reputation. The issue of December 9th, contains some strong editorial matter and interesting descriptive articles on the subject of especial interest to spiritualists and thinkers. J. R. Francis is the editor and the headquarters are at 40 Loomis St., Chicago.

The American Home Finding Association publishes a monthly illustrated journal, and its Thanksgiving edition, lying before us shows conclusively the force and beneficence of the work being done by the Association. There is a most attractive picture of the "Home" of the Association (it being a beautiful house at 3225 Forest Ave., Chicago.) It offers a plan by which every one may aid the work by even such a small sum as 5c. per week, and among the objects of the Association we find the following: "To provide homes for abused and neglected children. To place mother and child in the same home. To furnish employment for boys and girls, and graduates from industrial schools. To help paroled and ex-prisoners to home-life, with employment."

The December number of "Talent" contains an illustrated article on Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, which is one of a series on the home life of great lecturers, an interview with Geo. W. Cable, in which he relates many interesting incidents of Eugene Field's platform experiences, and the third of Walter Dill Scott's papers on the "Psychology of Public Speaking." Besides these features there is a clever satirical poem by Edmund Vance Cook, some pleasing sentiments in verse and excellent portraits.

"THOUGHT," for December, published at 4665 Lake Ave., Chicago, is the best number of that excellent little booklet that we have yet seen. A thoughtful Christmas article, and a very fine poem by Sheldon Leavitt, are among the good things. We find also this pertinent bit of verse:

A truth comes in,
It is a strange truth,
Elbowing its way to our relief—
A greater pushing out a lesser.
Evil can never take the place
Of good for the moment.
The light at last will chase away
The gloom and usher in the day,
With slow or partial stride,
As we discern the truth,
We move toward better things—
A broader, grander life—
To final triumph.

—S. L.

One needs to glance through "DOGDOM, an illustrated monthly dog magazine published at Battle Creek, Mich., to realize that the dogs everywhere are having a fine day. Dog kennels, dog studs, dog trainers, dog clubs, and everything conceivable pertaining to dogdom, is to be found in this little publication. Not the least of the attractions in the December issue are the large picture of "Dewey" and many smaller illustrations of noted terriers, collics, pointers, spaniels, etc.

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ELLA WHEELER WILCOX and FLOYD B. WILSON are regular contributors to **THE NAUTILUS**.

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"THE MOODS OF LIFE," by Francis Barnard. Once in a long while some one sings a song which really touches the heart. It oft times comes to us at the end of a weary hour, or at the close of a long grey day of toil—comes to us as the compensating balm for a heart heavy with the burden of insensate things—and we respond with a new notion of living and a high sense of joy.

Lying before us is a copy of Wm. F. Barnard's book of poems, entitled "The Moods of Life." What we might have to say of the value of this effort of Mr. Barnard's at this moment, amounts to very little. What we feel of the spirit of beauty it imparts to us is an altogether different matter, and one that might lend special interest to the work of a sincere soul seeking the why, the whence and the purpose of life. We miss the lilting, pulsing beauty note of Swinburne; the almost hoarse, protesting voice of John Davidson's modernity is not here. And yet we feel the blending beauty and protest, as we read, as come the impeccable emotions of wonderlight from a sunset where day caresses evening with a thousand protesting colors, until they both fall asleep on the breast of the night.

Thy death was not like death; thou wert like a Star,
That, when the moon at the horizon dips,
Shines clear and dazzling from some region far,
Beauty and night's most strange apocalypse,
Anon to quench its light in clouds that bar
All suddenly, and leave it in eclipse.

It is thus that Mr. Barnard sings of Sherry's death—a beautiful modern tribute to a greater singer, who dreamed of "the changing order" and who sang in beautiful protest against the stifle and chain of now.

For man and woman are as stars; how fair,
In merging beauty; soul matched with rich soul!
Though moving onward far to separate ends,
With majesty, as close their orbits bear,
The heart in man, the heart in woman bends;
And two seem one awhile, and for one goal.

Another modern beauty song. The spreading growth belief that man and woman are one in spirit, one in aspiration, one in hunger for the life joy of love and truth, is the dominant note here as it is the expression assertive of the entire book. Mr. Barnard has made a more than interesting contribution to the poetry of the period. Sincerity, beauty and a sweet acknowledgment of life as it is, are the impulse motives of his verse. The book is from the Rooks Press and is a fine example of American bookmaking.

W. (H. A.) MOORE.

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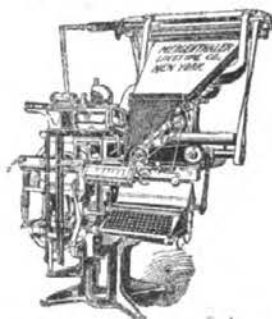
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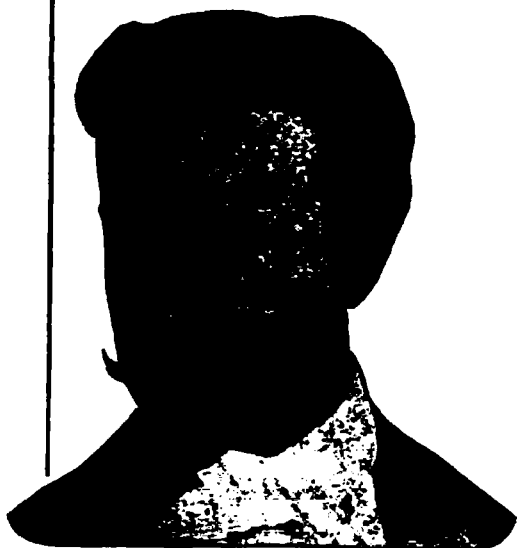
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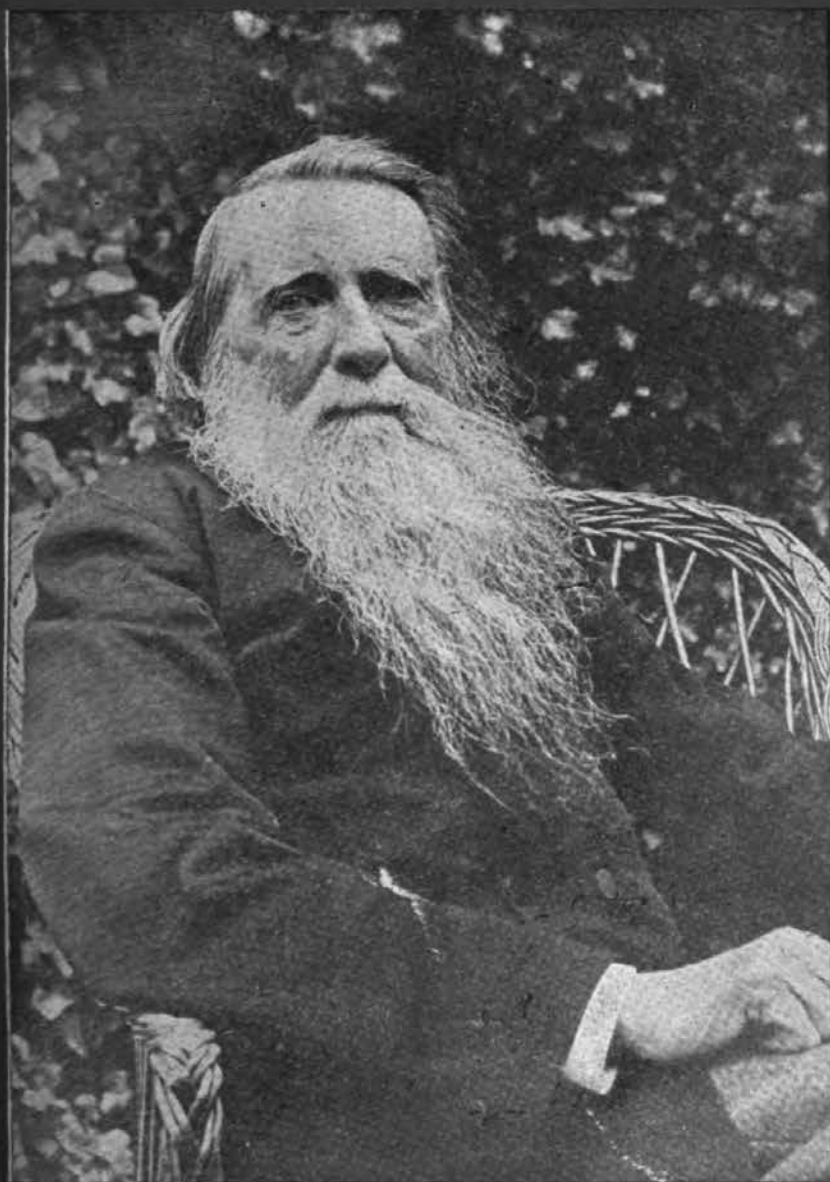
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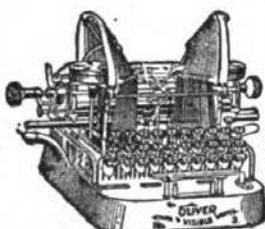
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The Business End.

Ruskin, Lincoln and Haeckel.

The "To-Morrow" prophets of yesterday for February are John Ruskin, Abraham Lincoln and Ernest Haeckel, each in his own way the greatest that the world has known.

John Ruskin, born February 8th, 1819; the gentle poet, the dreamer and philosopher, different from all others, yet like

all others, whose picture adorns the front cover of this number, has touched the heart of the world in a way that it never was touched before and with an influence that will vibrate down the ages. Gentle, constructive, defiant, unconventional, he was a real man in an unreal age.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln, born February 12th, 1809; portrait on this page, is classed as one of the philosophers of "To-Morrow," not so much by what he said and wrote as by what he did.

He lived the life of pure democracy, so far as surrounding conditions would permit. Had he lived in an age of real equality, he surely with Walt Whitman would have **declined** to "accept anything that all others could not have the counterpart of on the same terms." In his private and public life he simply "endured" the associations and hypocrisies by which he was surrounded, whether in the forms of law, traditions, customs or friends. Under right conditions he had all within him to become the true—Messiah—the **perfect man**.

Ernest Haeckel, born February 16th, 1834, the author of "The History of Creation" and "The Riddle of the Universe" Professor in the University of Jena, is the greatest scientist now living.

A liberal thinker and free soul, Haeckel's personal original investigations into various scientific fields, his broad philosophical concept of life in its evolving process, his vivid appreciation of the relationship of all phenomena, and the unity

of all knowledge, place him intellectually far in advance of the ordinary men of science.

While Haeckel has not, like Herbert Spencer, given to the world a complete tabulated system for the guidance of human thought and denoted specifically wherein human thinking should harmonize with the cosmic laws of the universe, still all of his hypothesis and conclusions are based upon a recognition of the system which Spencer alone of all the world, has wrought out in detail.

Herman Kuehn will contribute another article for March on his doctrine of "Human Rights."

The picture of William Morris, born March 24th, 1834, will adorn the front cover of the March number of this Magazine.



ERNEST HAECKEL.

Mr. Sercombe's article on "Abram Brokaw" not being completed in time for this issue, is therefore postponed for publication in the March number.

It is with some disappointment that we are obliged to announce to our readers that not receiving the contribution of Hugh Pentecost on "The Tyranny of Family Love" in time for this number, its publication is therefore postponed to a future number.

Owing to a strenuous demand, the fine pictures of Lincoln, Franklin, Whitman and Ruskin that have adorned our Magazine covers, have been handsomely mounted with a mat for framing. Any one of these will be sent together with a sample copy of "To-Morrow Magazine" on receipt of twenty-five cents.

The Congregation of the Spencer-Whitman Center will hereafter hold forth every Sunday evening at eight o'clock in Fraternity (Dewey) Hall, No. 70 East Adams St., Chicago (opposite the fair). Seats are free to all. On Sunday, January 14th, Mr. Sercombe spoke to a full house on the subject of "Happiness on a Working Basis." Sunday evening, January 21st, Mr. Milton Bucklin, editor and lecturer, spoke on "Co-operation."

The constructive and upbuilding tendencies of the Spencer-Whitman Sunday night lectures are already being felt and appreciated by the liberal and advanced thinkers who are attending these gatherings, and those interested and in sympathy with this work, both in and outside of Chicago are invited to send in their names for membership.

LECTURE IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

By Hugh O. Pentecost.

We pay our belated respects to the great lecture by Hugh O. Pentecost, of New York, on "Our Dangerous Classes." It was a treat for liberal Chicagoans and a rare opportunity indeed for every one seeking liberal thought.

Mr. Pentecost's reputation all over the thinking world needs no repetition here. A member of our Center expressed a desire to go to New York for a year's residence, in order to enjoy the educational advantages of Mr. Pentecost's famous lectures. Nothing could be more delightful than listening to this great thinker and speaker.

The Chicago daily papers printed lengthy accounts of the discourse, but from our point of view, left to the readers' imagination (as newspapers are apt to do) the most vital and significant points and comments.

It was shown very clearly that our dangerous classes are not the thieves and murderers who occasionally get into jail, and who acknowledge themselves to be thieves and murderers, subject to the will and control of the people; but those robbers in high places, of the peoples' money, who betray the peoples' trust in them, and who by their greed and cunning get possession of vast portions of land, controlling it only to add millions to their already useless hords of gold, while the people who earn the gold are starving and suffering.

Mr. Pentecost's voice and delivery are all that could possibly be desired, and the frequent storms of applause in the great opera house bore convincing testimony to the understanding and appreciation of his audience.

We of the Center had the great pleasure of entertaining Mr. Pentecost during his stay of two days in Chicago, and we were treated to many a helpful reflection, and much telling repartee over the dining room table.

On Monday the sixth, we enjoyed a second characteristic lecture by Mr. Pentecost, it being given in the large parlors of the S.-W. Center. The rather startling subject, "The Tyranny of Family Love," was so skillfully handled, so logically portrayed, and the entire discourse such a marvel of thought, diction and artistic conception that all were delighted. It would be impossible to do justice to this lecture, in any attempt at an interpretation or repetition of it. But we have the great pleasure of assuring our readers that Mr. Pentecost's lecture will be printed in full in a future number of "To-Morrow."

G. M.

Did you know that the name of this Magazine is mentioned more often on the street, by the Press and in daily conversation than any other magazine in America?

To - Morrow

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1906.

The Business End	Personally Conducted Ruskin, Lincoln, Haeckel.
Frontispiece	Marshall Field
Editorial Notes	Editors
	Marshall Field, Merchant.
	The Correct Way to Spend a Million.
	The Everyday Tyrannies.
	Happiness on a Working Basis.
	Desire as a Factor (Serving).
How to be Useful though Educated.....	Joseph Loeb
The History of Human Marriage	Lida Parce Robinson
Our Rights (?)	Herman Kuehn
Resenting Criticism (Poem).....	J. De Witt Hardenberg
Delinquent Boys	J. J. McManaman
The Revolution (Poem)	George E. Bowen
The Niagara Movement	Allen A. Wesley, M. D.
Is Civilization a Failure?	D. F. Hannigan
Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians..	
(Part VI)	Carlos Montezuma
Exodus (Poem)	Charles Howard Fitch
To What End?	Louis W. Eldridge
The Intruder (Poem)	Nora Badger Crosser
High Finance in Mexico (Part IX) ...	Parker H. Sercombe
Mission (Poem)	Charles Henry Chesley
Competition Yesterday, Hell Today, The Cure Tomorrow	
.....	Ralcy Husted Bell
Desmorgenslandt	M. F. Canfield
The Spencer-Whitman Round Table ...	Grace Moore, Editor
The Informal Brotherhood.....	Viola Richardson, Editor
Books, Reviews and Magazines.	

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MARSHALL FIELD (*His best portrait*).

In this number To-MORROW for the first time in the history of literature or philosophy, inaugurates a simple system whereby the "Unity of Knowledge" will be shown in a concrete way between the various topics discussed in its pages, no matter how widely divergent the subjects may appear. *Thinking* only becomes vital as it realizes the relationship of forces, and phenomena and in order to awaken our readers to a wholesome perception of the truth that always the same universal laws and forces manifest themselves in every phenomena whatsoever, we shall hereafter indicate by a (*) certain vital paragraphs connected with every subject discussed in each issue and on request in writing a circular letter will be sent pointing out in concrete terms wherein unity is ever manifest. The plan will no doubt aid to bring about a greater unification of our own forces, thoughts and contributions.

Send in your name for Membership in the Spencer-Whitman Center, a Rational World Movement. \$3.00 a quarter; \$12.00 a year.

To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

WILLIAM F. BARNARD

GRACE MOORE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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Volume 2.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

Number 2.

TO-MORROW'S POLICY.

No subject too sacred for discussion.

No system too perfect to change.

MARSHALL FIELD, MERCHANT.

The most successful merchant the world has ever known passed away in the Holland House, New York, on the 16th inst., and while during the past fifty years he has felt the joy of conquest as the dollars gradually came in by the hundreds, by the thousands, and by the millions, he paid it all out in a lump sum to his heirs at three o'clock on that memorable Tuesday.

An honorable, energetic man of splendid mind and fine balance is herein seen to have toiled half a century for the gratification of, at an unexpected moment, turning it over in an instant to a few heirs **who do not need the money.**

From the standpoint of an astute trader of wonderful patience, serenity, and executive power, Marshall Field stands out as a great genius, and if success in life consists in being a great trader, this merchant of colossal aptitude, has surely reached the highest pinnacle.

As I write, his remains lie only three blocks away, housed in a casket amidst sumptuous surroundings within the spacious parlors of the mansion that was his. Amidst mementos of rare value and beauty brought from many lands in various parts of the globe, he lies himself **an inert memento** of the highest product of modern commercialism.

Ushered into life over seventy years ago as abruptly as he was taken away, facing the problem of success as offered him by modern ideals and surroundings; with a magnificent heroism, a sublime trust and an indomitable faith in his own powers, he grappled the situation with marvelous skill and

concentrated the forces of his life into the first channel that engaged his boyhood's attention.

"BUSINESS" having thrown itself in his pathway, he grappled with it and conquered.

With his natural skill and energy, had he been born in another day and under different environment, his daring his power and initiative might have made of him a Caesar, a Michael Angelo or a Milton; but as each age creates symbols of its own type, he became the world's greatest merchant; of course, sacrificing, as all must, who concentrate to become great in a single line, those subtler faculties and humanitarian interests which are necessary to make up the completely rounded life.

In the past as well as now, great men have always purchased one kind of success at the expense of all other kinds, and in this Marshall Field, like the rest, has responded with fullest vibration to the single tone that thrilled him.

Like the amoeba responding automatically to the influence of its environment, this great soul has, apparently without a struggle, permitted itself to become exactly what surrounding commercialism and social conditions have made it **and no more.**

Could Marshall Field, in the aspiring period of early youth have been touched with the thought of humanity's process and needs from the higher more impersonal point of view, and could his soul have been thrilled with the thoughts of democracy and equality, instead of the thought of the despotic control of his fellow beings to be acquired through wealth, his mind would then have been in a state to have enabled him to do common justice by making a will something like the following, and thereby set an example of true democracy of spirit that would vibrate down the ages as the act of the truest and noblest patriot of our times.

Suppose he should have willed his entire business to his twelve thousand employees, their shares to be delivered to them in the form of stock certificates, share and share alike, from messenger boys to general managers; suppose his real estate holdings should be devised to the City of Chicago for the purpose of decreasing its debt and making necessary improvements, and suppose he had bequeathed his stocks, bonds and income bearing properties to an association instructed to organize practical and rational **institutions of character culture** throughout every State in the Union,—surely the humanitarianism and spirit of pure democracy indicated in a will like this would have placed the name of Marshall Field **pre-eminently** and **always** above and beyond that of any patriot that has thus far dwelt between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Unfortunately for him, the faculties that would have suggested such a will to this merchant prince are those which under the **profit system** remain in abeyance, so like others, he will probably respond to the artificial impulse of this dollar world and bequeath that which for fifty years he has striven for so hard, to a bunch of kin who do not need a dollar of it.

Were the ideals of his heirs stimulated with real instead of artificial impulses, they would **even now** seek to perpetuate Marshall Field's greatness by mutual agreement and apply his fortune in some such way as above outlined; but no, **they also**, are in the grip of commercialism, they also are moved by the spirit of **INEQUALITY**, that was the overthrow of Rome and the downfall of Bablyon.

With graft, divorce, crime and greed working out their terrible way throughout the entire land, with the crying need of **practical institutions of character culture** for young and old, thrusting itself upon us at every turn, the beneficent part of **Marshall Field's Will** will, no doubt, contain nothing more than a bequest of perhaps ten million dollars to the Field Museum; a symbol of plutocratic ideals and simply another way of keeping the money in the family.

The above, though written after the main editorials were in type, is quite in harmony with what follows.—Editor.

THE CORRECT WAY TO SPEND A MILLION:—

In no better way can a correct estimate be obtained of American character and sociological conditions than by an analysis of the modern phenomena of gifts and bequests.

Counting only items above one thousand dollars that have been made public, the record in round figures is as follows: in 1901; \$124,000,000; 1902; \$77,000,000; 1903; \$78,000,000; 1904; \$46,000,000; 1905, \$104,000,000; a total of four hundred twenty-nine million dollars in five years.

As we shall give our special attention to the donations of 1905, it is interesting to note that of the total amount, sixty four million dollars was gifts from people still living, and forty million dollars was in the form of bequests by will from those who are now dead, and these amounts do not include some sixteen million dollars bequeathed by Charles T. Yerkes to art, education and charity.

During 1905 educational institutions received fifty million dollars; charities, thirty-nine million; religious societies, six million, and museums, art galleries, and libraries, nine million.

While it is seen that educational institutions stand in the lead and religion receives less than one-eighth as much, a **favorable sign**, still the general trend of all giving, not only for 1905, but for the past five years, is seen to have been towards the support and perpetuation of artificialities; toward the show and trumpeting of such hauble-hunting character ideals as seem to form the sum total of the aspirations of **MODERN MILLIONAIRE GIVERS**.

The unwavering nature of the "system" perpetuating itself is seen in almost every gift and in each instance the character of the gift becomes an autobiography of the giver.

An another page in this number Joseph Loeb, under the title of "How to be Useful Though Educated," points out in a spirited way to what extent the modern unsophisticated col-

lege professor becomes an instrument for the perpetuation of obsolete and reactionary educational ideals, and the humor of the whole educational game is brought to a climax when we note that Andrew Carnegie, instead of initiating new institutions to teach practical common sense and turn out well organized American citizens and workers, donates fifteen million dollars as a pension fund for retired professors, and one million dollars to a Super-annuated Methodist Preachers' Home, each symbolizing the hypocrisy and artificiality of the system of greed and competition by which society has become encumbered with these two classes of useless, impractical parasites.

Are alive and living issues and people of less importance than dead and dying ones?

It is farthest from our thought to imply any conscious delinquency on the part of these devoted men who are to become the wards of Mr. Carnegie, for we realize that they believe themselves useful, that they think they are aiding to uplift humanity, and do not know that they are the residuum of a faulty economic system, and the inherited remains of educational and religious ideals that have come down to us from the middle ages.

My God, Mr. Carnegie! Here you devise sixteen million to the dying, with vice, crime and divorce on the increase and not a soul in the land giving a dollar toward an institution for practical, rational CHARACTER BUILDING.

SOME ONE WILL REAP THE WHIRLWIND!

So loose and mendicant is ignorant money that one million one hundred thousand dollars was given last February to the Union Theological Seminary by an UNKNOWN DONOR, perhaps because the giver feared that his offering might be refused as "tainted money" were his name to be made public.

For the sake of the autobiography involved let us analyze the year's gifts of John D. Rockefeller:—N. Y. Board of Education, ten million dollars; Yale University, one million dollars; University of Virginia, one hundred thousand dollars; Howard College, twenty-five thousand dollars; charity, forty thousand dollars; religious work, four hundred fifty-five thousand dollars; the total, eleven million six hundred twenty thousand dollars being devoted to the ends of conventionality, indicating in round numbers the extent to which humanitarianism and a knowledge of practical human advancement through the masses, is a minus quantity in the concept of the richest man in the world.

Were Mr. Rockefeller to ask Mrs. Treadwell, an advance educator and president of the Chicago Teachers' Federation, how to invest eleven million six hundred thousand dollars in the cause of education in a manner so that it would tell in the future of human character and stamina, he would get some information worth while; but instead, he seeks out for advisers the creatures and votaries of the "system," and judging by the educational ideals of his boyhood and the later inspirations

he acquired in observing the economic struggles in the dollar world, he goes on devoting his million to the perpetuation of the "system." His means thus go to perpetuate the means by which the pressure on the poor becomes constantly stronger and the concentration of wealth in the hands of the rich becomes greater, for whether in his charities, in his religious work, or in his educational philanthropy, the only ideals his money-mad mind is able to project are the types which aid in perpetuating the factors of a controlling and selfish system.

The gift of three hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars to Princeton for "Carnegie" Lake, his name above the entrance of a thousand libraries, one hundred sixty million dollars, or even one thousand million distributed throughout this country to all forms of charity, are and educational institutions of every kind that his mind is able to conceive of, will not enable Andrew Carnegie to leave as much nor one-hundredth parts as much to the American people as did the simple, quiet studious and glorious Benjamin Franklin, whose name and fame and utilities, even after a hundred years, still touch every home in this broad land.

Such Immortality cannot be bought with gifts.

While our institutes, charities, homes for the superannuated, and up to date churches all have their place in human society, a rational estimate and a proper sense of proportion would place gifts and bequests in amounts greatest where the need is greatest, less where the need is less, and least where the need is least, and surely the crying need of this epoch is for **character culture**, not artificial but real, character culture acquired not through sermonizing, but through living the life, a character culture that will impart the qualities of industry, initiative, gentleness, seriousness, in opposition to the qualities of greed, self-gratification, vanity, hypocrisy, these the **natural products of the system**, economic, religious and educational, under which modern society is now operating.

In order to offer a more vivid picture of our needs in comparison with what we are getting out of our civilization in the way of character culture, we must realize first, that the mental attitude by which ten per cent of our population has acquired ninety per cent of all the property in the land; the average mental attitude which alone accounts for the astounding epidemics of graft, divorce, drunkenness, suicide, political unrest and common theft by which two hundred seventy thousand of our population have become inmates of jails, are all natural products of our present imperfect economic and social system.

We have no way of judging how imperfect our economic and social system is except by results, and the present outrageous results are merely the effect of the law of mental and physical as well as moral development whereby we become strong only in the faculties exercised, and correspondingly weak in the qualities and faculties not used which, respond-

ing to the daily life we lead is responsible for the prevailing epidemic of graft, selfishness and general depravity.

With these ideas to the fore, let us analyze further the donations of the year 1905.

The will of Jane Stanford to the Stanford University bequeaths three million eight hundred seventy-five thousand dollars to perpetuating the name of Leland Stanford, and to perpetuate an institution actually pledged to reactionary and artificial ideals of education entirely out of harmony with the actual needs of American character and citizenship.

Mrs. Samuel Colt bequeaths to the city and charities of New Haven, Conn., three million dollars, no part of which will be applied to fundamental character building through the medium of a supplied rational environment.

Stephen Salisbury of Worcester, Mass., wills to the cause of art and education three million dollars, no part of which is applied towards practical character culture of future citizens, whereas properly devoted in accordance with crying needs the proportion should be about as follows: in the cause of art, fifty thousand dollars; education through books, fifty thousand dollars; physical culture, four hundred thousand dollars; character building, twenty-five hundred thousand, these divisions being suggested in accordance with the idea that the sums should be applied in amounts greatest where the need is greatest, less where the need is less, and least where it is least. In fact, it is well worth while to consider what might be the values imparted to American citizenship if millionaire givers had but observed this proportion during the last five years.

The alumni gift to Harvard University of twenty-four hundred thousand dollars is nothing more than a form of egotism; the givers seeking to perpetuate the same degree of artificiality and imperfection that they acquired themselves in their own college days.

The bequest of Peter L. Kimberly of twenty-three hundred thousand dollars to charity, is another instance of a lack of perspicuity by a man trained in business but not in rational philosophy, and therefore not knowing a stronger and a better way to divide his money.

The bequest of Isaac J. Wister of two million dollars to the Wister Institute is another instance of catering to dead ideals in the interests of the dead.

The will of James O. King of Chicago, devising two million dollars for an old men's home, while like all other instances cited, showing a kindly spirit, it must be remembered that the kind of homes these old men have become used to during the flower of their lives have not been institutional and that the irony of fate felt by the inmates of these big buildings with all the characteristics of jails, hospitals and asylums; as their thoughts wander back to the vine clad, rickety porch, the flower garden in front, the old well and the cabbage patch in the rear—a sorry substitute, indeed.

The bequest of E. M. Paxon, of Philadelphia, of twenty

million dollars to found a farm college is truly an encouraging example of a move in the right direction it is to be a real farm college and not a hypothesis.

The bequest of Mary J. Winthrop, to Princeton Theological Seminary, of seventeen hundred fifty thousand dollars indicates an entire forgetfulness and abandonment of actual needs.

Are preachers stopping theft, graft, divorce or accumulation? Since when?

W. F. Milton's bequest of eleven hundred twenty-five thousand dollars to Harvard College is an indication of an entire lack of study of the economic questions of our day, so not knowing in what other way to dispose of that which he surely never earned himself, he thought of the old school house and there it went.

The gift of Edward Searles of one million dollars to the Methuen, Massachusetts, High School, no doubt has a percentage of merit in it, but we might be surer of results had he donated his million to a kindergarten for grown ups.

The bequest of B. F. Ferguson, of one million dollars, to municipal art, being in the cause of beauty has a percentage of justification, but in the light of the need, the **extraordinary need** of movements towards character culture which the least informed must observe is **the crying need** from all sides, this bequest is a good deal like the case of the starving family having received fifty cents from a kind friend spent the whole of it for angel-food cake.

The gift of the McCormick family of one million dollars to the McCormick theological seminary is not only merely another way of keeping the money in the family, but is another indication of the entire lack of appreciation of our wealthy classes of the differences between the real and the unreal, the substantial and the artificial. Instead of a gospel mill, a doxology works for turning out impractical and unbalanced preachers, this family might do much better in the interests of the masses to study out the method by which the first Cyrus McCormick received **his** practical initiative and incentive to industry, and start right in at that point organizing institutions of learning so equipped as to turn out more Cyrus McCormicks, and many of them, for education, after all, is a result of environment and the stupidity of it all is that the environments that produced the Cyrus McCormicks and the Abraham Lincolns **can** be organized by those with the means to accomplish it, and why don't they do it?

The gift of one million dollars by the Sante Fe Railroad Company for a sanitarium at Los Vegas is, of course, purely a commercial affair to stimulate the traffic of the road.

The gift of one million dollars of H. C. Frick of Pittsburg, to the G. A. R. embodies much of beauty and the spirit of kindness and brotherhood, but has about it a good deal of the kind of philanthropy that refrains from accepting the change for a nickel from a newsboy while indulging itself in fifty cent cigars.

The gift of one million dollars by W. F. Vanderbilt to Yale college is another of those naive instances of autobiography wherein the man of wealth and leisure encourages the growth of institutions that teach how to live without work and naturally prepares its graduates to become members of a soulless leisure class, the class that weighted the balance on the side of dissolution and caused the fall of Rome.

The bequest of James Milliken of Decatur, Illinois, of one million dollars to the cause of education was loaded with one hundred per cent of good intent and he no doubt meant that every dollar of this great gift should be applied to secure the best educational results possible, and no doubt a considerable part of this sum will be well applied, but being unfamiliar with the real need of character building and being surrounded by advisors who know nothing better than LEISURE CLASS EDUCATION a large percentage of this fund will never gain any better results than artificial values.

The will of Joseph E. Gillham, of Philadelphia, of one million dollars to charity, like most of the other bequests of the year, will be carried out more in the interest of the degeneration of society than in its uplift, for as long as philanthropy must depend upon the conventional ideals of the votaries of the system, and the system is nothing more than a conspiracy by the common consent among those who HAVE as against those who HAVE NOT, just so long will all philanthropies, charities and donations of every sort be apportioned in such a way as to perpetuate all of the visualized viciousness for which the system is itself to blame.

In the name of God, reader, if you have a million dollars to spend, to give away or bequeath, why not study into the details of human life and learn once and for all that there is only one correct way to spend a million, that the other ways must be less effective than the correct way, and it behooves those who have a million, to dispose of it, if not all in the channel where there is the greatest need, at least to so divide it that the channel of most need will get its due proportion.

As an example of how incapable the modern man of affairs is in apportioning gifts and bequests, even those who have founded manual training schools and similar semi-practical institutions, the will of Charles H. Hackley, of Muskegon, Michigan, is interesting. He bequeaths to schools two hundred fifty thousand dollars; Charities, three hundred thousand; Library, two hundred thousand dollars; and as rich men go he is said to be as practical as any, but it is to be noted, however, that he had the usual artificial ideas of education so common to rich men, else he could not have so distributed his wealth as to entirely overlook the fact that the country he loved so well was groaning, burdened and breaking down under the pressure of bad character, viciousness, laziness, inaptitude, and all such other characteristics as the system fosters for the masses, without apparently

devoting any portion of his fortune to the intensified process of character building.

Let us turn the search light upon this matter of incompetent giving. Do we need to demonstrate the self evident truth that; viewing the whole subject of crime, theft, graft, divorce, and commercial oppression in all their venal phases, **the cry is for character culture**, for industry, initiative, for physical, mental and moral stamina, and will any one gain-say that it is itself a crime for those who have money to give, to apply it in cultivating a knowledge of Greek, Odes, Football and Trigonometry, when the country is groaning with characterless greed? Do we need whiney voiced preachers or do we need **workers** who will work with the boys?

If it is admitted that the GREAT need is for character building and not for art galleries and libraries, the next step is to point out those who have character, stamina, self-control, and kindness, and note how they acquired these attributes.

The study of the rugged, forceful lives of Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Cyrus McCormick, Philip D. Armour, and other grand men of our race, indicates that they acquired their characters through coming in touch with **events** and **conditions** and **environments** which brought out their best, and the difference between them and our thieves, murderers, embezzlers, and life insurance presidents is that **they** came in touch with events, conditions and environments that brings out their worst.

Once it is acknowledged that it is the events, conditions, environments by which young children and young men and women are surrounded that moulds their characters and make them what they are, it is a simple matter to suggest to millionaires of America that the correct way to spend their vast moneys is in the organization of environments and conditions in which to place the growing children and young people of our country, whereby their character culture will be sure, inevitable, and wherein under the guidance of expert educators they may reach their highest attainment and possibilities.

If such environment is good for young children, it is also good for old children of every age.

Life, then, is education, and the conditions of life under which we live from childhood to old age, is responsible for the kinds of character we have, and our characters and ideals change from year to year according as we are played upon by the conditions which surround us.

With the idea, then, that education extends throughout life from the cradle to the grave, and as tendencies to criminality, greed, vanity, and tyranny are shown by people of all ages, the problem of the practical educator, the real philanthropist, **the thoughtful giver**, will be to apply his resources to the development of groups of high minded people, these groups to be made up of people of advanced ideals who voluntarily and conscientiously devote their lives and

their labors to benefitting their group or society, without the expectation of other reward than that they may live and grow and serve. Do not smile, there are many such who stand ready. This Dollar Age has not entirely wiped out the sweetness that original mother love emplanted.

The group life referred to implies that such societies shall be industrial, agricultural and commercial, that the society itself will own all real and personal property, that the mania of individual ownership shall be discouraged and that the higher faculties of mind and soul shall be developed through exercising those faculties by living with others and for others.

It is self evident that the educational value of such groups devoted to character building through the means of living devoted, unselfish and industrious lives, will be greater than all the sermonizing and preaching and criticism that has been carried on in homes and schools since the beginning of time.

Those who insist upon growing increasingly selfish, tyrannical and hypocritical, will naturally oppose a plan by which unselfishness can be attained, for it is amply demonstrated that we only grow strong in those faculties which we exercise, and we grow correspondingly weak in the faculties unexercised whether mental, moral or physical, and those who wish to go blundering on in this world of pretense and greed and continue offering donations to colleges that teach vanity, theory, and how to live without work, instead of cultivating the art and beauty of useful work, will not be in sympathy with the "correct way to spend a million," which is as follows:

The Way to Spend a Million.

(Scientific, because it meets all needs, domestic, educational, social, criminal, economic, political.)

Secure a select number of men and women, preferably with families (the more children the better), and preferably among that class who have fought the fight, toiled, served, and lost in the struggle. With these, organize five different companies (groups) capitalized at two hundred thousand dollars each, each society to have home rule and all to be kept under some degree of expert supervision until they are able to stand alone. Let land be purchased for each one of these societies, preferably in different states; let each society minimize its expenditures so as to keep as large a surplus in the beginning as possible; let each group be composed of from ten to twenty families in the beginning, and let each individual feel that he is an equal owner and has an equal interest with all the other members of the society, but in order to maintain it that he shall be expected to do his quota of work each day.

Let the organization within each group be as nearly as possible on a basis of pure democracy; let annual elections

prevail; let each person be made to feel that he has equal rights with every other person and no more; that he has no right to criticise, control, or invade the rights of others; that he is sure of a living for himself and family for life, or so long as he or they continue to conform to the few simple requirements and regulations and that the rewards of each adult shall be equal, no matter whether their labors are clerical, agricultural, industrial, or executive.

Let modern, up-to-date dwellings be constructed of a size appropriate and in accordance with the desires of each family, just as though it were being built with funds of their own; let these group towns be laid out scientifically and artistically, preferably on lakes and rivers; let modern and properly equipped furniture shops, metal working shons or pottery shops be constructed on lines that will make it profitable to manufacture for the trade, and for those who do not care to "keep house" but prefer hotel life, let a properly equipped living house be built suitable in size and proportions for those who expect to occupy it.

A million dollars applied to forming five groups of this character would initiate a movement the educational possibilities of which would out-class the efforts of all the ages. The pride of each group would develop and a rivalry stimulated between the groups would result in an e'sprit du corps, the monthly and yearly exercise of which would become a dominant motive in the lives of all the members of the community, but instead of developing selfishness and a desire to increase **personal** ownership and amass wealth for self, its effect would be to bring generosity and comradeship to the highest point. "A City of the Love of Comrades."

Not only should ample opportunity be provided for developing the higher artistic, literary and social faculties, but the need of contending for self, striving for personal ends, and defending claims of individual ownership with their attendant blemishes to character would entirely disappear, in the patriotic virtues of human brotherhood that each would develop in working for the whole community instead of for self.

So surely are the educational values of this system in harmony with the needs of the hour, and so positively would it inaugurate a character movement totally opposed to greed and all its by-products, that we maintain, after a sufficient growth it would practically solve all the phases of political, economic, social and domestic unrest that is now oppressing this profit getting age.

The scientific value of this movement indicates that political disturbers would give up their fight and seek this group life as a haven in their declining years.

For those who have lost their all in the economic struggle and whose energy, initiative and hope for winning out along selfish lines have disappeared; having gained character through humility and kindness through suffering; to be separated from the stressful conditions of the world would

solve the problem for them and their children, and who but the millionaires who have bested them should now come to their aid in the hour of need.

For the sons of millionaires who almost universally acquire bad characters, a temporary residence for from three to five years in an industrial group of this class would accomplish such results in the way of industry, initiative and good habits as to preclude all desire to ever acquire the usual vicious habits of the **Leisure Class**.

All cases of criminality, divorce and graft are invariably results of highly developed selfishness, self assertion, and egoism, and as group life would have the effect of tempering and quieting the characters of domineering and tyrannical persons, the educational effects would be ideal and especially no individual ownership of property being recognized, theft and all that class of crimes would entirely disappear.

Even the most skeptical reader must acknowledge that the experiment is in every way worth while, and even should it not succeed, surely the funds would not be any more wasted than if the million were used to endow a Presbyterian Theological Seminary or An Old Rooster's Home.

THE EVERY-DAY TYRANNIES.

On another page of this number Dr. Wesley, under the title of "The Niagara Movement," makes a strong plea for the Negro, not so much for his rights to equality as for his rights to equal opportunity.

Referring to slavery days, he outlines to what extent the occupation of slave holder and trader gradually bred into his character and habits of thought a quality of tyranny and brutality that debased slave as well as owner, and always manifested itself in all their other relations of life.

The sociologist understands that while forty years have passed, the taint of that tyranny and brutalization of character in its influence on both black and white is still amongst us, and it will take generations of right living to eradicate its foul influence.

Glancing backward to the more remote past, to conditions of feudalism and monarchy in Europe whence all our American ideals have sprung, it is easily seen that the same law holds good, and having inherited the fabric of our laws, our ideals in trade, religion, education and family life from that period when the tyranny of lords, the enslavement of woman, rascality in business, and the despotism of home life was a poison and ever present miasma, it is not strange that we find ourselves now, still groping for democracy through a mist of every-day tyrannies.

This is not to say that all tyrannies are bad: in fact, we need them, as sociologists now tell us, we are able to throw off tyrannies only so fast as we can do without them, that they offer a sort of resistance against which we must strive

and grow strong in the striving, and only as we become fully evolved in character are we able to live without social tyrannies and other forms of resistance.

It may be that the tyrannies of the past have so enslaved the rank and file of the human race, have so brutalized and benumbed the faculties and the power to see opportunity, that the majority would not contend even in the most ordinary, every-day struggles for existence unless placed under the **PRESSURE OF NECESSITY**, and it may be that the All Wise Providence has ordained the multi-income grafter, the conscienceless hoarding millionaire, with all his power to accumulate, and permitted them to assume control of the world's wealth, in order that the masses may be placed under conditions where **pressure of necessity** forces them to toil, forces them to plan, and thus bring their faculties of frugality and calculation into action and force a growth which otherwise would lie dormant.

While then in a racial sense we may thus see beneficence in the working out of economic tyranny, and while we may acknowledge that a certain stage of our human development may require this pressure in order to force the masses into action and achievement for the educational results acquired in the doing, still there are many in this epoch, a great many, **who have lived the life** and acquired industry, initiative, calculation, frugality, to whom the economic tyranny is **not giving** the opportunity that they require and deserve but they will not show that they do deserve the greater opportunity unless they arise and smite the economic tyrant.

So is it with all the other every-day tyrannies by which we are surrounded.

While it is for us to acquire strength to rise above them, while from the standpoint of democracy and equality they are unjust, still they are each and all necessary and we shall deserve their sting until we arise and overthrow them, and only as they are overthrown do we indicate that we need them no longer.

Cry aloud as we may against the injustice of tyrants, we deserve that injustice just so long as we endure it. We deserve liberty just to the extent that we acquire it, we are prepared for freedom only to the extent that we overthrow bondage, and **democracy is a safe system only to the extent that invasion, exploitation, and control of others is driven out of our hearts and souls.**

The whole system of force rule by which society attempts to spank its unruly children into an observance of the rules of the game of life, is inherited from ages of tyranny, when moral suasion and the inductive method of education were unknown.

Criticising children, beating them, collecting debts by law, hand-cuffing criminals, imprisoning and executing them, the tenure of unoccupied land, the demand of recognition of institutions and ceremonies, fixed educational systems, the

demands that we conform to conventional ideas in food, clothing and shelter, and the ultimate enforcement of all these through official and military and social tyranny, are all a part of the same thing, are all manifestations of the extent to which we are still harking back to the time when enslavement and the habit of constantly bowing to the will of others was the law of life.

Some day when good taste and appropriateness in dress has been brought to the highest point through natural evolution, the need of imitating the dress of others, viz., following the fashion, will disappear but just so long as we need to look to others for guidance just so long must we endure the tyranny of fashion.

In other days, even now in rural communities, the local preacher is the high arbiter in affairs of social life, the lambs of his flock having been willing to accept his fiat as to what is right and wrong, and as to who is just and who unjust, and it must be added that these docile people have invariably needed the influence of these clerical tyrants just so long as they were willing to submit to it, but no longer.

We were always taught that it was the bad boy who ran away from home, but a careful analysis of these cases indicates that parental tyranny was in the saddle; we know that many of these runaway boys have made their mark in the world, and we know that they needed parental tyranny just so long as they would stand it, and no longer.

Now, that it is becoming the fashion for parents to make comrades of their children, democracy is gradually coming into home life and runaway boys and girls will be as scarce as marrow bones in a vegetarian restaurant.

HAPPINESS ON A WORKING BASIS.

Happiness is the natural state of man. In his earliest primitive state it was easy for him to be happy, provided only he lived in a climate and under conditions where nature yielded him sufficient food the year round for himself and family.

As life became more complex the maintaining of equilibrium and happiness became more difficult until now under our present conditions of complex society with its political, social, economic and domestic relations, many pessimists arise and declare that human happiness is impossible, unattainable, and never intended.

The fact is, we have not had time to grow into automatic harmony with the complex conditions, and these half-learned philosophers in attempting to express life in words, have run amuck, and bedazzled by the many factors and complexities they have jumped to the conclusion that happiness is not for us.

Life can never be expressed in words, as ultimately it is seen that it can only be expressed in terms of life.

The wordy fault-finder, more intent on definition than upon observation, becomes stupefied by the surrounding com-

plexities, and concludes that there is no hope for happiness, merely because **he** cannot have his own way.

The fact is, all we need is more life, and further operation of the sifting process; we do not need discussions and definitions, but we need growth and a better adjustment to the complexities which racial life has imposed, and in that adjustment a gradual movement intellectual and physical, of the units of the social organism toward a purer democracy; not only a movement toward actual equality, but an elimination of the desire for inequality, the desire to outshine, outdo, overcome, and subdue our fellows.

Few appreciate that no high moral status will ever be reached by mortal man until his great desire, his great ambition, is in the interest of the race, or at least, of his group, instead of self, and that ambition can only be acquired by exercising the faculties in that channel.

Given the conditions of group life, where the group as a whole is supplying all the needs of our lives, and where our daily comforts depend upon conserving the vitality of the group as a whole, and the group spirit will gradually become so strong as to be the dominant motive of every one of its units.

When the prosperity and vitality of the social organism, the group, becomes the dominant thought, and dominates the struggles and contentions of the units, the way to happiness is solved, for it is seen that the way to unhappiness always has been the struggle to attain for self that which has always been beyond the reach, and in this self struggle the desire to control others and coerce and exploit others for ones own ends being thwarted, and the multiplicity of effects of every one trying to coerce and control every other one for **their** own happiness, it is seen that on this plan of life any basis for happiness is entirely out of the question.

To place happiness on a working basis, then, which under the present economic and social system it is not, it is first necessary to eliminate self-seeking and all desire to control, criticise, and coerce others. It is necessary for us to so live with such a natural acquiescence to the needs of life, that we indicate no desire to control the lives of others, nor to criticise them, but to understand that they are **themselves**, that they must grow through **their own** experiences as we grow through ours, that they must enjoy their rights to be foolish and wicked even as we demand the right to be foolish and wicked ourselves; in fact, that we be square and fair with them even as we demand the squareness and fairness of others, and that we learn in a lovable, gentle, kindly way to MIND OUR OWN BUSINESS in the affairs of life.

DESIRE AS A FACTOR.

(The Desire to Serve.)

The vanity of men has given birth to the desire to give for mere personal exploitation. A gift or favor implies by its very nature, some special privilege not expected or required

by the ordinary course of circumstances. In our extreme self-consciousness as the result of accumulated artificialities and materialistic ideals, we delight to give, but we have seemingly little desire to serve.

No better proof of this fact could be offered than the list of "Donations of the Year," published in the Chicago Tribune of December 31st, 1905. The sum total of beneficences for the year 1905 is said to have reached the enormous sum of \$104,586,422. No item of less than \$1,000 is included in the sum total given. Andrew Carnegie is represented in this summing up of gifts to the public by the sum of \$19,958,700. In fair proportion to the gifts of Mr. Carnegie, are those of the Rockfellers, Stanfords, Pearsons and McCormicks; and hundreds of other gifts of from \$1,000 to \$1,000,000 are complementarily listed. Charities, churches, theological seminaries, universities, municipal art leagues, feeble-minded institutions, homes for waifs, or for the aged or the friendless, hospitals, refugees, etc., etc., are the receivers (more or less thankfully, no doubt) of these gifts.

Such gifts, or perchance, a Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner with possibly a second-hand overcoat for a crippled man or a square yard of flannel for an unwelcome baby, seem to fully express the impulses to generosity of the vain offerer of favors and special privileges. Our vanity prompts us to give that which forces the recipient to a recognition and acknowledgement of some favor or advantage to themselves, which but for our willingness to surrender would not have been permitted them. We subscribe to a benefit for some individual or institution for whom or for which we would not give one moment of personal service.

We expend our surplus in acknowledgement of our desire to give gifts, but, strange to say, we withhold that same surplus, the moment a question of justice or of equality as human beings, is introduced. It is so much easier to favor our human fellows than to serve them. We think a hundred times of some material gift we may offer, to once that we think of a real, lasting, God-like service that we may possibly render. I find I can give of the contents of my purse, limited though they be, far more graciously than I can give of my time, strength, labor and understanding.

From so long living in the understanding of material possessions as the desired thing in life, I find myself short of a realization of the necessity and value of human helpfulness. I can so easily **give and have done with it** as compared with my ability to **serve and keep serving**.

Am I then so selfish and hopelessly out of harmony with the law of **use** to which every unit in an organism, and correspondingly every individual in the human social body is necessarily subject? Are not the Carnegies, Rockefellers, Stanfords, McCormicks and all the rest, only dwelling as I am, in an inherited, exaggerated sense of the need and value of **things** as compared with the need and value of human heart throbs intelligently organized? Am I so personal or they so

grasping, that we find not our common ground of relationship as human beings and comrades? Does any one steal from me a whole apple and return but a quarter of it to me "with his compliments" (!) because he would consciously or intentionally do me a wrong? Oh, no! Inheritance, environment and the events and conditions of the times in which we live have made us each and all what we are. In our giving we reveal not the love, generosity and higher intelligence of our better selves, so much as we are mere bill-boards, upon every one of which may be read the history of past experiences, the trend of human society and the possibilities of individual growth and uplift.

The desire to give and to serve is strong in the hearts of men and daily growing stronger. Mankind is not so deep in sin as its own wicked devil has painted it. Only the complexities and exaggerations of a too strenuous material life, in which ownership has become the dominating incentive to action, and there is the seeming necessity to retain and maintain, according to established ideals and customs, blinds us to the naturally and steadily increasing desire of the race, for mutual aid and true fellowship and democracy,

As exterior gods, institutions, forms and ideals to which the human mind has paid tribute for generations and centuries past, are overthrown, and the impulses of men more fully and positively bespeak the higher understanding of service and co-operation as the law of life, we shall be given amazing revelations of means, methods and powers through which to express that law. Having granted to each fellow creature the right as a human being, to food, shelter and raiment, and mental culture sufficient to enable him to discover himself and his rightful place in the great social organism of which he is a part; having equalized as an evolutionary necessity for ourselves and for our fellow beings that which we now patronizingly bestow upon others as a special favor, we shall then smile at the childish delight we now take in gifts. Our pleasure and our glory shall not be in patronizing our human relations born under the same heavenly blue that we were, but in cultivating our relationship, and in seeing in all created life, under whatsoever conditions we may find it, the working of a Universal Good, the which to co-operate with is to come into a peace and satisfaction never before realized.

Granted that this Universal Good is operating through all nature and each day bringing us into a better understanding of its laws, and into closer human touch with the world and with one another, it still is a vital and comparatively unsolved problem, how to co-operate with it. But whatever be the real course to pursue, how ridiculous to suppose that we can be in harmony with nature while we are out of harmony with our fellow beings.

The spectacle of a so-called Christian country in which as in no other country in the world, murder, robbery, divorce, embezzlement and graft of every conceivable descrip-

tion cast ominous shadows, while in that same country every seventh day of the week at a given hour, magnificent chants, superb invocations and the choicest of discourses, proclaim the power and the immortality of the **Living God**, is a spectacle of all others to reflect upon. Surely God does not live in the gifts of men in which is the taint of human selfishness and greed. It cannot be possible that the offering of prayers and praise to God Himself can be as acceptable to him as would be the loving, kindly, helpful service of His created beings, one to another. Serving God in a soft cushioned, delicately lighted church is a very pretty compliment to God, perhaps, but serving men, as living, human beings, with a view to bringing the God-given bounties and beauties of nature within reach of their possibilities, to the end that they too may feel the "beauty of holiness" (wholeness) is quite another thing.

We may give without serving, but to serve, intelligently and wisely is always and in every sense of the word to give.

"How serve?" Each must decide that question for himself. We do not presume to criticise the givers of millions to whatever cause they may see fit and for whatever purpose. If they find their satisfaction in owning vast accumulations of the products of thousands upon thousands of half-naked, half-fed human beings, and then choose to return a fraction of those accumulated earnings, in the form of gifts or bequests for libraries, colleges, etc., it is not our business to interfere. We only suggest that there is a better way—that service, not gifts, is the law of life—that to give gifts may be well but to render justice and to affirm for equal opportunity for all, is infinitely greater and more satisfying to the human mind and heart.

We see in the desire of men to give gifts, even if in their giving is the evident desire for self-exploitation, the trend of evolution toward the desire to serve. As scientific methods become operative in social life, it will be seen that gifts are only prettily arranged bouquets thrown upon the stage erected by man's ignorance and folly, which nature herself gave to man and which he as an intelligent, evolving entity is destined to give back to her. Nature is indeed **mother** of the race and it is the duty of the race to love and cherish and work hand in hand with her.

The desire to do this, as before remarked, is daily growing stronger in the hearts of men. We shall have less gift giving and more service, less favoritism and more justice, not so much personal exploitation and more of the impersonal spirit and practice of democracy. We shall at last see that the correct interpretation of life is that which brings us into active relationship with all human beings equally, and which enables us to participate in such actions and affairs of men as will tend to establish our oneness with them and bring into beautiful relief the soul qualities and possibilities of each and every child of nature.

G. M.

How to be Useful Though Educated.

By Jacob Loeb.



JACOB LOEB.

Twice in a college man's life he may be said to be absolutely useless,—when he is born and when he graduates. The latter time his uselessness is if possible the more complete. When the graduate becomes conscious of the stupendous range of his inaptitudes he reacts in various ways. Some of him buckle down to learn by doing things, others buckle under to forget by drinking things, others snap under the pressure of reality and die young if not good.

Though now a fairly happy man and educated in the college, the few years following my graduation and entrance upon—the conquest of the earth—were not fraught with the joyousness that might have been had I not been educated under the present system.

I have nothing against the schools and colleges—their magnificent buildings, their foot ball teams, quick of hand, resourcefulness of foot, alert of gouging fist, knee and elbow. College Presidents often lapse into intelligence—some of them are great financiers and financiering does not always imply graft. The colleges are feeding grounds for opportunity, but opportunity not liking the dry fodder still feeds in other pastures.

I would not abolish colleges, but I would damn to an undiscoverable Hell the present college education.

I am not trying to convert anybody—I am giving you my point of view, I've got to get it off my mind.

College education has given me some knowledge, but more misleading **half-knowledge**. It lent me strength, but stole my power of initiative and my nerve, though the latter here in Chicago is rapidly coming back. It gave me a superior air but mighty little superiority. It gave me a speaking acquaintance with some great books which would pass me by **without** speaking if **they** had anything to say about it. It made me believe I knew so much that I could conquer the world in thirty days and left me so weak that the world broke me down in thirty minutes, yet I love my Alma Mater—she was the great provisioner of my vanity—she offered

triumph to my incipient ambitions—unworldly, unreasonable, absurd triumph, but vanity fed fat thereon. I swore by her, fought for her for six months after graduation—then I woke up.

The colleges are dominated by the dead and are run for those who can afford to be idle, to fail, for those who can afford to wander, adventuring for dainties in the gardens of the effeminate gods of empty leisure.

It is easy for a college man to praise the university that housed him for many months. It is natural to glory in her triumphs and to bespeak for her the laudatory consideration of men—and most college men crush the least idea of impracticality in their college training as if it were the head of the serpent treason—they form a vast **conspiracy of praise** against which the tiny and occasional protest of the non-collegian is utterly lost.

I am of those to whom the temptation comes to cover my university with the garlands of an ineffable glory, and in justice and in thankfulness I would give fair praise.

A college gives a man some beautiful memories. It often allowed **me** moments of fine sensation, it gave me high minded friends; and often lent my life a glory of high thinking and sometimes of high living. Once and again in spite of professors a few of us around a winter's fire or in the cool of summer nights by rippling waters did discuss with boyish enthusiasm the multitudinous problems of the modern time, and talk was quick and keen of every interest of the heart and mind—the world was all before us where to choose. Ah, rare those talks and inspiring, with men of sympathy even with our own—the night did ever slip to early morning e'er we loosed thought from speech and went our several ways, and the warmth and glow of such Olympian hours made full and rich the after day.

But all this as adventure from our books—all this out of the dust of routine—and among the stars.

And then, too, here and there a kindly, winning, human soul who had in some strange fashion found himself a professor, seeing it hard to be always dry and inhuman, always and ever dull, would slip the leash of customary rule and talk with us of his own labor in the world of men. He usually had failed and failure had made him gentle,—and with winsome subtlety he lead us to a momentary fine appreciation of man's life. Then came a noble hour—our minds bounded to learn of such an one—our hearts leaped to his enthusiasms, but upon him and heavily, sat the college routine and the college law, and he was few, all too few, but honor and glory be unto him and blessings upon him. He was a spring of fresh water in a desert and the Rose of Sharon among the thistles of the field.

Such is the college life beautiful, but such is not average college life. Let us take a young man through college, indicate his work, ambitions, spurs, desires, how he is fed

up from a knowledge-lean Freshman to a splendid, wise, stuffed Strasbourg Goose of a Senior.

The cramming process is much the same in a State University as in our great Eastern schools. The young fellow has received his mother's kiss and his father's blessing and money, and sets forth; he comes wide-eyed into the college town and looks with admiration unconfined on the jaunty caps and the high collars and the fine regalia of class and fraternity life, and joys in the idea that now he is one with all this glory.

Suppose he is a lad who wishes to get what the college can give, and not merely to be the idiotic support of a fraternity pin or the hideous living megaphone for a college yell. He elects his course and what may it be? Well, there is some mathematics in it, not enough for a technical engineer and too much for an ordinary man to find useful. I was a fair student in my day, but if you should ask me now about sines and cosines and give me a problem in trigonometry, I'd meet you with a blank and empty stare. I just wasted about one hundred and ten hours on trigonometry and then felt vain and contemptuous of other folks because I thought I knew something they did not know. Now I am content to be one of the scorned.

Then there was Old English—as if modern English were not enough to keep an ordinary man busy—and Victorian authors, in which the professor devoted his time to playing checkers with Tennyson and Browning for men and the Nineteenth Century for a checker-board. And there was—blessed memory—there was classical Economists in which we tried to learn all of Malthus, Adam Smith, Ricardo and J. Stuart Mill in three months—and really learned nothing.

There was French, full of irregular verbs and dull recitations, in which we learned to make accent marks and talk between a snuffle and a screech. God save my prospective children from College French—yea, and College German.

Then there is a science or two of which the student learns the technical words and here and there a stumbling block of an idea, all of which fade from his mind when once he gets out and tries to be useful at fifty dollars a month.

But you see what it is like; now, why? Because the educator starts from the wrong end, he begins with all knowledge, divides it into four parts, then crams a part each year down his students' throat (the parts are chosen on an ascending scale of indigestibility) and calls the product an educated man.

It would be just as easy to start with the student and ask what is to be the purpose of educating this boy; to make a useful man, a useful, kindly, loveable, but above all, useful man of him? Is that it—a man who can use the faculties he has, powerfully and joyously in the service of his fellows.

If the student is to be a professor give him Old English and the rest, but save the others of us, we do not all want to

be professors—it may be glorious to be a professor, but some of us don't take our glory that way. Some of us want to do the things the professors tell about and lots of things they don't tell about, and lots more they don't even know enough about to guess at.

Modern college education makes professors, it is built to perpetuate itself, and so it fills the earth with those who don't want to profess and who can't do a stroke of honest and useful work for years after they leave college.

Their so-called education sits upon them like a paralysis. They are frightened, they are sensitive, they are vain, and impotent.

We need a revolution, we need an educational revolution.* Let us give up the idea that a man must know Latin and Greek and French verbs and biological verbiage to be educated; the man who can use his hands and his brain, his voice, his body and his spirit in the doing of useful work, that man and that man only is educated.

We do not live to talk Latin, we never need to talk it and we are an irritation when we try to talk it. If it be found useful for certain lines of special endeavor, keep it there,—and so with all the rest of the mediaevalist knowledge.

What we do want is skill in our hands, practical judgment in our brains, and courage and love in our hearts.

Be done you with the books. Be done—get out,—ye impractical professors and let men who have lived and loved and fought and won and lost take your places and do their work. We youngsters want to learn what your years and experience have taught not what your old unexperienced professors' professors have taught.

Now, do not misunderstand me I am not preaching that only that knowledge is good which enables a man to make money, but let us have more of the education which enables a man to earn money.

Mere money-making is the most useless occupation there is outside of modern teaching. No, I should like to see men more idle, less strenuous, but when they do work, more useful.

I do not believe that education should lead to an eternal business. In fact, I condemn our President, a college graduate, mentioned for a great college presidency, for preaching such an uncalm, violent, strained and stunted life as that he lives. He would make us the incarnation of fuss, for the strenuous life is fuss. Our educators should counteract this.

We Americans are now the master hands in the art of stress-use-less-ness. We believe in keeping busy for the sake of being busy; in the morning we grind air, in the afternoon we shovel water, and noontime sees lines of us, miles of us, with hats jammed on heated heads, sitting drawn up on little high revolving stools eating the Kohlsaat biscuit or the Yankee pie, with a fierce haste that clearly proves that after the noon hour man shall see biscuit and pie no more. We are born and before we learn any other word we ac

*Write Editor "To-Morrow" for Cause and Cure.

quire that gem of English speech, "hurry up!" and we die with our last weak gasp trying to crowd an unimportant hurried business matter into our worn-out lives.

To know should make us calm. Look at a Chicagoan today. We get through our night's rest in a hurry, rush into our clothes, snatch an orange for a running breakfast, leap the rail of the starting car, stamp nervously the feet of our fellow sufferers on the platform, swear at the slow train, and once in the city, up we rush and down we rush, here we jam and there we cram, this way we push and that way we crash wild-eyed, wild-haired, wild-voiced, and insane.

Do not misunderstand me. I admire determination and push; I respect purpose, I believe in material aspiration, but I condemn the ideal of single, unrelieved and dominant material success. I believe man should work zealously, intensely, masterfully, and usefully; but I believe, also, that he should grow in kindness, in human sympathy, in humane intentions, in spiritual hope.* Here is a field for the colleges, here is education. I do believe in the first but I also believe in the outstretched hand. I believe in the will, but I believe, also, in the heart. I believe in royal force, but I believe immeasurably more in divine love.

The average young man, especially the man of college culture, sneers a bit at the idea of emphasizing human kindness between men. He thinks it weak, and he is partly right, for many of those who preach peace are fearsome of war, many of those who admonish love are impotent to hate, many of those who counsel kindness are afraid of feeling cruelty.

Let the strong men come to us in our colleges and talk, not of fighting but of helping, of the quiet hour and the humane sentiment and the manly sympathy—speak out of their strength and their power of the great things that round and full a man's life. The pulling preachers of peace hurt us much, the strenuous preachers of struggle hurt us more, but that the strenuous ones do not preach with all their forcefulness the gospel of peace and of humanity, that hurts us most of all.

We want Roosevelts in the pulpits of peace, we want Morgans in the halls of spiritual hope, we want their stamina, we need their energy, we ask for their manhood, we demand their energetic lives.

Such preachments would mean vitality for the worn out colleges, and for the American people life, controlled, purposeful, calm and useful.

But the college graduate, that is just what he has not—life—a grip on reality.

Now-a-days, a man who has acquired much useless information is pushed out into a world of red-blooded men who are doing things, and doing men, and the graduate is bewildered and grows afraid. The work he is set to do will be

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done in fear and trembling and with mighty little joy in the effort.

And how his vanity suffers as at every point he is pinched and scratched and torn by the sharp nails of fact. Facts—things he did not know existed under the Latin roots—he never grubbed in a geometric angle for a fact. This means wasted effort, unadapted abilities, undeveloped powers, dullness of head and heaviness of heart and hope cultured in college deferred in the world, till the heart sickens and ambitions die.

Even the state colleges are dominated by these ideals, many of them are second Harvards and Yales, homes of uselessness and imbecility and hatching grounds of fear—for fear is the great product after all—the fear that sleeps till the graduate meets the harsh grin and jeer of the world and then dreadfully awakes. Colleges are factories of fear. Their attitude is not constructive but critical, their professors are analyzers not doers. Their students live with doubt for a bed-fellow so long that they become his twin.

For four full rich young years the college man is taught to do nothing except a little milk and water criticism. He does not think through any social or economic problem, he is not taught to reason upon our present work-a-day wants—no, he reasons about why Pompey did not lick Caesar and whether Byron was mad, as Byron would be if he knew about it, and whether pigs have wings,—and thus splendidly equipped he is pushed off the planks into the sea of life—help!—the poor fellow has not learned to swim.

I have known some sensitive men whom college has so unnerved, whose initiative it had so sapped that they staggered on between courses of action and opinion until almost frenzied, they saw no end but suicide.

As far as literature is concerned only the second rate comes from academic halls. Our colleges make hurried, not calm minds, analyzing but not analytic minds, scared, not courageous minds, petty, scornful minds deprecating original efforts and heroic possibilities.

The world of fact is an alien world to the college graduate. He comes an immigrant from a land of dreams to a land of realities, he pays enormous duties on a pack of false ideals; it takes him years to become naturalized and sometimes, long deferred, his last papers are his epitaph. The college should make a man a citizen of this present, immediate, modern world, and it should make a man, not a shrinking, self-distrusting, yes, self-despising weakling.

We do not all come out so, for some of us are naturally too good stuff and no college can utterly spoil us, but here is what a certain gentleman said to Senator Beveridge about the effect of college education: "Some blame the men themselves, but it isn't the fault of the man,—he has been weakened—and, great God! weakened by his own mother—his Alma Mater. Some of us grapple hard with fact and in a few years harden to the point of vigorous action, but many

of us remain soft, flabby, inert,—one of the despicable things that are done or done with.”

We want the ozone of enterprise in our college life, the doctrines of daring, the practices of power; put in men of clear insight and resolute purpose, men to whom the education of others is a practical business proposition in which success can be made certain and will be guaranteed, and let in the light and air from the world; end the long divorce and let men work in the world while they go to college.

The only men the colleges really educate are the men who work their way through; who know the usefulness of knowledge that is applicable to their work, and the uselessness of knowledge that is unapplicable. To the extent to which they are given knowledge useful in their labor, and work in which their growing knowledge can be applied, to this extent they are educated, and they are always infinitely better educated than the men who merely studied and spent money or even those who spent the money and were wise enough not to study.

The experience of the boy who wins his own way through college indicates the right line—make everybody win his own way—for purposes of education make every student a penniless orphan, and give him work in the winning that will require him practically to apply the facts and theories he learns in his classes. Give him courses in subjects which can be used in work, the work he does to earn his bread and butter and board, or his bread and board, if he can't at present prices, earn the butter.

It would be a better investment for fathers today to give a merchant or mechanic the money it costs to educate a boy and let the lad earn it back—better far than letting the boy go useless through a lot of books. The waste of money is nothing, but it is a crime to waste the boy.

Put your college next to business enterprises and professional offices and make each student labor equally as long as he studies. Build and equip enterprises, manufacturing, commercial, industrial, put in your students as managers or as laborers, bosses and bossed, presidents and water carriers and get concrete, practical results.*

College years are now a vacation from life. I would make this the intensest years of life, creating the study habit and the work habit of a life time, active as well as studious, doing as well as thinking, planning, purposing, accomplishing, each power of mind and body awake, useful, used, and growing,—that is life.

What would I teach? I would begin with the body and make it strong and agile and healthy and useful, and teach how to keep it so; and I would take the mind and do the same with that, and so with the spirit, the emotions, the will and I would send out a man and not a ninny, a useful citizen and not a belly-aching baby.

Let me touch on another thing, the actuating motive for

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most college work that is done—the prime motive to the strengthening of which all professional effort tends—the one motive is—what? The doing of good works? The thinking of even useless problems to bottom? The writing of actual impressions of things, known or unknown, the doing of hand deeds and brain deeds?

No—the one prime motive is getting “marks,”—standing higher than your fellows.

Good Lord, think of it, living to get marks! Measuring life's work in examination percentages.

The man who works for money can at least buy useful things, but the man who works for marks shrivels his soul in the pitifullest fire of this nastiest ambition in the world.

He sells a soul and buys ashes.

And marks for what? this is secondary, yet it is second, for ability to cram and hold more of **stuffed-in-knowledge** over night and till recitation time than can his fellow. Thereby he gains a ranking—is ranked as grain elevators and freight cars, for holding capacity.

The schools and the teachers already feel their positions; it is uneasy—it soon will be ludicrous—and then impossible.

The old traditions of learning that make learning a graceful thing and only a graceful thing are still upon us. Little is taught for use—most for show. To be sure, much show is made of an ultimate, far off event of practicality, but this is also part of the show.

The mediaevalist method without the mediaevalist madness. Our life asks for surer uses, and is answered by scholasticism—begs for bread of life and is given—no longer even good stone, but the scraggy pebbles of an empty, dead and God forsaken scholasticism.

Here and there the tinkerers are busy with petty reforms. Far East a great mind called Elliot, instead of wielding the pioneer pick, is daintily delving with tiny pen knife, and in the West the squat masters of such leading and such light as may be World Given by Standard Oil, wastes his strong will in shaping a bank to look like a school.

Reform is needed, fundamental reform. Our schools lack air, life.

Come you of the future, ventilate our education.

Begin, you great teachers for whom we so hunger, begin. Here are our children—they are yours—make them to be strong men and gentle women—give them insight, patience, aspiration—keep them sweetly human.

Here is the big world, the big, complex world. How deal with it for our betterment, for our personal growth in beauty of character, how so conduct ourselves that life may become less laborious for all, full of fine pleasure for all, with happiness, with love, for all,—for all. Answer ye!

You are asked by this truth of new conditions and they must be answered, not by laying mediaeval theories, but by this truth of practical ideals, based on human needs and practiced according to the laws of human growth.

The History of Human Marriage.

By Lida Parce Robinson.

PART I.

The following is an introduction to a series of articles by Mrs. Robinson that will appear in future numbers of this Magazine and will aim to set forth in careful manner the history of the growth of the human institution of marriage.

Like the divine right of kings, the rights of property, the immunity from discussion of sacred books, and the gold standard, marriage in the past has also been considered of divine and mysterious origin; but tracing its history it will be seen to be of very human and purely economic growth.

In this series of articles it is not the intention of Mrs. Robinson nor the publishers of *To-Morrow* Magazine to enter into any particular discussion of the merits or demerits of the prevailing marriage system; but, being a subject of most intense interest to thinking people of this epoch, it is desirable to give a true history of the growth and forces that have brought it into existence, thereby furnishing a basis from which our readers may draw their own conclusions.

EDITOR.



LIDA PARCE ROBINSON.

The present agitation of the subject of divorce opens up, for rational inquiry, the problem of all those conditions which are precedent to divorce. What is there in those conditions, that leads so often to the dissolution of the marriage tie.*

To discuss divorce while ignoring the question of marriage, is like discussing darkness irrespective of light or cold, irrespective of heat.

It can be hoped that social and economic questions will be solved, only as scientific processes are applied in their treatment.

Emotional statements of opinion have been applied for a long time and lavishly, without and perceptible result excepting that, as time proceeds, society becomes ever more muddled on the subject of marriage and divorce.

Certain eminent scientists have set forth a large amount of data concerning marriage, at different times and places, but so far as the writer has been able to learn, there is no presentation of the subject that is available for application to the present problem of society.

Mr. Edward Westermarck has, indeed, written what he calls a History of Human Marriage, but his work is in no sense a history, being only a disconnected arrangement of data, bearing more or less directly, upon the subject; and leaving wide areas untouched.

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The general state of mind concerning marriage is, that it is not a human institution; but is of divine origin, that it was promulgated at some particular moment, and that it is accompanied with results of a mysterious nature, not measurable in human terms. And so it is very disconcerting to find, the first thing when one begins to investigate, that, like Topsy, marriage "just grew."

The human female reproduced her kind, long before she learned to read her bible, or had any perception of spiritual truth, or could converse by word of mouth. The first female who learned to stand upright, while she picked fruit with her hands, or threw stones at her prey, already had her babes hid in a cave, clamoring for the food, while she learned to throw the stones.

It is doubtful to what extent the father of the babes identified himself with his offspring, or assumed economic responsibility concerning them. But as the most primitive man was the immediate descendent of the highest quadrumana, it is very logically assumed that his conjugal and domestic habits had not been greatly modified in the transition. And it is the nature of the quadrumana to make a monogamous marriage, and to remain attached until after the birth of offspring.

It is not believed by Naturalists that the same attachment is often preserved beyond the early infancy of the offspring in a state of nature. That is to say: primeval man was a varietist. For a very long period of the successful reproduction of the species, marriage must, of course, be used in the purely naturalistic sense. It is a far cry from the marriage of our remote progenitors, to the ritualistic incident which characterizes the present epoch in marriage.

The question of when and how the habits of the human animal began to be modified in regard to length of marriage attachment, and paternal responsibility, is involved in the other matters of food variation and increased duration of the period of infant helplessness, for we find that the facts that established the relationships of the individual, were economic facts, from the beginning.

Some Naturalists are of the opinion that communal marriage was the first and almost universal form of the human institution; by which is meant: that all the men and all the women of a tribe were equally husbands and wives. This involves a gregarious habit of living, and at least the larger number of the quadrumana do not live gregariously. Tribal marriage would involve tribal feeding, and this could not have prevailed so long as man lived on nuts and fruits, in any but the richest tropical climate.

No definite period is known as to the time when man began to develop canine teeth, as a result of adopting an animal diet. Previous to the adoption of animal food, there was no natural reason why the law of selection would work to establish a permanent marriage tie between parents; for the child would be able at an early age to begin to find its own food, and the child whose father was not known to him,

would be likely to be as strong and to live as long and to leave as numerous a progeny, as would the child whose father helped to feed him.

Other naturalists believe that monogamous marriage was, at least, almost universal among primitive man, and that, when the meat-eating days came, the male individually assumed the continued responsibility for his young, but it is agreed by all Naturalists that in many branches of the human family, descent was known through the female line only. Sir John Lubbock, Mr. McLennan, Darwin and others believed that this arose from the difficulty of identifying the fathers. Manifestly, this is not a necessary conclusion. There were many reasons why the female line should have been recognized as the main line of descent: chief of which was the plain and patent fact itself.

It is sure that, however much help the mothers had in the matter of food and defense for the young, the family proper, consisted of mother and young in very many tribes. The mother was the responsible parent, the constant quantity, in the family, but it is plainly true that the mother of a numerous progeny could not have supplied a meat diet for her young against the competition of the males, for the result must have been the speedy extinction of the species, by the starvation of both mothers and young. The period of infant helplessness would have been greatly lengthened by the adoption of a carnivorous diet, because a child must necessarily be much older before he could procure game for food, than he need be to procure fruits and nuts and thus a mother would almost surely have a number of helpless young to care for at the same time, when depending on animal food.

Though the questions of food variation, paternal responsibility and forms of the earliest unions between the sexes are not agreed upon between scientists, the accepted process of treating the known facts, leads plainly to certain general conclusions.

Animal food must have been resorted to whenever and wherever the numbers of the race increased beyond the supply of vegetable foods, and whenever tribal migrations to colder climates followed congestion of population and those tribes prospered best in which the men exerted themselves most for the feeding and protection of the young.

The prolonged period of infant helplessness incident to a carnivorous diet must have kept the females constantly dependent upon male assistance for the feeding of her young, during the greater part, or all, of her reproductive life, and thus in the cases where individual marriage was the rule, a more permanent marriage tie would have developed by purely natural causes.

Where communal marriage prevailed, conditions arose at an early period of social evolution which made it a matter of interest for fathers as well as mothers to identify themselves with their young.

(To be continued in March number.)

Our Rights?

By Herman Kuehn.

"I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions,
But really I am neither for nor against institutions,
(What indeed have I in common with them? or what with the destruction
of them?)

Only I will establish in the Mannahatta and in every city of these States
inland and seaboard,
And in the fields and woods, and above every keel little or large that dents
the waters,

Without edifices, or rules or trustees or any argument,
The institution of the dear love of comrades." WALT WHITMAN.



HERMAN KUEHN.

When I am asked to write something for a magazine, I am willing to admit that I have no right to refuse. Neither have you any right to refuse to publish anything **anyone** may send in. Nor do you need any such right. Nor has anyone any more rights in such matters than you or I, though you could multiply all the rights either of us have by one hundred without increasing the quantum, for every multiple of nought refuses to foot up beyond nil. All "Rights" are "Institutional."

People have got into the habit of talking about their rights, and fighting for them, and brooding over the deprivation of them. And of such is the kingdom of misery. They are ghost-worshippers all, and they grieve because this ghost of theirs persists in remaining always fleshless, and it is boneless and sinewless as well. There is nothing to the **Doctrine of Rights**—unless you choose to class chimeræ in the catalogue of living entities.

The concept of Rights is not a positive concept at all. That is to say, no one ever set up the claim of Rights as an original demand. The first invader of his brother's goods did not claim to have a right to them,—he just reached out and took them because of his need or his power. Then the invaded one bethought him of asserting his right to his product—not in the nature of a positive right, but rather by way of proclaiming that the invader had no right to take the stuff. Had the aggressed one stood firm in his denial that any one had any rights over him or his product he would

have been on safe ground. But instead of taking the position of safety he straightway sets up the **Doctrine of Rights** to be immune from invasion. In thuswise he acquiesced in the doctrine of rights, and thereafter he had not only to fight his aggressor by *lex talionis*, but had likewise to defend his Rights. He doubled his tasks, for in defending his Rights he did not at all lessen the demands on the strength required to fight for the retention of his goods.

Indeed he has been known to go to the length of abandoning the goods altogether in order to fight for his Rights. The doctrine of Rights would never have come to be so potent a superstition if away back in the long ago the invader had not been taught the idea that if he set up the claim of some sort of Rights to invade, the defender would have been "thrice armed." The defender "gave himself away," as it were, when he set up the claim of the Right to be immune from invasion. For we are prone to become sentimentalists on slight provocation, and the defenders became zealous in protecting their rights, even though the invader made off with the goods. Now it is so ordered in this work-a-day world that goods have some tangible uses, while one can neither eat, wear nor consume Rights. So it became a source of amusement to invaders to get hold of the other fellow's goods by "granting" him certain Rights. As a matter of fact we have none of us any rights at all, but such Rights as some of us—most of us—think we have are only such as the invader "granted" us in order to keep us supine while he carted away our provender.

Trace any assertion of Rights back far enough and you will invariably find that it was set up as a sort of defence against the claim of the invader that he had a right to invade. Verily he that taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword. Our fighting the invader's claim of his right to invade by our counter-claim of immunity from invasion gave strength to the doctrine of rights—gave it in fact all the strength it has to-day.

What shall it profit the Reformers of the world to slay, outvote, dispossess or despitely use the despots, despoilers and tyrants against whom they are arrayed—and still leave intact the fruitful source of all spoliation—the Doctrine of Rights?

Now, understand me—I am not so modest as to say that there may be Rights and that possibly I am not able to discern them. I am that modest about the conformation of the Moon. If you were to insist that the Moon is made of green cheese I would not dispute with you over the question. It might be so. If you are an expert in such matters I would be inclined to bow to your dictum, as I am too modest to pretend to know. If, however, my acquiescence in that opinion brought distress and misery upon me, I should not be so modest as to concede your correctness. At any rate I would be justified in demanding your proof.

No, I am not modest in this matter. Instead of admitting

that there may be validity in the Doctrine of Rights, I take the position that the concept is the rennement or absurdity. The doctrine of Rights does not square with any hypothesis of life. Its proponents have never undertaken to make it square with common sense, whatever their claim or basis for their particular brand of common sense. Do you know of any one who has undertaken to prove the doctrine of Rights? Yes, yes, I know that "it has been accepted" as a self-evident truth. You want to be careful about those self-evident truths, or first thing you know some fellow will win your money on a bet that the rails of a street-car line converge just beyond the next rise. That illusion is also "self-evident" to the unwary.

Take the materialistic or the deistic hypothesis of the universe, and in neither of these is there a basis for the doctrine of rights. The materialist will have to admit early in the discussion that there can be no doctrine of Rights except such as are based on convention. Certainly the materialist is estopped from proclaiming Natural Rights. The advocate of the deistic hypothesis is in no better case. God is All and in All, he will tell you. No matter how we define the word "God"—to this complexion must we come at last, that All embraces nothing short of the Whole Thing. Can we have any rights against the whole thing? It is as though the cog claimed rights against the wheel of which it is a part. And if the cog have no rights against the wheel what rights has it? For the wheel is all the universe the cog cognizes. (I ought to be able to get at least a fi'pun note for that'un.) But the burden of proof is not upon one who denies the existence of a thing. Let those who assert the existence of rights bring some evidence of such existence. It is not for me to disprove that ghosts always make their earthly visits at 11:58 p. m. Let's hear from some one who has timed 'em.

When a man says that he has a right to his product, what he really means is that no other person has a right to deprive him of it.

The proponents of the doctrine of Rights will admit this to be true, and then they go on to say that "it's all the same thing." But it isn't all the same thing, but quite another thing, just as black is not at all the same thing as white. It would indeed "amount to the same thing" despite the vast difference that in reality exists, if the consequences were not so important. I shall not dwell upon this importance at present.

The right to the enjoyment of our product is an unimportant conception until we set up the claim against the invader, and when it becomes important—in such an event—it is no longer really a claim to a Right to our product but a claim to be NOT invaded. Instead of saying to the invader, "No one has a right to take my goods," he says, "I have a right to keep my goods." He meets the claim of a right—he meets an absurd claim with one equally absurd—and thus

the silly canceling contest progresses ever—so long as we remain in the superstition of Rights.

"My dear sir," one advocate of the doctrine of Rights said to me the other day,—*"My dear sir; we don't have to prove that Natural Rights exist. Why, it's self-evident. Can any American with a drop of patriotic blood in his veins believe that the Declaration of Independence contains an absurdity in declaring that all men have certain inalienable rights among which are the rights to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness?"*

Well, it is a bit harsh, I'll admit, to indict the brave old Colonial insurgents of absurdity, but why mince matters? And they themselves found it expedient to shoulder their fowling pieces and buckle on their sabres—relying more on such paraphernalia than on the assertion of "inalienable" rights. Mere Rhetoric, is all there is to that part of the declaration of American independence—sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, signifying nothing.

The Right to Life. Where do we see any evidences of such right? Assuming that "Nature" grants Life, Nature, too, assumes to deprive us of it. Where is the Right? And of what use to proclaim something for which no man has been able to find any foundation—when the thing we really mean when we assert the right to live is to deny that any person has a right to abridge life.

The Right to Liberty. Why the very assertion of such a Right is a denial of Liberty. Liberty is. It cannot be granted, though it may be restored, though that is merely a figure of speech. For to restore liberty is simply to quit abridging it. If my liberty depend on the grace or caprice of another it is not liberty at all. Yet what do we mean when we say that we have a right to liberty? We really mean that no one has a right to abridge it.

The right to the pursuit of happiness. The very statement implies that we require a still greater liberty in the matter of happiness: the right to define what our happiness is to consist of. Is this a Natural Right? If so, can any one wrest from Nature the secret of it, for it has not yet been made public—this right of each of us to determine what his happiness consists of, or what he thinks it consists of. Shall I ask any one—any power—to grant me the right to think what it is that I believe will make me happy? No, what we really mean by asserting our Right to pursue our happiness is that no one has a Right to interfere with our pursuit of happiness, or to decide for us in what our happiness shall consist.

Nature, let me say, gives us life. Nature gives us also the instinct to preserve life. Nature gives no one a Right to take life. Now, what need then is there for a Right to Life? Certainly we have no use for such a Right against Nature itself. For Nature, without asserting any right at all terminates life—"it gathers the bearded grain at a breath, and the flowers that grow between."

Of what use were the Right to Life—if such a thing could be? For if the invader cut short my life, what use will the surviving Right be to me?

Recently a man in Chicago repeated a time-honored assertion of his rights by shooting the man who won his sweetheart's affection. The girl had been his sweetheart, and that gave him a right to her—so his act implies. And so many men believe. Many a woman, who enjoyed the utmost possibility of happiness, has thrown her happiness to the winds by assertion, by word or attitude, that she had a right to her husband's or her lover's love.

In the field of economics we can see—if we are not ourselves blinded by the superstition of Rights, how that doctrine befores clear thought, and makes us victims of the exploiter. At least I see it. Don't you?

(More about "Rights" in the March number).

RESENTING CRITICISM.

By DE WITT HARDENBERG.

They tell me I am free! Whence then
The stigma of this hated name?
I chose it not! I found it when—
From whence? for why?—to earth I came.

Born short on grit and long on fear—
Born short on love and long on hate,
What voice had I to choose my sphere—
What but to feel the steel of fate?

God put me here in his own time;
God fixed conditions for my feet;
God set my bounds and gauged my climb;
Nor left me option of retreat.

Mankind is but God's splendid toy,
Less than a doll in childish arms,
A vibrant plaything for his joy,
Electric, animate with charms.

"Man built the pyramids!" they say;
Who built the Alps with flinty bars?
"Man built cathedrals in his day!"
Who built the sky bedecked with stars?

"Man built a car the globe to girth!"
Who pulls the planets at their play?
"Man built the highways of the earth!"
Who built the endless Milky Way?

Oh, who art thou, or what am I,
That we each other should deery?
That thou art thou, and I am I,
None but our Maker can tell why.

Delinquent Boys.

By J. J. McManaman.



J. J. McMANAMAN.

Great men and good women are studying the boy problem: the bad boy; the boy who cannot adjust himself to the rules adopted by the good and the wise. This bad boy, if he can be reclaimed for useful citizenship, is one of the most valuable assets of the State. To place this bad boy upon the proper side of the ledger is the most important work engaged in by the good men and the good women, who are devoting their time, talent and money to the uplifting of their fellow men. But great care and caution should be indulged

in when we start to help the bad boy, or when we start to study the boy problem.

Those whose sympathy leads their judgment, should not be discouraged in their hope, but should be permitted to enjoy all the pleasure they find in their good intentions. Then those who were too good and those who are too old should be allowed to follow their own way of thinking, but should not be taken seriously when they tell us what best to do for the wild, erratic, eruptic, volcanic boy.

I know that there are those who have studied everything from the elemental up to the wish and will of the Deity, and they will tell you what is right and what is wrong; what is good and what is bad. And there are those who study man behind bolted doors and grated windows. The cowed and conquered are their subjects; they measure the speed of the bird after its wings are clipped. Those teachers are no part of the object they are dissecting; the impulses that flash through the subject on their dissecting table never illuminated their mental kingdom. They mean well, but they have never been able to withdraw themselves from their own mental peculiarities and identify themselves with the object of their solicitude.

They forget that to understand the boy one must get out of one's self and be transported back to boyhood, or transported so far back as possible into the bosom of the boy.

In order to direct, you must understand; you must be

able to receive the boy's impressions; to participate in the boy's life; to see as he sees; to feel as he feels. The poor, silly hen that goes into spasms on the shore, while the brood of young ducks, which she has mothered, are sporting in the water, is as capable of giving advice to the wild, erratic, roving boy, as those who have never felt an impulse to do that which the boy must fight within himself not to do.

Those who have written on Criminology and Sociology have written as if they were no part of the object they were studying. The criminologist has tabulated the color of the hair, size of the nose, ears, eyes, mouth, chin, fingers and toes, and has found marks of degeneracy or criminology in almost every form. What one criminologist has not stamped as a true sign of criminality or degeneracy the other has, so that if all the signs and marks noted, were to be put into practice I am afraid there would be no one to ring the bell; most of those self-styled scientists write as if they never had an impulse to break the ten commandments; as if the criminal did not belong to the human family; they do not seem to understand that the growth of man or boy can be measured by the history of the world; that his developments are simply stages in the development of civilization.

Did you ever read of a king being a hold-up man? Was King Hal, who robbed the drovers, different from the city chap who robs the stroller? Why does the boy love idleness? Why does he love to roam? To tramp, steal enough to eat; carry a gun, and take pride in being known as the hero of the crowd? Are all these impulses unnatural or can they be harmonized with the growth of man; of civilization.

We all begin life by loving disorder and lawlessness and it is a long time before we learn to love law and to recognize its importance. How long does it take the best of us to learn that a broken law means pain, and possibly will end us in ruin. How old are we when we learn to consider cause and effect. If the old were as capable as they would want the young to be, how few dignitaries would be found in the penitentiary,

Man has recognized the rights of the boy about as he has recognized the rights of women. He has never spent much time in finding out woman's rights, but he has labored long and faithfully to point out to her her duties. And the boy's duties are more or less understood; Honor thy father and thy mother, but his rights are as yet only half understood.

Now, the boy has the right to pass through all the stages of civilization that man has passed through. He has one more right. He has the right to have the right recognized, by the great men and the good women who are asking themselves what can be done for the boy; how can he be helped.*

To help the boy you must help the home; you must help the father and the mother. The father and mother must first lay the foundation of the good boy or good man.

The boy whose growth, either physical or mental, is looked upon with indifference by the parents, is not receiving all that he is entitled to receive from his parents. If he is not

*Write Editor "To-Morrow" for Cause and Cure.

helped to conquer the impulses, which he has inherited from his roving, stealing, idling, murderous, conquering ancestors he is not receiving all the help he is entitled to, and if he takes on any of those ancestral traits he is to be pitied instead of condemned.

If the parent will allow the boy to stop growing at any stage of his development, society has on its hands a member who cannot adjust himself to the advance rules of ethics or law, and then this victim of arrested development or misdirected development, is branded as a criminal and is incarcerated for the good of society.

Society has never moved until it has been forced to do so for its own protection. The boy is allowed to grow up in idleness, and if he escape the policeman, he is ushered into manhood with all the vicious impulses that idleness and environments have developed.* Impulses that are developed in the street, developed in coming in contact with the selfish world; developed by having to eke out his existence in the busy, thoughtless mass of humanity. And when some great crime has been committed and the culprit apprehended, society simply seeks vengeance instead of asking the cause and attempting to apply a remedy.

A great deal of time is lost by our philosophers in studying the delinquent boy. To my mind, no one who has not studied the delinquent man is competent to judge the delinquent boy. There are no characteristics in the boy that are not found in the man, and the student who understands the man will find little to philosophize on in the boy.

You cannot help all men, nor can you help all boys. The best that can be done for the man or the boy is to create for him an opportunity. The only thing necessary for the boy is an opportunity.

If he has force of character, intellect and energy; is not too heavily laden with the sins of his ancestors, he will become a useful citizen; but if he is mentally or physically weak or has inherited an emaciated nervous system, all the help that can be given to him will not make an independent, industrious, self-supporting citizen.

The boy problem, to my mind, is a very easy solution. Create for the boy an opportunity; give him a chance; give him a home.* Not the home that cannot forgive; not the home that cannot forget; but the home that is rough and ready; where he can sing loud, talk rapidly, laugh heartily, without breaking the rules; where industry, honesty and self-respect and respect for others are considered the jewels of character.

Study the boy's character, his desires, ambitions, and allow the worthless impulses to die out like the burned candle and he will see them depart from him and laugh at their folly; place him where he can develop the characteristics that make the best citizenship and then let him alone. You have done all that can be done for him.

In order that a step might be taken to practice what is here preached, a few men got together and established a club

*Write Editor "To-Morrow" for Cause and Cure.

known as the Junior Business Club, which is simply a boarding house for boys, where every home impulse is developed; cleanliness, honesty, industry and good temper; no fault finding, no scolding, no nagging. Here positions are secured for them in shops or factories, where they work during the day and at night at nine o'clock all boys must answer the roll call and retire to bed. One night of the week is given to theatres; all other nights the boys must be at home.

What has been met with in this home it is difficult to believe. Boys have been sent to the Junior Business Club from the Juvenile Court, who could enjoy their food better standing at the table eating with their fingers than handling their food with silver table tools.

These boys were raised in the street; can explain every game of chance from craps to poker; their wits are on edge, they are as ready to take advantage of their fellow brothers as any Cook County constable.

I have had boys at the Junior Business Club who were seventeen years of age and had never worn a new garment to their knowledge during their lives.

One Saturday afternoon I was purchasing a suit of clothes for a boy in Marshall Field's basement. I had made an appointment to meet him there at 3 o'clock. He arrived on the minute and had with him another boy, whose garments from head to shoe gave the body an excellent opportunity to enjoy all the weather-beaten Johnson ever enjoyed.

While we were looking over suits and pricing them, I noticed that Joe grew anxious whenever his eye fell upon any suit that would fit him. After watching his movements and expressions for a time, I said: "Joe, I am going to buy you a suit and wait for you to pay me. I believe you are honest, but if you are dishonest and will not pay me, it will not bankrupt me and it will not make you rich." He said: "You try me and see if I don't pay you." I bought the suit and sent him back to the Club rejoicing.

The following Tuesday, about 1 o'clock, a. m., I heard a noise in the dormitory and groped up the stairs expecting to find a rouser; that is, one who gets up in the night to see that no boy carries any unnecessary articles or money in his pocket; but instead I found Joe dressed standing before the mirror, taking front views, side views and all other kinds of views; changing the position of his cap; fixing his hair, etc. After about half an hour of this practice he took off his clothes; put them away and retired. This boy was seventeen years of age and never to his knowledge, did he wear a new garment before, but snatched his clothing, as he snatched his food—from the best he could get without money. He paid for the clothing and is now in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, living with his sister and doing well. His father was a drunkard and his mother was a mute. She died in poverty and want.

It is hardly to be expected that a boy of sixteen or seventeen who never did a day's work; who sleeps under the sidewalk or in the ice wagon and steals enough bread and milk

from the rear door of charitably inclined neighbors; has practiced this labor saving method for several months, can after a lecture in the Juvenile Court, settle down to regular habits.

The proper treatment for such a boy is the Reform School until regular habits are formed, then employment should be secured for him and if the parents are responsible for the boy's delinquency he should not be permitted to live at home, but in some well-regulated Club.

There are boys who cannot resist the temptation to steal; there are boys who will not work; then there is the boy philosopher who sees nothing in work but work; who figures that in Summer he can get enough to eat and in Winter he will be sheltered in the workhouse or Reform School.

I have had boys at the Club who refused to work and who, when Winter set in, returned to the Club, not to work, but to ask me to send them to the John Worthy School. No boy should be released from the Reform School if committed for not working or attending school until that period of the year when employment is necessary to obtain food and shelter.

There are in all our large cities homeless boys; boys whose parents are dead; boys whose parents are drunkards. From this class of boys come a great army of criminals. To provide a home for the homeless boy the Junior Business Club was established. To save from a criminal career the homeless boy is the hope of those who are contributing their mite and their time to the Junior Business Club, and if the State would spend one-tenth as much money in preventing crime as it does in punishing criminals there would be many more homes or clubs for delinquent homeless boys.

THE REVOLUTION.

By GEORGE E. POWEN.

Dear MR. SERCOMBE:

If it were not for To-MORROW we might not care to live today. So here is a little Song of Preparation. I wish the rank and file could learn the importance of self reliance. Nothing else can win.

So many are waiting to be called who should themselves be trumpeting. We might call it modesty if it did not deserve a more severe title. I hope your plans are prospering.

Faithfully,

GEORGE E. POWEN.

We wait for the changing order,
That promises better things,
Yet bow to a titled Lord, or
Drag on in the train of Kings,
While loudly the world is calling,
For men to put off their fear,
And shout as the thrones are falling,
"The Revolution is here!"

We pray to the gods we follow,
For comfort they do not keep
And the fiction of life is hollow,
With all but the tears we weep; ,
Yet never a heart proposes,
To strike, as it strives to pray,
And open the door that closes
So darkly across the way.

We sing of the glad tomorrow,
Abloom with the joys we lack,

TO-MORROW.

And this is the faith we borrow,
 To cheer us while holding back.
 But where is the sword to sever
 The cords that we salve with doubt,
 That hold us ashamed forever,
 The cry of the free to shout.

Today is the Revolution!
 Wherever a wrong assails,
 'Tis calling for retribution,
 When law in its weakness fails,
 Today is the Revolution!
 Appealing to you and me
 To trample all persecution,
 And stand with our brothers, free.

We peer through the mist of ages,
 The fogs of the slavish mind,
 On none of their censored pages,
 Our title to freedom find.
 And we of the cowed condition
 Who follow but never lead,
 Crawl back to our superstition,
 And cling to its deadly creed.

Awake! O bewildered sleeper,
 Awake! to the strength you wear,
 For you are the rightful keeper,
 Of all that the world should share.
 Your heart is the first defender,
 Of freedom and fruitful peace,
 Your will is both brave and tender
 To strike for the slave's release.

Today is the Revolution!
 Today in your own true heart,
 Your force is to give it motion—
 Your courage the victor's part.
 Wait not for the Horseman's coming,
 The sleepers will not awake—
 Oh, stir them! and let your drumming,
 The courts of the mighty shake.

Today is the day for action!
 Today is devoid of fear;
 But forever no friend nor faction—
 The Revolution is here!
 Today has been surely granted
 For triumphs supremely dear,
 Our hope with our faith is chanted;
 The Revolution is here.

Press on! through the stress of battle,
 Be true to the sword you swing.
 The rulers are timid cattle,
 When comrades of freedom sing.
 On! On! where the brave are falling,
 'Tis there you must loudly cheer,
 For the rulers aghast are calling:
 "The Revolution is here!"

And this is the changing order—
 The Revolution, indeed,
 That carries us over the border,
 Of custom, and caste, and creed.
 And this is the fatal hour,
 To banish the ghost of fear,
 Rejoicing, with unchained power;
 "The Revolution is here!"

The Niagara Movement.

By Allen A. Wesley, M. D.

The following comprehensive study of the American Race Problem by Dr. Wesley, one of the most advanced exponents of the future of the Negro race in America, will be of special interest to our readers.

While thoroughly in sympathy with the efforts of the Negro race to reach a better, freer, and higher life, the publishers of *To-Morrow Magazine* beg to direct attention to their habit of finding in all social phenomena ample ground for their abiding faith in—all that has been—all that is—and all that will be.

Whatever may be said of the cruelties of Negro Slavery and the heartlessness of the English traders who forcibly brought these dark skinned emigrants from Africa, the whole has resulted in the greatest and most successful missionary enterprise the world has ever known.

Even the sacrifice of lives and treasure in the War of Secession cannot have been for naught, and we are more than convinced, not only that the flood of years will bring us ample evidence that this country will stand in actual need of the vitality which greed brought to us in its four-decked hell-holes, but that the ultimate educational effects of his great fratricidal war will one day be understood as a benediction and a necessary factor in the spiritual and political development of our race.

All the trials of reconstruction, all of the tissue ballot system, all of the nameless and numberless impositions which our white citizens have imposed upon the Negro race, is one day going to be understood as necessary factors in our own, as well as in the Negro's development, whereby the results of meanness, of tyranny, of oppression, of hypocrisy, will gradually become known and understood by all.

Nothing that is unnecessary ever happens.

EDITOR.



DR. ALLEN A. WESLEY.

In 1787 the Continental Congress passed an ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of the Ohio river. That ordinance provided that in that territory there should be "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude otherwise than in punishment of crimes." Thus it is seen that even before the Constitution was drafted there existed against slavery a sentiment so strong that a vast territory was by law forever dedicated to freedom.

At the time the Constitution was formed all of the thirteen states except three had prohibited the importation of slaves. These three were North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. North Carolina deserves a little credit. She leaned in the right direction and sought to discourage the importation of slaves by the imposition of heavy duties. But South Carolina and Georgia flatly insisted that the Constitution should contain a provision for the free admission of slaves, and expressed their

determination not to join the Union or assent to the Constitution if the power to prohibit the slave trade should be conferred on the general government. In order to satisfy these states, there was inserted in the first draft of the Constitution an Article expressly and forever withholding from Congress the power to abolish the slave trade.

Here was the first example in this country of the remarkable tendency of a righteous majority to capitulate to an unjust majority upon all questions affecting the manhood, the status, or the rights of the Negro. However, when the Article came up for discussion before the great Constitutional Convention, Virginia and other Middle States would not consent. Governor Randolph even went so far as to say that he would sooner risk the Union than consent to insert in the Constitution an Article depriving Congress of the power to abolish the slave trade. The result was that that Article was referred to a special committee consisting of one member from each state, for the purpose, if possible, of finding some plan that would satisfy South Carolina and Georgia on the one side and the remaining states on the other. Colonel George Mason of Virginia appeared before that committee and made a vigorous speech. Among other things he said:

"This infernal traffic originated in the avarice of British merchants. The British government constantly checked the attempts of Virginia to put a stop to it. The present question concerns not the importing states alone, but the whole Union. The prohibition of importation already secured in ten of the states would be in vain if South Carolina and Georgia were permitted to import slaves." "Slaves," said he, "produce the most pernicious effects upon manners. Every master is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of heaven on a country. As nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities."

As the result of strong speeches made the committee reported a compromise, granting the states twelve more years in which to traffic in slaves, and giving Congress power to abolish the slave trade after the year 1800. But Pinckney of South Carolina, got in an amendment extending the time to 1808, and giving the slave trade twenty years of life instead of twelve. In that convention politics made strange bedfellows indeed. We see Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware voting solidly against that amendment, while Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire voted with South Carolina and Georgia in favor of it!

Neither Randolph nor Mason signed the Constitution; but Washington, Blair, and Madison (Jr.) by their votes and signatures represented Virginia and gave its assent to that important document. Here, then, were two lovers of freedom—Randolph and Mason of Virginia—and to these men, Southerners and slaveholders though they were, I willingly pay tribute tonight. We see Mason, that old Virginian patriot and

humanitarian, standing upon the floor of that Constitutional Convention, foretelling events with the precision of a divine master—aye, uttering a prophet's warning. "Providence punishes national sins by national calamities."

We hear Randolph say, "I would rather risk the Union than support a clause restricting the right of Congress to abolish the slave trade," and we see him refusing to sign the Constitution because it contained a compromise. And though at a later date he warmly urged its ratification by the Legislature of Virginia, we honor him still;—meanwhile remembering that Mason bitterly fought to the end against its ratification, thus proving beyond a doubt that his detestation of slavery was stronger than his love of gain. Both before and after that time, during the entire period of North American slavery, the Negro had conscientious friends among the intellectual men of the South.

To wipe out the sin of slavery in this country, thousands of the bravest and best of both North and South, black and white alike, were laid beneath the soil. Beginning with Lovejoy, the first American martyr to the freedom of the press and the freedom of the slave, Illinois sacrificed over thirty-four thousand of her loyal sons on the altar of liberty, and—

On the record of her years,
Abraham Lincoln's name appears,
Grant's and Logan's and our tears—
Illinois.

Yea—the tears, blasted hopes, broken hearts, desolated homes and expended treasure all bore testimony to the fact that slavery was wrong. The slave was freed, but it was the sword of battle that struck the shackles from the black man's limbs and knighted him a Freeman. When brought to a stern realization of the fact, everybody admitted that slavery was wrong.

From the black man's heart and from the humane white man's heart there sprang the common hope that Negro-Americans would somehow come into the full fruition of all that American citizenship implies. At the close of the war, many broad-minded, patriotic, benevolent, Christian white men and women of the North, in the nobility of their souls, entered into the work of educating and uplifting the black man. Denominational schools were started all over the Southland to give him education and cultivation. Old and young alike eagerly sought to learn, and they did so well that colleges were instituted in several cities of the South. Throughout the North white Sunday-schools and churches raised collections, and many private contributions were given to aid in the work.

Since that time young men and women in increasing numbers have graduated from these colleges, and have gone out to become the instructors in common schools and schools of higher learning—all endeavoring to lift the race for the duties of an intelligent citizenship.

At first the Southern states stood aghast, then complacently beheld the progress, and finally, when expression everywhere was commendatory of the work done by the recently enslaved, some of them made appropriations to assist in that work.

During all that time, however, the designing politician of the South, with the hope of self elevation, had been watching and waiting for the moment when he could effectually launch his ideas upon the wide sea of public opinion and anchor his ships of hate in any port he pleased. The most successful way in which he could carry out the dictates of prejudice was to take advantage of the fact that the Negro had not yet won for himself an established position in the body politic. Accordingly he organized and introduced the Ku Klux Klan to intimidate the Negro, and brought forward the tissue ballot to deprive him of his vote and dispossess him of his one defense.

Then came various other forms of political repression and a long programme of physical oppression, ending in the jim-crow-car enactments. After the separate-coach law the next step was to inculcate among the white people of the South the contemptible doctrine of personal Negro hate.* The black "aunty" or "mammy" who had nursed the white child was thereafter neither to eat, sleep, die or be buried at or near the same spot or place as a white person. Black mankind was taught that all it could or should do was to work with its hands. With a love of country no wider than the plantation upon which he lived, the Southerner's continual cry was this: "Keep the Negro in his place as a field hand." For the slightest offense or upon trumped-up charges the Negro was arrested, found guilty, and made to work out a long sentence on somebody's plantation. So flagrant, bold and open did the South become in its system of peonage that the general government has recently had the matter investigated, and thereby showed not only its willingness to wipe out a moral stain upon the honor of the country, but its ability to punish those who transgress its laws.

The Southern politicians next proceeded to take away the means of Negro education, and in many cases stopped the appropriations which their legislatures had hitherto made for Negro schools or colleges. Then they sought to implant their brutal customs on Northern soil, and, with the idea of winning it over, began a "campaign of education" to school the North in infamy. They put a Southern writer on every Northern magazine that they could possibly reach and hold with a promise of patronage. Some magazines they bought, others they controlled, and from others still they coaxed occasional contributions—all with the idea of inflaming the public mind, and educating the North to their way of thinking as to the proper treatment of the Negro-American. These Southern politicians then did practically the same thing with the Northern daily press. There was a time when the daily newspapers

*Write Editor "To-Morrow" for Cause and Cure.

of America were really great. But shall I say that that day has passed?

Today the policy of every commercially great newspaper in America is shaped in its counting-room. Today the great editor takes his orders from the greater cashier. The Southern politician reckoned well when he approached the Northern press. Newspapers that were formerly staunch friends of the Negro-American now take pleasure in magnifying the act of every Negro criminal, and by implication representing the act as one that any Negro would be liable to commit. To such an act they give more or less important headlines, and concerning it they generally howl in a way that would make Rome cheerfully give up the front seat.

Chief among that class of dailies is the Chicago Tribune, once the friend of liberty and the foe of oppression everywhere. Judging from the trend of its present policy, I believe that newspaper would tomorrow editorially support a proposition to re-establish Negro slavery on American soil—provided there were gold enough in the treasury of any industrial or political crew who cared or dared to advocate so base a thing.

The Chicago Chronicle and the Chicago Inter Ocean still seem to live in a pure and impartial atmosphere. They have endeavored to be just, and their editorial judgment may be summed in a single sentence: "Treat the Negro everywhere as a human being and it will be unnecessary to treat him anywhere as a problem."

In every accessible place in the North, and in every way possible, the Southern politicians sought to weaken the vantage gained by the Negro during the time when he had the full Christian sympathy of the North. Every year they send lecturers up here to tell the people how bad the Negroes are; and then when some agent goes down there to take a few hundred colored men away for some large piece of work, these same lecturers help to run him out of the country.

The South has even manned Northern pulpits for the purpose of spreading the doctrine that it is impossible to make anything good out of the Negro-American. Of course some philanthropists believe more or less of this. Both secular and sacred contributions for Negro education were thus cut off, or were given only for some special kind of education, and the work of upbuilding the Negro's character and morals—which had been so earnestly begun and which had accomplished so much—was either stopped or greatly handicapped.

So continuously and assiduously have these politicians worked, that even in this principal city of the Northwest Territory that was forever dedicated to freedom, the people began to bow their heads and submit to their teachings. A Southerner—General Harris—was put at the head of the public schools, and promptly began to teach the Southern idea of separation. Then for the first time colored teachers in the public schools had trouble.

Colored men and women of good character and irreproach-

able manners were denied accommodations in public places, and were refused the rental of houses except in certain localities. Even the Christian Church yielded to the relegation of the Negro to some outer sanctuary. Segregation became the watchword. The Negro-American became a person to be stared at, and where he was not directly and openly insulted, he was made to feel like an outcast upon a lonely and gradually sinking island—that there was really no secure and peaceful place that he could call his home—and that there was no spot which was unpolluted by the taint of Southern prejudice.

A national view of matters seemed to be equally as hopeless in many respects. Thirty years ago it would have been impossible for a single state of this Union to disfranchise its Negro-American citizens. James G. Blaine, Wendell Phillips and other American statesmen not only believed such a thing to be impossible for all time, but expressed their firm belief that the South would never undertake to do so. Blaine openly boasted that no human rights on this continent were more secure than the Negro's. But, alas! how sadly was he mistaken. Today no congressman who fears the lash of either great political party will be likely to raise his voice against the fact that the Negro stands dispossessed of his chartered rights, or against the fact that a mob of eight Southern states have trampled the Constitution beneath their feet, with the knowledge, consent and assistance of its rightful guardians. It is such things as those that come to pass when righteous majorities surrender to unjust minorities. But national sins will be punished by national calamities, and I venture the prediction that white men will live and learn. They have disfranchised the Negro today because he is black. They may disfranchise the white man tomorrow because he is poor. But while any great class of citizens can bear to be defeated, no great class of citizens will bear to be defrauded, and organized wrong is bound to be met by organized resistance. The American people have repeatedly declared that this Republic is, must and shall be strong enough to protect its weakest citizens in all their rights. But today the Negro stands with trembling feet upon the shifting quicksands of American sentiment, knowing that the one and only guarantee of his most sacred rights is being deliberately blotted from that great instrument which has now become the soiled and broken plaything of corrupt political parties.*

It was that sense of insecurity that made the thoughtful Negro-American ponder and wonder whether there could not be anything done to change that condition of things for the better. Just at that time God sent forth a man of our own race—a man thoroughly prepared for the work of organizing and leading men—a man schooled at Fisk, trained at Harvard, and finished in Germany. This man is W. E. B. DuBois.

Notwithstanding the great change of sentiment in the North, all thoughtful Negro-Americans, upholding the common brotherhood of man as the everlasting pillar with which

*Write Editor "To-Morrow" for Cause and Cure.

the Founder of the Christian religion supported his system of morals, still had an abiding faith in the deep sense of justice and the inherent love of fair play that lingers about the heart of the righteous majority of the great American people. They knew that through the Constitution that people had guaranteed to Negro-Americans all the rights accorded by that instrument to other American citizens. They recognized the fact that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. They believed that injustice could not stand before argument, exposure and the force of public opinion. And they believed that when its spirit of brotherhood should be awakened, its sense of justice fully aroused, its love of fairness put to the highest test, the Nation itself would acknowledge Negro manhood, restore the plainest rights of a plundered people, and thereafter enforce obedience to the spirit and the letter of its own organic law.

Believing these things, DuBois called for a general conference at Niagara last July. Representatives of seventeen states met, mapped out various lines of work for the welfare of the Negro-American, and addressed a letter to the people of the United States. Thus, this little band of Negro thinkers—pledged to the betterment of their kind and clothed in the hope that their ideas and principles would meet the acquiescence and assent of every intelligent person—met, organized, and brought into being **The Niagara Movement**.

Like the tongue of Garrison, and like the first shot for liberty fired at Lexington, this organization is bound to be heard. And it is a peculiar coincidence that its first meeting should have been held at Niagara, its name suggested, the grandeur of its purpose outlined, its force foreshadowed, and the perpetuity of its principles promised, by those rushing waters whose unceasing thunders have been heard by all the world.

Niagara is not a foreign word, nor is it here applied to a foreign organization with foreign principles. It is a purely American word here designed to designate and characterize a permanent association of American men with American ideas. It is a native-born name assumed by a body of native-born citizens.

Niagara and a dark-skinned people were here when Columbus came. Niagara and a dark-skinned people will be here when the great discoverer's name shall have become a myth. The word Niagara symbolizes a mighty movement. We accept it as a name full of prophecy for those who receive it, and as one token of the brotherhood of man, direct from the tongue of a vanishing race whose history is linked with our own by ties of blood and suffering.

The Niagara Movement is something new. It is not a society based upon mutual admiration. It is not an association of men seeking political preferment. Most emphatically it is not an organization wherein any member's zeal for the welfare of the race can or shall be measured by a political foot-rule, be counted in numbers at a ballot-box, be exchanged for a

petty clerkship, or be determined by the intrinsic value of a mess of pottage received from the tacit sale of the birthright of a people. Yet, there is no desire on the part of our membership to establish any other than a broad-gauged institution, and there is no room for either bigotry or truckling expedients within our ranks.

Our organization at present is neither vast nor complex. We have aimed at simplicity and directness throughout, and seek to accomplish a maximum of good with a minimum of form.

Several details of our organization are yet to be worked out, and at present the Niagara Movement has but two national officers. These are a General Secretary and a General Treasurer. The head of the Movement in each state is a State Secretary. The General Officers and the State Secretaries constitute an Executive Committee, which is the general governing body of the organization.

Then there are ten Sub-Executive Committees, namely:

1. A Committee on Finance.
2. A Committee on Interstate Conditions and Needs.
3. A Committee on Organization.
4. A Committee on Civil and Political Rights.
5. A Committee on Legal Defense.
6. A Committee on Crime, Rescue and Reform.
7. A Committee on Economic Opportunity.
8. A Committee on Health.
9. A Committee on Education.
10. A Committee on Press and Public Opinion.

While the work will be largely carried on through similar local committees, the fact that our membership is harmonious and devoted to the principles of the Movement—the fact that we are fully agreed upon what we wish to do and the best way to do it—is the surest guarantee that Faction will never rear its head within our ranks. Without a solitary thought of political emolument, without a single mercenary motive, but seeking with good works only (a little here, a little there) to lead the entire race to higher ground, we have sought to organize upon simple and effective lines. But while we are determined to build and maintain a simple and effective working organization, we are equally determined to overlook none of those basic principles which are absolutely necessary to the success of our undertaking. I believe it was St. Augustine who said that in essentials we must have unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity. And I would submit that thought as one of the guiding traits of our movement.

In this country we have no effective organization devoted to the general welfare of the Negro, and we believe there is room for one that shall become truly national in the scope of its work and membership. But its building will not be easy.

This organization will call for great self-sacrifice and self-denial upon the part of its members. The time will come

when we shall be called upon to surrender something, to lose something, or to suffer something in behalf of the principles we have adopted or shall hereafter adopt. In the State of Lovejoy and Lincoln, remembering how and why they died, it were little to ask that we ourselves shall yield some personal interest or pleasure in our devotion to an institution that is established and maintained solely for the benefit of Negro-Americans. Perhaps the day of the martyr is past forever, but while the Negro continues to suffer wrong because of his color, the day of devotion and personal sacrifice to some such course as ours must remain.

While the Niagara Movement is less than six months old, it was able to have a representative at the recent funeral services of Judge Albion W. Tourgee, at Mayville, New York; and on Thanksgiving Day, in twenty-six states it is holding memorial meetings to the friends of freedom. These meetings will be held every year.

We recall, repeat, and revere the names of all the steadfast lovers of liberty, from the gentle troop of friendly fore-runners whose words adorn the annals of the Old World, down to that determined and triumphant throng whose deeds have glorified the story of the New. We remember and revere them all—from Cardinal Ximenes to Clarkson and from Benezet to Beecher. We honor the men of words who inspired the men of deeds, we praise the men of thought who paved the way for the men of action, and we love the men of Conscience who walked beside the men of God, in one great cause; for to all of them and each of them belongs the unparalleled and eternal glory of having abolished the slave trade and slavery, the two greatest sources of crime and human suffering ever recorded in the annals of mankind.

But the race must work for its own betterment and endeavor to deserve the blessings of liberty that these unselfish men secured for the Negro throughout the world. To this end our organization makes certain demands: God made men and left it for governments to make citizens. And as men we demand that other men shall cease to deny our needs of higher education, because that denial clouds our title to the highest mental training we are capable of receiving. As the race has unquestionably shown capacity for liberal education, we assert that it is not only the right, but the duty of our people to struggle for the highest knowledge attainable, to the end that the race may bring forth superior men and women. We need educated churchmen, teachers, professional men and craftsmen.

In the colleges and universities of this country, in 1901, there were two thousand white students to each million of white population—while each million of Negro population was represented by a pitiful three hundred. Grateful even for that, we shall ever continue to struggle for more. We have aimed high—and we shall never be satisfied with less opportunity, less learning, less training and less character-

building than is enjoyed by any other race or class among the sons of men.

The Negro-American seeks, needs and demands opportunity for education all along the line. The safety of the nation lies in the character and training of all its people. At the wish of the studious boy or girl, black or white, anywhere in this land of stupendous wealth, common information should run as freely as water; while for those who wish to walk through wider fields of learning, or who desire to ascend the loftiest peaks of knowledge, there should not only be ample encouragement, but naught to hinder, molest or make afraid.

In addition to opportunity for higher education, we demand freedom of speech, a press without fear and without price, a right of suffrage free from the taint of political cheat, the abolition of caste, the right to employment in any capacity for which we are fitted, and every other right that belongs to any free American.* We shall vote intelligently and seek to check the curtailment of our political rights; we shall co-operate in business, study the laws of health, study Negro history, support honest and fearless journals, and endeavor to wipe out crime among Negroes in a country where it is a crime to be a Negro.

Though the North has weakened under a terrific bombardment of Southern influence and Southern gold, its record proves that it will be the Negro's friend as long as he deserves a friend. And it is the one great composite aim of the Niagara Movement to make Negro-Americans as a class worthy of the greatest friendship ever bestowed by a stronger people upon a weaker.

It is a privilege of pleasure and a duty of devotion to render an expression of gratitude to the friends of the Negro, living and dead, throughout the world. From the brave majorities of other days who abolished the slave trade and slavery, down to that great American who now occupies the presidential chair, we acknowledge and honor them all. With a meed of praise for the noble dead, and with gratitude to our living friends, we turn to that great body of American people whose indifference and unconcern promote and permit the abuse of the Negro. We turn to those righteous but unheeding majorities that are enjoying life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in a land of peace and plenty, and urge upon them the solemn truth that they could not now, nor at any other time in their history, more fitly honor themselves, their country and their God, than by enacting and enforcing on American soil the true spirit of that first great character of human liberty, under which—and in whose language—the administration of justice is assured “promptly and without delay, freely and without sale, completely and without denial.”

*Write Editor “To-Morrow” for Cause and Cure.

Is Civilization a Failure?

By D. F. Hannigan.

The question playfully asked by Bret Harte in his celebrated poem, "The Heathen Chinee," might be put in all seriousness by any modern preacher or moralist to an audience composed of the most intelligent of his fellow citizens.

It is the custom of platitudinarians to talk glibly about the "blessings of civilization" but to the philosophic mind it must appear more than doubtful whether civilization itself is a blessing or a curse.

First of all it is desirable to form an accurate idea of what the word "civilization" means. To civilize is to reclaim from savagery and to organize by law and social order. Civilization is defined in the Standard Dictionary to mean "a condition of human communities characterized by political and social organization and order, advancement in knowledge, refinement: the arts, and progress in general."

"Guizot, an authority on the subject, for he wrote a "History of Civilization" gives us this definition: "Civilization, therefore in its general idea, is an improved condition of man resulting from the establishment of social order in place of the independence and lawlessness of the savage or barbarous life. It may exist in various degrees and it is susceptible of continual progress."

Objection might be taken to this definition on the ground that if "social order" involves the loss of "individual independence" this "improvement" in man's condition may be too dearly purchased.

Freedom is a boon so precious to man that many have preferred to die rather than sacrifice it; and it will be found that most of the disadvantages resulting from every artificial state of civilization are due to the unjust restraints imposed on human liberty by any system of government or social organization not based on the principle of the "greatest good to the greatest number."

Matthew Arnold, who with all his shortcomings both as a thinker and a critic of modern society, must get the credit of having always cherished lofty ideals, has defined civilization as "the humanization of man in society, the satisfaction for human society of the true law of human nature." Here we have a nobler idea associated with the conception of civilization than is to be found in Guizot's definition. Unquestionably, no civilization is of much value which fails to humanize man. Let us now test the question by the light of facts.

The world has had many civilizations: Egypt with her pyramids and her colossi, Greece with her unparalleled achievements in the domain of art, Rome with her marvelous system of law, all helped in the great work of civilizing man.

Jewish civilization consisted in giving to mankind the religion of monotheism, the worship of one supreme God and Lord of the Universe.

But the greatness of Greece and Rome are things of the past. We have the remains of Greek sculpture and there is scarcely any literature greater than that of ancient Greece, though only a part of it has been preserved. Rome is no longer the "Mistress of the world." The so-called "Eternal City" has shrunk to comparatively small dimensions and only in the literature written in the Latin tongue, of which some noble specimens are left, in the roads constructed by the Romans during their conquests, and in the element of law which has served as a basis for most European codes have we any survivals of the mighty power which once extended over a large portion of the earth.

The causes of the decay of the ancient civilizations are not far to seek. Egypt before her fall sunk into idolatry and sensuality, Greece lost her pristine virtues, and the effeminacy of the Greeks before their decline as a people made them a subject of mockery and contempt for the Latin poet, Juvenal. When the Huns and Goths conquered Rome, the empire was already disintegrating from sheer moral putridity.

The Middle Ages—the so-called "Ages of Faith," might be not inaptly described as a long night of semi-barbarism. The feudal system with all its rigidity of military subordination, encouraged despotism and placed the masses in a condition of absolute servitude. The exaggerated courtesy shown to women in those days under the guise of chivalry often veiled licentiousness and contempt for the most sacred obligations. Up to the dawn of the Reformation it can scarcely be said that we can find even the beginnings of modern civilization.

It certainly cannot be claimed that the fierce wars of religion which formed so large a part of the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did much for civilization. They brutalized rather than harmonized men. If we could have a realistic picture of any country in Europe before the time of the French Revolution it would be so squalid in some of its details as to fill our minds with disgust. Macaulay has partially performed the task by his sketchy but comprehensive account of English society in the days of the "Merry Monarch" and his successor.

The state of society in Europe since the French Revolution might be briefly summed up as the transition from feudalism to commercialism. In the United States political liberty was won by a glorious triumph on the part of the colonists over the Mother Country: but, after more than a century, the republic established by Washington and his compatriots, has developed into a country where huge monopolies despotically control prices so that the majority of the population—the workers—must pay far too dearly for the necessities of life.

The pursuit of gain by those who have already acquired large fortune, often by very questionable means, shows a deep rooted selfishness* which is not merely opposed to all true patriotism but to the instincts of humanity. While the rich are growing richer, the poor are growing poorer. Cases of unscrupulous dishonesty are of such common occurrence in

*Write Editor "To-Morrow" for Cause and Cure.

the United States that the public no longer experience any moral shock on finding that some person moving in "good society" has obtained millions of dollars by fraud. The records of the American divorce courts throw a lurid light on our morals; and the "social evil" is a prominent feature in the life of every American city.*

In the teeth of such facts we might well ask "Is Civilization a Failure?" If hurry, restlessness, hysterical activity can be said to constitute "civilization," then the United States may be called the pioneer of modern progress. But the Americans in their intense commercialism, in their exaggerated regard for money lose sight of what a living English poet calls "the things that are more excellent." To no country do the words of Wordsworth apply more forcibly than to the United States:

"The world is too much with us, late and soon.

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

We desire to accumulate money at any cost, in order to purchase material comforts and luxuries has become with many persons in this country an insane passion. Even the working men and their families have become infected with this virus. The possession of money has come to be regarded as the only real distinction; and so the ambition of every one is to acquire wealth anyhow and as quickly as possible.

What is the average American's ideal of life? The millionaire! And so it is that thrift, simplicity of life, and rugged integrity—the great virtues of a Republican community have almost disappeared and in their stead we have an all devouring avarice, a mad "rush for the spoil," which if not checked will eventually corrupt American life to its utmost core.

If civilization unvolves the cultivation of the social virtues how can the Americans call themselves civilized? Selfishness, greed, unscrupulousness, and total disregard of the rights of others—are these the qualities that belong to a civilized people? Little did the Fathers of the Republic anticipate when they solemnly declared that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator, with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness" and in support of this declaration pledged to each other, "their Lives, their Fortunes, and their sacred Honor," that one day gain would be esteemed in this country far more than life or liberty and that the pursuit of happiness would be almost universally translated into a scramble for dollars.

Meanwhile the material development of the country has blinded some of our so-called statesmen as to the reality of these social and moral evils. But the philosopher—if, indeed, such a community can produce a philosopher must needs ask himself—"Is this Civilization?"

TO-MORROW'S POLICY.

No subject too sacred for discussion, no system too perfect to change.

*Write Editor "To-Morrow" for Cause and Cure.

Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians.

By Carlos Montezuma, M. D.

Great force is added to Dr. Montezuma's argument for the Indian by Dr. Wesley (Colored) in his contribution on page 49 of this number. Dr. Montezuma really wants for the Indian what the Colored race has enjoyed from the beginning; a chance to grow up with the white race, which for the Negro has resulted in the greatest missionary enterprise the world has ever known—viz.: Civilized ten million foreign barbarous people and brought them almost to our own standard in four generations.

EDITOR.

PART VI.



CARLOS MONTEZUMA.

An Editorial in the Chicago Tribune, December 21st, 1905, presents the Hon. Francis E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in a new light regarding the Government's past policy in its relation with the Indians. From this editorial it appears, that Mr. Leupp regards the policy of the Government, "for the most part, as having been extremely unwise, its mistakes having been mainly due to a misunderstanding of the Indian's nature"; that "penning them up and feeding and clothing them at public expense has de-

teriorated them as it would any people"; that "it is time for a new policy"; that the "Indian should be made as free and independent as white men are in respect both to property and citizenship and sent forth to hustle for himself"; that "the Indian will find means of supporting himself if Uncle Sam throws him upon his own responsibility"; that if "the process of re-adjusting the redman to surrounding conditions be but carried on gradually but steadily they will all, in a few years, be practically assimilated to the people about them; the 'Indian Problem' of so many years will then cease to trouble the nation."*

The Editorial adds, "The policy Mr. Leupp outlines is, perhaps, the wisest that has ever been suggested. The Indians cannot be kept forever in tutelage. They cannot remain forever a separate entity in the nation. The scheme proposed seems well adapted to relieve them of their leading strings and melt them down into the mass of the people

*Write Editor "To-Morrow" for Cause and Cure.

in a way that will do neither them nor any one else any harm either temporary or permanent."

This Editorial of the Tribune is a brief review of parts of Commissioner Leupp's annual report which came out about the time the Editorial appeared in the Tribune, and the statement that "the policy Mr. Leupp outlines is perhaps the wisest that has ever been suggested" conveys the impression to the casual reader, whose attention has not been particularly given to the so-called "Indian Problem," that Mr. Leupp's suggestions amount to a new policy, distinct from anything of the kind before advanced; when, in fact, it is new to the Tribune simply because it comes from Mr. Leupp. The suggestions attributed to Mr. Leupp in this editorial, so far as they embrace the policy of bringing the Indians as rapidly as possible into direct association with the people of the country, are not **new**, but have been persistently made for many years, not only by Gen. Pratt, but by all educated Indians who have had the subject at heart and the courage to make themselves heard.

There is probably not a single suggestion of practical value made by Commissioner Leupp on this matter in his report, that has not been fully presented and outlined in our articles published in "To-Morrow," and especially in the July number, 1905, where we hold the Indian up to view as "a man" and show the necessity of considering him from the standpoint of manhood alike with other men, and wherein we discuss the school problem, advocating the public schools of the country as the only elementary schools for his education and showing the necessary short-comings and inefficiency of the reservation schools.

The Tribune editorial has the ear-marks of an article prepared in advance of the coming out of the Commissioner's report and "sent on by telegraph" for publication in order that it might meet the public eye and be heralded as a new policy, before it could be subjected to criticism through the ordinary channels.

The expression (referring to Mr. Leupp's policy) that "it is perhaps the wisest that has ever been suggested," has a too conclusive sound to be accepted as coming from the editor of the Tribune.

After thirty years, at least, from the establishment of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School, and after at least twenty years of discussion of the Indian problem, during which time Gen. R. H. Pratt and the educated Indians all over the country had advocated it, the Tribune now comes to the front to say that the old time suggestions, because made by Commissioner Leupp, now, for the first time, constitutes the "wisest policy that has ever been suggested." It is a mere resort to superlatives in order to make up for past failures to grasp the Indian situation as it was at the time the Commissioner by reason of his "peculiar fitness" was appointed to his position.

To be plain and straightforward, the editor of the Trib-

une has been thoroughly informed during the past twenty years, at least, to the effect that the reservation, and therefore the restrictive policy of the Government in dealing with the Indians, was **unwise**, and not promotive of the results most to be desired.

During all the years the Indian problem has been before the public the various theories advanced by the friends of the Indians have been well known to the newspaper staffs of the country, and therefore, a matter of common knowledge with the Chicago Tribune. More than this, the expression "wisest ever suggested" lacks the appearance of having come from the skilled hand of an editorial writer.

In the usual course of editorial comment on public affairs of this kind, the review would be, it seems to us, something like this: "The policy which it seems from Mr. Leupp's annual report he favors pursuing with the Indians is in keeping with the suggestions for many years past made by Gen. R. H. Pratt and many of the educated Indians, and is, therefore, not a new policy except in the sense that if from now on it be carried out, it differs from the course the Government has been following; and if Mr. Leupp shall be successful in putting into effect the non-exclusive plan for the Indians and thus bring about their absorption into the mass of the people, generally, as rapidly as possible, he would be entitled to the credit of having put into practice a real and practical reform in Indian affairs."

Personally, we have no motive in thus particularly noticing the Tribune's review of Mr. Leupp's annual report, except as we are moved by the necessity of keeping the way clear for a proper public understanding of the Indian situation. And in aid of this purpose it is our plain duty to keep a constant vigil over the proposed plans of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and to note wherein he puts himself in an inconsistent attitude, as we claim he did in his annual report in advocating the restoration and preservation of the so-called "Indian Music," and therefore the only reason we can find for contradiction of plans in his report is that he wants to be considered as being in line with the advocates of reform in Indian affairs without really being committed unreservedly to measures that necessarily involve doing away with the Indian Bureau.

But whatever purpose he may have in this manner of mixing things, it is our duty to say, in conclusion, that the Indian Bureau should have nothing to do with the building of a special asylum for insane Indians or with establishing a tuberculosis sanatorium for consumptive Indians. It was demonstrated years ago, that all specializing in behalf of the Indian results in failure, for the reason that the places where the Indians can best be educated, trained, nursed and cared for are the places where people generally are educated, trained, nursed and cared for mentally and physically. The Indians are no more subject to mental afflictions than the people of any other races were while making the tedious journey from a primitive existence to a civilized state.*

*Write Editor "To-Morrow" for Cause and Cure.

An Indian in one of our public asylums or a sanitarium would be no more incongruous than a German, Frenchman, Italian or Russian would be. And the suggestion of these specialties for the Indians grows out of the failure to comprehend the Indian's status as a man among men, and the Indian's nature, the failure to understand which, the Commissioner tells us, is the cause of the "mistakes" made by the Government in the past, the very thing which, so far, it appears, the Commissioner himself has failed to comprehend.

When the Commissioner of Indian Affairs shall cease to advocate the doing of anything by the Indian Department that necessarily involves a continuance of the Indian Bureau; when he shall cease to suggest only changes in method of operating the old machinery; when he shall cease to suggest amendments instead of revolution, and when he shall have advocated unreservedly the pursuing of a course that would by virtue of self-operation bring the Indians out into the body of the people as men among men, thereby abolishing the reservation system and eliminating the Indian Bureau as a factor in National Politics. He will then be in a position to claim the recognition to which he is entitled as a genuine advocate of complete reform on the part of the Government in its method of bringing the Indian into civilization.

(To be continued in March number.)

EXODUS.

Why should we loiter,
 Tattling of the past;
 Come let us turn our footsteps
 Toward the vast
 Unharred and untracked future.
 Make the trail
 Out of this land of bondage,
 Through the sea
 And parching desert,
 Chastened though we be,
 Hungry and thirsty,
 When we conquer greed,
 Our unstarved souls
 On more than flesh shall feed,
 And we will pierce
 The sullen wilderness,
 And from the heights,
 Survey the lands that bless—
 That promise Canaan
 Whose sweet joys we borrow,
 Before we reach them;
 Lighten then the sorrow,
 With eager hand-clasped hand,
 And make acquaintance,
 Watching for—TO-MORROW.

—CHARLES HOWARD FITCH.

To What End?

We are pleased to receive such communications as the following, and beg to assure the writer and other friends that the Spencer-Whitman Center differs from every other world movement in that it expects to accomplish nothing by talking and sermonizing but only by **DOING**.

Realizing that we can only grow strong mentally, physically, morally, socially, through the daily exercise of the faculties brought into play and that only by strengthening the better set of faculties can we sufficiently weaken and destroy our bad tendencies, our plan is to organize groups of liberal and advanced thinkers who by living and working for the group or community instead of for self will gradually develop the spirit of brotherhood and comradeship in place of the greed, vanity and hypocrisy which are the natural products of the profit system.

With a few such groups on a communal basis established in various parts of the country, on proper scientific and sociologic lines we are convinced that they will become such examples of character, education, thrift and happiness that it will initiate many other such movements which later will result in natural order, in combinations, dissolutions, reintegrations, etc., that will inaugurate a growing force by which the future co-operative commonwealth may be attained.

To what end, you ask? The end which we aim at by this means is a working solution of the political, economic, social and domestic unrest of our age, not by preaching but by *character building* through the means of living the right kind of life.

EDITOR.

Mr. Parker H. Sercombe—

Dear Friend and Brother: Will you accept a frank and stimulating criticism from one who is not even a subscriber, but who nevertheless feels moved by the Spirit to write?

Your magazine was made known to me by a friend. It is fine—wonderfully fine! And the Spencer-Whitman Center, Thought Exchange and Lecture Bureau is fine. Why? Because earnest, free and fearless communion of soul is indispensable among spiritual beings.

Yet I am moved to ask “Cui bono?” “To what end?” Is there not something **more** needed? It is to begin and end in “communion of soul” only? Shall the discussion of Life, of Good and Evil conditions be kept up ad infinitum, for the discussion’s sake alone? Or should not the discussions be made rather to serve Humanity’s actual Needs? to bring about better conditions here and now?*

Words, words, words—billions and trillions of words! Grand, inspiring words, too—but **TO WHAT END?**

Do you know that there are one or two hundred magazines, or more, in this country today any and every one of which, standing by itself alone, is “indispensible” to every progressive man and woman? Likewise twenty life times harnessed abreast, would not be sufficient for keeping up with them? And that then there would be no time left to **DO** things—to **LIVE**?

I want you to feel that I am saying all this in the uttermost spirit of brotherhood, of love and good will, yet I want to make my point as clear as the noon day sun.

This is an age when Organized Life through Man and Spirit, its highest forms, is pouring forth a greater flood of richness than ever before since the world began. And yet

the very excess of that rampant flood has turned much of its wealth into perverted forms and we have still with us the ghastly tragedy of world wide oppression and greed with its great machinery grinding out hell for the millions in order that there may be Heaven for a few score. I do not need to tell you of this; you proclaim it and denounce it as fervently as I could ever do.

And you mean what you say. You believe to the utmost in Universal Brotherhood, in absolute Equality of Opportunity for all—an equality which you know as well as I, is and must be an “iridescent” dream so long as present conditions continue.

And all these other magazines—that is—nearly all, are discussing and proclaiming and denouncing the same things, in many different keys, it is true, yet the general theme is unanimous, astonishingly so.

All this discussion, this countless trillion of words, are letting in the light of truth upon the situation, to a degree infinitely greater than ever before. And it is all good and necessary, but it is not enough.

Why is it that you and the rest of them are turning on this flood of light? Is it not merely the first step toward the annihilations of such conditions as are found to be wrong?

There must be light yet light alone will never accomplish anything. The value of light is in its use as a guide.

The crucial point of the whole matter lies in this one question: WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

A million rays of light traveling in parallel lines, remain as calm and cold and powerless at their journey's end as when they first started; but a million rays of light converged upon a single point can start a world conflagration, a consuming fire of militant truth that shall consume the dross and leave the pure gold that is fitted for endurance.

What are you going to DO to sweep these wrong conditions from the earth now and forever?*

A circle is endless; and so are parallel lines drawn through the immensity of space. Haven't you been sowing your light rays in the endless wastes long enough? Isn't it time to converge?

Where is your Focal Point?

The fact is simply this: your magazine ought to be twins. It is not a vital publication; it is only semi-vital, for vital means pertaining to life, and life always and everywhere is a double force, positive and negative, male and female, thinking and doing, playing and working.

So far the Spencer-Whitman Round Table is only run by females, receiving one another's ideas, and playing at battledore and shuttlecock with them, instead of setting them to WORK.

“To-Morrow; for People who Think,” needs a partner, a husband—“To-Day; for People who Do.” I would supply it myself if I could; but such things require money, and I am only a penniless workman. Besides it is properly your

*Write Editor “To-Morrow” for Cause and Cure.

job anyhow. You have made your Eve first, and now it is up to you to produce an Adam to match her.

But mark this one thing—it must be genuine from the ground up; it must be not a mere literary name, but the true exponent of a virile and effective plan of actual work that is being currently demonstrated in concrete and visible form, and that is so solidly grounded on the ETERNAL PRINCIPLES which Spencer formulated and Whitman sung and lived that it shall contain in embryo but in healthful and lusty process of development and growth, everything needed to progressively weed out and destroy forever, all the manifold tares that are now cumbering the ground—the excrescences that are still draining the life blood from the Social Organism.

The Spencer-Whitman Center is called a “world movement. How is it moving? In a circle like other “world movements,” or like a machine planned by intelligent minds with specific work to do and specific tools to do it with?

Yours for the Cosmic Oversoul,

LOUIS W. ELDRIDGE.

THE INTRUDER.

By NORA BADGER CROSSER.

I discovered yesterday, by merest chance,
An intruder had presumed upon me quite;
And straightway, in disgust at such advance,
I proceeded to remove him from my sight.
So I jerked him, and tore him from the place
Where I deemed he had no right to long remain;
Though I felt that other fellows of his race
Would soon follow, and annoy me just the same,
Then I fell to musing o'er the odious theme
And I strove to see it in a light that's fair;
For after all, though premature it seem,
Why should I thus repulse my first grey hair?

TO THE READERS OF TO-MORROW.

If you have not already supplied yourself, send for one of Nancy McKay Gordon's new booklets, *THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FINANCE*. She will send it to you all ready to post, done up in dainty pink tissue paper, tied with a ribbon of the same color, fascinating and attractive, before even looking into the pages wherein is written a message for all men and women who are striving for freedom. Nancy will send you this booklet if you will send her 25 two cent stamps, and address her: 241 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ills. Or, should you want two of these booklets, one for yourself and one for your friend, just inclose a dollar bill and she will not only send the books but also a gracious word which will compensate the most fastidious soul.

High Finance in Mexico.

By Parker H. Sercombe.

Part IX.

September and October, 1903, found J. O. Rice, then manager of the International Bank and Trust Company of Mexico, at the Holland House New York, in sumptuous apartments enjoying the proverbial "fat of the land."

Luxury, extravagance of every type, ease, and that air of studied importance that ever envelops the aura of little men raised to the pinnacle of a little brief authority, were among the attributes and circumstances which I observed when I called upon him there at that time.

Of course, I, who had presented him with the ten thousand dollars worth of stock which he afterwards sold to the German who committed suicide, was of small consideration compared with William L. Moyer, President of the International Banking Corporation, William Astor Chanler, Manager, McIntire, and other people of quality, with whom for that brief time, he was closely identified, the object as planned out in conjunction with W. O. Staples, J. L. Starr-Hunt and George Ham being to plunder the International Bank and Trust Company for mutual profit and glory.

Staples was also there in New York, anxious to make a bid for my \$40,000 odd shares in the institution, but in all the plots, schemes and frenzied juggling, Rice was the central figure.

Had this materialized Pariah been content with simply working his graft game to overthrow Hunt, the conditions were so favorable that he might have accomplished it, but in addition to these lesser fields of conquest this little man also had Ambition with a big "A." He wanted a title affixed to his name as one of the Vice Presidents of the International Banking Corporation, or in the event of only ousting Hunt, he aspired to the presidency of the International Bank and Trust Company. Like many another who aspire to an importance quite out of proportion with their equipment, instead of becoming, as he hoped, **Mexico's greatest financier** and manipulator, in a few short weeks he not only wilfully and maliciously caused a million dollar loss to a number of innocent, deserving people, but by his own crafty egotism he was landed high and dry, the malicious wrecker of a looted institution that only a short time before; during a fortnight's visit of President Hunt, had been placed in excellent financial condition with nearly half of a million dollars cash on hand.

In the visit of President W. H. Hunt to Mexico, here referred to, he learned that through flattery and other means of encouragement Rice was being induced to loan large sums so rapidly to Railway Contractors and others that he was impoverishing immediate resources and rendering things in an unsafe condition, and in his short visit Mr. Hunt not

only realized, by calling in loans, disposing of securities, etc., some four hundred thousand dollars, but left explicit instructions that the loans should not again be increased so as to bring the cash to the danger line.

No one thought that Rice's almost accidental coming into the position of manager would so completely turn his head as to make him absolutely worthless as a balance wheel for the institution; however, this was the case, for no sooner had he become the local arbiter in Mexico than he commenced a system of self-propaganda accompanied by schemes to undermine and discredit all others that stood in his way, that could not possibly result in other than his early downfall.

The Bank's funds were not only used extravagantly and without security, to make friends who would be to his personal advantage and to make good old personal obligations, but he began to throw about himself a "See the Conquering Hero Come" sort of a halo with a sincerity worthy a better cause.

With George Ham and J. L. Starr-Hunt as co-conspirators, the latter acting as attorney for both his and Ham's banks, it was at first planned to throw the International Bank and Trust Company into an embarrassed condition and then with Ham's United States Bank as chief creditor, for him to magnanimously come forward, guarantee the loans, rob the stock holders, freeze out W. H. Hunt and his group and consolidate the two institutions with Rice and Ham posing as the leading benefactors in the game.

Rice, Staples, Gen. Frisbie, and Leonel Miller, however, acting together from the first, evolved a side play of their own of greater magnitude, which had in view the idea of selling out at a big profit as "promoters" to William L. Moyer of New York and the International Banking Corporation of which Miller was manager in Mexico.

Ham and his attorney, Starr-Hunt, were kept in ignorance of this second bunco game, and in a meeting with the former they induced Ham to put up fifty thousand dollars of his bank's money taking as security five hundred thousand dollars of the International Bank and Trust Company's gilt edged securities, this with the expectation of making the holding permanent at the time when he, Ham, (who was being fooled), should have the opportunity to regulate the International and Trust in his own interest.

Feeling that with these and other funds arranged for the institution was amply provided, Rice and Staples on separate days left for New York where we found them at the beginning of this chapter.

By promising good offices and fat salaries in the proposed "reorganization," J. O. Rice had succeeded in securing the allegiance of A. C. Scales and other subordinates to a scheme for undermining and ousting Hunt, and this accounts for the fact that Scales having been left in charge was under agreement to act promptly without questioning, on any instructions

by letter or wire received by him from Rice while the latter was in New York City.

It is easily understood that in this situation, Rice was between the devil and the deep sea on account of the varied relations and interests connected with his private plans and schemes, and as I now recall the nonchalant, patronizing air with which he greeted President Hunt and myself one morning when he happened to step into the former's office at 71 Wall Street, I am astounded to think that so insignificant a personage should acquire the assurance to imagine that he could ever release himself from entanglements that would have puzzled Cecil Rhodes or Charles T. Yerkes in their best days.

It may come within my province at some future time to give in detail the meetings, calls, appointments, promises, entertainments and dinners that made up those days devoted to coquetting with the International Banking Corporation through the medium of McIntire, Chanler and Moyer, and all this time, Rice, during his spare moments and between the hours that he devoted smoking one dollar cigars, was paying visits and making appointments with stock holders and directors of the International Bank and Trust Company working up a conspiracy to let them know the great advantage that would accrue to the institution were W. H. Hunt dismissed from the presidency and he, Rice, with **all his influence and ability**, installed in his place.

So sure did it seem to Rice that any one of his three or four plots must surely fall his way, that he failed to cover himself at almost every point, and he did not know that the very directors whose minds he was poisoning against Hunt were meeting in daily conference and planning how best and with the least friction and scandal to do away with Rice permanently, and thus get rid of all his blistering, deceitful, and objectionable pretensions.

After arranging for his associates to look after things during his absence, and without leaving any word that could get to Rice as to his destination, President Hunt, on October 12th, left New York direct for the City of Mexico, and Rice calling in the afternoon on Wednesday the 14th, and finding that Hunt had not been in his office, grew suspicious and wired A. C. Scales as follows: "Have reason to believe Hunt enroute for Mexico. Advise Ham and Starr-Hunt. J. O. Rice." facts if you can, and advise me. J. O. Rice"

Thursday, October 15th, he sent the following message to Scales: "Confidential Matters arranged. We win. Vice President International Banking Corporation leaves 22nd with me for Mexico. Advise Ham and Starr-Hunt. J. O. Rice."

Friday, October 16th he wired Scales as follows: "Definitely ascertained Hunt will arrive in Mexico Saturday to take charge. See Starr-Hunt appoint Staples receiver before he arrives. Staples will be there Wednesday to assume duties. J. O. Rice."

Late the same day, Friday the 16th, Scales wired Rice in

New York as follows; in somewhat ambiguous terms: "Steps have been taken for appointing receiver. Sold 60,000 Dr. Gluck to day. A. C. Scales."

In fact, it was only about an hour after Scales had collected the returns from the draft sold at a reduced price to Dr. Gluck for the Mexico City Banking Company before that outrageous, defenseless and utterly ignorant telegram was received from Rice instructing Scales to shut down the bank in order to have it closed before Hunt arrived, and in the face of the fact that a quarter of a million dollars could have been obtained from the branches in time to open business next morning, it places Scales for obeying, in the position of being positively the most ignorant mortal that could possibly have occupied that position at that time.

Without flattery or praise to Hunt, there is no question but that if Rice's malicious, egotistical plans had miscarried and the bank been able to start up on Saturday morning, within a week's time, under his charge, the funds of the bank would have been so organized as to place the institution entirely out of danger, and thus have avoided the loss and trials and difficulties otherwise brought on by the folly of one man and the idiocy of another.

Scales's answer, "All in perfect order," at 3:30 o'clock to Gen. Frisbie owning two hundred shares, and Emetrio de la Garza owning seven hundred shares, as they stopped in the bank on that memorable Friday afternoon should go down in Mexican financial history along with those historical expressions, "Don't give up the ship," "I came, I saw, I conquered," "I have met the enemy and we are theirs," etc., it is so different.

Scale's last telegram to New York was received by J. H. Maugham, who had been left in charge by President Hunt, and who immediately replied as follows: "Resist application strenuously. Hunt will arrive Saturday morning, October 17," but it was too late. Scale's ignorance and Starr-Hunt's counsels had prevailed and when Hunt arrived Saturday morning the deed was done and the receiver appointed.

(To be continued in the March number.)

MISSION.

By CHARLES HENRY CHESLEY.

Not that great fame may come to me I ask,
Nor that my path may be bestrown with flowers;
Not in the sunlight's glow alway to bask,
Nor yet to dream away the summer hours;—

I crave in some small measure to relieve
The sorrow that another heart must bear,
To bring at nightfall just one tiny sheave,
Gleaned from the barren fields of sin and care.

Competition Yesterday, Hell To-Day, The Cure To-Morrow.

By Ralcy Husted Bell.

The following contribution is a kick, a complaint. Those of our readers who are interested are especially requested to write to the editor of this Magazine for the CAUSE and CURE. Of course, the cause has been educational—in the wrong direction. The cure must be educational—in the right direction. The cause has been bad character culture through WRONG systems and wrong environment. The cure must be GOOD character culture through right systems and right environment, for it cannot be accomplished by talk, preaching, fault finding, criticism, nor any form of chewing the rag.

If you are interested in human development write us at once and we guarantee to give you *the correct, definite* answer how to cure in the quickest way, all the troubles complained of by Dr. Bell. EDITOR.



RALCY HUSTED BELL.

Gambling and Prostitution are two conspicuous blights on civilization. The instinct of the one is near kin to that of the other. Closer than mere bed-fellows, they are partners in crime; or, shall I say, King and Queen of the Under-world: in their palaces of pelf are the bed-chambers of lust and the torture-chambers of want. These rooms connect.

Gambling and Prostitution of this world. They murder, lie, steal and fester. The rot-tener they become the happier they grow. They feed on broken hearts—thrive on human misery. Their perverted ideals sink to foulest depths of debauchery. Their votaries are moral monstrosities who willingly walk the ways of disease. Gamblers, especially, are the real Simon Pure Devil Worshippers, if ever there were any. It makes no difference whether the gambler deals in Wall Street six days and manages a Sunday School of Sissies the Seventh, or whether he deals faro in the slums the round week through, he is as much a gambler, and no less the prostitute. Whether he surrounds himself with art in Fifth Ave., or squalor in Mott Street, makes no difference with his soul. Whether he lives in a mansion with a woman who married him, or in a moral pest-house with a woman who didn't no more affect his real character than trifling change of environment affects the venom of a rattle snake. For at best, the gambler is a thief and a liar. He is a thief because he takes by cunning or chance that which is not his by right. He is a liar because he wears the mask of pretense; because he puts on the air of honesty—or, worse, of piety. He is a liar because he practices equivocation and deceit. He is a liar because he is a bluffer. In his highest estate the gambler is a prostitute. He is a prostitute because he de-

grades his talents for gain; because he debases his manhood for money; because he is meretricious; because he devotes his abilities to infamous purposes; because he surrenders himself to vile acts; because he is indiscriminate in his greedy lust. In his lowest estate he is a murderer. He is the meanest kind of a murderer because his victims include defenseless women and babes in arms. He is a cowardly murderer because he murders legally; because his attacks are insidious; because he murders through indirection; because he inspires suicide. He is a most calamitous villain because he drives his victims to prey upon their fellows; and because his villainy is far-reaching. He is the begetter of impish broods which pester the innocent—predaceous scoundrels who fatten upon the children of men.

As Prostitution has many phases, so has Gambling. From cutting the throat of a pauper for his rags in a dark alley to the feats of "high finance" in "The Street" is only a step of no material difference. Gambling in stocks is no more commendable than "shooting craps" or playing at roulette or cards. Race track gambling is as disreputable as any other. The "Frenzied Finance" of Wall Street is, perhaps, the worst of all. There are few forms of human misery that cannot be traced to gambling; few degradations that cannot be shown to have their roots deep within the hell of this awful vice. Drunkenness is its hand maiden whose delight it is to disrupt the emotions and weary the nerves, until the whole being shall cry perpetually for stimulants. The results are disastrous and sure. All this is known to us. Nevertheless, we gamble, and drink, and lust and die. Verily, the wages of sin is death.

Mighty must be the strength of good on earth to withstand the power of evil, since society is largely made up of gamblers. Our business men are, for the most part, gamblers. Our financiers are nearly all gamblers. Our insane asylums, poor houses and prisons are filled to overflowing with ex-gamblers or their victims. Tens of thousands of tramps owe their misery to this corrupt institution which is supported by all classes of society from the sleek matron of wealth to the painted courtesan of the street; from pimp to politician, and from pauper to prince. Even our "statesmen" are, largely, gamblers in disguise: that is to say, GRAFTERS and male prostitutes. Politics, in general, is the most shameless form of this evil to be found anywhere. Lust for power is as fatal to the soul as over-weening greed.

Prostitution is one of our most unlovely institutions. It exists amongst us under motly garb. If it were less general and infectious, one would hardly be justified in speaking of it. At best, it is rather a ticklish matter to discuss. So disagreeable is it to the moral nostrils that, sensitive as I am in this particular, I shall not tarry long over the subject.

This vice is very properly condemned by the better element of mankind. Many persons of the higher classes despise it; while not a few of good repute merely affect to do so.

A goodly number practice it unwittingly. Others parade it in public under the guise of another name. For example, women who marry for money, position or title are usually brazen enough to flaunt their shame by having a public wedding. Churches are desecrated in this service. Preachers of the Holy Ghost perform the ceremony. Magnificent temples of worship are turned into pig-stys. Frocked representatives of the "Most High God" descend below the level of a stud-hostler. A "marriage" of this kind proclaims the woman, the priest and attendants all prostitutes, and the groom as somewhat worse. Nothing could be much more loathsome than marriage without love. It even sickens me, and my stomach is pretty strong, although my nostrils are sensitive. The vice legalized and solemnized becomes doubly harmful. It is insidious because it wears the sacred cloak of religious sanction. It is a form of leprosy dressed in old lace and fresh linen. It is a kind of cancer that consumes beneath the smooth skin. It may also be likened to a wretched odor reeking up through orange blossoms. These impudent beings are incomparably worse than the poor thing who sells her flesh for a night's lodging; or the poor, deluded sister who barter her body for baubles and comfort—may be for the scant necessities of life. I confess that my whole sympathy goes out to a class of prostitutes made up of unfortunate victims. Many a good woman, too, weak to extricate herself from the clutches of a cruel fate, succumbs to this evil. Many are the slaves of chance; some are cursed by the ashes of their ancestors; others are crushed by human savagery; some are the bond-women of passion; some the hand maidens of love, and thousands are the wrecks wrought by man's duplicity and woman's trust. WANT and WOE and WEAKNESS! monstrous triad that destroys womanhood—that violates the good and deflowers of the pure! Thus it is that some women are mere toys of Fate, blind victims of Sin, frail objects of Pity—and to them my heart goes out to melt in woman's tears.

I am persuaded that it is worse—much worse—to sell the soul than to lease the body. We have those with us in great number, male as well as female, who eagerly exchange honor for pelf: public officials who sell their souls for gold. These political harlots are the despicable wretches lost to every sense of decency—blind to every human obligation. Unabashed, these slimy venders hawk their public trusts in exchange for personal power and place of graft. These are the shameless monsters who pollute the air of day and befoul the darkness of night. These are the whited sepulchres that walk. These are the demons that destroy and the devils which devour.

But prostitution does not stop with these. It is also found in the learned professions: advocates in law who lead shyster-ing lives and grow sleek on plunder; supreme court judges who accept bribes to "hand down" decisions to thieving promoters who would legalize their acts under the farce of a "franchise"; harlots called legislators who sell themselves to

other he—harlots known to us under the mild euphemism of “lobbyists”; ministers of God who lend their clerical robes for lust-cloaks; doctors in Medicine who delude the diseased for an extra fee; weasel-faced druggists who rob the sick for a small sum; engineers who connive with contractors to rob their employers—lowlived engineers who recommend the purchase of inferior machinery for a rake-off. This is the kind of prostitution fittingly called **graft**. It has a thousand forms with but a single aim. Nor does prostitution end even with these. We have colleges and universities which prostitute their high function to some pious thief whose mistaken penance leads to large “endowments,” through which he hopes to purchase praise on earth and grace for his **immoral** soul somewhere else. Churches are just as greedy; and whole cities parade their shame by accepting from some old scoundrel a library “with a string to ’t”, that is to say, the library is to be maintained eternally at public expense to perpetuate the name of an old rascal. Newspapers, chambers of commerce, legislatures and Congress, time after time, have been sold to successful buccaneers called millionaires. Utter callousness to the censure of decent folk is the worst phase of it all. The purveyors of female flesh are modest by comparison.

If the guilty alone suffered for their sins man might speak of justice without committing blasphemy. But in this world the innocent suffer for the guilty, the weak for the strong, the poor for the rich, and the lowly for those in high station.

In spite of all this there is much to recommend us as a race. We have thousands of virtuous women and over a dozen honest men. There are those amongst us whose hearts bear the burdens of the world; there are those who have real charity within them—and who keep it there well under lock and key; and others again, whose charity flows outward, drowning misery and inundating want; many who are self-sacrificing, noble, complete: those who were created in the image and likeness of God—in other words: after the highest ideals of the human heart. And there be those whose family ties are strong, whose marital relations are pure and among whom virtue, as seen, is a jewel held high as a star. Besides, now and then a decent woman marries a title through accident—that is, through love.

In all this I rejoice. Furthermore, there is no evil so black that good may not come out of it. Therewith it is that the brain of man works magic alchemy. Wisdom and Art extract remedies from poisons; bring forth aids from difficulties and make ladders from obstacles.

The wisest of us commend honesty, yet few practice it—which illustrates the futility of preaching the impossible.

Perhaps I am recklessly frank? But I think that any one who fears to speak his honest thought lest he lose a friend deserves to have neither. If I am “like the man who threw a stone at a bitch, but hit his stepmother,” like him also I exclaim, “not so bad!”

Desmorgenslandt

Conducted by M. F. Canfield.



THE NEW YEAR.

Why has custom crystalized the habit of postponing the making of good resolutions until the New Year?

Is not each day as it comes pregnant with opportunities, as fit as any other of the three hundred and sixty-five, for the doing of right? Is not one day as morally insistent as another, in its silent demand to "ring out the false and ring in the true?" In this regard *every* day should be a glad New Year.

If custom has stamped the precedent of delay in the *making* of good resolutions, human frailty or lack of sincerity has too often set the example of *disregarding* them. So easy is it to tread in the beaten path. Still this neglect is the more regrettable, for though

"A fault confessed
Is half redressed,"

yet a good *promise* is not half *accomplished*.

These resolutions too often prove mere wraiths of the mind which the breath of the next emotion blows away. It is the *will* behind the resolution, to *keep* the resolution, that gives body and life to the conception.

To be true to one's *self* in all that pertains to the highest in life, is to be true to all of God's creatures, and there is no one who can afford to be false to himself one minute out of all the minutes in the whole year.

Truth and Righteousness must kiss each other oftener than *once* a year, if the world is to be made better.

Not resolutions poorly kept,
Can foster human cheer,
But duty done to every one,
Brings daily glad New Year.

BABY HELEN HOUSLEY HUTSON'S FIRST SNOW-STORM.

Darling brown-eyed Baby girl—
Watching how a world of snow-flakes
Dance about in madd'ning whirl,
Claps her hands with joyous wonder,
Draws still nearer to the pane—
Asks mama with lifted finger,
Who has painted *white* the rain—
Beats with rhythmic hands the window,
Beats with rhythmic feet the floor,
For the beauty of the snow-storm
She has never seen before,
And her soul so late from Heaven,
Hears the music of the whirl,
For as pure as dancing snow-flakes,
Is this angel Baby-girl.

—M. F. C.

THE ETERNAL RIGHT.

How oft have you heard, my friend, I say,
That things are *changed* in this latter day;
That rights and the wrongs our Fathers feared,
Have passed away like the land-marks reared
By those who have gone without return,
Where fruits more rare in the sunlight burn?

And this is the creed they fend and flout,
That *wrong's* all *right*, till the *wronged* find out;
That *self* is our god, *license* our goal—
Ay, *this* is the thing these sophists dole,
To curse with its taint of wrong desire,
That burns the heart like a wild-wood fire,
Till all that the soul has once revered
Is warped or charred or disappeared.

The rights of the Weak are rights of the Strong,
Nor wrong is *right*, nor right is *wrong*,
For *truth*, is our strength, our dawn and day,
And *right* is *right*, and is right *always*. —M. F. C.

A DREAM OF TOMORROW.

"Well, what are you doing—you people of the Spencer-Whitman Center?" was the query put to us at the Social Economics Club, by several of its members. "What are you doing?—that's what we want to know," and so it is—not what is your "*faith*," what do you *believe*—but "what are you doing?"

What is anyone doing?

What are you doing, friends?

True we are not rolling in luxury with gold and silver to incinerate, we are not making a large quantity of "jelly" or any number of "sheets and pillow slips" for "charity," as you are doing, but we are *doing* something which will cause you surprise some day, when you rub your eyes and find you have been sleeping while we, who have not "lived in the city for forty years," have attained to "the heights by great men reached and kept," and you are "in arrears" with your "accounts."

Who is fighting the battle? Who is gaining the victory? Are you, O friend, when you inquire "what are you doing?" Are you, who are afraid to "investigate" along lines other than your Church dictates? Are you, who are suffering from unjust laws, are you fighting the fight, are you gaining the victory? "The hour is at hand when discussion must give way to *action*."

"I shut my eyes and dream a dream.
I see Tomorrow rising from the mist,
To sit by me, for I am unafraid,
I dream she wears a homely gown, and yet
She takes me in her arms and holds me there;
I dream she sings me songs beneath her breath.
And all the while—she goes I know not where.
I never know just when the singing ends,
Just when the dear Tomorrow slips away—
But when I wake, Today is here again,
And I must on my duty be away."

KATHERINE CONKLIN.

My Dear Sercombe:

Each successive issue of To-Morrow is the best. The rapidity of its growth in goodness is something remarkable, and I am watching the development with intense interest. It seems to me that to the question, "Why is To-Morrow the most vital publication to-day?" the best answer is "Because it has such a vital personality behind it."

Yours ambidexterously, WALTER HURT.

EXPLANATION—AND SUNSET.

By CHARLES A. SANDBURG.

By an ironical turn of circumstance, my article on Alfred Henry Lewis in a recent number of your Magazine, was not properly proofread, several typographical errors obscuring my meaning not a little. I tried to point out that Henry Lewis was a fair example of the man who is a martyr to facility, carrying the cross of cleverness on his back. He has been called "the Tod Sloan of the flying phrase." I honor him as a jockey. His speed I acknowledge. But in giving to the world an example of speed, he confers no greater benefit than did Richard Croker with the lesson in tenacity which he gave us. It is the use to which a gift is put that glorifies it. I admire the jauntiness of Lewis no more than I admire the patience of Rockefeller.

In the old days there were expert swordsmen who fought for the king and found their pleasure in riding rough-shod through the mobs that asked only the black bread to which they had been accustomed. And as to-day pencraft is replacing swordcraft, so there are writers sold to the service of the Ruling Class just as there were once guardsmen bought for the Royal Court. And as occasionally a guardsman bore a charmed life, so Lewis has a charmed reputation and escaped the plunges of spite which I made toward him.

By way of parallel with the Lewis article, I shall next month have an appreciation and estimate of Jack London. I have known philosophers to say that it is out of love and admiration we are moved to our worthiest actions and I think it is possible that what I believe of Jack London may be worth reading—there may be a quaver of truth in my consideration of the strongheaded, big-hearted man from the Pacific coast. As I was crossing Lake Michigan one day last October, it was my luck to observe a remarkable sunset. I have read Dante, have witnessed Jonathan Edwards rhetorical flights into hell, and have warmed my hands at the threats of Billy Sunday and Wilbur Chapman. But never have I touched an effect like this aforesaid sundown.

The sun dropped like a red, slow-moving cannonball into a dense, black shore of clouds. Down near the water's edge,—where the curve of the earth denied the eye to look farther, the clouds parted and formed a cavern where the sun appeared, a throbbing mass of crimson. What unseen shovels were at work I do not know, but deep in the center a revolving disc of white burned fiercer and fiercer.

A Chicago American reporter was taking notes near me, and an Englewood insurance man gibbered to a Baptist preacher about jumping overboard. It was not a panorama we saw. It was a tense, lurid reality. More than anything else, the West resembled a furnace, a huge, iron receptacle, fit place for the torment of the erring. And I said to myself, "I would like to throw Parker Sercombe, body and soul, into the hottest middle of that."

NORE—If you should take Sercombe out of the hot place being prepared for him, and shovel him into your sunset, he would freeze to death in a minute.

EDITOR.

J. W. Billingsley, of Lincoln, Nebraska, who lectures and writes upon the following subjects: "Are Thoughts Things," "Primary Causes that Menace Modern Society," "Dynamics of Thought," and many others, writes as follows:

My Dear Friend Grace Moore:

. . . . The "Epic of the Granite Column" is a masterpiece center picture of Evolution. Then three sentences of Mr. Sercombe's article, "The Vital Publication," should be written in immortal bronze, and posted on the highways to arouse conscience in sluggish brother man, to hasten his emancipation from ignorance and selfishness. These are the Preachments: "One day the unthinking majority will know its power and without opposition or injustice to any, will pass such restrictive measures as to make the appropriation of the earnings of the many by the few an impossibility." . . . "This fat sow of the system with its nose in the trough, its distended guts groaning and still filling, sounds the warning that the razor-backs are preparing to assume control of the swill." . . . "We say this country is not safe, when ten millions of its inhabitants live in dire poverty, and two hundred and seventy thousand fill its jails."

Sincerely,

J. W. BILLINGSLEY.

The Spencer-Whitman Round Table

Conducted by Grace Moore.



GRACE MOORE.

shock," let him migrate with Maxine and his fellow playmates to a 160 acre ranch of his own, and learn to chant with us down here, this little rhyme.

"While the sweet pertaters brown
With the possum from the hill,
We'll bile the sugar cane juice
Into lasses at the mill."

We like the "To-Morrow" very well, but there is nothing for women, as she should teach herself. She is yet looking

We are much interested in a letter received from some comrades in Mary Ester, Fla. Here are some portions of it.

Spencer-Whitman Round Table, Chicago.

Dear Grace: — I see that you as an "editress" enjoy a little gossip, the same as any other woman. I have enjoyed the "Hayseed" gossip immensely: but to enjoy the real thing, you should take a flying trip to Point Radical, Fla. Five years ago I settled on one hundred acres of government land, alone and with absolutely not a dollar. For six weeks I had for company birds, crickets, porpoises and fishes. But today I drive my own horse, milk my own cows, feed my own pigs and chickens and gather the eggs, etc.

Now if Farmer O'Brien wants to recite "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the

for man's support. Until she is able and willing to guide her own craft she will never be a success. Woman is first pressed then repressed, depressed, suppressed, and finally expressed—by Mrs. Grundy generally. She seldom has the audacity to express herself, and have "opinions" of her own.

MRS. R. C. IRVIN.

The "To-Morrow" magazine is as much for women as for men. It stands for principles, and principles are for men and women equally. We recognize, as Mrs. Irwin does, that "woman should teach herself," but men have themselves to teach also, and just as much to learn as women have. We do not pose as teachers of either men or women, because the only real teacher of human beings is life itself. All that the human mind can do is to point the way that seems to it good. It is for each soul to grasp for itself the truths intended for it. No two persons may see exactly the same truth, at exactly the same time in exactly the same way.

The "To-morrow" feast is spread for all. All are invited to partake of the good things as they feel inclined and see fit, without respect to race, color, sex, condition or circumstance. The principles we apprehend and aim to make clear in the columns of this magazine are as applicable to women as to men, to the poor man as to the rich man, to the average intellect as well as to the mental giant, and to the suffering and poor in heart as well as to the joyous and satisfied.

Our Southern comrade's reflection that woman "is yet looking for man's support" and that "until she is able and willing to guide her own craft she will never be a success," is full of profound significance. Happily there is a vast army of women, not only able and willing to guide their own crafts but who support whole families as well. Thousands of women have awakened to the necessity and beauty of their economic freedom. Many recognize the need and value of this economic freedom who are not so situated that they can be practically free themselves. For many there is as yet no freedom but the freedom of the soul from resentment, anxiety, and unhappiness even while conditions remain quite the opposite of what they can picture them to be, and desire them to be. Heaven pity (and bless)! the woman who longs with all her soul to be "independent" and who would be "able and willing to guide her own craft," but who for love of a father or mother, husband or child, remains in an uncongenial environment, sticking to the tasks that have long since become irksome and unlovely to her. There are thousands of women who can picture and wish themselves on a ranch alone, "with not a dollar," and only their own wits to prove good their independence; thousands long for a little business, a little pin money or a little social or intellectual life **all their own**, who yet must of necessity remain in bondage, whatever that bondage may be. These women have our sympathy.

But what of the still larger army of unawakened, undeveloped, unpoised women who actually prefer to lean and who have no wish to support themselves by their own inner

strength and individual efforts? They are most of all to be pitied. For ages woman has been the child, the convenience, the plaything of man. Man has insisted upon making woman the dependent, helpless creature that she is in the main. He has himself to blame for the fact that she is not yet entirely able or willing to guide her own craft. Man has so long monopolized the oars and insisted upon doing all the steering himself, that his partner has been forced to be a silent one, so far as any active direction outside of the purely domestic relation is concerned.

We frequently hear the assertion by some man, "my wife is free to do exactly as she pleases," or, "my daughter could not take care of herself, if I'd let her." We always (or nearly always) find that the wife who is declared to be free to do as she pleases, is only free so long as she please to do as her husband prefers to have her do! The man who made to us the most positive statement to the effect that his wife was free, was the most exacting, selfish, domineering man he ever saw. His wife was so devoted to him, so unselfish, tactful and sweet, that the man hadn't the remotest idea that she was in any way dissatisfied. He adored his wife; her sunshiny ways and ever smiling countenance were such satisfaction to him that he enjoyed them to the full and then fancied it was himself that gave all the pleasure! When this woman finally "expressed" herself, it was to the effect that she "did not dare" do thus and so, "husband would not approve."

The daughter who only wants father's consent to try taking care of herself, should have that consent, and if father were only as philosophical as he is clever at sizing up a woman with reference to her chances in the business world, he would say as quick as a flash, "go on daughter and try it—I'll help you!" If "daughter" soon found that father was right and she could not take care of herself, so much the better for father. Having permitted her to be "free and independent," to just the degree that she proves able to maintain her freedom and independence, he is then himself free. His daughter is then not dependent upon him against her will, but **because she wishes to be**. She will cease to chafe and fume and speculate about the great splendid world from which she is barred. Having found that its green pastures are not for her and that home after all is the place God made for her, she will discover new comforts and beauties there.

But let Papa, Husband, or whoever the man may be who holds in his hand the where-with-all for a woman to be fed, housed and clothed, not forget, that only to the extent that he consents to freedom for woman and graciously offers to co-operate with her to the end that she may have every experience she longs for, can he realize freedom for himself—freedom from every suspicion of a desire to co-erce or to rob another of any possibilities of happiness; freedom from the awful position of even seeming to be for one single little moment, a tyrant; freedom from that worst of all responsibilities, the

responsibility for the direction and working out of a human life.

If this same Papa, Husband, or whoever he is, is far-seeing and philosophic enough to recognize the fact that economic conditions are rapidly shaping themselves in favor of freedom and independence for every human creature, man or woman, and that in the woman who is now by force of inheritance, circumstances and environment, dependent, are possibilities and powers which he by reason of his own more positive nature, cannot hope to realize, he will discover in the situation, a valuable lesson for himself and an opportunity for his own growth and uplift that would not otherwise come to him.

Oh, man! thou who feelest the clinging arms of a woman, know this to be true, that only as thou art sincerely willing and glad that she, thy comrade, shall be in every sense of the word as free and independent as thou art, shalt thou come into realization of true freedom and independence for thyself. Only to the degree that thou art indeed willing and glad to co-operate with thy comrade (for thy comrade she must truly be) in the very mistakes that she would make, if them she must, 'ere she can be wise and content, can'st thou know the divine sweetness that she holds for thee. Not till thou hast broken every semblance of a chain, and scattered to the four winds, the last remnant of the skeleton in thy closet, can'st thou hear the rhythmic beatings of tenderest love in the breast for her for whom thou laborest. Free her, if thou would'st thyself be free. Love her for her weaknesses, and to those weakness if such they seem to thee, be kind, oh, so kind. Thy reward shall be such unutterable love as was never fully pictured in song or story.

Here is a New Year Greeting from "Mae Lawson Herself" to "Himself" and our next Round Table chat we shall have something to tell you about it that lack of space in this issue of To-MORROW necessitates postponing.

GREETING.

"What shall I wish for thee for the coming year?
 Twelve months of dreamlike ease? no care? no pain?
 Bright spring, calm summer, autumn without rain
 Of bitter tears? Wouldst have it thus—my friend?
 What lesson then was learned at the years end?
 What shall I wish thee then, God knoweth well.
 If I could have my way, no shade of woe
 Should ever dim thy sunshine: but I know
 Strong course is not learnt, happy sleep,
 Nor patience sweet, by eyes that never weep.
 Ah! would my wishes were of more avail,
 To keep from thee the many jars of life.
 Still let me wish thee courage for the strife,
 The happiness that comes of work well done,
 And afterwards the peace of victory won."

J. M. Kantor, on "The Ancient and Modern Jew," Jan. 11th, made some telling statements, such as that "while the Jew is a money-maker and so much prejudice exists against him on that account, still he has never been an embezzler or traitor to the country or friends of his prosperity, not a man under indictment for fraud in any of the great Life Insurance Companies that have scandalized the country, being a Jew." We regret that lack of space forbids further notice of this highly interesting and instructive discourse by our liberal Jewish comrade who, as an organizer and instructor is doing such fine work for his people in Chicago and elsewhere.

Monday, Jan. 15th, was the occasion of a most delightful lecture by Mr. W. B. Fleming. It was a masterly presentation of history from Babylonian times to the present, and was particularly interesting to students of the Liberal Movement because of its clear and forceful showing of despotism and oppression as the cause of the degeneration and decay of nations. The forbidding weather conditions kept many of our friends away on this occasion and could we with certainty assure them that the skies would be clear, on a date in the future that we might name, we should beg that Mr. Fleming repeat his lecture for their benefit.

Mr. F. Mills, President of the Anthropological Society, gave also a historical review (Jan. 18th) and further emphasized the inherent tendency in man to own, control and oppress, by one means or another. Mr. Mills outlined the trend of Commercialism as tending constantly toward despotism, with an impetus never before known in the history of our own or any other country. A most interesting discussion followed.

"The Philosophy of Egoism," by James L. Walker (deceased), is unquestionably a masterpiece of clear thinking, and for pure English, deftly and effectively applied, is pre-eminent. But with the highest regards due the deceased author's work, now made public, we suggest that the "philosophy" implied in the title is not more than an individual conception of the word egoism. The entire work is given to correct defining of words rather than to the intelligent interpreting of life.

Lectures and discussions at the Center since our last report, have been unusually attractive and interesting, and especially forceful because of their telling revelations of the purpose and extent to which *people are thinking*.

Dec. 11th "Public Schools from a Practical Standpoint," was to have been presented by Margaret Haley herself, but Miss Haley was so crowded with engagements as to find it impossible to be with us, and Mrs. Treadwell, now President of the Teachers' Federation, came in her place. Mrs. Treadwell is a convincing, delightful speaker. Her address was in its entirety, a most logical, insistent plea for freedom for children and for greater liberty between children and teachers, showing conclusively the modern need of freedom, not only in the schools, but in the economic, political and social world. The fact was brought out with great force and clearness, that there is a steadily increasing demand for freedom, and that there is no point at which this demand will stop.

Dec. 14th "The Bboys" gave the regular "sunset dinner," complimentary to "The Girls," who a few weeks previously had assumed the same task, independent of assistance from the masculine side of the house. The special feature of this dinner, so much enjoyed, was a song, entitled "The Spencer-Whitman Center," composed and sung by Mr. O'Neal, Mrs. O'Neal playing the accompaniment. The song and its rendition brought forth a perfect storm of laughter and if it were possible to do it justice by a full reprint in the Round Table we should be pleased to do so. However, the chorus below will give an idea:

"Everybody works but Sercombe,
He sits around all day,
Reading up Spencer and Whitman,
Thinking his life away;
When we are united,
And all join in his plan,
Everybody then will have to work,
But *the old man*."

Dec. 18th, "Mrs. Clara F. Gaston, Secretary of the Theosophical Society, charmed every one present with her scholarly lecture on "Life in the Lower Kingdoms." This necessarily brief notice could not give any real idea of the beauty and strength of Mrs. G.'s discourse and we must content ourselves with only this complimentary mention of it.

"How to Help Delinquent Boys" was the subject discussed by Mr. J. J. McManaman, Dec. 21st, and we refer our readers to the article under the above title in this issue of *To-Morrow*.

Jan. 1st was the occasion of an informal symposium, every one present taking some active part. Jan. 7th, Mr. Geo. Schilling gave us the story of "The Pardoning of the Anarchist." Mr. Schilling was for years the close friend of Mr. Altgeld, and the story as we heard it from him was a very interesting one.

Jan. 8th, Mr. L. H. Sawyer was to have entertained us with his characteristic biography and philosophy of "Toreau," but a 'phone message early in the day, conveyed to us the sad intelligence of the death of one of Mr. Sawyer's children. Some "Heart to Heart" talks were indulged in and proved interesting and helpful, as usual.

The poem, "Past and Present," in the January number should have been credited to D. F. Hannigan instead of D. F. Harrigan. Also, in the third stanza "climbed" should have been printed "clomb."

"Miss Grace Moore stirred them up. The occasion was a meeting of the Social Economic's Club in Handel Hall.

The subject for discussion was: "The Social Settlements of Chicago." Representatives of Hull House, Chicago Commons, Henry Booth House, Association House, and others, gave interesting resumes of their work and prospects, after which the president announced an address on "The Psychology of Social Settlements," by the feminine associate editor of *To-Morrow*.

Miss Moore's principal argument against social settlements was that they are not social. The speakers for the various settlements had nearly all stated with emphasis that they were not advocates of charity, and wished it understood that the settlements were in no sense charitable institutions. Miss Moore quoted further remarks of the speakers to prove that they had advocated charity, one speaker having said that the institution she represented was affiliated with every known charitable institution in the city.

Miss Moore's address was an attack on social settlements, because she believed them to be more or less promoters of charity and wrong in principle. The point best sustained was the fact given by a representative that volunteers for service in the settlement never remained longer than three months. "Out at our Center," said Miss Moore, where we don't believe in charity, "we can't get rid of volunteers!"

KANTOR'S HIT.

When a man builds better than he knows, he is one of the blessed ones of earth. It was J. M. Kantor's good fortune to go over into the "Black Belt," one Sunday, to address the colored men's Forum.

He made a distinct hit, so distinct in fact that one of his auditors in an impassioned outburst of eloquent fervor, claimed Kantor as one of his very own. "I agree," said the speaker in question, "with everything this dear young man has said, and my heart swells with pardonable pride when I reflect that it was one of my race who wrote and delivered the splendid paper we have listened to this afternoon."

The effect of this utterance was electrical. The Forum men cheered, laughed, then cheered again, while Kantor flushed, moved uneasily in his chair, and the speaker stood in open-eyed amazement, apparently unable to comprehend the *why* and the *whichness* of the extraordinary demonstrations.

J. M. Kantor has done some remarkable things, but none more remarkable. I imagine, than this achievement on the occasion referred to above. The negro was in error. He mistook thought-kinship for race-kinship. The human overcame the tribal instinct, and the negro claimed the Jew as brother and kin. I am not going to argue the pro and con of this question. I simply restate, when a man builds better than he knows, he is one of the blessed ones of earth. W. (H. A.) M.

The Informal Brotherhood



Conducted by Viola Richardson.

REVERIE.

After Hearing a Sermon by Rev. Frank Gunsaulus.



VIOLA RICHARDSON.

The tendency of all scholasticism, all religion, is to hold the mind in bondage, and prevent the free and independent exercise of thought out into wider fields of scientific investigation along any line whatsoever.

It is made so easy for us to relinquish the power to think for ourselves—to drift idly with the throng—accepting what they accept, thinking what they think, and dreamily forgetting that there are any great truths in nature waiting to be absorbed into man's thought and woven into the texture of his conscious life.

There is woven around the religious devotee all the subtle and intoxicating charm of art and music. Senses are soothed and thought is lulled to rest—and one floats on the waves of dreamy ecstasy. It is like lying on a bed of rose leaves, fanned by butterfly wings.

And for an individual to step out of the throng—to express doubt of the teaching that is given in the name of established institutions, is like one who lives in a mansion throwing aside his silken robes, turning away from downy beds of ease, away from fine foods and exquisite perfumes and the shelter and the comfort and the cheer—and going forth wrapped in coarsest garments, with bare feet, out into the stony road alone, with no shelter from the rain and the heat of summer, nor from the cold and the snow of winter,—going forth to hunger and thirst and loneliness and weariness and pain.

What is it—that something that stirs in the soul of the

reformer, that moves him to doubt and to turn his back on all that means safety and comfort and ease and lazy drifting amidst friendly companions—what is it that stirs in his soul to make him put all this aside and venture forth into the untried, the unknown, the forbidden?

Down in the brown earth there are germs of life, hidden in the darkness, invisible; but slowly, surely, the life impulse pushes always towards the light, and at last the tiny shoot comes through the ground, reaches upward, always unfolding towards the light into fuller and finer expression of life. So it must be with man—that planted somewhere in him is the seed of life and it pushes always towards the light until it unfolds in his consciousness and he sees with new eyes and hears with new ears, and thinks with freer and truer mind. It is an impulse that enfolds and possesses the soul wherein it has root—and must be obeyed. The man becomes unique—a new man in a new world, and no more can his senses be lulled and his thought be hushed by the intoxicating music, the impressive architecture, the seductive love of those who would hold him. He cannot escape this impulse of his being that impels him away from all that makes life safe and happy and full of ease and idle comfort. He may turn reluctant eyes to the flower-bordered road along which the throng loiters, he may wave a fond and tearful farewell to those who lovingly beckon to him—his spirit may faint in the silence of his utter loneliness, but he cannot turn back—cannot leave this task laid on him by some strange necessity of his being, this task of making a pathway through thorns and thistles and over stones and parched sands.

I think that if we could see truly we would see that these men are holy men. We stone them and curse them and crucify them, and yet they bring to us that which slowly lifts humanity always into higher and broader and surer realms of life.

They are as gods sacrificing their lives that they may bring the sacred fire from heaven to us, that we may warn by it and not perish.

V. R.

TO-MORROW.

'Tis the rock that is holding the anchor
Of the seer's prophetic soul;
'Tis period of glad fruition
When his yearning shall reach its goal.

To-day the intrepid reformer
Has calumny heaped on his name.
To-morrow the voice of the tribune
Will hail him in Liberty's name.

And those who in song and in story,
Have championed Truth and the Right,
Shall reap their reward in the glory
Of To-morrow's fadeless light.

The light the iconoclasts borrow—
 The halo that points us the way—
 Is unfaltering faith in to-morrow,
 That sweetens the toil of to-day.

Nor yet shall we pause when all sorrow
 Is hundreds of centuries gone,
 But ever a brighter to-morrow
 Will lovingly beckon on.

The above poem and the following letter are from our friend and brother, Wyatt Millikin, of Kansas City, Mo.:

Mr. Parker H. Sercombe—

DEAR SIR: I am much pleased with the December number of *TO-MORROW*, and especially with your "Epic of the Granite Column." . . . I was much gratified with Bro. Meakin's manly and impartial "expose" of Mormonism. That much abused people are carrying a load of wrong and oppression—most enough to sink this land of *alleged religious* and political freedom.

I smole a light yaller smile with a heavy blue fringe to read that you are led to believe that a magazine "for people who think" can never be a financial success.

Stand by your guns! I b'leve there's enough of us on earth now to keep the ball rolling, especially in the hope that it will gather strength and proportions as it goes, like the balls we used to roll in the soft snow when we were kids.

I hope you may live to issue the January number for the year 2001.

Yours for the Right and the Truth, _____

The following letter was not written with any thought of its being used in the "Brotherhood Department," but it brings such a spirit of cheeriness and good will that we are going to share it with you, by giving the extracts below. The writer sent a bunch of violets in the letter, and the thoughtfulness of sending the violets brings lesson which none of us can learn too well—a lesson that holds the key to the solution of all the hard problems that make life barren and unlovely—the simple art of "being kind"—the remembering to be thoughtful of the joys of others. When we have learned just to be "good friends" we will have learned the most important thing in the way of adjusting all social difficulties and leveling inequalities. Here is the letter:

Viola Richardson—

Dear Friend: . . . I seem to be a sort of sponge and I hope in some incarnation to be able to instruct as well as absorb. One thing I know—no matter what the material environment is, *I am liberalized*. Of course it did not all happen in a moment, but I can look back to childhood days and then I could not believe that any one except myself could atone for anything I might do amiss. And since those far away days my experience has led me in devious ways—I have an understanding of life *as it is*. . . . Of course I fell in love with Margaret's picture—girls always have a special attraction for me. One of the ladies here knits balls for little ones to play with, and as "Our To-Morrow Baby" is still a baby, I forward one of the balls for her. Ever your friend, F. E. R. D.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

"Desert News," Salt Lake City:

The January number of *TO-MORROW*, a monthly magazine "for people who think," has made its appearance. It announces that with the beginning of this year it will devote its cover page to portraits of eminent thinkers, such as Lincoln, Voltaire, Paine, Jefferson, etc. Among the subjects to which space is given are, "Marshall Field's Fatal Gun," "Christmas Turkey Graft," "Thirty-five Kinds of Tyranny," and "Race Suicide."

"Leader," New Haven, Conn.

Beginning with 1906, "To-MORROW" makes a new department along the line of hero worship, and will devote its front cover each month, and other interior space, to portraits of the world's thinkers, reformers and radicals. Among those whose portraits will adorn the front cover to commemorate the months of their anniversaries, will be Lincoln, Voltaire, Paine, Jefferson, Tyndall, Darwin, Garrison, Franklin, Thoreau, Shelly, Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel, Ingersoll, Morris, Ruskin, Whitman, Beethoven, Altgeld, Humboldt, and Henry George.

Among this month's best numbers are "The Epic of Love" "Marshall Field's Fatal Gun," "Christmas Turkey Graft," "Thirty-five Kinds of Tyranny," "Race Suicide," etc.

"Hawkeye," Burlington, Iowa.

To-MORROW for January is something of a sensation on account of several articles, notably, comments on the death of Marshal Field, Jr., while "Playing with a New Gun," and the "Christmas Turkey Graft."

"The Humanitarian Review," Los Angeles, Cal.:

To-MORROW, for people who think, Parker H. Sercombe, managing editor, To-MORROW Publishing Co., 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago. Monthly, \$1 a year. This is a good magazine, one that is acceptable to liberal readers. The number for January, 1906, contains portraits of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine, with a short reference to the achievements of each. The Review and To-MORROW will BOTH be sent one year to any new subscriber for only \$1.00 sent to this office.

"Nebraska City News":

Among To-MORROW's editorials for January are "The Gun as a Play-thing," referring to the death of Marshal Field, Jr., and "The Christmas Turkey Graft." A revolutionary philosophy is expressed in "Thirty-five Different Kinds of Tyranny." A picture of Benjamin Franklin adorns the front cover, and one of Thomas Paine appears in the reading columns. "A Thoughtful Consideration of Race Suicide" is by Lida Parce Robinson, and "A Social Watchword," by Grace Moore. Carlos Montezuma, the Apache physician, urges the abolition of reservations and government aid to Indians, declaring that government paternalism is the surest means for degeneration of the race. Lizzie M. Holmes contributes her final article on "The Evils of Liberty," and Fletcher Berry, an essay on "Funerals." The current serial on "High Finance in Mexico," by Parker H. Sercombe, treats of the doings of Joaquin Cassasus, Mexican Ambassador to Washington, in the matter of graft, and he also touches upon the failure of the International Bank and Trust Co. The Spencer Whitman Round Table, and The Informal Brotherhood appear as usual. The publication has this month been enlarged to full magazine size and increased to 32 pages more than the December number.

Mr. Parker H. Sercombe:

Dear Sir: Happened to pick your November number up along the track here and got interested in reading Dr. Carlos Montezuma on "Abolish Indian Aid and Reservations." I am an Indian myself, and agree with Dr. Montezuma in everything he says. Yours truly,

Gallup, New Mexico.

CHAS. KIE

Dear Sercombe:

I cannot be with you Christmas evening, but let me say that the more I think of your movement the more it commands my interest and respect. It lays hold upon the most absolute principle, the life which, however uncouth it may be in some of its manifestations, and however often it may be defeated, has yet within it a power of self correction and self purification capable of unmeasured growth and strength.

CHARLES HOWARD FITCH.

Carlos Montezuma, a Chicago resident and Apache physician, has a telling paper in the January number of the *To-MORROW* Magazine, urging the abolition of government reservations for the Indians and asserting that government paternalism means inevitable degeneration for his race. "Thirty-three Different Kinds of Tyranny" and "The Gun as a Plaything" are other articles that will cause readers to think.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Mr. Parker H. Sercombe—

Dear Friend: In *To-MORROW* you have surely struck the key note towards making a brighter and more harmonious world. Go ahead, friend Sercombe, and staff, in your work against ignorance and prejudice, until a thinking world is gained. Yours sincerely,

JOHN P. MEAKIN.

Mr. Parker H. Sercombe—

"To me the covering objects of the Universe perpetually flow. All, all, are written to me, and I must get what the writing means."

I need the Magazine, *To-MORROW*, and as I do not believe in chance I realize that this morning brought me a treasure, the December number of *To-MORROW*. Yours sincerely, MRS. F. E. R. DINGMAN.

Dear Mr. Sercombe:

Well, here's my hand—you have my best wishes for *To-MORROW*. It is impressing people,—what more have you a right to ask?

Faithfully yours, REUBEN W. BOROUGH.

Mr. Parker H. Sercombe:

Enclosed find one lone single solitary paper dollar for which kindly have forwarded one copy per issue of *To-MORROW* for one year. I stood one day in a stationary store (there were no chairs) and on a table I gazed upon *To-MORROW*. I took a glimpse of the inside of *what it was*—my eyes ever attracted by a headline (it was a *headlight*) "The Epic of the Granite Column"—possibly a narration of the marble heart—but notwithstanding, one of the most beautiful and realistic gems of literature I ever had the pleasure to read and see. If I were the owner of a newspaper in every village, hamlet and city of the United States, I would place the "Epic of the Granite Column" on the editorial page of every paper, every copy, every issue, for one year at least. God bless you, old man!

Most respectfully, WILLIAM LAY.

To-MORROW for January created something of a sensation because of several telling articles, and comments on the death of Marshal Field, Jr., while "Playing with a New Gun," and "Christmas Turkey Graft." The January number is enlarged to full magazine size and increased by 32 pages more than last month.

"Democrat," Hamilton, Ohio:

For daring, independence and originality *To-MORROW*'s editorials for January stand out by far the most telling utterances of the month, its treatment of "The Gun as a Plaything" referring to the death of Marshal Field, Jr., and "The Christmas Turkey Graft," indicating that this publication is without fear of power or tradition. The editor's "The Epic of Love" preceding the Frontispiece (The *To-MORROW*'s Baby), and the revolutionary philosophy expressed in "Thirty-five Different Kinds of Tyranny," and the "Prize Contest" are a direct challenge to thinkers and reactionaries.

"Monitor," Concord, N. H.:

Parker H. Sercombe's magazine, *To-MORROW*, "for people who think," discusses in its January number, race suicide, the Indian problem, high finance, etc.

"Star and Herald," Dwight, Ill.

TO-MORROW is a new magazine, handsome in design, handy in size, and full of common sense. We are pleased to receive To-MORROW, today because its cheery contents make us happy today and tomorrow.

"Herald," Grand Rapids, Mich.:

TO-MORROW comes with a picture of Franklin as a part of the cover design. Lida Parce Robinson contributes "A Thoughtful Consideration of Race Suicide," and Grace Moore writes, "A Social Watchword." There are several papers to arouse thought and the editorials are on live subjects.

"Springfield Union," Springfield, Mass.;

TO-MORROW for January contains an article by Carlos Montezuma, the Apache physician, urging the abolition of reservations and government aid to Indians, arguing that Government paternalism tends to the degeneration of the race, and all other people as well. Other prominent articles are, "The Gun as a Plaything," referring to the death of Marshall Field, Jr., and "The Christmas Turkey Graft."

Books, Reviews and Magazines.

We are in receipt of "The Author's Apology, from Mrs. Warren's Profession," by Bernard Shaw, an artistic little booklet that should be carefully read by every thinker and student of economics. The author presents the strong possible argument against police and press censorship, a paragraph of which we append: "Let nobody dream for a moment that what is wrong with the Censorship is the shortcoming of the gentleman who happens at any moment to be acting as Censor." * * * "All progress is initiated by challenging current conceptions; and executed by supplanting existing institutions. Consequently the first condition of progress is the removal of censorship."

"*A Great Iniquity*," by Leo Tolstoy, which can be had of The Public Publishing Co., First Nat. Bank., Chicago, for 10 cents (and we understand that there is an un-illustrated copy to be had of the same publishers for 4 cents) is the impressive letter *in full*, written by the great Russian Emancipator to the London Times in July, 1904. Brief summaries of this letter were cabled from London at the time of its publication there, but this verbatim copy, issued by The Public, is the first ever given to the American public. It is a booklet of 48 pages in excellent type and neat colored cover.

"*Nyssia*," an old world story, by M. C. O'Bryan, author of "Songs of the Ages and other Poems," "Upon This Rock," "Love and Labor," etc., has come to us with the modest compliments of the author who is a well known scientist, poet and lecturer, having labored for liberal thought in London, England, for many years. Besides the long story poem, there are many short poems in the volume before us, all of which are written in Mr. O'Byrne's characteristically elegant style, and full of his profound philosophy. (M. C. O'Byrne, La Salle, Ill. Price \$1.)

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"*The Every Day Book*," by Suzanne E. Wardlaw, is a well edited, well printed birthday book "for New-Thoughters, Sunshiners, and Some of Us who have long dwelt in the Land of 'Arcadia.'" (Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.)

"*The New Life*," a little 5c. book by O. Leonard, published at 708 N. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo., is as fine a Socialist "primer" as we have ever seen. Any one not having read anything on the subject of Socialism and desiring to dip into it should get this meaty little book and become posted.

"*Respectability, Its Rise and Remedy*," by Elbert Hubbard, is a fine sociological study, and notwithstanding the writer's jaunty manner of presentation, should be read by the thoughtful. The Fra gives due credit for some of his inspiration to Morris' "News from No-Where" and Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class," both great inspirers.

"*A Modern Miracle*," by Corilla Banister, claims to "make psychic power plain," and is "dedicated to all who in charity give even so much as a cup of cold water to those who are stranded and athirst in the desert places of life." The book is well written and we find some good things in it, but not "psychic power made plain." "Self Building," by the same author seems to us a better work because more rational and applicable.

"*The Blood of the Prophets*," by Dexter Wallace, is a fine plea in verse for a World Democracy. The "Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth" and another of "Dead Republics," bring forcefully home to the awakened mind the increasing number of foulness of the world's greed stains. (Hammermark Publishing Co., Chicago.)

Some of our orthodox friends have sent us a copy of "*The Church of Christ*," by a Layman, being an argument of over three hundred pages, in favor of the Christian Religion as "New and Original." Miracles, Forgiveness of Sins, Conversions, etc., are ably discussed from the viewpoint of the author, and we have no doubt the book will achieve the success it deserves. (Funk and Wagnalls Co., N. Y.)

"*The Voice of Equality*," by Edwin Arnold Brenholtz, is a collection of poems in which Equality is strongly pictured as a counsellor, prophet, reasoner, friend, comrade, etc.

"I love the days that are yet in the womb of time!

I love the atoms now composing constellations vast!

I love the breath that on a day unborn shall breathe those atoms to be men."

(Richard G. Badger, Boston. \$1.25.)

"*Young Japan*," by James A. B. Scherer, "associated for four years with Japanese youth, as teacher in a government school." The author acknowledges his obligation for material for his book, to B. H. Chamberlain, Lafcadio Hearn and other well known writers, and also mentions the Japanese Legation and the Japan Weekly Mail, as sources of much valuable information. The book is beautifully illustrated. (12mo. \$1.25 net.)

"*Scientific Business Letter-Writing*," by L. E. Ludwig. A book has at last appeared on the all important subject which really tells how correspondence is conducted by the large concerns that have built up business to tremendous proportions largely by letter. The book has the advantage of being written by a successful correspondent of many years' experience—one whose letters have developed a concern from a small beginning, to a position of leadership in its line. Publicity Publishing Co., Chicago.

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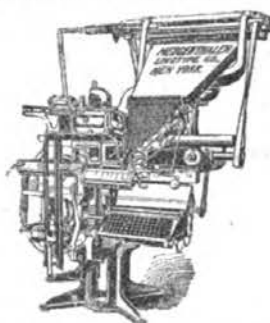
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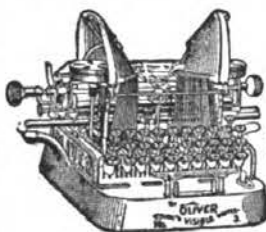


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The Business End.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

I.
And oh! that I might sing as my Master did
In the days gone by:
And oh! that I might tell a tale as my Master did
In the days gone by.

2.
Still'd is the voice, but over the grave
Spreads a starry sky:
Dumb is the singer, but the songs he gave
Cannot, shall not, die.

3.
Fair be the day or gray, forever is dear
To the river, the Sea:
Fair be the day or gray, forever is dear
My Master to me.

4.
Peace! for the land where now he dwells
Is a land of song:
Peace! for in th' land where now he dwells
There is no wrong.

5.
Oh! that I may sing as my Master did
As the years go by:
And oh! that I may tell a tale as my Master did,
As the years go by:

—Frank Leo Pinet.

William Morris, whose portrait adorns the front cover of this magazine, was probably the most versatile of all the world's philosophers. He was born March 24, 1834, and lived until October 3, 1896, dying at 62 years of age.

Morris had an intense and active disposition and was able to excel in every line to which from time to time he saw fit to direct his attention. Of wealthy parents, he obtained his education at Oxford and besides becoming a philosopher, poet and painter of note he was a successful business man, an expert designer, a social revolutionist and a worker with his own hands in wood, metal and tapestry. He founded and promoted the pre-Raphaelite school of literature and art, and surrounded himself with a notable group of artists, workers and thinkers that has but two parallels in the history of English learning. Morris was an advance thinker, a liberal and humanitarian, and as such occupies a leading place among the prophets of "To-Morrow."

We supply the pictures of Morris, Ruskin, Franklin, Whitman, Lincoln, and all other portraits appearing in our magazine, finely mounted with cardboard mat for 25c each.

The portrait of General Porferio Diaz, five times elected President of Mexico, will appear on the front cover of "To-Morrow" Magazine for April. The article on High Finance in Mexico that will accompany the publication of the Diaz portrait will also be of unusual interest.

World's Directory of People Who Think, Price \$2 is a unique and useful volume now being compiled by the "To-Morrow" Publishing Co. The volume will be bound in **To-**

Morrow Green as shown in facsimile on back cover of this magazine. This directory of **People Who Think** will be a carefully compiled list of names and addresses of men and women who in writing or speech, or good work have demonstrated that they can think. It will be a "Volume of Discrimination."

The congregation of the Spencer-Whitman Centre on Sunday evenings at 70 E. Adams street is undergoing a steady increase in numbers, last Sunday, February 11, being a full house. The texts are chosen from the Sunday morning papers, and for the past five weeks have been as follows: Prof. Foster and Frenzied Orthodoxy; The Anti-Crime Crusade; The Educational Effects of Business Life; Co-operation and "Happiness on a Working Basis."

All the work of the society is along **Constructive Liberal** lines, the following "benediction" delivered by the speaker last meeting being significant.

"In departing for your homes carry with you a profound belief in all movements and all people besides our own. Why antagonize any creed, sect or person? All are necessary else they would not be here, for the foolish and the wicked are just as necessary as the best, and only at the end shall we know which are the foolish and the wicked."

Subscribers attention:

To-Morrow and Nautilus for the price of one.....	\$1
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If the magazine you want does not appear in the above list remit us the subscription price of it and we will include To-Morrow for the price of **the one**.

Remember—Policemen and preachers are responsible for the increase of crime and the size of our jails.

Remember—Slum environment produces slum children, no matter who preaches.

Remember—If you get **money drunk** you will want your money to go on making money after you are dead, whether it destroys other people or not.

Remember—No one can talk you into a good character. You must just simply live where kindness, good character and useful labor abounds.

Remember—That the editor of "To-Morrow" is a man who has simply **gone sane** in a mad world.

Remember—That love is a good thing for **the other fellow** and he wants it unadulterated.

Remember—That **good love** is often declined because it carries too great a penalty with it.

THE GREAT WORK.

By Mary Alden Carver.

It was the morning—time of life. Ambition walked beside the youth whose heart was beating gayly, for joy and beauty were everywhere abounding. Ambition whispered—"The Great Work, the Great Work; do it now."

The youth's glad heart-throbs drowned the voice of ambition and he wandered on exulting in the promise of the future, and then—as he strolled farther onward there came to him one with inspiring presence, whose eyes were tender, and whose heart beat true—whose name was love. Love spoke (the tones although low were ardent) and said—"The Great Work, the Great Work; **now**."

The words fell unheeded upon his ears, and he pressed eagerly forward upon his journey. He passed beyond the gateway of youth. At last he was out upon the highway of life.

It was the noontide-hour of life. The road was rough and steep. The sun beat fiercely down upon his throbbing temples. Lives of others seemed far from him and unreal. He felt a lack of sympathy and charity in those he met and he realized how great was human need. Then reality stepped beside him and murmured—"The Great Work, the Great Work; **now**."

Life had reached its eventide. He glanced backward with surprise over the way he had come, for he saw how short had been his journey. A mellow light shone around him, but a shadow lay upon the traveler's brow. His face bore traces of a mighty struggle, and his shoulders were bowed beneath a burden of sorrow and care. He was weary of living and constant struggling. A light of understanding swept back the clouds that shaded the old man's countenance. Experience came to him, quickly stepped close beside him—and spoke rapidly (realizing how imperative was the necessity) and said—"The Great Work; **NOW**."

The traveler raised a palsied hand. He lifted his sightless eyes toward the fading light. In the deepening twilight a Silent One joined him. The old man's footsteps faltered, and at last, when he neared a turn of the road beyond which lay an unknown valley, he sank wearily into the arms of his companion.

The name of his companion was Death.

The Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago—A
 RATIONAL WORLD MOVEMENT, devoted to the intensified process of
 CHARACTER CULTURE through the medium of right association and
 environment. Dues \$12.00 a year, \$3.00 a quarter.

To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

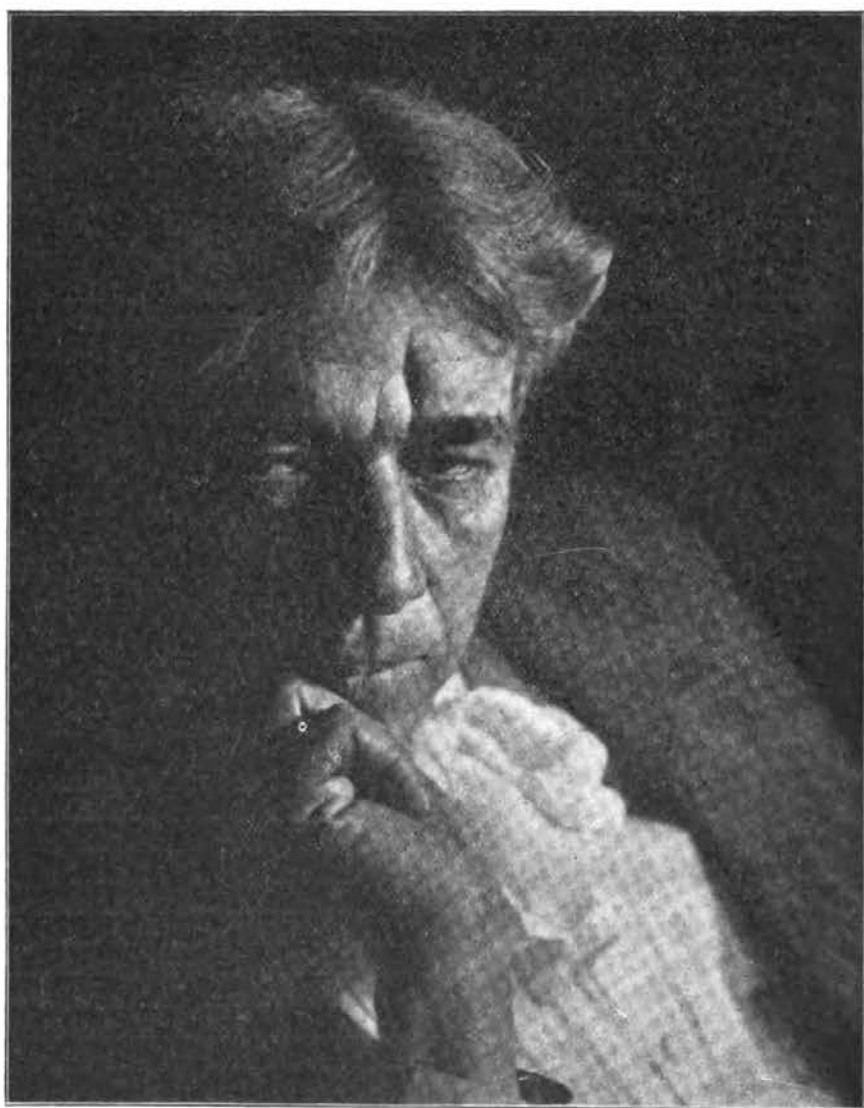
PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1906.

The Business End.....	Personally Conducted William Morris, Comments. The Great Work.
Frontspiece	A Face
Editorial Notes	The Editors
One Day Ahead of the Times.	
Church of Constructive Liberalism.	
Educational Effects of Business Life.	
Eliot and Democracy	
Chicago Anti-Crime Crusade.	
Desire as a Factor (Inspirational).	
The Tyranny of Family Love.....	Hugh O. Pentecost
On Rights	Herman Kuehn
The Eternal Nisus (Poem).....	Vivian Mordaunt
The History of Human Marriage (Part II).....	
.....	Lida Parce Robinson
To Philo (Poem).....	W. (H. A.) Moore
Sugar Beets and Beet Sugar (Illustrated)....	R. J. Trumbull
Whispering Winds of Long Ago (Poem)....	Dr H. G. Glover
Co-operation	Viola Richardson
Robert Burns (Poem).....	Mat M. Glover
The Price of a Genteel Occupation...Dr. G. Frank Lydston	
Life (Poem).....	R. W. Borough
The Vital Publication.....	Wyatt Millikan
Wagner's Music (Poem).....	L. Kauffner
The Democratic Snob.....	D. F. Hannigan
Thomas Paine	Dr. Juliet H. Severance
A Sunbeam's Message (Poem).....	Zene Spurrier
Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians..	
(Part VII)	Carlos Montezuma
A Basis for Right Living.....	Louis W. Eldridge
High Finance in Mexico.....	Parker H. Sercombe
After Nineteen Centuries.....	The Girl in Blue
Heroism (Poem).....	R. W. Borough
The Spencer-Whitman Round Table....	Grace Moore, Editor
The To-Morrow Brotherhood.....	Viola Richardson, Editor
Books, Reviews and Magazines	

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE



A FACE.

Love, power, fierceness, determination, brutality, all are there.

The camera has herein picked up the thread of the ages and caught in its shadow the advancing urge of the human animal.

Look but dimly in this face you may conjure up the fierceness of a Tartan King, the craftiness of a Loyola, or the forbearance of a Lincoln.

Hidden in the lines of this countenance lie the taunt of the first primeval warrior, the majesty of the unconquered lion compelling adoration, the complacency of the tusked walrus forcing its head upward through the ice, the timidity of the deer frightened by falling leaves, the dignity of the buzzard at dusk stalking toward a carcass, the eagerness of a wolf pursuing its prey, the coldness of Chimborazo crowned with eternal snow, the warmth of an eagle's wing housing its young, the assurance of a Bismarck expounding a doctrine, the imagination of a Swedenborg trying to induce the world to be insane.

Afar down the ages the savage creeping stealthily to kill; the tyrant inflicting the torture of the rack; the devotee bowing to martyrdom; the sister of mercy ministering to pain; the storm sweeping down the mountains, uprooting trees and laying fields in waste; the passing of seasons; the terrors of night; the dewey sweetness of morning.

All are here.—Brother! We meet again.

Yes, To-MORROW and *The Culturist* are the only real THINK PUBLICATIONS in the field. There is none other that rings true. It seems to me that the rest are commercial propositions with "please the rabble" for their aim.

WALTER HURT.

To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

WILLIAM F. FARNARD

GRACE MOORE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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Volume 2.

MARCH, 1906.

Number 3.

This Magazine is just one day ahead of the times.

While especially for the last three numbers compliments have been coming in like falling rain, on account of our fine selection of contributions, we wish to assure our readers that these kind expressions are undeserved—no one really edits "To-Morrow"—it edits itself.

Our kind friends not only suggest the subjects for our Editorials and give us the pointers for details, but the contributions which make up the vital force of this Magazine "just come," and all we need to do is to hustle the manuscripts over to the printer, have it set up and pay the bill.

From now on we propose to place our editorial work entirely in the hands of our readers and contributors—you who are sending in manuscript are already doing your part—many of our readers have already sent in subjects on which they desire to obtain the interpretation of our **impersonal philosophy**—we want subjects—we want you to ask questions for us to answer in our editorial columns—we want you to lead our thought into channels that interest **you**—we are unafraid—we are ready to apply the eloquence of clear thinking to any of the problems of life.

For two months our proof-reading has not been what it should be—it also has **done itself**, but it is going to do itself better after this.

We have been so much interested in watching the Magazine edit itself that we almost forgot about looking out for advertising, but the thought came to us and we recently sent out sixty-four letters to people who have things for sale, and our "ad" pages are now quite filling up as you may plainly see.

There are some other good thoughtful magazines besides "To-Morrow"—*Culturist*, *Medical Talk*, *Nautilus*, *Human Culture*, *National*, *Humanitarian Review*, *Human Life*, etc.,

and although we are just one day ahead of them all, we will give you "To-Morrow" and any one of them, both for the price of one, \$1.00.

Next month, April, we are going to make quite a stir. Porferio Diaz, President of Mexico, has arranged to have his portrait on our front cover and this is going to inaugurate lots of interesting things that we are going to say about that country. There are going to be things "doings," so you had better send in your subscription at once.

CHURCH OF CONSTRUCTIVE LIBERALISM:—Our Magazine now has thousands of readers, this is much, but we must have more. We have taken a hall at 70 East Adams Street, and our Editor speaks there every Sunday night at eight o'clock to full houses.

He discusses the same subjects you read about in the Magazine and in much the same way. He urges everybody to believe in everything that's going and to aid everybody and everything that's doing. Everybody is really working for human betterment—each in his own way, and if they all hustle and we help and believe in them all—**good and bad**—the best will finally arise to the top and prevail and that is progress. No use in knocking.

ON SOBRIETY:—This Magazine is sober—it advocates and practices sobriety—it does not advocate inebriety, however manifested.

There are other kinds of drunkenness that menace human progress that are much more dangerous than the one that emanates from booze. Whether the "intoxication" is from war, conquest, profit getting, love, dress, appetite, athletics—no matter what the form of mental, spiritual or economic intoxication, it is always dangerous, always degenerating, always to be shunned.

Deep draughts of the wine of inequality and oppression has invariably brought on drunkenness that has caused the downfall of empires, and in this age of money making, political oppression having shifted to economic oppression, the amassing of large estates and the tendency to bequeath these vast properties so as to hold them intact, though mistaken for elixir, is the most foul and deadly form of drunkenness with which our epoch has to contend.

The kindness implied in bequests to needy and dependent friends and relatives is sober and natural, but to devise millions in ways to hold large increasing estates intact is drunkenness, money madness and the crime of crimes.

Let a man appear on the street with a wild look and a dagger in his hand, and he will be taken into custody ere he stabs some one in his madness, but though we know that special privilege, power and wealth in the hands of a few, is the madness that has destroyed every lost nation in the world, we still permit the dagger of greed to stab human society, blast its hopes, and blight its moral and ethical growth.

From the standpoint of human society the willing of large estates intact is equivalent to being inflicted by a traitor, a thief or a murderer.

From the standpoint of the individual who wishes to keep his money making trap going after he is dead, it is egotism, petrified avarice, silliness, madness, drunkenness.

Our men of wealth uniformly give way to this madness as if their destiny in some way obliged them to get MONEY DRUNK.

There is no sense in it, no reason for it, and they can invariably become greater men in the eyes of the world by doing otherwise, but they don't.

Here is a suggestion for a State Law that will **help some** when greed has no shame:

Estates of \$10,000, should pay one per cent Inheritance Tax.

Estates of \$25,000, should pay five per cent Inheritance Tax.

Estates of \$50,000, should pay ten per cent Inheritance Tax.

Estates of \$100,000, should pay twenty five per cent. Inheritance Tax.

Estates of \$200,000, should pay fifty per cent. Inheritance Tax.

Estates of \$500,000, should pay seventy per cent. Inheritance Tax.

Estates of \$1,000,000, should pay eighty per cent Inheritance Tax.

Estates of \$10,000,000 should pay ninety per cent Inheritance Tax.

Estates of \$20,000,000 and over, should pay, ninety-five per cent Inheritance Tax.

And this would leave plenty for the suffering orphans and prevent holding large estates intact which is the curse of our age.

EDUCATIONAL EFFECTS OF BUSINESS LIFE:

Let us agree once for all, that we have become in every way what we are as a result of the kind of education that has touched our lives.

Only a small portion of the education by which a human soul is formed is a result of design or arrangement by self, parents, or teachers. A study of the childhood of extraordinary persons invariably reveals their characters and capacities as results, not of education by design, but of education by the hard knocks and experiences of life itself which could not be foreseen or planned.

Could the Rail Splitter have better planned and designed his preparation to become President than life itself did it for him? Could the boy Franklin have designed the influences that made him our Nation's greatest philosopher? Could Cyrus McCormick, his parents or teachers have designed a course of study that would have shaped his mind to have

accomplished half the success he attained? Could the baby Ingersoll or his Preacher Father have planned a curriculum that would better have made him the greatest orator of his time? Does not the pauper and criminal fall just as much below the hopes and plans laid out for them as the genius, president or millionaire rises above them?

It is then plain that we become what **life** makes us, we respond to conditions that touch us. To prove that everyone of modern times is indebted to the **forces of this epoch** for his type of character all we need do is to imagine him coming into the world in some past age or environment and we know how different he would be.

If we admit that we are indebted for our characters to the kind of life we lead, what kind of character will modern business life naturally produce? What powers does business life, the struggle for self, the tendency of trying to get ahead of other people, naturally strengthen?

As we look about us and observe to what extent the prevalence of greed and all its by-products are on the increase, we come to know that business life as a gymnasium of character is not only exercising our ungenerous qualities into us, but is exercising our generous qualities and comradeship out of us.

Nature never stands still whether it be in the composition of a mountain of iron or in the tenderest qualities of the human heart; all is motion, all is action, all things are in a constant state of change, and as our characters refuse to lie dormant, the action and interaction imposed by our surrounding life causes our faculties, powers and tendencies to change for the better or for the worse in accordance as conditions come in contact with us.

Family life and the mutual helpfulness in a degree imposed by family conditions has always played its part in developing somewhat of the spirit of brotherhood, especially during our early years, but under our competitive system the entrance into the struggles of business with its naturally retroactive effect on all the affairs of home life, soon sterilizes the more tender sympathies and gradually causes a vanity and greed and a mania for possession to so completely overcome the more gentle qualities of character that home is now-a-days not only regarded as merely a place to be unhappy in, a place to which to go when we find nothing better to do, but strife and competition to excel in dress, the strife to make the greatest impress on outsiders, the ravages of the society microbe that turns the heart to stone, are all seen to be a part of the educational effect of modern business life.

We can forgive a Hershel, a Darwin, a Spencer, or a Newton for concentrating their minds on scientific labor in the **cause of humanity** and thereby destroying the equilibrium of their digestive apparatus, but to have a **millionaire stomach**; to forfeit life and health in the mad struggle for profit, and to so develop the habit of being **money drunk** as to bequeath

wealth after death so that it will remain intact and keep on earning more wealth, is morbid foolishness reduced to the highest power, and this, from the sociological stand point, is the most dangerous educational effect of business life.

The money making mania develops its victim into a slave holder, and while he always becomes incapable of analyzing himself, he in every case takes as complete advantage of the needs of his slaves as the circumstances of each will permit, and the debasement of himself and those whom he enslaves is as complete as any other form of human slavery.

The enslavement of woman in the home has been handed down to us from prehistoric times when men grew to be simply protectors, hunters and warriors but did no work, and the modern counterpart in the enslavement of girls and women in our office buildings, because they work much cheaper than men, has in addition, owing to contiguity and convenience, grown to be a pronounced factor in the lives of thousands of business men that is seriously effecting home life in cities.

Clubs, saloons, theaters, free and easy hotels and other institutions for pastime and amusement are all manifestations of the extent to which the educational effect of business life has brought unhappiness into our homes.

Some of us who are still normal, have spent evenings in clubs, cafes and theatres with the swelldom of business life in New York City, Chicago and London, and when not talking business and profit the highest altitude that the minds of these befogged money makers ever reach is to indulge in filthy gossip, to tell dirty stories and discuss what to drink, what to wear and what to eat.

The graft of daily business life manifests itself in club snobbery, in the bribery of waiters, in the vanity of dress, in the madness of alcoholism and sex, in the pride of display and in the breathless and fantastical craze of wanting to be considered "swell."

I know of men who are well thought of, who, responding to the frenzied desire to be considered "high rollers," spend a small fortune in impressing waiters and in their moments, when they draw you near and speak out of the fullness of their hearts as they recount the story of their fondest desires, they will relate while the pupil of the eye enlarges and the whole being takes on new light, new life, that they have acquired such a **reputation among waiters** that "they cannot step into a down town restaurant without creating a mad rush of flunkies ready to take off the coat and serve them in preference to others."

Madness, vanity, the intoxication of egotism, to what depths would such creatures as these descend as masters and slaves!

UNCLE RUBE ON THE DINING CAR.

Look'y here, George, I'm just a plain feller;
Don't be bowin' and scrapin' to me.

You and me, we both work for a livin',
Both plebeins, and equals you see.

You lug the grub in from the kitchen,
I haul the stuff in from the field,
Both servin' the common employer,
But our *manhood* to none we may yield.

I believe in bein' polite like,
And civil and generous, mind;
But to bow, fling and flop for a quarter
Is beggin' the very worst kind.

The very worst kind, did I tell ye?
My God! do you know what you do?
Your associates, family and babies
Catch the dread beggin' instinct from you.

Try to prevent it, you cannot;
The men who wait for their "tips"
Stain with beggarly greed their babes unborn,
Like the kiss from a *cortezan's* lips.

Can we stand half a nation of beggars?
With gamblers and thieves in their train?
Do you realize, George, that this tippin's a scourge,
Weakening national manhood and brain?

If in national pride we are lackin',
(Both the taker and giver's to blame)
You start the crusade for old Georgia,
And for Iowa I'll do the same.

Let us take what we bargain to take,
And pay as we bargain, I say:
No gift money for us, we are MEN,
And MEN always draw the best pay.

I sometimes wonder how much of a reputation Abraham Lincoln or Benjamin Franklin had among waiters and flunkies.

ELIOT AND DEMOCRACY:—I believe it was President Eliot of Harvard who once called Chicago's Kerosene Kollege "Harper's Bazaar," and now we find this same facetious educator so far as words go, laying stress upon equality of opportunity in the battle of life.

Eliot is one of those in the saddle who is beginning to see and feel that in our school and family and business life while we have the label of democracy we are still trudging on under the forms and methods and ideals of monarchy.

Comradeship in family life, comradeship in school life, brotherhood in all affairs and in the highest ideals of the character, will be all for naught so long as it is only talked about by President Eliot and others.

Preachers have talked of human brotherhood for two thousand years but only to the extent that they have left their pulpits behind them and entered into the labor of life side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the toilers and

producers, have their fine spun theories availed them anything.

If all of our preachers and half of the policemen in our large cities could be set to work and the balance of the latter be submitted quarterly to mental and physical tests in order to insure that they are keeping up their agility for thief-catching, we might then have time to organize associations and colonies to be run on a plan of comradeship and equal opportunity that would naturally develop the character ideals that President Eliot and the preachers only talk about.

CHICAGO ANTI-CRIME CRUSADE.

Right and wrong have become so much a matter of geography that in its incipient stages what we call crime in one state is recognized as quite the proper thing in another, and so little have law makers in the different states proceeded along scientific lines that they have not yet discovered that in most instances the states that are least regulated are committing the smaller per cent of evil.

The naive seriousness of nursery queens regulating the ethical acts to be observed at their doll parties, the punishments, restrictions, and insistence that these wax and wooden toy people conform to the whimsical regulations imposed by their mistress, has its counterpart in the spasmodic dignity with which state legislatures make a comedy out of affairs they do not understand, and in the way that some Chicago preachers and sentimentalists have organized their crusade against crime.

Recently a Colorado Heiress, (supposedly reared to respect and concur in the moral regulations of her state that forbids the marriage of a divorced person within a year,) met her Illinois fiancee, (this state, also, being supposed by law, to have impressed the hearts and procreative instincts of her sons with the same marriage ideals,) on Missouri soil and within a month after the divorce of the man in the case, they were legally and morally wedded in Missouri, where Law does not happen to frown on this particular irregularity.

The most casual examination into this State Restriction of marriage to a year after legal divorce, exhibits several interesting phases:

First: In its inefficiency, and in its tendency to actually promote the very crimes it is intended to prohibit, it is an example of nine-tenths of the laws on our statute books.

Second: The hand of the unthinking preacher is seen in its make-up, the preacher whose real power and influence are happily already gone forever from amongst us, but whose fanatical and whimsical impress on human affairs must, no doubt, linger with us for centuries.

Third, Such laws, like all other state regulations for the control of procreative faculties, have no other effect than stimulating hypocrisy, developing dishonesty, increasing unlawful cohabitation and stimulating the spread of self-abuse and

sexual perversion, and these we must suffer, all for the glory of perpetuating certain whimsical traditions and antiquated dogmas that never did mankind any good.

Fourth: The effect on the moral character of our people, resulting from the childish manner in which our various state legislatures act independent of each other, and under the influence of whims, traditions, and past paternalistic rules, cannot be overestimated, nor exaggerated.

Once it becomes the fashion to make a joke of our laws, to dodge them, defy them, ignore them, then no matter what the protestations of citizenship, we must acknowledge that the bottom has fallen out—our national integrity is a myth.

One day law makers and social regulators will come to realize that they make restrictions at their peril, that is, every regulation, of whatever kind, will have to be the result of such careful and thoughtful consideration that it will claim the entire respect of the people regulated, and when that time comes, our legislators will surely cease attempting to regulate those things that are self regulating,—something that they do not seem to realize at present.

Law makers and reformers do not seem to realize that government at best is but a necessary evil,—that as people advance in their habits and power of ethical living, government will gradually disappear in state, school, church, and nursery, for it is seen by consulting natural law instead of tradition and prejudice, that the evils of restriction are a hundred times greater than the evils of liberty, that all forms of vice and every variety of secret sin and pretense, is invariably the result of over-regulation.

The spectacle of a bunch of Chicago preachers and sentimentalists organizing their **crime crusade** and demanding a thousand more policemen, and organizing themselves as volunteer private detectives to see that these blue-coated loafers do their duty, is a pitiful outrage on present knowledge and common sense.

Humanity suffered its most grievous wrong when, back in the ages, it received the first impulse that human character could be developed by force, by punishment, regulation, criticism.

Human character, whether good or bad, is the result of something, but certainly we are not indebted to law makers nor policemen for it, unless perhaps to the extent that it is bad.

In all the anti-crime crusades, which have now become periodical, the tendency of the amateur sociologists who have inaugurated them has been to demand severer punishment, increase the police force with more fat loafers and do amateur detective work to see if these blere-eyed blue coats get after the thief and thug properly and quickly. Rot!

Officials are blamed for not enforcing the law, leniency is condemned as it always has been by massacre-loving churchmen and no word is ever uttered by these crime crusaders in

the way of doing something **effectual** that will actually stem the tide of increasing crime.

The preachers stand in their pulpits each Sunday and roar about salvation, reiterate the story of the Flood, take some text out of Deuteronomy or Numbers, point to Elijah and David in order to adorn their tales, insist upon dogmas for which modern humanity has lost all respect, thereby eliminating their own influence, when right here in Chicago we may obtain by what is going on in our own neighborhood, or from any copy for any daily paper, texts galore, opportunities galore for common sense sermons, wherein we do not need to point to the Devil because we have them right here among us, we have no need to spend a moment's time or waste a paragraph on David, Goliath or the Flood, we have them all right here now.

For God's sake, Mr. Preacher, come back from antiquity, centralize your brain force here, get to work, stop demanding punishment for people who are as good as you are, do not idly stand on the outskirts of the throng, but get to work shoulder to shoulder with your brothers, help organize environments that are fit to live in and properly equipped for developing human character by natural growth. Talking will never do the trick, life is everything, and it is through living rightly and under right conditions that we may hope to make the proper crusade against crime.

In our present system of knowledge and civilization there should already be a thousand communities, associations, groups, scattered throughout the United States, groups living in brotherhood and without individual ownership of property, to which persons with thieving tendencies, especially young boys, may be sent and wherein, owing to the organization of the community and surrounding conditions of life, there will be no tendency or desire or advantage in stealing, every one to do their meed of daily work and to be supplied with the food, clothing and shelter they require. Come, now, you anti-crime crusaders, wake up, and remember that punishment and more vigorous enforcements of law and an increase in the number of preachers and police will only increase crime and enlarge your jails.

We must commence this crime crusade by first organizing conditions under which better character can be developed.

PROF. FOSTER AND FRENZIED ORTHODOXY:—What a stir Prof. Foster's little book has already made, among Chicago's bullet headed orthodox preachers. And it is not even a book yet, it is not off the press. What are these preachers afraid of? Do they not have faith in life, evolution, God, or whatever term we may employ to designate that force in human society that constantly makes for righteousness?

Does not Archbishop Fallows and his retinue of smug faced reactionaries understand the process by which the world arrives at truth, that is by publishing the thoughts of all

freely and thereby enabling humanity to discriminate against error?

If Prof. Foster is wrong in his hypotheses, if the miracles are all true, if the observers in the Bible times were more accurate, more scientific and more to be depended upon than observers today, all that will be developed by free action and interaction of ideas.

One would think that these preachers have their suspicions that the scheme of Christianity is full of faults and blow holes which it is to their interest to maintain, for surely, knowing how we have ascertained truth in the past they should be unafraid of anything Prof. Foster might write.

But they do not seem to be even willing to let the world compare his folly with their wisdom, his shallowness with their depth, his dullness with their brilliancy.

Pshaw; gentlemen, get out into the air, take a few deep breaths stimulate your kindness and toleration and be unafraid, for in all this so-called orthodox warfare against common sense the kindly and really christian men, and the men who have helped Christianity the most, have been the dissenters and never the persecutors.

DESIRE AS A FACTOR

(An Inspirational Desire)

"Learn the mystery of progression duly;
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away."

With increasing knowledge of world conditions there is simultaneously a growing desire for improvement of those conditions. Not always will man to man say, "I have all I can do to attend to my own affairs — I cannot burden myself with the affairs of other men."

Humanity today, with its unmentionable individual burdens, each person, family, sect, tribe or race, going its own way, indifferent to other men's ways, is like a party of tourists on a mountain side, each making a path for himself and alone climbing it. Indifference ceases when it is realized that to come into perfect understanding and work together for a common end is to do away with individual burdens entirely. Other men's affairs become our affairs when it is seen that by organization and economy of forces means are provided by which all may travel in ease and comfort to the mountain top, rather than that the top never be reached and the many improvised paths be strewn with blood from sore and bleeding feet. We have marked out many paths, but these paths are being deserted and the stragglers are getting together to think and plan and work for some more intelligent means of advancement for the race than by the slow and painful process of individual and self direction.

Concentration upon individual interests and desires to the neglect of all consideration of racial interests and desires, is a prevailing, fundamental error. It is evidence of our child-

ishness as well as a reflection upon the economic conditions which seem to make it impossible to have any other desires than exclusively personal and individual ones. The first presentation to the mind of individual and personal interests as involving racial and humanitarian considerations, is much the same in its effect upon the mind as the first thought of family and community obligations to the mind of the child still busy with its dolls and playhouse games. We need not intrude upon the unconsciousness of the child. We naturally defer calling its attention to other considerations than its own personal interests and pleasures, as long as possible.

But the time inevitably comes when the impersonal, higher intelligence of the child desires to express itself, when



GRACE MOORE.

the interests of others become its interests, and their pleasures its pleasures; when its individual and personal affairs become secondary to those of the group or family to which it belongs, and dolls and playhouses are no longer real and vital. The child having become conscious of greater responsibilities and privileges than ever before known, ceases to be an irresponsible child and finds its inspiration at once in a new viewpoint and in the exercise of newly acquired faculties and functions. Losing active consciousness of

its personal interests and desires in the greater desire to be of the highest possible service to those who need its co-operation and with whom it recognizes a higher kinship than with its playmates of the school-house, it finds itself—finds its mission and purpose and joy in life.

So it is with us larger children as we begin to see through the "windows of the soul" some faint glimmerings of our racial obligations and possibilities. For a moment we are aghast at the mere mention of such a thing as racial duties. Have we not duties enough? Why any other relationships than those of family, friend or neighbor? Why burden our minds with other conditions than those which immediately affect ourselves or our own little group or kind? It would seem as if God could take care of His big family of children—why should we have any responsibility? Is it not sufficient that we preach, pray and sing of "how sweet it is for brethren to dwell together in unity?" May we not consistently go on singing unity and practising disunity?

No. There is a point in the evolution of the human soul when it becomes conscious of its racial relationships and obligations, precisely as the child at a particular period in its development, becomes conscious of its obligations to father and mother, family and friends. God alone doesn't provide for father and mother in their old age. If they have not a nest egg convenient or an unselfish grown up child to lean upon, they go to the poor house or the old peoples' home. Many a prayer for escape from that humiliation, goes down in defeat. Not necessarily because prayer is useless but because it is by men's works, not by their prayers that they shall be known. The social system under which they live is the test of their intelligence and humanity, not the grandeur of their institutions, beliefs, forms or ceremonies.

We are waking up to the profound truth of our essential relationship with all human beings and of our responsibility to them. To be sure we are startled by the first realization that as individuals we are either a help or a hindrance to the entire human race. That our viewpoint and our everyday thoughts and conduct have power to either accelerate or retard a human world movement, is indeed overwhelming to the mind accustomed only to the personal and material equation.

But we are beginning to feel this responsibility, whether we would or no. There never was a time when personal sacrifices in the interests of the many, were so imperiously required as in this day of unmentionable greed and corruption, and corresponding misery. The rank materialism of this age calls for "soldiers of the common good." We have them in the persons of the immortal Tolstoy, Henry George and Maxim Gorky, and in John Mitchell, Tom Lawson, Tom Johnson, Tom Watson and hosts of other Toms and Johns, soon to be heard from. No one can be blind to the rapidly increasing rank and file of soldiers for the good of all human beings equally, as opposed to the perpetuation of any form of government or any institution, religion, race, tradition or what not, opposed to that good.

The searchlight of modern science, revealing the deeper psychological truths of the human, evolutionary relationship of men and races of men, the understanding of thought transference and the realization of the wonderful power of mind over matter, have opened to us a new world—a world of possibilities for immeasurable good or ill to every living creature.

To those of us who have not only perceived intellectually the mighty truth of the inseparability and essential oneness of all mankind, but who have **felt its power**, life has never been the same as when we were little children dallying with our individual beliefs, hobbies and fancies. We wonder that we fed so long on the games and artificialities originated by the personal consciousness. How was it that we were satisfied? It was only that we had not awakened to the

truth of the unity and interdependence of all created beings, and of our higher relationships and responsibilities. We thought that we could go on, playing, preaching and pretending, and somehow God would do the rest. We did not feel it our duty to inform ourselves of the problems concerning the well being and future progress of the race. That "one-half the world does not know how the other half lives," and all the time opulence and greed living next door to poverty and despair, did not then seem to us ridiculous as it does now. In those days of our idiotic contentment we looked askance at the person who suggested the study of social and economic problems as being more to the point than studies in Euclid or Trigonometry. Questions necessitated by our growing civilization, or what we are pleased to call our civilization, did not then bother us. What did we care about the political or the industrial situation—we were not persons whom the shoe pinched. Increasing unhappiness in the marriage relation did not impress us as one of the signs of the times, to be studied with intelligence, diligence and care. We regretted that little children should be sacrificed in the factories that we might have more changes of underwear at twenty-five cents the piece, but that by our mental attitude of silent or thoughtless acquiescence we lent force and perpetuation to so great a wrong, did not come fully to our realization. We were not truly cognizant of the fact that the trend of the individual mind for or against the natural law of brotherhood, marks that individual as either a friend or an enemy of human progress. We were irresponsible children then playing at hide and seek.

But now all is changed. The door has opened to a life broader and higher than any before conceived of. We have found ourselves—found our greater intelligence, our higher relationships and our diviner possibilities.

We still do some preaching and pretending, from force of habit, and occasionally play at our old childhood games, but those are listed among our incidental occupations now, they are not the basis or the business of life. Our business now is to serve. The service we render may be ever so humble—we may have the same homely tasks to perform that we always had, and our contribution toward bettering world conditions be nothing more than an effort to smile, but with light on the path, as knowledge of the Law of Brotherhood brings to it, the most commonplace duties and situations assume equal dignity and importance with the uncommon. Imbued with the Spirit of Life Universal and in an attitude of receptivity to "each glorious change" of which the poet wrote, we are able to "learn the mystery of progression duly," some new, inspiring revelation coming to us each day, and our hold upon the treasures with which we parted, stronger and more enduring than ever before. Conditions however oppressive, have not weight to bear us down, for are we not "Sodliers of the Common Good?"

The Tyranny of Family Love.

By Hugh O. Pentecost.



HUGH C. PENTECOST.

Love, in its true form the most powerful and beautiful thing in the world, under certain conditions is the most ruinous to happiness and character.

For many years I have been observing with sad amazement the destroying tendency of what is commonly called love. I have seen men's and women's health destroyed, beautiful girls transformed into haggard women, brave young men changed into broken-spirited wretches, by what passes current under the name of love. I have

seen parents wear themselves out and children fret themselves away on the altar of love. I have seen husbands and wives miss the joy of life by loving each other, and I have seen people save themselves by merely ceasing to love each other.

The explanation is that, with few exceptions, there are but two classes of people, viz: Masters and slaves, (the same person is often one and the other by turns), and this relation spoils everything.

Most persons are willing to be masters. But it is terrible to be a master; utterly ruinous to the character; worse for oneself than to be a slave. It is possible for a slave to develop a lovable character, but not for a master.

Masters are comparatively few, but they are strong, coarse-natured and strong, and they rule the world—in the state, church, army, business and home. They love power. They like to control the lives of others; generally, as they think, for the good of the controlled. In a sense, they are, themselves, enslaved by their slaves, terribly enslaved, but, in a way, they live their lives, imposing their lives on others.

Slaves are different. They permit others to shape their lives for them. This is the curse of slavery; not toil nor poverty. It is this most awful treason to oneself.

I shall speak only of the master and slave relation in the family. In a family the coarsest personality rules. Sometimes this is the father. Oftener it is the mother. Occasionally it is one of the children. But I am concerned to

show this rulership and submission only on account of love, or what is called love.

Consider the mother who loves her children. She thinks they cannot get on without her controlling care. They know they can. They know she is a hindrance to them. But they love her, and so they submit to her. She does not want her boys to leave home, and they submit. Many a boy's career has been ruined because his mother loved him and he loved her too much to rebel and go his own way. If his mother had hated him and he her they could not have done each other so much harm.

The loving mother wants to pick out husbands and wives for her children. There is many an unhappy old maid, and many an unhappy marriage because a loving daughter could not hurt a loving mother's feelings. Had the mother been the daughter's bitterest enemy she could not have plunged her into more profound misery.

This is why there are so many commonplace people in the world. Loving children grow up in the likeness and image of their loving parents, instead of asserting themselves, and so achieving variety, individuality.

All this is true of husbands and wives. They love each other into similarity, and so destroy each other. The two become one; "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one"; intellectual, moral and spiritual Siamese twins, and so become commonplace and uninteresting to themselves and others. Marriage becomes a compromise, a stupidity, a loving compact of death; the death of two individuals; the finer slave being generally merged in the coarser master or mistress, not without loss to the dominating one, who becomes the slave of the slave.

All this is the reverse of what might be, should ideals of love change. Parents should not want to do so much for their children; should fear, more than anything else, to dominate them. O, parent, one like you is enough! Parents should do nothing for their children except to assist them in the development of themselves in their own way.

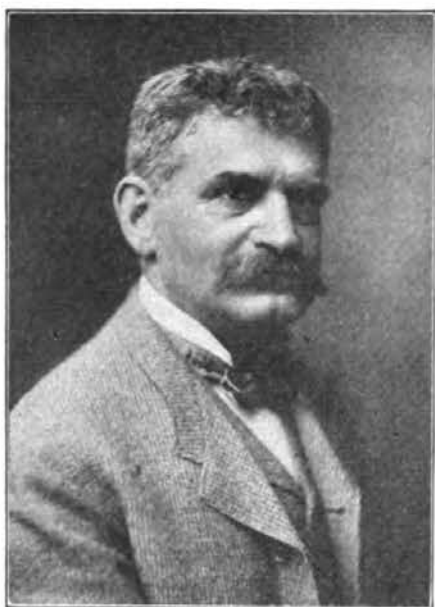
Children should not submit to their parents. They belong to a new generation in a new world of different conditions, different ideals, needing a different sort of inhabitants. If parents truly loved their children they would rejoice in their disobedience, their insubordination, their insistence on themselves, their non-conformity to the parental will. The crowning virtue of Jesus was that he refused to be controlled by his mother. "Woman what have I to do with thee?" A text that no preacher selects. "Wish ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Better still if, "Wist ye not that I must be about my own business?"

Husbands and wives should neither control nor submit. They should be free comrades. Each the owner of himself, herself; living his life, her life completely, with regard for the other, but not dominated by the other.

Thus would there be a new kind of love. Instead of a love that enslaves, a love that sets free.

On Rights.

By Herman Kuehn.



HERMAN KUEHN.

Let's go a bit further in our 'discussion' of "Rights." When we gather a bucket of rain-water from the clouds we do not assert a right to the clouds. When we take fish from the water we do not proclaim our right to the sea, the stream or the pond. But when we gather the fruits of the soil we straightway register a title to the land, requesting that "all men know by these presents" that we have a right to it.

Perhaps some analytical philosopher will "write a book" one of these days to tell us why

there is this difference between our views to the rights we acquire to land as compared to our attitude toward the water and the air. Perhaps there have been libraries already written on this topic. I know so little about philosophy and books. But perhaps my guess may be quite as cogent as the philosopher's homily. I guess that the principle of royalty is involved. The king does not claim any rights to the ocean, the clouds or the air—not directly, though by indirection he claims pretty much everything in and out o' sight.* I guess that in the inmost instinct of man there is a recognition that "the divine right of kings" is a humbug; and an impulse to call the bluff as far as it is safe. If the king "grants" his subjects the "right" to a title to land on which a certain amount of labor has been expended, the subject accepts the grant without realizing that his acceptance of it has deadened one of the primal instincts of human nature. Having accepted the grant he is thereafter dominated by the belief that royalty and divinity are pretty much one thing.

As the king makes no grants of air and clouds and sea the subject does not expect to establish any rights to those elemental forces. So when he takes a fish from the ocean he does not set up a claim to any right to the ocean, nor does he demand recognition of his right to the fish. It's the fish he wants, regardless of any right to it. But the king's emissary comes along and wants a part of the catch for the royal table, say one fish out of each dozen for his majesty. Here a new concept is created. Where before he was satisfied

*Write Editor To-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

with the catch and did not care a rap for any rights to it, he now conceives that after the king has asserted a "right" to a rake-off, the fisher has a "right" to the remainder. The thought of any "rights" in the premises was born of aggression; of the king's claim of some "rights" to a part of the product. And every idea of "rights" has at its base an admission of the "divine rights of the king." No matter how democratic may be the impulse of any man, if he be acquiescent to the belief in "rights" he is a royalist to that extent. The democracy inherent in such a man is overlaid by the superstition that "rights" must be natural because the king is a divine institution, and can do no wrong.

Our claims of the "right" to own the earth or any part of it are a denial of the instinct of human solidarity. Human beings, unaffected by the belief in royalty, would naturally associate. In such natural association no one would think of rights to his product, because there would be no one who would assert a right to divorce the producer from his product. But society based on the doctrine of the "divine right of the king" is no longer natural. An artificial concept has arisen that undermines naturalness.

And it is not alone the beneficiaries of the institutions which Royalty engenders who defend these institutions. The victims of royalty are, indeed, the most sturdy proponents of crown and sceptre and kingly power.* The doctrine of rights having corrupted and deadened the primal instinct of man toward Liberty, it leaves its trail in the willingness of its victims to acquiesce in their spoliation, each animated by the hope that some day he, too, may acquire "rights."

The path of social evolution is from despotism toward Liberty. Each approach toward greater freedom of the individual is marked by the dethronement of a king, or the curtailment of kingly prerogatives. But there is no possibility of freedom so long as any vestige remains of acquiescence in Royalty of any kind. And wherever there is a claim of "rights" one need not look far to find that it is buttressed upon the institution of Royalty.

I find no fault with royalty or despotism. Doubtless the experience of the race has required all the oppression that it has encountered. And while we are nearer to Liberty than ever before—because the King idea is weakening—I doubt not that what residue of Royalty still persists is necessary for still further experience.

But it may be timely for us to have our laugh at the dear, good, large-hearted people who see much evil at work in the universe, and who are interested in a thousand projects to overthrow the iniquity of which they complain. Yes, "it is to laugh" that these uncheerful reformers cannot understand that no scheme of social betterment can ever accomplish any useful purpose so long as the principle of Royalty is acknowledged. And I repeat that no concept of "rights" is thinkable that is not founded in royal grants.

We cannot have both Liberty and the King. Whether

*Write Editor TO-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

the king be Nero, or Demos, it is impossible to conserve social tranquillity and well-being by any denial of Liberty.

When we "enjoyed" royalty in all its candor we looked to the king always to keep us in proper restraint. Now that we have Royalty by indirection, we aim to keep each other virtuous and prosperous by making laws against our interests. All schools of reformers seem to be agreed that their particular brands of wisdom may be trusted to make just the right sort of compulsory enactments. Scarcely ever do we hear a voice raised for Liberty, and then we want to strangle it.

Jack London tells us that ten million "free and brave" Americans are in a state of semi-starvation. The inference he seems to draw is that these and others in similar if less sorry plight are deprived of their "rights" and that another class of human being is enjoying the "rights" of the despoiled. Not so. These victims are all suffering from a belief in "rights." When they, and others who have not yet felt the pinch so keenly, learn that "rights" are simply relics of the superstition that "the king can do no wrong" there will be betterment;—not until then.

The king can do no right. The king idea, however administered, whether by a barbaric monarch in royal purple, or an "in for four years with privilege of four more" president, or an oligarchy of lend Lords or land Lords, is a pestilential myth that is bound to work havoc as long as it persists.

When a few of the people (five per centum would serve) understand that the producer of things needs no rights to the source of the raw material from which he produces things, but has all the protection he requires for the free enjoyment of his product when no one can claim a validated "right" to disposses him of his product, then the "Rights" superstition will collapse. For with the downfall of the superstition that royal grants to land are deserving of any respect, the lend Lord (the mightiest vampire of all,) will be shorn of his power, and Labor will at length assume the dignity of enjoying its full product. There can never be dignity to Labor short of that consummation.*

The Rights of land-owning, and the Rights conferred upon the controllers of our media of exchange are only a few of the "rights" which afflict us. But the lesser will vanish with the greater.

Nor will it require an armed revolution, or any majority show of power at the polls, to let the wind out of the swollen bag of humbug that makes the doctrine of Rights look so formidable. **Any day a hearty laugh will bring the walls of that Jericho level with the plain.**

What a laugh our posterity an hundred years hence will have at the expense of this boasted "civilization" of ours, with all its smug pretences of loving Liberty! Liberty conjoined to a belief in "rights" is truly an amusing absurdity,

*Write Editor TO-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

none the less ridiculous because of its tragedies. Truly it would seem that tragedy must precede the laughing stage.

There is a deeper side to this question than the economic. Call it the religious side, if you like. Yet, to my notion, it is even more important and more practical than the industrial phases of it. Perhaps TO-MORROW will grant me space for a discussion of that viewpoint in a future issue.

THE ETERNAL NISUS.

By VIVIAN MORDAUNT.

To seek and to find not,
To fight and to lose,—
Who follows God's mandate
Must follow not choose.

The goal ever backward
Moves as we advance,
The foe ever baffles
The point of the lance.

The height that seems highest
Is easiest won,
The toil that is humblest
Is greatest, when done.

The pleasures we cherish
Are surest to pall—
The bloom that is rarest
The first is to fall!

This life is a riddle—
Its answer, who knows?
The Fruit that man reaps is
The Seed that he sows.

The race is divided
By land, sea, and clime,—
Yet ever the world-heart
Pulsates to one time.

An infinite Power
From infinite Source
The universe drives through
An infinite course.

A blessing disguised
God gives to the whole—
The spirit of unrest
He sets on the Soul.

Owing to a strenuous demand, the fine pictures of Lincoln, Franklin, Whitman and Ruskin that have adorned our Magazine covers, have been handsomely mounted with a mat for framing. Any of these will be sent together with a sample copy of "TO-MORROW MAGAZINE" on receipt of twentyfive cents.

The History of Human Marriage.

By Lida Parce Robinson.

Part II—The Development of the Family.



LIDA PARCE ROBINSON.

It conveys no reproach to say that **interest** led prehistoric fathers to identify themselves with their offspring and the mothers of their offspring. Interest has led man to do every rational thing that he has ever done; and it is only after a custom has become established by interest that ideas of morality grow up around it. So long as woman was able to protect and feed herself and family, man's irresponsibility involved no immorality. To this point man's position was that of a male organism, only. His human value began to appear

when responsibility developed upon him and he rose to meet it. And only after man's responsibility became a **race habit** did it become a matter of morality.

The forces at work for the development of the family, that is, for dividing the tribe up into smaller consanguineous groups, were, in the order of their operation: the domestication of fire, the development of what we will call religious ideas, and industrial evolution. The second may not seem to the modern mind, to be in the nature of interest; but to the savage of that age, it was a matter of the most intense selfish interest. His religious concepts were in no way associated with morality; but were entirely the outgrowth of fear.

The domestication of fire acted powerfully in the forming of social habits. The agencies of maternity and the care of young children pointed woman out inevitably, as the one to keep the fire burning on the stone, while the man went afield for food; or invented gods; or attacked his neighbors. A place where fire was constantly kept alive, for warmth and for cooking, tended toward permanency, and personal possession on the part of a woman and her family. After the child of a union was somewhat grown, and the varietist instinct in the man prompted him to wander or to stay out o' nights, the fire on the stone was ever a lure to him to return, especially if the nights were chilly or wet, and these tendencies, at

work through many generations, at length formed habits that completely changed the social organization, quite without any purpose or plan on the part of man himself.

The preparation of portions of food at different fires would tend to break up communal groups into smaller consanguineous groups. And numerous cases are recorded where social organization of tribes under observation, is at that point of transition, wherein all stores are produced and held in common by the tribe; but are consumed by smaller, separate family groups.

This family group consisted of a woman and her husband and children, her daughter's children, her younger sisters and their children. This form of family organization is known as the matriarchate; and prevailed until the possession of property became the ruling passion of the race.

From the beginning, Man was at the mercy of two sets of foes: his animate enemies, against whom he was able to protect himself, for the most part, and the forces of nature, inscrutable to him in their operation and against which he could protect himself but feebly. He did not classify these different kinds of foes very clearly; and he tried to protect himself from the latter in the same ways that were efficacious with the former. We find the savage building fires, to scare away wild beasts and evil spirits. He made abominable rackets to drive off his animal foes and to disperse the enemies of the sun, in times of eclipse. And thus one set of "religious" ideas and practices came into being. Then his departed friends or foes came to him in his dreams; and he believed the dream was the real personal presence of the dead. So the idea of a life after death and of spiritual entities, was natural to him. The union of these two sets of ideas gave birth to ancestor worship among almost all savage peoples.

The dead who appeared in dreams seemed to have taken on a fearsome sort of elusiveness and to have acquired certain eccentricities of conduct. Moreover, who but the dead made the lightning to flash and the storms descend? Who but they control all those dread disturbances in nature, against which the living were so helpless? Plainly, the dead must be conciliated. And the most likely way to accomplish this end lay in providing for the material wants of the departed. There is little evidence of strong personal affection among primitive peoples, but such affection as there was would have reinforced the dictates of diplomacy, and served to establish those rites which mark ancestor worship, the world over.

It was believed to be necessary for the well-being of the dead that they be provided with food and such equipage as they had been accustomed to in life; and it was hoped that a liberal provision for the wants of those starting on the journey through the unknown, would facilitate their departure from this "sphere of influence;" and would also secure a "friend at court" for the survivors. Thus fathers were moved to

identify themselves with their children as the most likely persons with whom to share these mutual advantages.

The division of labor under the communal organization of society was not unnatural, nor, probably, unfair. But in the course of many generations it led to the one-sided development of character of both sexes. The chase possessed a strong element of sport; and that warfare which was the normal state of savage tribes, induced a habit of personal aggressiveness, in strong contrast to those habits of constant watchfulness and frequent denial of personal comfort and needs, which motherhood under savage conditions must necessarily entail.

As population increased, the supplies of food not only became scarce but the competition between different tribes for the possession of the sources of supply became more acute; so that the character of the occupation of the males gradually changed. The chase occupied ever less time, and the warfare of competition became more constant.

As food from natural sources failed, the beginnings of agriculture appeared, and of grazing also. As these labors must have been confined to the safe inner circle of the home grounds, they not unnaturally, fell to the lot of the women and the children. As time went on, the chase ceased to yield any considerable part of the food supply, and that deficiency was met by the ever increasing product of domestic labor. When labor began to be applied for the production of supplies, the women took small plats of the common ground for tillage, or certain animals for care; and so the nature of artificial production of supplies tended toward individual possession of the ground, and continued possession came to be recognized as ownership; but ownership of ground was regarded simply as a duty to produce. It was a means of enslavement, up to the time when products acquired an exchange value. But though the tendency of industry which created stores was toward family ownership, the necessity for communal defence stayed that tendency till the point was reached where goods acquired an exchange value; which meant power to the owner.

And so it came about that women, with the help of the children, were doing all of the productive work of the race. By the force of habit it was considered proper that women should do all the work, and that men should only fight. Still, woman's position, while being one of hardship, was not without dignity, so long as the matriarchate prevailed.

But at last a point was reached where a surplus of goods was produced; and in time men learned that trade was a more satisfactory means of intercourse between tribes than war. At this point there was a peculiar situation, and one not to be endured by men, endowed by the habit of warfare with the means of overthrowing it. It was the men of a tribe who came in contact with other tribes, their most useful means of association was barter and trade; and the commodities belonged to those who produced them:—**the women.**

The possession of commodities had become a means of world-power; and the commodities were controlled by that element of society that had no world-connections. Their activities, their habits, their traditions were domestic, and unfitted them for larger relationships. Indeed, domesticity had come to be morality for them, with all the power of social custom to sustain it,—they were in possession of something which had become an object of envy, not only to other tribes, but to the men of their own. If the tribal stores were attacked by another tribe, the men defended them; then, if they wanted to barter these same stores, they were in some measure controlled by the women who produced them, and owned the ground whereon they were produced. All this need not have been unendurable to people of evenly developed character; but to a class whose business was that of aggression and defence; of bluffing, blustering, and if need be, fighting; it was a condition not to be endured.

And so a time of revolution came. It may have been gradual and peaceful, or it may have been sudden and violent. It probably differed more or less, in different tribes, according to temperament and environment.

Mr. Paul LaFargue is of the opinion that it was a definite, organized act, on the part of the men, whereby they took over possession of all the tools and the products of labor, and took the headship of families into their own hands, transmitting the property to sons instead of daughters. This would have had the effect of making permanent the family relationships of men, and of establishing polygamy, as we shall hereafter see.

It is useless to say that some means could have been found whereby the just claims of both men and women,—both producers and defenders, of the common wealth might have been protected. We can only try to understand the facts, by recognizing that the two sexes had been "growing apart" for centuries. Each sex had been cultivating just those qualities that, in the other, had been atrophying by disuse. The sole business of men had come to consist in taking whatever they could get away with from other tribes, and keeping all they could get. That of the women, in producing for the needs of all, and caring for all. Heretofore, the men had restricted their aggressions to the men of other tribes; but now they attacked the women of their own tribes. Thus woman's industry and devotion were the cause of her downfall in two ways: they created values which men coveted, and they deprived her of those qualities of character necessary to her self-defence.

It would seem as if woman's degradation, and man's comparative exaltation were now complete; but we shall see later on that they were not. Her chains were forged and riveted; it remained for a farther evolution to double-rivet them.

But it must not be supposed that the old habit of according women a certain limited respect, disappeared at once.

Sugar Beets and Beet Sugar.

By R. J. Trumbell.

But yesterday you looked to the Plantations of the South, to Cuba, Hawaii, or Mexico to grow the cane from which to extract our sugar, but tomorrow your coffee shall be sweetened from the succulent home grown sugar beet.

Few realize that in 1903 the World's product of sugar from beets amounted to 6,000,000 tons, whereas the total product of cane sugar was 4,300,000 tons, these figures not only indicating the vastly larger amount of sugar made from beets, but indicating, also, the mighty advance of the beet sugar industry.

Prior to 1888 the reverse was true, but in that year the world's products from these two sources of sugar supply were about even, viz., about 2,500,000 tons each, but the consumption having increased mightily during the past eighteen years,



HARVESTING SUGAR BEETS NOV., 1905. A SCENE AT GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.

very largely due to its introduction into manufacturing and industrials, it will be seen that the total consumption of sugar has been doubled during that period.

The famous sugar beet is not like the others of our garden, it is, in fact, a good table food, is never made into sour pickles, but is cooked more like turnips and sometimes made into sweet pickles. They range in weight from two to twenty pounds, and contain from ten to twenty-five per cent saccharine. The process of extraction is extensive and requires very elaborate machinery in order to produce the sugar in the most economical way. In a first class factory it requires twenty-four hours from the time the beets start into the slicer until it is passed out in the form of finished sugar and put up in sacks ready for shipment.

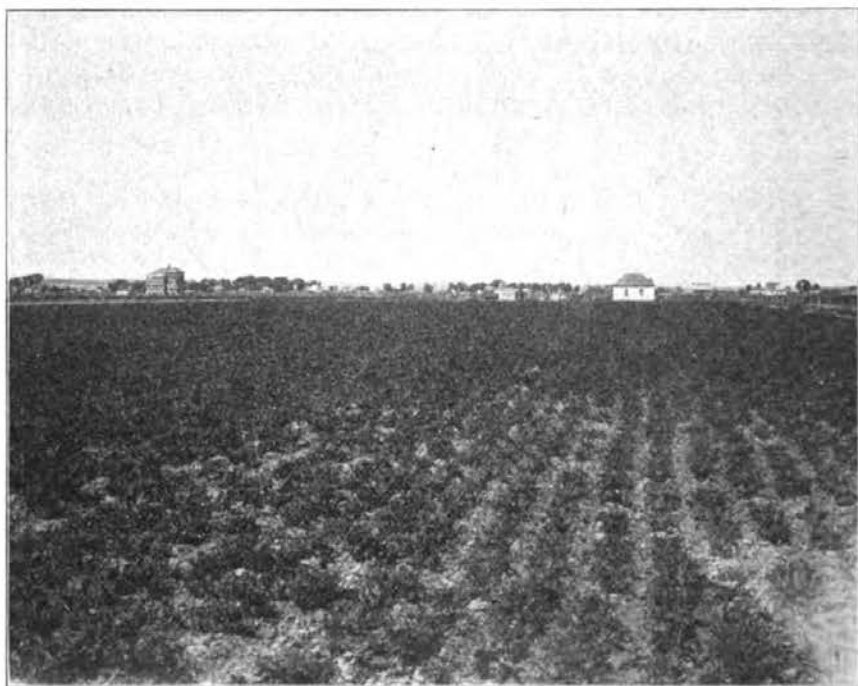
All the facts and figures given are correct according with report of government agents appointed to look into the beet sugar industry, and their records have been carefully kept since the beginning.

Even up to ten years ago while we were producing nearly all other articles needed for our table, it is seen that we

were importing more than \$100,000,000 worth of sugar annually, and this being an agricultural product and ours an agricultural country, the defect in the adjustment of our affairs soon became understood, and thus the growing of the beet and its manufacture into sugar was the outgrowth of a natural demand.

Not only has the beet industry appealed to intelligent agriculturists as one to especially promote the advantage of rotation of crops, but it was found to increase the fertility of the soil and lend a better balanced production of live stock, grain and forage.

The former importation of so large an amount of sugar was, of course, a failure to realize and utilize our natural ad-



A 20-ACRE FIELD OF SUGAR BEETS IN GRANADA, COLORADO, WHICH HARVESTED $27\frac{1}{2}$ TONS PER ACRE IN 1905.

vantages, and this accounts for the very strong reaction when once the sugar industry was properly set in motion. Once American ingenuity and industry applied itself to sugar beet growing our product forthwith began to show an unusually high sugar content far exceeding the diminished production of European growers, and these facts supplemented by several seasons of exceedingly good crops with an ever increasing tendency towards higher and steady prices, have all added their due quota to the cause for the marvelous increase in this industry.

Beet sugar has come to stay. It is now established as a permanent industry, but we are still a long way from producing all we are able to consume.

There are now factories in thirteen states, five in which irrigation is used to grow the beets and eight which depend

upon natural rain fall; the irrigation states, however, are the ones that are building all the new factories, the conditions being more favorable for them on account of not being obliged to depend upon the fickleness of weather for rain.

Sugar beets are most successfully raised west of the one hundredth meridian, on account of the soil being better adapted to it, and on account of the perpetual sunshine of the semi-arid region being the essential feature of the climate which puts the sugar into the beet. It takes sunshine to make sugar, and rain when it is not needed, is a detriment.

Surprising as it may seem, there are not so very many more places in the country where sugar beets can be successfully raised. The arid irrigation districts in our country are limited, and these areas are getting less each year.

It may be interesting to say a few words as to the profit to be made in the sugar beet industry, and as to how the farmer goes about his work in order to secure the best results.

To grow sugar beets on a small acreage, a farmer with a couple of helpers can attend to the entire crop, but many of the more ambitious beet raisers prefer to go into the business on a large scale with an increased acreage. Ten to twelve acres, in fact, is about all one man can attend to, but on some of the lands where the beet crop is a specialty, farmers often have from thirty to fifty acres, and there are others with ample capital and experience who work from one hundred to three hundred acres. The sugar factories contract to supply the labor necessary at the time of the thinning and topping. They have contracts with Japanese, Mexican and Indian labor who have been trained in this work, and charge by the acre and not by the day. They go in gangs and board themselves, so their presence is not a hardship to the farmer's family in the matter of preparing meals, etc.

Five tons of beets will pay all the expense for each acre. Fifteen to forty tons are raised. Five dollars per ton is the average price, so we see that at the lowest estimate the farmer makes a good profit. And in addition to this, for every five tons of beets the farmer sells the factory he gets back one ton of "pulp" which is the best stock food imaginable. He can also sell the tops of the beets at from three to five dollars per acre in the field, if he does not have stock enough himself to eat them. A man can tend, as far as cultivation is concerned, as many acres as he can of corn.

Like other crops, the ground should be put in good condition before planting, the best results being secured by a thorough deep plowing in the fall; again in the spring, the ground should be carefully plowed or disked, harrowed, then marked off into rows eighteen to twenty inches apart, the seed drilled in with the ordinary beet drill. When the plants come up they will be from one to two inches apart, and later should be thinned, leaving them from eight to ten inches apart.

The work of plowing, irrigating, harvesting, topping and

delivering to the station or factory is very simple, the plowing being done with cultivators, very similar to the ordinary corn cultivator. Irrigation is very simple and is child's play so far as the work is concerned. Harvesting is done by a plow made for the purpose, and "topping" is done by hand by the laborers hired for the purpose, and referred to above.

The best results in the production of the sugar beet have been secured in the Valley of the Arkansas River in Eastern Colorado and Western Kansas. Farmers here have become rich from this crop alone. They raise other things, too, but the big money comes from the beets. One factory of ordinary size in a community will turn loose among the farmers about a half million dollars for beets raised on five thousand acres,



DUMPING BEETS AT GRANADA, COLORADO, DEC., 1905.

Fully three-fourths of the amount is clear money to the farmer, even if he has hired all the work done, he simply over-seeing the job.

The soil here seems peculiarly adapted to this product, and the sun always shines except at night, and the water is always ready for irrigation day or night. This section has access to the eastern markets, and strange as it may seem, the lands are still reasonable in price, as irrigation is a new thing in the district.

There is such a "community of interest" between the factory and the farmer that they might be termed partners in the enterprise. The factory is virtually interested in everything that pertains to the success or failure of the work on the farm. The factory must feel assured that the farmer is sufficiently paid to induce him to grow the crop. It is also deeply inter-

ested in the quality of beets the farmer grows. The very foundation of the factory's success in sugar production is its supply of beets. Every factory is constructed to slice so many tons of beets per day, and continue the process for a certain number of days and nights. It is like a blast furnace, it cannot shut down without great loss. If the factory can secure a sufficient tonnage of beets to insure it a full campaign, (usually one hundred days) much has been accomplished towards its success.

The farmer can get along without the factory, because he can raise other things, and if he cannot sell his beets he can feed them; but the factory cannot get along without the farmer to raise the beets. Then again, in this Valley there are now three factories in operation, and three more that will be ready for the 1906 crop, and two or three others already arranged for—and the farmer has competition that is keen for his product.

WHISPERING WINDS OF LONG AGO.

BY DR. H. G. GLOVER.

O whispering winds of long ago,
 Blow soft, blow soft, and let me know
 Once more the touch of your sweet kiss
 O'er-laden with the balm of bliss.
 Drift in, drift in across my soul
 In fragrance-laden waves, that roll
 And bear upon their billowy tide
 The cargoes of the Past, which ride
 In many a phantom ship, that bears
 The spicy drift-wood of the years.

Blow down, blow down along the stretch
 Of Memory's path, and let me catch
 The breath of flowers whose sweet perfume
 Is wafted from some long-lost June,
 Bear to my listening ear, the lilt
 Of birds on bloom-hung boughs a-tilt;
 Shake down the bird's song and the bloom,
 And blending them in one sweet rune
 Of sound and color, let it flow
 A perfumed song from long ago.

O Time! O wind of other years
 Blow balmy sweet, and brush the tears
 That gather on my trembling lids,
 In spite of stern resolve, which bids
 Me shut the door where Memory leads
 To visitas fair;—of bloom-strown meads,
 Of brighter days,—of happier years,—
 When thou and Laughter dried our tears;
 When life was but a rhyme of joy,
 And I,—a merry, Care-free boy.

Co-operation.

By Viola Richardson.

The world today is one vast miracle of man's achievements. Wherever we turn we find the results of his energy, his indomitable will, his persistence, his ingenuity. He has laid his hand upon the mighty forces of nature and learned to utilize them in the extension of his thought, so that he becomes a creator, filling the world with new expressions of force and law. Even the construction and manipulation of the simplest machine must take into account laws and forces which thread the universe from the tiny grain of sand at our feet to the remotest star, and only to the extent to which man allies himself with this universal law and order is his thought productive and effective.

The flow of rivers, the dashing of waterfalls, the sprouting of grasses and budding of leaves and flowers, the ripening of fruits and grains, the glory of autumn, the falling of leaves and their slow decay to become nourishment for other life forms, forests with their sweet and solemn music, clouds and rain and snow, the sun and moon and stars—running through all these we see a law so sure that it endures forever, so all enfolding that not the tiniest leaf that falls can escape from it, so compelling that man, though he defy every man-made law that has ever been formulated, must obey it. His obedience may be a blind obedience, but whether blindly or consciously, it is obedience none the less.

Through the material universe we see one great harmony—an interdependence that makes all things necessary and inevitable in their time and place—each being a tone in the universal song.

To the savage who shaped his stone arrow heads and wore skins for clothing and kindled fire by striking flint or by rubbing pieces of wood together, the wondrous forces about him were hidden and he responded with hardly more consciousness of them than did the bird building its nest, or the deer stealing timidly through the forest seeking food and water; and the power he put forth was simply the power of the individual. Man today has his power multiplied many fold by his consciousness of some of nature's powers, and a knowledge of how to ally himself with them.

All the wonderful inventions by which work is simplified and facilitated in mines, in factories, on farms, in our wonderful and intricate systems of transportation and distribution, our methods of communication over long distances, even the modern home with its heat and light and water, are made possible by the utilizing of nature's forces in harmony with her laws.*

We see, then, that in the world of nature, as distinguished from that of man, there is a universe of mutual helpfulness, law linked unto law, and form nourishing form, and that any single manifestation is the product of the co-operation of

*Write Editor To-Morrow for Cause and Cure.

many forces working through many channels. The violet is a child of sun and earth and wind and rain, and other forms like itself lovingly nourish it, and it in turn nourishes that which is to follow.

When we come to contemplate man as a conscious being, we find that the simplest accomplishment of his involves the use of some one or more of the invisible forces about him, and the forms through which nature manifests herself. As his achievements increase in complexity they involve not only the laws about him but the help of other men, so that at the present time we find that any single enterprise requires the assistance of many human beings to perfect it and carry it out in completeness.

Take any institution, and we find that from the very first moment of construction up to completion and the doing of its work, it could not possibly be wrought out by any one man, but that on the contrary it has required the labor and thought of many men who have co-operated to the extent that the work of each supplemented the work of some other, each being thus aided and permitted to do his work.

We find, then, that man comes under the law that the unconscious world about him does, and that human units in the exercise of their power must be mutually helpful, just as the wind and the rain and the sun and all forces help each other.

But here is the paradox—that while men work together in the creation and maintenance of our institutions, (must in the very nature of things do so), they do not realize that they are working together for a common purpose.* Subconsciously they co-operate in all the activities of life; but consciously they think and work as individuals, for purely personal ends. Even those who stand at the head of great institutions, planning and directing these creations wrought out of man's thought and power acting in harmony with nature's forces—even they do not comprehend the meaning of it all, nor realize how the union of individual power has wrought this great thing out and maintained it—that it is a result of co-operation which extends all along the line from the humblest worker to the highest official and that each and all are entitled to full returns. The unit works as an individual and sees only the little portion that passes through his own hands. Even the general utility of the great co-operation is not generally perceived, and becomes a purely incidental and accidental thing.

The one thing upon which life and thought are centered is not how to find greater expression and make life's horizon continually wider, nor how to supplement the work of others so as to increase the general welfare—but instead, the purpose of each individual is to so tap the institution as to divert to himself personally all the benefit he can. Those who work side by side for this great common purpose of which they lose sight, or rather, which they have never seen, contend

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with one another in the struggle to get, each for himself, the greatest benefit, even at the expense of his fellow workers.

Here and there society creates men who know how to so manipulate affairs as to divert the bulk of benefits into their own hands—and they become owners of houses and lands, food and clothing—all the things upon which human life and comfort depend—and with the ownership of these vast material things they draw to themselves power over the life of their fellow beings, whose labor helps to produce this material wealth.

The strongest active conscious force in human society to-day is this tendency to draw to self, irrespective of the general good, all one can of the goods and power of the earth.

This spirit of competition has touched and tainted almost every emotion and impulse and relationship of human life. We call men great who have amassed to themselves immense wealth with its attendant power, and we define success in terms of Dollars.*

There are great armies of men and women and children who spend almost the whole of their waking hours in a monotonous round of work, often in an atmosphere poisoned with chemicals and dust, that deadens and stupefies and stunts physical, mental and spiritual growth, and whose homes are bare of even the ordinary necessities for comfort, cleanliness and health.

On the other hand there are men and women and children who live in the most exquisite comfort, feast on the finest foods, dress in the costliest fabrics, deny themselves no luxury, pleasure or service that money can buy, but they do not work.

Yet this world of ours has within it enough in the way of material to clothe and feed and shelter every man and woman and child—nature's forces are so great that in using them intelligently man can create from the natural forms comforts and luxuries sufficient for all—and so prolific is nature, both in her forces and her forms, that man, laboring unintelligently need give only a few hours a day to the production of the things required for his needs, instead of spending, as he now does, the whole of his waking hours in labor that deadens his faculties and his sensibilities, consumes the whole of his life and energies and makes of him but little more than an animal.

No thoughtful person can fail to see that there must be co-operation in order to carry on a single one of the activities of our present civilization—we see it on every hand, and we know that it extends throughout all activities. Nor can any thoughtful person doubt that the general good would be better served and the individual happiness and comfort increased many fold, if people co-operated **consciously** and **intelligently**, and if co-operation extended not only to labor in production and distribution, but to the sharing in the production.

In other words, when each individual is able to see him-

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self as part of a great social organism and realize that by working in harmony with the other units of the mass he may increase both the individual happiness and the general welfare, the conditions of life would change from the extremes of poverty and its sufferings on the one hand, and wealth and useless idleness on the other, to comfort and healthful occupation and restful relaxation for all, and the desire for inequality (special privilege) would disappear.

People cannot be legislated into a realization of their true relationship—there is but one law by which the spirit of competition with all its heartlessness and inhumanity can be replaced by the spirit of co-operation, and this is the law of love.

It is a law that each must learn for himself, and in each of us **learning to live** it lies the hope of the salvation of human kind from the intolerable burdens that weigh it down. It is an individual lesson with a universal application—to **learn to live by the Law of Love—to live in the spirit of true Brotherhood.** We are forming a Nucleus of those who are prepared to live a life of love and service. Those interested will write to the Spencer-Whitman Center.

ROBERT BURNS.

MAT M. GLOVER.

All hail to him, the great, the good!
Whose matchless song was Brotherhood!

All hail to him! immortal youth!
Whose song was for the Right and Truth!

Yes, for the Right against the wrong,
And for the weak crushed by the strong,

And for the poor by Fate opprest,
His song bespoke the Poet's breast.

All hail to him! whose song was sweet
For those who fell before defeat;

All hail to him! whose voice was dear
To those who knew misfortune drear.

God, Love and Liberty his song;
Oh, how melodious and strong!

Let every breast that beats with love
For things below or things above,

Give praise to him and laud his name,
Immortal in his honest fame!

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE.

As announced on another page, when so ordered, those sending One Dollar for "To-Morrow" for one year will receive a fine fountain pen free.

The Price of a Genteel Occupation.

By Dr. G. Frank Lydston.



• DR. G. FRANK LYDSTON.

The ambition to secure bread and butter earning positions in life in the occupations somewhat snobbishly designated as "genteel," comprising clerical and professional positions, is rapidly adding a new and important factor in the causation of physical and moral degeneracy. The idea that manual labor and mechanical pursuits of various kinds are the very essence of nobility in bread winning is rapidly becoming only a tradition. The children of both the poorer and the great "middle class,"—speaking from the standpoint of material

prosperity,— have come to consider the occupations of their fathers and mothers as essentially degrading. This growing prejudice of youth against manual labor and in favor of so-called genteel occupations is a deadly and insidious social and moral poison. The young man born of industrious, hard working parents scorns his father's mechanical or day labor occupation and aspires to do something better. He has perhaps a smattering of education, merely enough to stimulate ambitions that he can never gratify. To him, work with the hands—honest labor—has no features of dignity to commend it. The consequence is that he either makes a desperate effort to qualify for the ranks of the already overcrowded professions or enters some clerical occupation, in which his chances in the battle of life are much less brilliant than his father's, whose occupation, while from the standpoint of the snob, less genteel, was far more productive of material results. The father, perhaps, has been able to give his family modest comforts and perhaps a few luxuries in life, to which the family of the would-be genteel son, should he be so misguided as to marry and raise a family, is likely to be strangers.*

The daughter of the mechanic or other wage worker sees nothing respectable or ennobling in the use of the broom, the mop and the washboard, which have been part of the every day life of the mother who bore her, and yearns for the shop or the store with their temptations and starvation wages. She, as well as her brothers, has acquired in all probability a smattering of so-called education. The faulty edu-

*Write Editor To-Morrow for Cause and Cure.

cation is often just sufficient to excite dangerous ambitions—ambitions that are decidedly the unhealthful product of their environment, in the minds of the children of the poor. So far as the young girl is concerned, these ambitions are not likely to be gratified legitimately; whither they often lead, every sociologist knows. The daughter of the mechanic and wage worker spurns domestic service and abhors matrimony in her own sphere. Or, if she does not altogether spurn domestic service, and is willing to enter matrimony in her own sphere of life, she has a contempt for domestic service, although she is willing to become a slave for the benefit of the man she marries and the family she rears. Where the young woman has a contempt for domestic service and is averse to matrimony in her own sphere, the men of the social sphere above her are not slow to take advantage of her ambitions, but not always in a way conducive to her best interests in the battle of life.

The physical and moral degeneracy attendant upon overwork and underpay is nowhere so evident as among those engaged in the so-called genteel occupations.* Malnutrition among the underfed is not so infrequent among genteel workers as might be imagined. When the individual who is inured to manual labor or to a mechanical pursuit is thrown out of employment, which, by the way, he rarely is, except under conditions for which wage earners themselves are largely responsible—for example, in the case of strikes—he has practically no difficulty in re-establishing himself in another job, in which he can make a respectable living for himself and family. With the genteel occupant of a clerical or professional position the reverse is true. Great difficulty is experienced in getting a suitable position. The suffering on the part of such individuals is far greater than that of those who are not used to the refinements of civilization, and who indeed have no particular ambition to gratify in that direction. His mode of living and that of his family, if he has a family, are keyed up to a plane from which it is difficult for him to descend without considerable shock to his finer sensibilities. The ranks of the criminal are recruited to a certain extent from those who prove to be the weaker vessels in the struggle for existence among the so-called genteel workers. In the case of women so employed, recruits for the grand army of prostitutes are more abundant than in the case of women of a less refined class, who are inured to harder methods of earning a livelihood. Other things being equal, the young man or woman with a trade has, upon the average, a far better chance in the battle of life than persons in professional and clerical occupations.

A comparison of the combined incomes of a large number of mechanics of the higher grades with the aggregate incomes of a similar number of individuals drawn from the so-called genteel occupations is very suggestive. I will mention a case in point. From a certain large city in the United States two representative regiments were recruited for service during the

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Spanish-American war. One of these regiments, sometimes facetiously termed the "dude regiment," was composed of men from the so-called genteel or professional classes. The other regiment, which did not stand so high intellectually or socially, was composed almost altogether of workmen of the higher class, such as machinists, and engineers, but to a certain extent was made up of miscellaneous wage workers. In estimating the sacrifices that were made by the members of the two regiments, it was discovered that the combined incomes lost to the members of the last mentioned regiment amounted to a sum which, in round numbers, was three times the amount represented by the combined incomes of the members of the more genteel organization.

The old idea paramount in the minds of our forefathers was that manual labor and mechanical pursuits of various kinds were not only respectable, but an essential part of a young man's education. The old fashioned father believed that his duty was, not only to give his son a fair degree of education, but a trade upon which he could rely for a livelihood and to which he could have recourse at any time in case he should have difficulty in earning a living in some occupation which to him was more congenial.

There is a tendency of late in certain quarters to revive interest in manual training of various kinds as an essential factor in education and in the making of useful self-sustaining citizens.* This is a theme which I do not care to elaborate on at this time, but that it is a most important one the more progressive and thoughtful practical educators of the world are firmly convinced.

The practical bearing of the foregoing lies in the proposition that the rise and fall of criminality, prostitution, pauperism, and, in short, all of the brood of social diseases of which degeneracy is the parent, corresponds with the ups and downs of material prosperity of the social integers. That a large part of the remedy for such social ills lies in harking back to the soil—to simpler modes of living—and in restoring manual labor to the place of honor it once held, is self evident.

LIFE.

BY R. W. BROUGH.

Life is a cloud by gleams of glory rent,
My future dream, yet now my past lament,
The strained endeavor of a ceaseless fight,
The silvered silence of a restful night.

Life is a song of triumph from the Right,
A bitter wail from 'neath the feet of Might,
A hurrying of the hours, a swift descent,
A memory of years and passions spent.

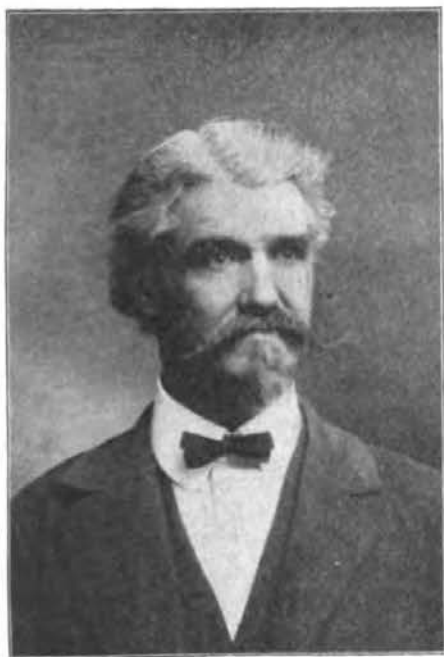
Life was so plain to view, for you and me,
But now so veiled, so lost in mystery!
And yet, O sweet, mad Inconsistency,
O glad, sad Life, I love and cling to thee!

*Write Editor TO-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

The Vital Publication.

(Written for the Prize Contest.)

By Wyatt Millikan.



WYATT MILLIKAN.

"Tomorrow." 'Tis an appropriate title for the sane and virile publication that has taken such advanced grounds on questions most vital to human happiness and to the progress of the race.

The rapid developments in the material and economic world that have ushered in the new century, indicate unmistakably that the time has arrived when some benign influence should forge to the front and endeavor to draw aside from the headlong rush of this "dollar mad" age a few spirits who are in the habit of thinking a little beyond the present hour and its

material interests, to consider and to prepare for the great "changing order" that is now eminent if we read the "signs of the times" aright.

"To-Morrow" realizing this need has entered first into the arena and stands without a peer. It is the most vital publication to day.

First: Because it insists on the discussion and investigation of the great fundamental laws and facts of life and being that govern the perpetuation and evolution of the human race from a scientific, sane and practical standpoint, rather than from the basis of pre-existent creeds, myths, and traditions.

Second: Because it will focus the best thought of the age upon the fact that Love is the most powerful factor for good that the social organism can invoke; that Hatred is too baneful an influence to be permitted where it can possibly be eliminated; that the most exalted mutual and reciprocal love is the most powerful factor in producing the highest type of manhood; that Motherhood is the most important sacred and honorable of all natural functions and appeals most strongly to the social organism for protection and care; that it is an inestimable privilege to be well born; that early impressions are important; that scientific early training and environment are of paramount value; that kindergardens and schools cost less in the long run than police, courts, jails, pen-

itentiaries and asylums that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; that a high sense of moral rectitude cannot be grafted into the human breast—neither by statutory enactments nor by sermons.

These subjects are **vitality itself**. They lie at the very fountain of life, both of the social organism and of the individual. Their importance is supreme. Their discussion dwarfs all others, and the time to discuss them is **now**.

This is not a crusade. "To-Morrow" is not seeking to make proselytes. The consideration of these subjects from the sociologic standpoint is forced upon us by the "logic of events."

The era of good fellowship and the government of science and sense is coming. Not through preaching but by the steady and unfailing process of that great fundamental law of Nature,—Evolution, it is being wrought out in the material world.

"With a steady calm persistence
Drift the facts before the law."

It is a fact almost inexplicable, that subjects most vital to the human race are seldom discussed in the current publications, and when treated at all it is generally in the most shallow and superficial way. In many instances the writers are so trammelled by a priori convictions in favor of prevailing customs and religious traditions that they are disqualified for that close and impartial analysis that alone is of any value in scientific investigation.

For instance, in the current number of Myersons Magazine, is an article by Hon. O'Neill Ryan, judge of the District court of St. Louis, on the "Menace of the Divorce Evil." Notice that in the very title the case is pre-judged. Is it a menace? Is it an evil? *

After referring to expressions on the subject by Cardinal Gibbons, he says: "His voice is indeed one of authority because he is a Prince of the Church that holds the marriage obligation validly made, binding until death, that makes matrimony a sacrament, thus raising that relation to the highest and most sacred sphere." And further on he says, after an expressed opinion, "This is the opinion of one who as a Catholic believed that the marriage tie is before God indissoluble save by death."

What! Must the earnest yearning student of Nature and her profound and inevitable laws cease his quest for truth and accept as its equivalent the simple dictum of one who merely by an accident of our conventionalism is "a Prince of the Church?"

Or if in our marriage relation there sometimes lurks violation of natural law can we be shielded from its consequences by the merely conventional act of raising it to the "highest and most sacred sphere of a church sacrament?"

A divorce is only the revocation of a marriage and the

*Write Editor TO-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

two must be considered in connection. It may be that divorce is an unmitigated evil; or it may be that it is only a symptom showing that in the process of our evolution our social organism has slightly outgrown the rigid status of the marriage relation of ages gone and that some slight adjustment is indicated.

Whatever our individual views we should enter upon the investigation of so vital a subject with a sincere desire to learn the truth.

The earnest lover of Nature's ways who is slowly and carefully feeling his way toward the truth will seek the pages of "To-Morrow" where perchance even monogamistic marriage may be discussed—not as one of the sacred ordinances of God, but as one of the profane experiments of man.

Now if the courts, either civil or ecclesiastical, had the power to compel married pairs to live together in that high and holy state of love and harmony contemplated and implied by their union, there might be no objection to their making the tie "indissoluble save by death," but so long as scarcely a newspaper comes to our hand that does not chronicle a case where a married pair has accepted the dreadful alternative of the aforesaid courts, one of them lying cold in death and the other a murderer; or where one or the other has suffered a violent death at his or her own hands, there will be certain cynical persons to insist that there be other evils, even greater than the "divorce evil."*

A vital interest is taken by the sociologist and the humanitarian in the scientific and dispassionate study of the problems presented by the subject of marriage and divorce; and they will insist upon looking at it with the natural and unaided eye rather than through the antiquated and begrimed spectacles of habit and prejudice.

Education is another subject which is discussed by "To-Morrow" from a higher and more rational standpoint than is attempted by any other publication of today. Certainly in our own land and perhaps throughout civilization, the so-called system of education is the one great object of civic pride. Education is held to be of vital importance both to the individual and to the state; but when education is considered in the broad sense as the development of human beings from the embryo to the full fruition of noble manhood and womanhood, how far do our best systems of education fall short of the ideal.

Real development results not alone in knowing but in **being**. The very first requisite is vitality. The science of endowing with initial vitality is not even considered. The vital importance of early training and first impressions, the great value of proper environment and of individual initiative on the part of the pupil are almost wholly ignored and the opportunities lost. What is called stuffing or cramming, sermonizing, moralizing, quoting, citing illustrious examples, are overworked.*

The instructor who thinks that because he has clearly

*Write Editor TO-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

stated a certain truth to his pupils, that henceforth they **know** it, is far from proficient.

Some of us whose heads are frosted over with the costly lessons of experience, have spent a valuable part of our after life in unlearning the things that we learned in school, thus exemplifying the wise saying of Josh Billing that "its better not to no so much than to no so menny things that aint so."

Society takes the children at the ages of 6 to 21 and gives them instructions collectively 7 hours a day, 5 days in the week for a part of the year, while the remainder of the time they are practically left to chance, which latter generally saves them.

I know that the great majority of parents are shocked at the proposition that the state could better rear and educate their children than can their parents; but why? The term parents, it must be remembered includes the poor, the ignorant, the brutal, as well as the wealthy, the intelligent, the polite. *

Many homes in which you would shudder to think of trusting your babe to be reared are yet rearing citizens for the state. Even among parents of the "better class" how very few are fitted to have so important a charge. Have you not often observed intelligent and well meaning parents pursuing a course that must ultimately injure the child?

If the jurisdiction of the public school could be extended over the entire twenty-four hours of the day instead of seven, the advantages of the social and communal life thus afforded the children would be of inestimable value to them as members of society and as citizens of the state.

A few years ago a certain Catholic clergyman of broad culture, visited an orphanage where great pains were taken to attain ideal conditions for child life and development; he witnessed their studies, their work, their plays and recreations, always under the leadership and encouragement of the teachers. In writing of it afterward for publication he eloquently describes the fullness and harmony of their communal life, their radiant faces, their innocence and gaiety and says in effect, the suggestion came unbidden to his mind, "**How unfortunate that children should have parents.**"

Now without forecasting any radical reform I insist that this last subject which I have but vaguely outlined is one of the most vital that concerns the human race. It is the basis of the prosperity, progress, and perfection of human society: from it will one day be evolved a grander social organism than the mind of man has ever dreamed.

"To-Morrow" will advocate the emancipation of woman, the submissive, uncomplaining burden bearer of the ages,—woman, whose divinely inspired intuition has ever pointed us to higher and better things. Yes, emancipation is not too strong a term. Let her be emancipated from the unspeakable burden of loving, honoring, and obeying a man who uses physical vio-

*Write Editor TO-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

lence upon her person and who forces her to contribute of her earnings to buy rum.*

Emancipate her from the "protection" of such laws as once disgraced the statutes in this fair land of ours, **merely limiting** the size of the club with which a husband might lawfully chastise his wife. Emancipate her from the baneful influence of all forms of fear, duress or bribery.

Somewhere in the dim uncertain future, the day is steadily approaching when Woman will assume her rightful estate as sole arbiter in the affairs of Love. When Woman shall assume the high and holy responsibilities of maternity only at her own election unburdened by fear or constraint, shielded from the arrows of malice and hate and vouchsafed the kindest consideration and care from those with whom she must associate; then, and not till then, will men be born in the image and likeness of his Maker.

WAGNER'S MUSIC.

BY L. KAUFFNER.

I.

As the blue sky in the bosom of the sea,
As our secret wishes breathed to the night,
As the soul in the body,
As we in the arms of the All—
So the sound of the human voice in its song
Rests bedded deep in the orchestral surge of Wagner's music.

And like one's breath on a frosty day,
Or like the perfume of a flower,
So in a last concentration the music takes form in words,
Revealing its soul, and its secret of feeling and thought.

II.

In endless joy
We are borne along on the notes as they spread:
With widest arms we embrace the universe,
Till it is filled with but one sound,
And in this our souls are dissolved and carried
And enlarged to the bounds of the All.

III.

Thus we are freed and free.
And yet, even in this, of a sudden
There is a quiver,
As of tears that cannot be wept.
Will the longing never cease?
And does the world-woe reach
Even into the light of Heaven?

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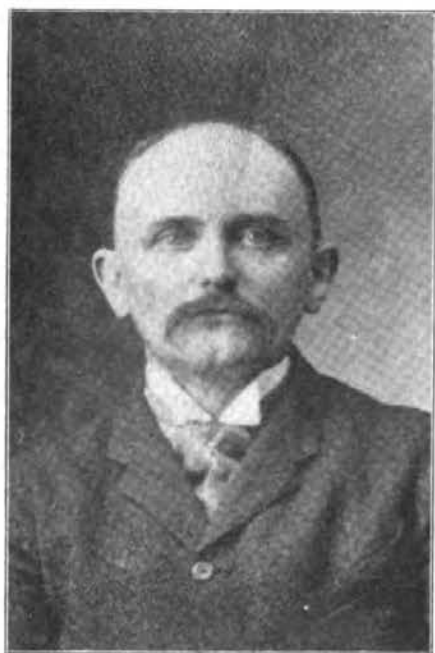
The Democratic Snob.

By D. F. Hannigan.

While "To-Morrow" stands for upbuilding, for constructive work along every line still the following contribution by Mr. Hannigan, though not particularly constructive, nevertheless finds fault with the present system in such an original way as to bring vividly to the attention of the trained reader the lines of constructive work which must be followed in order to overcome the difficulties complained of.

Of course, as Mr. Hannigan says, the cure must be educational, and we agree with him providing he also means that our present educational system requires just as much "cure" as any other part of our social fabric.

The education we all need is the kind that one would naturally acquire without study in an environment which would eliminate the desire for inequality.



D. F. HANNIGAN.

It is an utter fallacy to assume that Democracy has made the existence of the snob impossible. On the contrary, the reign of King Demos may be said to have inaugurated a special snobocratic regime.

More than half a century ago, Thackeray wrote his "Book of Snobs." If he were living today he would see the necessity for modifying his definition of the word. According to Thackeray, every man and every woman who meanly admires mean things, is a snob. The typical Thackerayan snob is the toad-eater who abjectly fawns on his aristocratic acquaintances even though he knows full well that they despise him. The English college tutor who left an unfinished letter commencing "My Lord Duke" on his desk was exactly the sort of person that Thackeray loved to gibbet.

But tempora mutantur. Both in England and in America the snob has undergone a complete metamorphosis. In England the average snob has ceased to boast of his acquaintance with noblemen. He prefers to get some peer of pronounced radical views to preside at a political meeting and then to make a violent speech denouncing the House of Lords, and maintaining that it should be forthwith abolished as "anachronism."

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The twentieth century snob professes to believe in the su-

premacy of the People (with a capital P). He is the "un-compromising" advocate of "equality" and boldly declares that every man has a right to do whatever he likes. He is always on the side of the majority, and scornfully alludes to all who happen to have opinions of their own, as "faddists."

His fetish is Popularity, and in order to become popular, he is ready to do anything, no matter how dishonorable. The old-fashioned code of honor that held that to lie was disgraceful is entirely disregarded by the latter day snob. To vilify a political opponent is according to his theory quite legitimate, and to ruin an adversary is only "part of the game." On the other hand, the delinquencies of your own friends must be "kept dark" and only their good qualities exhibited to the public gaze. If they have no good qualities, they invent some for the purposes of advertising!

In the United States, the latter day snob, while professing to be intensely democratic or socialistic, is really the worst enemy of true progress. In this country, party politics have corrupted the moral fiber of society. The political "boss" has organized public dishonesty and made it "pay."*

The revelations made by Mr. Steffens in his book, "The Shame of the Cities," shows that municipal life in most of the cities of America is simply rotten.

Not only Chicago, St. Louis, and Minneapolis, but prim Philadelphia, with its Quakerish traditions must be described as Augean Stables where public foulness has infected the body corporate.

Democracy is a good thing when it means the power of the people to make rascals do right, but when it is interpreted as the right of the people to tolerate and sustain political prostitution, it becomes a curse, not a blessing.

In Athens of old, a false democracy produced a Cleon. Let us not name some of the men it produces in the United States today. To do this would be to imitate the ways of the Democratic Snob!

But is it not a farce to talk of Democracy, using that grand word in its literal sense, in a country where money is preferred to manhood,* and where the newspapers devote whole columns to accounts of the successful speculation, the marriages, the divorces, and even the imbecilities of multi-millionaires?*

We hear of the virtuous indignation of religious matrons in New York at the admission of wealthy Divorcees, into the highest social circles, and their high-minded resolve to boycott rich women of shady reputation. But what has come of it? Why, nothing! The Divorcees turn the tables on their straight-laced religious sisters by boycotting them!

When the nineteenth century was young, Washington Irving invented the felicitous phrase, "the Almighty Dollar," but if the dollar was almighty then what is it now? Is it not in the eyes of many, alas, more sacred than God?

The power of money in this "free" republic is terribly

*Write Editor TO-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

crushing. The poor unhappy toiler succumbs beneath its intolerable weight. The capitalist, even when his gains are ill-gotten, can exercise a tyranny far worse than that of any czar. We know that dishonest insurance magnates have recently confessed that they had spent millions for the purpose of political corruption. What does that mean, except that members of one, if not of both, of the great political parties have been receivers of stolen money? It is a grotesque mockery for our quixotically "strenuous" President to express a wish that the tainted money should be returned!

We find American snobbery flourishing under the delusive name of "public opinion," for the simple reason that a great number of newspapers are run by snobs or creatures of snobs.

The meanly successful man who commenced life, working on a farm, and rose to be the head of several railroad companies by means of which any honest farmhand would be ashamed, has it in his power to make or mar a newspaper. Accordingly he rules the so-called "organ of opinion"—and yet the sharp American people are hoodwinked by hypocritical comments which mean nothing.

The mind which is really free from snobbery, recognizes the truth of Lowell's words:

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

To love Right and to cling to it in spite of plutocracy, that is the mark of the true Democrat! Every new generation gives birth to a new specimen of the snob species. Thackeray no doubt by his caustic satire extinguished the race of toad-eaters. Even the most worthless degenerate with the "blue blood" in his veins feels ashamed nowadays to live on the reputation of his ancestors. But how many American women sacrifice self-respect and even common decency in order to secure a title by marrying one of these same degenerates.*

Are we better off than the snobs of fifty years ago with our heartless pursuit of empty vanities, our brazen vulgarities, our atrocious passion for luxuries, our worship of clothes, our stupid contempt for culture, simplicity and straight-forwardness?*

The American people are good and true at heart but the specter of want terrifies the worker and the result is a horrible diseased yearning to get rich—if possible to be a millionaire. What is the cure for all this evil? It is plain enough if we only stop to think: a better system of education to drill the youth of America to live the life of true independence.

The snob of the past was a comparatively harmless being. It is true that he was a chump and thought it a fine thing to be able to boast of knowing people who were richer or more distinguished than himself. But he did not habitually trample on the feelings of others. He did not delight in exhibiting an utter absence of good breeding. He was free from

*Write Editor To-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

the degrading creed that "everything comes to the man who has cheek." Moreover he did not patronize crowned heads in the spirit of a shameless appraiser of shoddy.

Would any snob either in England or America fifty years ago have lauded the German Kaiser as the "most intense American" in Europe? What an audacious and silly lie;—and yet we are forced to read such stuff in American newspapers.

The millenium not having yet arrived we cannot hope to see the prolific race of snobs eradicated. But surely it is most desirable that the snob should be rendered less noxious and more amenable to the influence of civilization. It is sad to reflect that in spite of our social progress the average snob of today is more stupidly aggressive and more insufferably impudent than his predecessors.

Instead of being a "mean admirer of mean things" he is a mean despiser of all noble things—the very worst and most hopeless kind of a snob. He has no respect for the traditions of gentleness and refinement, no pity for unmerited suffering, no appreciation of anything unless it "pays," no belief in an ideal, no ambition except to be "as good as"—* that is, as rich and well dressed as every one else, no sympathy with the few great souls who in the midst of our crazy eagerness to get on, no matter how, are honestly striving to make this world a better place to live in.

Must everything be brought to the market? Must everything be so sold? Must we put a price on man's genius as well as on woman's virtue? Is even marriage to become a matter of mere barter? What a prospect for the literature and art as well as for the domestic life of this great Republic in the not far distant future.

But it is hard to believe that Plutocracy will rule America. Not in vain did Goldsmith write:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few is one of the curses of the United States.* The people, though they do not know it, are still mere children. They are governed by soulless rascals who use them worse than if they were mere brutes, and pay them a pittance under the name of "wages." American snobbery has its root in money worship and the way to remedy this horrible state of affairs is to teach the people the real value and the comparative insignificance of money.

"Educate" says an orator, "that you may be free." It is by education that America will be delivered from the pest of snobbery.

The portrait of Porfirio Diaz, President of the Republic of Mexico, will adorn the front cover of the April number of this Magazine.

*Write Editor To-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

Thomas Paine.

Address before the Society of Anthropology, Chicago.

By Dr. Juliet H. Severance.



DR. JULIET H. SEVERANCE.

Thomas Paine was born at Thedford, England, Jan. 29, 1736, one-hundred and seventy years ago. His father was a Quaker and possessed the virtues of that prudent, conscientious people. His mother was the daughter of an attorney of the place and a member of the established church.

At an early age Thomas was sent to a grammar school where he was taught reading, writing and something of Latin but he never prosecuted the latter because of his dislike of dead languages.

At a very early age he had a skeptical turn in regard to the popular religious ideas, for he says of himself "From the time I was capable of conceiving an idea and acting upon it by reflection I either doubted the truth of the Christian system or thought it to be a strange affair; I scarcely knew which it was, but I remember when about seven or eight years old hearing a sermon read by a relative of mine upon the subject of the Redemption by the Son of God. After the sermon was ended as I was going down the garden steps, I revolted at the recollection of what I had heard and thought to myself that it was making God Almighty act like a passionate man. This was to me a serious reflection arising from the idea I had, that God was too good to do such an act and too Almighty to be under the necessity of doing it. I believe the same way to this moment; and moreover believe that, any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

At this early age he was the frank, honest, brave spirit in embryo that developed the future sage. At the age of thirteen he was taken from school and worked in his father's shop; after that, for a number of years he changed his occupation frequently, apparently restless and dissatisfied with commonplace associations, until 1774 when he left England for America, bringing with him, letters of introduction from Dr. Franklin, who was then and thereafter his fast friend. He soon became editor of the Pennsylvania Maga-

zine and wrote much for its columns both in prose and poetry, His "Song on the Death of General Wolfe," is a sample of his elegant diction and purity of style. In prose he was no less vivid in his word painting. In speaking of the riches of the earth and the industry necessary to its possession, he says: "Though nature is gay, polite and generous abroad, she is sullen, rude and niggardly at home. Return the visit and she admits you with all the suspicion of a miser and all the reluctance of antiquated beauty retired to replenish her charms. Bred up in antediluvian notions she has not yet acquired the European taste of receiving visitants in her dressing room. She locks and bolts her private recesses with extraordinary care, as if not only resolved to preserve her hoards but to conceal her age and hide the remains of a face that was young and lovely in the days of Adam.

"He that would view nature in her undress, and partake of her internal treasures must proceed with the resolution of a robber if not a ravisher. She gives no invitation to follow her to the cavern; the external earth makes no proclamation of the interior stores, but leaves to chance and industry the discovery of the whole.

"In such gifts as nature can annually recreate she is noble and profuse and entertains the whole world with the interest of her fortunes but watches over the capital with the care of a miser. Her gold and jewels lie concealed in the earth, in caves of utter darkness; the hoards of wealth heaps upon heaps mold in the chests like the riches of a necromancer's cell."

But Thomas Paine was not born to be merely a literary man although his genius would have made his name rank among the finest in the array of literary talent. He was a natural reformer and when there was needed a leader, he was the one ordained by nature to do what no other man had the power to perform.

Let us glance briefly at the condition of affairs presented by the British Colonies. The story of their differences with the mother country is familiar to all. These troubles had culminated in April 1775 in a skirmish at Lexington where eight citizens had been killed by the British soldiery. On the 17th of June following, the Battle of Bunker Hill took place, where about a hundred and fifty patriots were slain and double the number wounded. In the meantime while the opening guns of the great struggle were sounding, reminding the patriots of their duty to their country, the Second Congress of the Thirteen Colonies was discussing how the breach could be healed and the colonies restored with honor to the home government.

This body had previously voted to call into service twenty thousand volunteers and had appointed George Washington of Virginia commander of the force. But as yet there had been no expression on the part of leaders or people for **independence**.

The winters of 1775-6 were winters of terror and uncer-

tainty to the colonists. The first blow for political liberty had been struck and the thirteen scattered colonies comprising only three millions of people found themselves engaged in a war against the wealthiest and most powerful nation on the globe. The army was poorly supplied with the necessities of life. Congress was divided into factions and could agree on no settled line of action while tory citizens in every city, town and neighborhood raised their heads defiantly and threatened fearful vengeance upon the "rebels" when the authority of good King George should be restored.

Behind all this was the sturdy Anglo-Saxon love of liberty and manly determination never to yield their principles, but to suffer and die if need be for the cause.

A mouth-piece was wanted; a man with brain and courage sufficient to speak the inner thought of the people—a representative intellect that could give shape and voice to the longings of three million human souls in the throes that were to give birth to a new and better nation.

The human race grows through human agency. The progress of the race is always by and with the help of man. Every age gives birth to the great brains and hearts that stand through succeeding centuries as the representatives of their times. Sometimes these representative men are crucified and become gods like Jesus of Nazareth. Sometimes they are poisoned for telling men of a better God and a higher life than is known to the priesthood of the day, like Socrates. Sometimes they are hanged for inciting to servile rebellion, like John Brown. Sometimes they are burned at the stake like Bruno and Hess. Again they are accidentally, it may be, allowed to live on like Thomas Paine through the obloquy, hatred and scorn of those whose salvation they would freely give their lives to secure.

The pages of history blossom with this lesson. The hour and the man always come together. The hour in the history of the American colonies was at hand—the man who was to speak in unpolished, unmusical sentences the hopes and aspirations of a people longing for liberty and independence was within call.

One hundred and twenty seven years ago this very month, in the midst of uncertainty, distraction and fear, in the early days of the Revolution there was issued from an obscure press in the city of Philadelphia a pamphlet of less than fifty pages with the suggestive title, "Common Sense." The title page closed with the following couplet from the pen of the poet Thompson:

"Man knows no master save creating Heaven
Or those whom choice and common good ordain."

It was like the bugle blast of Rhoderick Dhu and from hill top and valley, from city and village, came back the re-echoing cry of "Independence." The title of the pamphlet was most happily and appropriately chosen, "Common Sense," the intelligence born of daily experience.

In all hours of difficulty and danger, in all times of trial and tribulation, in the midst of the storms that ever sweep across the ocean of life, "Common Sense" is the only safe compass to guide us into a peaceful harbor.

Thomas Paine the incarnation of Common Sense was born in the lower walks of life. He early learned the use of muscle and brain and developed them as he fought his way upward and onward in life. He had felt the galling chains fastened upon the limbs of the English peasant by the land-owners of his day. While yet a boy he had suffered the pangs of hunger because a father, able to work and anxious to work, could not find employment sufficiently remunerative to put bread into the mouths of his children. He had discovered, as those only can discover with a like experience, how the monster monopoly swallows with selfish greed the substance of the poor and weak that the strong and rich might wallow in luxury and add to their ill gotten spoils. So every word he wrote was a protest against spoliation and oppression.

There were two special forms of evil that were his peculiar detestation; they were King-craft and Priest-craft and for more than fifty years he waged an unrelenting war of extermination against them.

The powers that could not answer his arguments while he lived have polluted his memory when dead and by falsehoods have fastened upon him vices of which he never dreamed.

The publication of Common Sense produced an effect that was almost magical. From Massachusetts Bay to South Carolina the cry was taken up, "Independence," and passed from tongue to tongue until it became the rallying cry of the patriot yeomanry. No more talk of compromise, no more petitions to the crowned tyrant for justice, no more crouching at the foot of power to feed upon the bones tossed from the table of royalty. The voice of the people had found utterance through the courage and manliness of one of their own number.

A writer of the day gives one instance of the electric effect of the pamphlet. He says: "When Common Sense arrived in Albany the Convention of New York was in session. Gen. Scott, a leading member, alarmed at the boldness and novelty of the arguments, mentioned his fears to several of his distinguished colleagues and suggested a private meeting in the evening for the purpose of writing an answer.

They accordingly met and Mr. McCarson read the pamphlet through. At first it was deemed both necessary and expedient to answer it immediately, but on casting about for arguments they concluded to adjourn and meet again. In a few evenings they resembled but so rapid had been the change of opinion in the colonies at large, in favor of independence, that they ultimately agreed not to oppose it.

As usual the people were ahead of their officers and while statesmen like Jefferson, Adams and Franklin, held back, the rank and file of their constituents were ready to stake fortune and life upon the issue.

In the course of a few weeks more than a hundred copies of the pamphlet had been disposed of. It was read with equal interest by the scholar and the laborer for while it dealt with philosophical principles which lie at the foundation of all government, the sterling common sense of the author dressed his arguments in a garb so plain that even ignorance could not escape its logic.

The work was written in the author's best style and every page breathed sentiments of patriotism and love of liberty that would be astonishing did we not remember that the same hand afterward penned the sublime sentiment:

"The world is my country and to do good my religion,"

a sentiment, that embodied the beginning and end of Paine's political and theological creed.

The author commences by making a broad distinction between society and government. "Society," he says, "is produced by our wants, government by our wickedness. Society in every state is a blessing, but government, even in its best state is but a necessary evil." A few people in our day have grown to understand that fact. "Government like dress is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built upon ruins of the bowers of "Paradise." We can almost think he was gifted with the spirit of prophecy for in this pamphlet is foreshadowed many of the principles and precepts that have since become the custom of the American people. In the white heat of his intense earnestness, he occasionally threw off some splendid scintillations of eloquence which must have sounded strange to the ears of our honest, law-abiding fathers taught from infancy to regard royalty as second only to Divinity.

In the early age of the world according to Scripture Chronology there were no kings, the consequence of which was, there were no wars. It is the pride of kings which throws mankind into confusion. How impious is the title of Sacred Majesty, applied to a worm who in the midst of his splendor is crumbling into dust.

With one stroke of his common sense goose quill he punctures most admirably the current idea of the "Divinity which doth hedge in a King."

He says: "A French bastard landing with an armed banditti and establishing himself King of England against the consent of the natives, is in plain terms a very paltry rascally original—it has certainly no Divinity in it."

Then follows a fearless manly utterance that should be written in letters of gold. "Of more worth is one honest man in society and in the sight of God than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived."

We have seen the effects of the pamphlet, Common Sense, upon the colonists. It remains to be said that our Paine with the generosity that was one of his distinguishing characteristics, gave to each of the thirteen colonies, a copy-right of his pamphlet, which was laying upon the altar of his adopted country a fortune for those days. He was not born

for a military leader. He had the strength of a giant but it was the strength of intellect and moral courage. On the twenty-third day of December, 1776, he published the first number of the "Crisis," signed as were all subsequent numbers by the nom de plume "Common Sense."

Washington had been defeated on Long Island and driven to New York. One after another disaster had thinned the ranks and sapped the courage of the patriots. All seemed for the time to be lost when again the trumpet notes of Common Sense rang through the land calling patriotism back to its duty and shaming cowardice and treason into silence.

The pamphlet opened with these words: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered yet we have the consolation that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph." Is it not a commentary on the gratitude of our nation that while the opening sentence of his paragraph is a household word with every American-born citizen, its authorship is scarcely known to one in a thousand.

There were fifteen numbers of the "Crisis" during the following seven years. Was the army dispirited, a Crisis found the silver lining to the cloud and pointed it out. Were the finances deranged, "Common Sense" would throw out a few suggestions which when acted upon never failed to secure confidence. Did the King of England make a speech on American affairs, "Common Sense" was ready to point out his fallacies, expose his stately rhetoric, and riddle his arguments. Finally on the nineteenth of April, 1783, after the conclusion of peace, "Common Sense" published his last "Crisis."

Seven years had passed since the same strong intellect had dictated, and the same manly hand had written the words that had transformed rebellion into revolution; seven years of toil, disaster, bloodshed and death—seven years of patriotism, courage and steadfastness! The hand of war had left its impress everywhere but the angel of peace had come at last to heal the wounds of the struggle, and the first to greet her was Common Sense.

He wrote: "The times that tried men's souls are over and the greatest and completest Revolution the world ever knew, gloriously and happily accomplished." It was to the wonderful power of the pen of Paine far more than to the sword of Washington that we are indebted for the victorious outcome of the war of Revolution and during all these years, his name would have been uttered with as much reverence had it not been for his greater heroism which enabled him to attack the stronghold of superstition—the Church.

Had his Age of Reason been unwritten, had he not maintained that Reason instead of any professed Revelation

should govern man in all his decisions, he would have been honored by all classes as hero and patriot.

The church not being able to meet his arguments must needs destroy his influence by denouncing his character and has been carrying on the most cruel and vindictive opposition to his memory and fair fame ever since.

Paine's every word and work has been for Freedom. The church has ever been the relentless enemy of Liberty. Look over history's pages and read the wars, devastation, murders committed by order of this arch enemy of progress. Where has science met with its bitterest opposition? Bruno was burned for his advocacy of Science. Copernicus dared not to publish his discoveries until the hand of death was upon him and then the church suppressed his works, and Luther cast upon his grave the epithet of "Fool." A dungeon's gloom was the fate of Galileo for declaring that the world moved. Kepler gave to the world the fundamental laws of Astronomical Science and because it did not agree with the Bible he was driven from his seat in the University he had so long and ably filled. Upon the heads of Newton and Bacon, Descartes and Laplace, Leibnitz and Humbolt, upon all the devoted heroes of science has Christian malice and hatred hurled her maledictions.

Says Huxley: "Who now shall number the patient and earnest seekers after Truth from the days of Galileo until now, whose lives have been embittered and their good name blasted by the mistaken zeal of Bibliolaters?"

Wherever you find any church, I care not under what name it rests, be it Catholic or Protestant, there you find an enemy to Liberty. Woman has ever found in the church her worst enemy and oppressor. In the Bible she is taught that her creation was an after thought and that she was made solely for man's convenience. Moses legalized the sale of daughters. Paul's contemptible doctrines in regard to woman have been used as chains to bind her in her degradation and today the control of the people by the church is held mainly through the subjugation of woman in our marriage system which is one of slavery wherein the man owns the woman instead of being as it should a mutual partnership, of equal rights, privileges and responsibilities. From this enslavement of mothers a race of slaves are born.

Let a liberty loving woman utter a protest against this outrage or a cry of anguish for the fate of her sex her voice is silenced by the jeers and taunts of the church. "Let your women keep silence for it is not permitted unto them to speak," rises from a thousand pulpits to drown the cry. But women do speak and will continue to speak until above the grave of their present mistress, the church, they will one day sing songs of deliverance.

Through this church influence, our secular government is being more and more corrupted.* Who pays no taxes on a million dollars' worth of property which the nation must protect and thus saddles that extra burden upon other tax

*Write Editor To-Morrow for Cause and Cure.

payers? We have blasphemy laws to shut the mouths of infidels; Comstock laws to interfere with the dissemination of unorthodox teachings in regard to the laws of heredity empowering this miserable specimen of the genus homo to interfere with the citizens' right to the safe transit of mails, and victims of his tyranny under church rulings are scattered over the country while others have been hounded to their graves.

You have seen in this fair state, men sentenced to imprisonment for life that had violated no law of the land. You have seen on one sad day four men from your midst cruelly strangled to death whose only offense was that they had brains and dared to use them, thoughts and the moral courage to express them; and hearts that felt for the poor despoiled victims of rapacious greed and tried to ameliorate their conditions.

So long as such laws and usages exist the Declaration of Independence is an empty lie and your shouts of Liberty but the roarings of fools.

Thomas Paine took a conspicuous part in the French Revolution and escaped with his life by the fact of his door being open when the fatal mark was made by which the executioner distinguished the victims, one hundred and sixty of whom in one night Robespierre sent by the guillotine to their graves.

While yet abroad he wrote this to a friend, another instance of his prophetic vision: "A thousand years from now, for I must indulge the thought, perhaps in less time America may become what England now is. The innocence of her character that won the hearts of all nations in her favor may sound like a romance and her unmistakable virtue as if it had never been. The ruins of that liberty which thousands bled to obtain, may just furnish material for a village tale or extort a sigh from caustic-sensibility, while the fashionable of that day enveloped in dissipation shall deride the principle and deny the fact.

When we contemplate the fall of empires and the extinction of the nations of the ancient world, we see but little more to excite our regret than the mouldering ruins of pompous palaces, magnificent monuments, lofty pyramids and walls and towers of the most costly workmanship; but when the Empire of America shall fall, the subject for contemplative sorrow will be infinitely greater than crumbling brass or marble can inspire. It will not then be said, "Here stood a temple of vast antiquity, or there a palace of stupendous extravagance, but here, ah, painful thought, the noblest work of human wisdom, the greatest scene of human glory, the fair cause of Freedom rose and fell. Read this, then ask if I forget America"—

In 1802 he returned to the United States and made his home for the remainder of his days in New Rochelle. He was actively engaged in literary pursuits to the time of his death which occurred June 8th, 1809, he being in his sev-

enty-third year. A modest shaft was placed above his grave with this simple inscription, by his request, "Thomas Paine, author of Common Sense."

In 1839 a monument was erected by the Free-thinkers of the country and subsequently a fine bronze bust of Paine was added. In October, 1905, this monument with the change of inscription to read, "Erected by the patriots of America," instead of Freethinkers, one word changed, was transferred from the custody and care of the Freethinkers to the City of New Rochelle.

The Truth Seeker has this heading to a complete report of the day's proceedings:

GUNS BOOM FOR THOMAS PAINE.

UNCLE SAM HELPS TO CELEBRATE TRANSFER OF MONUMENT.

In the Name of the City of New Rochelle, with the Applause of a Multitude Followed by the Roar of Artillery, the Mayor and Common Council Assume Charge Forever of the Historical Memorial Erected by Freethinkers Sixty-six Years Ago—General Grant Sends Soldiers and a Band, While the National Guard, the Grand Army Men, the Spanish War Veterans, and Sons of the American Revolution Turn Out—Women's Auxiliary of the Grand Army of Republic Participates.

Thus the world is learning to respond with tardy appreciation to its **Greatest Apostle of Freedom.**

A SUNBEAM'S MESSAGE.

BY ZENE SPURRIER.

I would not yield the joy of mind—
That reservoir of hope.
Which feeds the fount of faith, no creed
Can ever really ope—
That thrill supreme, pervading all
The labyrinths of soul—
That gently whispers of reward
When we have reached life's goal.

A sunbeam with a message came
And touched a sleeping flower
That woke to life in radiant bloom,
In proof of secret power—
And now no gaudy tinge of art,
Nor badge nor trapping gay,
Can ever for a moment drive
That glowing thought away.

Whene'er the sun in splendor shines
It seems the more sublime
To dwell in sweet simplicity
In nature's wondrous clime—
Where every living moving thing,
And earth and sky and air,
Proclaim the touch, invisible,
That reaches everywhere.

Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians.

By Carlos Montezuma.

PART VII.

The time is near at hand when we are to witness a practical demonstration of the actual policy which the Government, by the hand of the Administration, intends to pursue in its relation to the Indian and his future associations with the people.

I refer to the prospectus or programme of the Commencement Exercises to be held at the Carlisle Indian School this month, for to one who is familiar with those exercises as formerly planned and carried out during General Pratt's administration of the school, the coming event is stamped all over with the indicia of radical retrograde in its affairs.

The coming program is marked by its contrast to the proceedings on such occasions during the time they were held under Gen. Pratt's direction.

Formerly, a Carlisle Commencement was characterized by exercises in which the boys and girls were permitted to participate as students by reading essays of their own composition or by recitals of their own preparations; by orations and the rendering of musical selections or performances on such musical instruments as they had acquired more or less proficient use of. It was a Commencement Day appointed for a summing up of results of the year, where those who were interested in the school's progress, students and friends alike, might witness such advancement as the participants were able to show had been made in the school work. The desire of the management was to let the school speak for itself, and thus demonstrate practicably what had been wrought out during the year by the combined efforts of the Superintendent, teachers and their pupils; no effort being made to provide entertainment or amusement of a theatrical nature.

In other words, the "Commencement" in those days had nothing of an exploiting feature about it and was not arranged with the view of possibly pleasing the audience by appealing to their curiosity concerning that "peculiar creature" commonly called—Indian. With General Pratt the word Indian was only a sound calling attention simply to a man, one of humankind; not signifying a being separated by an impassable gulf from the rest of the people of the world. Gen. Pratt believed the Carlisle School to be a useful, but nevertheless, a temporary institution, beneficial in its way during such period as might necessarily ensue during the time the Government would be sincerely doing the best it could to bring the Indian out among and to make them a part of the people of the country generally. He never ceased to make it clear that his work at Carlisle was the lesser part of and the head-

quarters from which was to come the impetus for, the greater work of bringing into civilization all the Indians of the country.

General Pratt regarded his position as subordinate to the great purpose to be wrought out by the Government. He did not look upon the school as an opportunity for the exploitation of self or as furnishing a means of existence for himself, or anybody else, and therefore as something to be perpetuated for personal ends.* He believed that in time under proper management of the Indian Bureau, what was called the Indian Problem would meet with a natural, and therefore a satisfactory solution by the wiping out of the dividing line between the Indian and the rest of the people, whereby would come an end to the Carlisle School and an end, necessarily, to his connection with it, and this he was not only ready for but hoped and prayed that it might come as soon as possible.

So seeing, so hoping, and so believing he wrote and spoke to that end, and the result was he awoke one day to find himself no longer the head of the Institution. He had hoped, he had believed but he had spoken too much; he had forgotten that the work of solving the Indian problem was in the hands of Government officials, who held their positions for profit and were not to be hurried beyond their own convenience.

General Pratt failed to take note of the fact that in "national affairs," the head predominates over the heart, and that questions of humanity, justice and fair dealing under conditions where politics ruled, were often made subordinate to the interest of those in authority; and so out of it all came the great change that aside from other ways is to make itself manifest in the coming Commencement exercises at the Indian School, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, which is to consist of an industrial and grand military display of the school's facilities,—the work shops, in a condensed space on the platform, the gymnasium, the drill hall, the dormitories, and all that pertains to the physical and mechanical part of the institution, (belittling the real feature of the school) as though it was to be perpetual, and to continue to receive Indian children for training in the various departments, with no thought of its having any relation to the great question of the final absorption of the Indians into civilization.

In other words, the pupil is no longer to be permitted to write and read essays or deliver orations from the platform at Commencement. His mouth is to be closed and he is not to answer the cry from Macedonnia, "Come and help us." The Carlisle student must no longer encourage his people of the West to continue the struggle for the broader life. It is not good policy to permit him to do so, for he becomes a disturbing element. The Carlisle student breathing out the sentiment of love and hope for his people, from the Commencement platform threatens the perpetuity of political Bureaus and bodes evil to the many official households that draw sus-

*Write Editor TO-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

tenance from the Indian Department. This Carlisle student, therefore, must be put in the background and his voice silenced, lest he might send forth a warning or express a sentiment that might stimulate or encourage his people to renewed effort toward release from Government guardianship.

To those who are interested enough to look into the situation at Carlisle, it is clearly evident that the purpose of the management is to continue the paternal feature of the Government methods of dealing with Indian people; to give ear to writers of theories, the resolves of associations, and to listen to suggestions of the so-called philanthropists and humanitarian as he or she make themselves manifest in periodicals, and other literature of the day.

The powers that be have "method in this madness." They desire the people to continue in a belief that the Indian is a creature to be **dealt** with, as against the true idea, **that he is a man** to whom justice should be meted out; a man in all respects like unto themselves, by nature, and who has been wronged and has come to see the fact, and therefore is beginning to insist upon his rights to be such a man.

There is further method in the motive of the management of the Carlisle school, in that so long as they can entertain and amuse the people generally by, and in manner, exhibiting the Indian as a creature having a distinct nature and character from other men, they will be better able to maintain a Government guardianship over him, and thus effectually retard the growth or development of a sentiment among the people of the country that the Indian originally is entitled to all the rights of a man, and ought to be encouraged and aided in his efforts to secure that equality among men with which by nature he is endowed.

The situation does not require us to mince words. There is no reason why we should approach the subject in a circuitous manner or fear to meet the issue squarely. President Roosevelt, Commissioner Leupp, Superintendent Mercer of Carlisle, and all the other Presidential appointees or favorites either want to do their best in behalf of the Indian or they are indifferent on the subject, or they are positively more concerned about their own political interest than they are about the welfare of the Indian. It ought not to be difficult to arrive at a correct conclusion which one of these three positions the President and his said officials are in! The old saying with reference to those who preach much and claim much to their credit in a given cause, is as good a test to-day as it ever was, and that saying is "by their fruits ye shall know them."

Again; no man can serve two masters. He cannot be subject to the call of duty and to his conscience, and, at the same time, be governed by personal and selfish motives.

President Roosevelt, as chief Executive of the nation knows what his subordinates are doing. He therefore knows Major Mercer as Superintendent of Carlisle is doing in connection with its affairs; that money has been wasted to construct a

hall with expensive elaborate frescoing and scenery for theatrical performances; that the established rules pertaining to card playing and dancing have been greatly relaxed and detrimentally so to the students, and that a general laxity in discipline, in the social relation of the students has marked the change in the management of the school since Gen. Pratt was removed.

In view of the facts here stated I deem it my duty to call upon every Indian who is able to put forth a protest, to resent the statements which Commissioner Leupp sends out in his annual report that the "Indian is an Indian and nothing more," that the "made over" is bound to be like the Navajo blanket from which all the Navajo has been expurgated—neither one thing nor the other—I like the Indian for what is Indian in him, etc.

Did God Almighty plant Indians in America for the amusement of Commissioner Leupp?

"The Indian is a natural warrior, a natural logician, a natural artist, let us not make a mistake in the process of absorbing them, of washing out of them whatever is distinctively Indian."

That is to say, the Indian is not quite a man; a Chinaman may be a real man, a native of Japan may be a man, the Indian of Asia may be a man, the native of Mexico may be a man, yea all of these may be men among men but the American Indian never can be so because he is a distinct creature. He is something aside, in and of himself. He is amusing, grotesque, fantastical still not quite a man. True there are many full blooded Indians who are as well educated as Commissioner Leupp and who are occupying positions and successfully following all the pursuits that other men are engaged in, and having no distinct characteristic, no peculiar trait, habit or custom in marked contrast with other men, yet the Commissioner must find some way to maintain his claim; so he falls back on mere assertion.

He concludes without even deduction, yea without facts and then announces his conclusion as a fact of itself. For the sake of the Indian we hope that the Commissioner's own methods of ascertaining a result are not the same as those the Indian employs as a "logician" when he manifests himself as such to the Commissioner.

We consign Mr. Leupp to the companionship of that large number of persons of whom it may be said "though having eyes, yet they see not." The Hon. Commissioner is like the Captain of a vessel in the midst of a dense fog trying to display his seamanship, not knowing that the mists enshroud him.

It is the duty of the Indian to prevent their possible envelopment in the same fog that surrounds Francis E. Leupp.

(To be continued in April number.)

A Basis for Right Living.

The suggestions made by Mr. Eldridge in the following letter are quite in harmony with plans of the Spencer-Whitman Center, a World Movement, the express tenets of whose educational creed is "character culture through living the right kind of life."

The desire to tyrannize, whether political or economic; the desire to control, invade or oppress others; the desire to outdo, outwit, and outgeneral others can only be eradicated from the human heart by living in a community where these tendencies are inoperative and offer no reward.

All that is necessary to establish such a community and equip for imparting the above educational results is a small group of earnest normal men and women who realize that they cannot become great except as their neighbors are great also, and who are satisfied to live and acquire genuine excellence instead of the artificial and pretended excellence that has become the ambition of our day and generation.

We hope in a future number to be able to announce that Mr. Eldridge will apply his powers and his pen to a definite movement towards forming a "nucleus" that will not only be a sociological experiment for eradicating the evils of the epoch, but a *school of character culture* where people may generally be prepared for right living under a better system.

EDITOR.

Editor "To-Morrow" Magazine:—

What I care for most is the **actual establishment, maintenance and extension** of a true **WORKING PLAN**, financial and industrial, that shall secure a **perpetual 100 per cent. chance for every human being** to live the complete, sane and normal life that God and Nature intended us to live, instead of (as now) a **Ten Per Cent chance** for the millions, and a **million per cent chance** for the few.

It was mainly because I thought it very likely, from the general tenor of your Magazine, that you had either already evolved, or were working your way toward, some such plan of **universal helpfulness and organized harmony** with **Eternal Principles of Right Living**, that I wrote you as I did.

So long as we have physical bodies to sustain and physical surroundings to deal with, human wellbeing must continue to be largely dependent upon **outward conditions**, which it is the special duty of **Organized Industry** to provide for; and hence, our **INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION**, whether it be good or bad, must remain to a great extent the **real foundation** upon which **Organized Society** is based.

If this Industrial Organization be **taken out** of the hands in which it properly belongs (i. e., those of the **WHOLE PEOPLE**), and perverted and made to serve other and hostile ends, rather than its one and only **true end**, which is the **HIGHEST GOOD OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE**—I repeat, if the **INDUSTRIES** of the people are thus stolen and perverted, the **BASIS** of the whole Social Fabric is gone, and we shall find ourselves and our civilization rapidly nearing a complete and fearful collapse, such as came to Egypt and Babylon, and Greece, and Rome, when **SIMILAR CONDITIONS** had been attained—when 98 to 100 per cent of all the **Wealth, Power and Opportunity** had been gathered into

the hands of a few hundred or a few thousand rich families, leaving the millions beggared and enslaved, without even hope for their own.

That is just the process that HAS been going on with dizzy speed, in this country, during the period that has passed since the Civil War. The marvelous industrial development of the second half of the Nineteenth Century, unparalleled in all the past history of the world, and only made possible by the equally unprecedented development of inventive genius, has served to lull the American Farmer and Working Man into fancied security so long as they and their families had food and clothing and shelter for the passing moment; and while they slept, the swiftly growing horde of colossal Captains of Industry have built up, almost over night, a system of INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM so vast, so powerful, and so apparently impregnable, that the despotism of past ages seem but the veriest pygmies in comparison; and the great American People suddenly waking out of its day-dream, finds almost every strategic position in the hands of the enemy, being intrenched and fortified with lightning speed.

The Oppressor, apparently from long habit, continues to sing its siren songs of "prosperity," "empire," and "greatness," in the vain attempt to lull its defrauded and aroused victims to sleep again.

However blind they may have been in the past, NOW the people pretty well know that all this "greatness" and "prosperity" is not for them—it is only theirs to look at, or to have as a temporary plaything, for exactly so long as their lordly owners shall please to let them have it. Indeed, the lords themselves scarcely take the trouble to conceal the fact; the country's Courts of Justice, when they have not already bought them outright, they treat with supreme contempt; and John D. Rockefeller himself is said to have calmly predicted for the near future, a financial panic greater than any the country has ever yet had, caused by "overproduction" (a direct consequence of Industrial Brigandage).

Yet there are many reasons why we should still feel warranted in cherishing the strongest hope and courage; and not the least of these, is the fact that America contains a far greater number than any other country of the world, of PEOPLE WHO THINK—and that, up to the present, they still retain a Free Press, Freedom of Speech and Assemblage, and the swiftest of Railroads, Telegraphs, and Telephones, by which to exchange and disseminate their thoughts. Surely it cannot be possible for any people who have once attained these great advantages—and along with them, that of Universal Education—to ever again sink to the level of bondage that held the world in its grasp before the development of the Art of Printing.

But yet, we must allow nothing to blind us to the fact that the situation is one of unmistakable seriousness. If the intelligence of the millions has vastly increased, so has that of their masters; and if the Art of Printing, and the countless other triumphs of genius, have put mighty weapons into the

hands of the people, the Captains of Brigandage have the help of these weapons, also, and multiplied by all their accumulated millions. Though the mighty conflict now impending is the same as other peoples have fought out against injustice and greed, over and over again, in all ages, yet the **CONDITIONS** of the conflict are unique in the character of the forces now being marshalled against each other on the two sides of this mighty struggle.

We shall fail to grasp the true significance of the situation, if we think of it as merely affecting our country alone, for now no instance of brutality or oppression can occur in any country of the world, but its thrill of horror and indignation immediately vibrates around the planet, for this same mighty drama is being enacted, under varying, yet largely similar conditions, in all the countries of the world.

It almost seems as if it were the culmination of the Warfare of the Ages—the supreme gathering of the great Elementary Forces, physical and **spiritual**, for the final and decisive battle between Good and Evil, Right and Wrong.

Let us **MAKE SURE**, then, that we are on the **RIGHT SIDE**—that we have not, either blunderingly or wilfully, allowed the forces placed under **our** control to be drawn into the camp of the Enemy of all Good, and to be made to serve its perverted ends.

That is why it is so **VITALLY** necessary to get down to **FIRST PRINCIPLES**, as Spencer did; and upon them, as the solid rock of Eternal Truth, lay the foundations of a Social Structure that shall endure through Time and Eternity.

In conclusion, why can you not establish a special **department** in your Magazine devoted to **working out** and **actually establishing** a **LIVING NUCLEUS**, founded on **RIGHT PRINCIPLES** of Justice and Equal Opportunity?

SOMEWHERE, whether by blind groping or by intelligent study, such a Nucleus must be founded, and out of it the strong, clean, enduring Social Organism of the future must grow; and **NOW** is the Accepted Time, the time of all times, for sowing the seed and is it not for this purpose that the Spencer-Whitman Center is formed?*

Perhaps there are already Nuclei which have this in view, there surely **ought** to be. If you organize this new Department in your Magazine, let it be **exclusively devoted** to telling of this **NUCLEI** of Justice and Equal Opportunity, and let it be an **OPEN FORM** for **ACTUAL WORKERS**—sincere and determined workers for the **IDEAL** Brotherhood in all parts of the world.

Yours in the Bonds of Loyal Fealty to the Liberty that is
Yet to Come, LOUIS W. ELDRIDGE.

*Write Editor TO-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE.

As announced on another page, when so ordered, those sending One Dollar for "To-Morrow" for one year will receive a fine fountain pen free.

High Finance in Mexico.

By Parker H. Sercombe.

PART X.

It will be seen that up to this time the various threads of my narrative have almost invariably centered in Senior Don Joaquin Cassasus, lawyer, banker, government representative, diplomat, and now Mexican Ambassador at Washington.

Author of the Banking law drafted purely in the interest of the immense banking corporations of Mexico, to give them a perpetual monopoly of financial affairs, it doth seem that this modern Colossus of the Valley of Anahuac bestrides the narrow world of Mexican finance, and from his vantage ground of influence controls, besmears and takes from others as he sees fit.

Evidently my determination to print all the facts in relation to this polite buccaneer caused him to make preparation for his defense, and seek a champion in Fernando Solis Camara to sing his praises in the form of a laudatory biography reciting his services to his country.

Indeed, I have the honor, now for the first time, to acknowledge receipt of a beautifully printed copy of the Ambassador's Biography with the best compliments of Don Joaquin himself, a touching rebuke for my lack of consideration for criticising him and of such dross is Spanish-American diplomacy coined, whereby a man may politely rob you of a hundred thousand and consider you a boor (grosero) if you have the manhood to treat his cheap politeness with contempt.

In speaking of the appointment of Mr. Cassasus as Ambassador to Washington his Mexican "Boswell," Fernando Solis Camara writes as follows:

In Mexico where the merits and qualifications of the distinguished appointee are so well known, this appointment is instantly recognized as an ideal one, and the statesmen, economists and litterateurs, as well as the bankers and other men of business in the United States, to whom the name of Cassasus is not unknown, are ready to give him the most cordial and friendly welcome, as the able representative of their picturesque, rich and progressive neighbor, Mexico.

Even in this opening paragraph the varnish and smear are so apparent that even the uninitiated reader may easily guess what is to follow, viz., a glittering diadem of jeweled words—a special pleading for his client and subject, with no hint of the devilishness to which he knows his hero can frequently descend, and so the biographer, inebriated by his own exuberance sings:

"Proud hidalgo, son of Spain,

Whose forebears sailed the Spanish main,"

unintentionally implying that the ancestors of Cassasus always had been Pirates, so the reader has no cause to wonder that he is still plying the old trade.

I recall at one time being invited by Senior Don Adolfo Hegewisch to meet Joaquin Cassasus and Jose Costellot at dinner in the cafe Paris in Mexico. We had a private room,



JOAQUIN D. CASSASUS, MEXICAN AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

the decorations were artistic, we had pink anthemums, soft Spanish wines, while delicate music floated in through the portieres.

Having been brought up a farmer with very little acquaintanceship in the game of diplomacy I did not know that I was being sized up like a fat goose, the inspectors being in doubt as to whether I should be plucked and served up, or tamed and domesticated and brought into the service of the Mexico system of High Finance.

I recall a number of pleasantries, compliments and feelers as they passed back and forth and I also recall peremptorily asserting my own individuality and maintaining my position with fortitude and independence on all topics discussed.

Of course, throughout the dinner and the after talk, the highest politeness and friendliness prevailed, but at the end both Don Joaquin and Don Jose, as well as Don Adolfo, were fully convinced that the Farmer Bank President was not the kind of a person that could be used as a tool or implement for any variety of financial dirty work.

A number of times after this I enjoyed the distinguished consideration of meeting Don Joaquin at banquets, receptions and political and social functions of various sorts, hence my interest in his biographer's description of the personality which is as follows:

Senior Cassasus is of short stature and of firm, muscular build, active and healthy and of imposing appearance. The best feature in the personality of Cassasus is his eyes, which are large, piercing and jet black. When he speaks his expression is very animated and pleasing, even captivating. He speaks English and French very well and reads German. One fact which expresses volumes for his self-control, personal poise and keen judgment on hygiene is that though among smokers, he never smokes, and though having constant and intimate dealings with drinkers, he abstains from all alcoholic drinks.

In relation to his business career the well paid enthusiasm of his biographer finds expression as follows:

Cassasus was about twenty-two years of age when he completed his law studies; and soon afterward, returning to his native state, he chose the capital, San Juan Bautista, as the field wherein to commence his career as a lawyer. But the services of the brilliant young lawyer were soon required by the Governor, whose secretary he became; then he filled the post of editor of the official journal of the state, and finally became First Secretary of State of the State of Tabasco, discharging the duties of each place with marked skill and success. The State capital was too restricted a field for capacities so extraordinary as those of Cassasus, and when he was about twenty-four years of age, he determined to make the City of Mexico, whither he then went, the center of his future labors in his career. His superior abilities enabled him almost at once to establish himself as a lawyer of uncommon merit, soon winning an enviable fame in the practice of law. He became known as one of the ablest lawyers in the City of Mexico, and his fame was not confined to that capital, but he gained an international reputation as a corporation lawyer, and foreign as well as domestic corporations have been eager to avail themselves of his services. His opinions are held in the highest esteem by his colleagues, so much so that he has acquired the appellation of a lawyer of lawyers.

Before continuing with the account of the election of Cassasus as a representative in the Mexican Congress, it is interesting to relate that Adolfo Hegewisch, above mentioned,

was also at this time a member of Congress, representing the State of Zacatacas, a State that he had never even visited, let alone having ever been placed in Congress by a ballot of his constituents.

To become a member of Congress in Mexico means to become a tool, in other words, it means to completely resign yourself to whatever the Government desires to carry out. and one so recommended, though living in the city of Mexico and in no way familiar with the people or conditions of the State he represents, may be appointed, ("elected"), as member of Congress, and such was the election of Don Joaquin.

I recall my first knowledge of this kind of representation which came to me as a great shock. It happened while Adolfo Hegewisch was one of the directors of the American Bank holding three of my shares in his name in order to qualify.

The Governor of Zacatacas and two or three friends were to arrive in the city via the Mexican Central R. R., and out of consideration for the State he "represented" Hegewisch one morning requested the loan of my victoria and coachman in order to meet the Governor in proper style and show him consideration.

I cordially granted his request and in the conversation which followed he admitted that he had never met the Governor nor his friends and felt somewhat awkward in the matter.

"What," I asked, "you are not acquainted with the Governor and officers of the State you represent?" "No," he replied, "not only am I not acquainted with them but I have never yet visited the city or the State of Zacatacas, my appointment. (or election) to the position of Representative in Congress having come to me through the kindness of President Diaz, who having been informed through a friend (of influence) that on his return to Vera Cruz after fleeing across the border into the United States during the Revolution, that it was at my fathers house that he was sheltered, my appointment (election) resulted from the gratitude of President Diaz to the son of one who befriended him in those stirring times—so you see I am a Veracruzano (son of Vera Cruz) and not a Zacatacano (a son of Zacatacas.)"

The biographer of Cassasus writing for American eyes and for American understanding speaks of his election as Representative to Congress as though it had in it all the honor of a vote of the people, but not so, it is a mere sham. He says:

"In 1886 he was elected a representative in Congress and has served continuously since, having been re-elected to every succeeding legislature. The cases of President Diaz and Representative Cassasus seem to illustrate a practice of the Mexican people to retain in office a good man when they find one. Senior Cassasus has always served on the committee on appropriations since the time of his entrance into the Chamber of Deputies. Three years after, in 1899, he was elected president of the commission which revised the Commercial Code of Mexico, and the amendments adopted by this commission were almost exclusively his work.

In 1896, he was appointed chairman of the commission to which was entrusted the duty of drafting a bill regulating the business of banking.

The bill provided by this commission was enacted into law, March 19, 1897; and, under it, the tremendous development of the banking business in our country has been realized. Prior to the enactment of this law there were only the ten following chartered banks in the republic: National de Mexico, De Londres y Mexico, Minero de Chihuahua, De Yucatan, Mercantil de Yucatan, De Durango, De Zacatecas, De Nuevo Leon, Commercial de Chihuahua, International y Hipotecario de Mexico."

The fact is, at this time the Lemantour-Cassasus-Creel combination formed the banking business into a trust, into a distinct combination with headquarters in the Banco Central, Mexico City, delegated with the power to make or break any financial institution in the country that they wished out of the way, and so finely were these banking laws drawn that it specified the points at which no new banks could obtain charters, and made it impossible to secure a charter in Mexico City for a bank of issue of any kind, thereby confining all the monetary transactions of the capital to five chartered institutions. Since then the monetary control and oppression has grown so great that one of the most prominent business men of the capital writes me under date of February 8, as follows:

My dear Mr. Secombe:

On the first of the year I wrote you expressing my views of your magazine, and particularly commending your work, and wishing you every success.

To establish a great magazine, and to secure for it a place among thinking people, because of its criticism of existing abuses, is to do a remarkable thing. All this has been accomplished in *To-MORROW*, and there is no doubt but what the surgeon's knife no more surely cuts into the vitals than your criticisms of existing vices has done here. Many men stand forth in the light of day, clothed in saintly raiment, who are crimson to the core beneath that flimsy covering. *To-MORROW* has fearlessly pulled aside the drapery of deceit and ghoulish ferocity, which has characterized the career of some of the so-called high financiers of this country.

My criticism of the banking interests in Mexico is that it is wholly lacking in permanency, elasticity, and sufficiency. There is scarcely a bank in the Republic that is consistent in dealing with the public three days in the week. One day you obtain reasonable treatment, and the next some unaccountable whim sets you out in the cold. Banking capital seems to be controlled wholly by caprice and personal desires, and there can be found scarcely a bank in Mexico that is not conducted on the lines of personal favoritism.

One of the striking features in this country is the lack of support that the public give to the banks: in other words, the people do not deposit their money in banks.

I call your attention to the reports of the banks of issue here. Though they have splendid buildings, and have capital in the millions, These reports for the last five years, which are made monthly, do not show a variation of fifty thousand dollars per month in their transactions; in other words, each month seems to be practically a repetition of the preceding one with perhaps a few thousand dollars difference. Their deposits have not increased five per cent in five years. This is an extraordinary condition for the reason that there is no end of money in this country, which is buried, or kept in out of the way places, or in private safes, and not intrusted in the banks.

I wish you would publish a statement of these banks, calling attention to the fact that although they pay four per cent interest on time deposits, prefer perfect security, etc., they do not seem to produce results in the volume of deposits.

Of course, I have not spoken of this to any one; it is my private views expressed only to yourself. These conditions prevail with relation to all the banks of issue in the country, and while I cannot tell you how to arrive at an analysis of the question, it is astonishing what little growth has taken place in their volume of deposits.

The tendency of the time is to deposit money in the banks, as is evident in the amount of money in the banks of the United States, and in savings banks particularly. So astute a financier as yourself will be able to fathom this question, and I have no doubt you will do so in TO-MORROW.

Sincerely your friend,

Notwithstanding their failure to meet public needs Biographer Camara proceeds in the following laudatory vein:

An economist so obviously well equipped for the task could not, of course, escape service on the Monetary Commission, which was created by act of February 4, 1903, the function of which was to make a profound study of the currency problem in all its phases. He became chairman of the subcommittee of the Commission, to which was assigned the task of determining the effects of the national wealth of the depreciation of silver and to answer the crucial and fundamental question:—

"Is it desirable to bring about the greatest possible fixity in the ratio of value between the currency of Mexico and the monetary standards of the foreign nations with which Mexico chiefly trades?"

The lucid report this subcommittee made is from the pen of Cassasus and shows most strikingly the solidity and profundity of his attainments in political economy and is an admirable product of deep research, philosophic acumen and ripe scholarship.

When reading of the "profundity and solidity" of these performances in the light of the fact that the financial regime in Mexico is nothing more than a gigantic McCall-McCurdy bunco game, we are little surprised that the chiefs who benefit by the hold-up should reward the "ripe scholarship and the acumen" of Bandit Cassasus with the position of Ambassador at Washington.

To the cognoscenti nothing could better illustrate the veneering tactics of the biographer than the following mixture of mush and whitewash:

The new ambassador contributes liberally whenever appeals are made to him in behalf of worthy objects. He is discriminatingly generous. He gives his professional services and advice gratis to charitable institutions, and is active in the founding of schools. He is a decided protector of promising literary fledglings. He has lent a helping hand to many struggling students, young artists, and literateurs through maintaining them by employing them in the banks he controls and he has often unostentatiously relieved distress among the humble and the unfortunate by his delicate supply of opportune assistance.

Senior Cassasus was a delegate to the Second Pan American International Conference held in the City of Mexico 1901-02, and was appointed to the office of General Secretary which, as he filled the post, was not less important than the presidency of the Conference, for those who are familiar with the transactions of the Conference know that more than once, at the times of greatest tension and conflict of opinion and interest, its disruption was averted by the wisdom, tact and conciliatory counsel of Cassasus, fortified and upheld by the action of the accomplished chairman of the Congress, Lic. Genaro Raigosa.

Here, as is his habit everywhere, Cassasus acted the part of the most courtly gentleman that he is, for no matter how exacting and perturbing his official duties may, at times, have been in that experimental Universal Congress of the Nations of America, Cassasus was invariably most affable,

generous and considerate toward all, doing his utmost to preserve harmony and to develop amity. * * * He is also a practical business man. He is a large real estate owner, his holdings of real property in the City of Mexico being of considerable importance.

By all means, Mr. Cassasus, the next time you choose a biographer with the expectation of his lending respectability to your pedigree select one who is not such a simpleton as to tell the truth in the very way and employing the very form of expression that will best lay your iniquities wide open to the knowing ones.

The sequence and context in such expression as these are surely a perfect "giveaway" to anybody's character. "He is also a practical business man—he is a large real estate holder—he gives professional service and advice gratis—he is discriminatingly generous—he contributes liberally—he has lent a helping hand to many, maintaining them by employment in the banks he controls—he has relieved distress by his delicate supply of opportune assistance." Buncombe! Graft! Bribery! Ambition! Egotism! Unparalleled vanity, all rolled into one, all are there!

Who but a prig or a snob would permit himself to be advertised as invariably the "most affable, generous and considerate," and "most courtly gentleman," on a sheet containing, "With my highest compliments" in his own hand writing. to one who has every reason in the world to give him the very kind of a "send-off" herein set forth.

Perhaps I have said enough to prove my case, but the fool biographer "went so far" as to claim literary ability for this Mexican Ambassador who "must be cracked up," and to a blush, he has dared to attribute to his friend and benefactor.

Herewith I print what Mrs. Partington would call the "heart rendering sonnet" in full, it being the biographer's own translation, and I beg to assure my readers that if choice of subject, manner of treatment, delicacy of portrayal, etc., are any indication of the character of an author, most assuredly this sonnet conforms exactly with my estimate of the wolfish character of Senior Lic. Joaquin D. Cassasus. Mexican Ambassador at Washington.

THE ROMAN CIRCUS.

The circus is filled as never before with people. The rude crowd waits cager for the spectacle. The place resounds with the roaring of the wild beasts that are near.

A Christian appears. From the crowd bursts forth a wild shout. With heavy mane and fiery eye, the African lion leaps to the hot arena.

A sigh only is heard, and at the moment of the forceful impact of the rough leap, the Christian is seen to fall and lie writhing in the throes of death.

The red blood rouses the enthusiasm of the crowd; the lion rises over his victim, roars, and the spectators applaud and shout in frenzy.

Marvelous word picture indeed! I am sure if one of the inmates of Mr. McManaman's home for delinquent boys should commit such a weak piece of trash as this he would be sent back to the "Bridewell" for punishment.

(To be Continued in April number.)

After Nineteen Centuries.

(Fifteen Minutes on a Freight Train.)

By The Girl in Blue.

There was nothing the matter with the morning. The sun shone with its customary splendor; the autumn was properly gorgeous with the conventional reds and yellows that invariably characterize October foliage; the sky was as azure as could be desired; the clouds were doing their usual stunts in fleeting; fall roses blew in sufficient profusion; in fact, all nature seemed ready for a story to begin.

The local freight pulled into the village station and side tracked for the passenger. A long line of dense white smoke lay like a low cloud above the length of the train. The "Girl in Blue," who had been standing on the platform aside from the inevitable crowd of loafers, entered the caboose, placed a package of "To-Morrow" magazines on the seat beside her, perched her feet on the steam pipes, made herself comfortable and began to look around at the other occupants of the car.

They were all poorly dressed and rough looking with the exception of a young and well dressed "Traveling Man" who sat opposite her. The other occupants of the car were an "Old Rheumatic Man" with a pudgy face, red eyes, and no front teeth; a quiet looking man in a middle aged suit of clothes with mud on his trouser legs; a lank, cadaverous "Consumptive" with a scant crop of sandy whiskers that had evidently been about five weeks in maturing; a "Nebraska Farmer;" a "Deaf Man" with whom he was engaging in spasmodic conversation; a large coarse looking woman wearing heavy ear-bobs of fantastic shape who, in conversation later, disclosed the fact that she had once been the loved and cherished wife of the Consumptive in the rear seat; a "Young Mother" dressed in a calico wrapper resplendent with the individuality of the wearer; and on her lap a blue eyed, pink and white "Baby" dressed as daintily as the rough brown hands of the Mother could devise.

Ten minutes passed during which the women looked out of the window and the men sent mouthful after mouthful of tobacco-spit in the direction of the cuspidore.

"Wes give me this," remarked the Nebraska Farmer, removing as he spoke, the woolen cap which had been drawn down over his ears, revealing only a streak of gray fringe about his neck.

The Deaf Man noticed the movement and looked up with a questioning face. "Wes give me this when I come away," he repeated, gazing fondly at the cap. "Spect he thought it'd be a good'n in them Nebraska blizzards," responded the Deaf Man in a tone that implied the inference that every one else was as deaf as he. "That is the way with us all," thought

the Girl in Blue, "we are always trying to load onto others the burden of our own infirmities."

The "Rheumatic," hearing the reference to Nebraska, nudged the man in front of him and began to ply him with questions regarding the corn crop in that state. "What's the price of raw land?" he asked. "Ha'n't none," was the prompt reply and the questioner evinced no further desire for information.

A few moments of silence and the passengers began to grow impatient at the delay. "Time must mean money to these people," thought the Girl in Blue. "I wonder what they would think of a man who waited for eighteen years in search of a mind great enough to grasp the idea of the rotundity of the earth, or a person waiting a lifetime for some one to whom to whisper 'Solitude is sweet.'"

"'Pears to me the train's mighty late," growled the Consumptive. "Guess I'll get off and shuck a load of corn while we wait," he added, jocosely, with a furtive look toward the Divorcee. Every one but the Deaf Man and the Traveling one laughed immoderately at this brilliant witticism, and the remarkable success of his mild joke inspired the Consumptive to continue. "I could walk and beat this time," he went on with another look toward the former partner of his joys.

Loud guffaws again greeted his effort while the Traveling Man looked as though he considered it a very unfunny remark and the Girl in Blue wondered if none of these people had read Mark Twain's bit of humor about attaching the cow-catcher to the rear of the slow train to keep the cows from coming in and biting the passengers.

Five minutes more elapsed in silence when Baby sneezed and the Young Mother glanced nervously at the open window but seemed afraid to try to close it. The Girl in Blue seeing her dilemma moved over to close the window for her but being unable to do so, offered to exchange seats, which the Mother did with a grateful look though she said nothing.

"She feels more gratitude than she expresses," thought the Girl in Blue, "and I like that; most people express more than they feel," (her own feelings were going by freight that morning.)

"You say this is the first time you ever rode on a train?" this from the Quiet Man to the Young Mother.

"Ha'n't never rode on this'n yet," she answered, "but if it ever starts it'll be the first one."

"You ought to of took the passenger for your first ride."

"Aint this the passenger?" she asked. Everyone looked up in surprise, and she blushed rose red, but there was a look in her eyes that somehow forbade a laugh and the subject was changed.

"Do you think you will get your divorce?" again asked the Quiet Man, who seemed to know her. "Of course," she replied. "Did you ask for anything besides the papers?" "I asked for \$100 alimony," she said, timidly, as though the mere mention of so vast a sum fairly took away her breath.

"I hope she will get it," thought the Girl in Blue, "and still I feel very sorry for the man who must pay it. If he could make money easily she would have asked for more. Perhaps he never had so much in all his life," she went on musing, "and perhaps he never owned but one suit of clothes at one time, which he must wear winter and summer, and perhaps he has worked hard all his life and has yet never been to the County Fair or seen a work on Sociology; perhaps he never heard of Herbert Spencer and doesn't even know that to be happy one must have the cosmic—," Just as her pity for the man she had never seen was carrying her into deep water, her meditations were interrupted by a shrill whistle from another engine and she sat looking out of the window while car after car loaded with fat hogs and cattle passed by.

"All these are to be sacrificed on the altar of man's appetite," she thought. "Them's mighty fine hogs," remarked the Consumptive. "Talk about doing without meat," he went on, "I never would have been the man I am without it!" At these words he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. "How long have you had consumption?" asked the Rheumatic. "Never had it and never will," he answered indignantly. He moved up to the front of the car and took a drink from the tank. "Guess we're goin' to start now," he said, while the Girl in Blue mentally resolved never again to refresh herself from a public drinking vessel.

"How did you get to the train this morning?" (from the Rheumatic to the man with mud on his trousers.) "Walked." "What 'd you do that fer? Ha'n't they no horses out your way?" "Yes, I got horses, but I didn't want to bring 'em out on these roads." "Ruther spoil yer clo'es a walkin' than a curryin' yer horses, would ye?" "No, but I could keep out'n the mud better'n they could." "Don't look's if you had," with a glance at his trousers.

Just then the engine whistled "off brakes," and no one spoke till the Conductor called the next station.

The Girl in Blue sat looking out of the window humming the "Jewel Song" from Faust until she noticed that the Traveling Man was looking sideways at her and with his lead-pencil tapping time to her song on the toe of his boot.

The train stopped at the next station and the passengers left the car. As the Girl in Blue started to pass out, the Traveling Man arose to assist her. They stood in the door for two or three minutes waiting for the Rheumatic to hobble off the steps. To keep out of the mud he passed immediately behind the caboose and stepped onto the track.

"Wouldn't it be his finish if the train would back now?" remarked the Traveling Man. "Be careful, Mister," he called, "you may get run over." "You had better not walk on the track at all," added the Girl in Blue. Stepping down, she did exactly as the Rheumatic had done. "You had better look out for yourself," said the Traveling Man. "Thank you, I will be all right," she said laughing, and ran out of the way of the train.

As she walked toward the depot, she thought to herself, "Must one, then, only travel fifteen minutes to see what I have seen this morning? Consumption, Rheumatism, Deafness, Ignorance, Poverty, Rags, Mud, Rudeness, Coarseness; Selfishness, Ear-Bobs, Divorces, Law-Suits, Fat Hogs, Tobacco, and yet there was also Love, Kindness, Comradeship. We are all alike after all, except in the opportunities we have had, the same emotions are swelling in our hearts, the same motives govern our lives, the same desires inspire our thoughts, the only difference being that inequality of opportunity causes us to manifest them in different ways."

She turned and looked back; the Traveling Man was still standing on the rear platform of the train. He lifted his hat; she smiled, the train moved away and she saw him no more forever. "He looked like 'People who think,'" she said to herself, "I wish I had given him a copy of the Magazine."

Entering the depot, she observed the Sheriff and his Deputy with two men between them surrounded by a group of men talking in low tones. One of the men in custody appeared to be about forty years old, was tall and stooped, had long slender fingers, and his shoes turned up at the toes. Handcuffed to his wrist was a lad of about sixteen. "How white they look," she thought, "they must be desperate characters that it is necessary to have them secured in this way, and yet they have not bad faces at all. What are they doing?" she asked of a man standing near. "They are taking them to the pen." "What have they done?" "The older one stole a gold watch." "For how long is he sent?" "Ten years." "And the boy?" "Oh, he took something, I don't remember,—the judge was angry because he would not give his name and address and sent him for three and a half years."

"Great Heaven," thought the Girl in Blue, "this is what our civilization has produced and this is what it does with its products, and this is the year 1905 and the best country in the world.*"

One man sent to the pen ten years for taking a gold watch, another one five years for embezzling \$65,000, another goes free for taking a million. In each case the sum taken was determined by the opportunity, and the punishment in inverse ratio to the amount. Three and a half years because a judge had a disordered liver—" and she shivered as she passed out into the free-morning air.

Next Month—Fifteen Minutes on a "Trolley."

HEROISM.

By R. W. BROUGH.

Your face alight, I look into your eyes —
 They smile on me. Your lips speak comfort. Yet—
 A moment gone I looked into your soul
 And, startled, caught a glimpse of Agony!
 And still your lips speak comfort and the while,
 My God! how brave you are that you can smile!

*Write Editor TO-MORROW for Cause and Cure.

The Spencer-Whitman Round Table

Conducted by Grace Moore.

A loud rap on the door. "Come in," and there stood Viola with a queer look and just a suggestion of a smile on her face. "Oh Grace!" "Yes," I said, "out with it quick, what's happened—a tramp down stairs, or the plumber's bill, or what? anybody fainted?"

"No," she replied, "but you'll come near fainting yourself when I tell you—Jack London's down stairs—in the laundry!"

"Viola, are you crazy over 'The Call of the Wild' or have you only been reading a newspaper notice of Jack London's arrival at 'The Victoria,' or whatever on earth is the matter with you?"

"Grace, you dunce, I tell you it's true—he's in the laundry, he and his wife, a bride, think of it! they're here for lunch and we've not even any prunes soaked nor any butter in the house—the butter man didn't come this morning. What in the name of either Herbert Spencer or Walt Whitman or anybody else are we going to do?"

I made a beeline for the laundry and sure enough, there they were! I was so paralyzed with astonishment that I dropped into the first chair in the kitchen next, and I can't remember now whether they were discussing the cosmic process of evolution over Margaret's pinafores in the middle stationary washtub, or whether Mr. London's yachting trip around the world that he is soon to take, was the subject under consideration. Anyway, Serecombe Himself was actually holding a Spencer Whitman reception to Mr. and Mrs. Jack London, **in the laundry!** Not a living person was in the library or the lecture room, or in the office, or in any of the halls or dormitories, nor in the barn—every Spencer and Whitmanite on the place was looking across the washing machine at the famous Jack London and his wife

"Margaret's Mother" being in that part of the house when the auto and author arrived—but really it's no use to try to tell how it actually happened, suffice to say that Mr. and Mrs. Jack London's first impressions of the Spencer Whitman Centre were such villainous ones as they were sure to get from being "received" in the laundry!

Mrs. London and "Margaret's Mother" were finally persuaded to continue their enthusiastic discussion of the climate and liberal thought of California, in the bay window of the big second story room where Margaret sleeps and dreams, and Mr. Sercombe and Mr. London were somehow

induced to part company with the washtubs and washing machine and proceed with their plans for reforming the universe, in still other parts of the house.

Later when the bread plate and butter dish had been re-supplied and Adolph had given an extra wipe to the clean kitchen floor, of which he was already inordinately proud (and Maud had been scouring all over the neighborhood to get a seventy-eight cent check cashed to pay for the butter and bread)! it was suggested that we have a vegetarian luncheon of bacon and eggs and that Sercombe Himself prove good his boasted ability to fry them. Our distinguished guests are sworn vegetarians, as we are, so the bacon was particularly relishable, and the eggs declared to have been done to a turn.

Mr. and Mrs. London are every inch democratic and are noticeably children of the air, earth, water and sunshine. They radiate a refreshing naturalness and breathe of unbounded nearness to nature's heart. Mr. London's wonderful, broad grasp of the economic problems of the day, and his deep understanding of the relationship and significance of all phenomena, as well as his marvelous human sympathy and insight, are charmingly manifest in his presence and conversation. He wears a negligee shirt and four-in-hand tie, of soft white crepe de chene, and his cheerful, careless self abandon to the surroundings, diversion and spirit of the moment, as if it were the only thing in life, impressed us most strongly. The boyish, matter-of-fact way in which "Jack" managed somehow to get away from his plate of bacon and eggs, to help himself to a third cup of cocoa testified to the spontaneous adaptability of the man, and won our hearts completely.

A word in regard to the "Greeting" by "Mae Lawson Herself" (Horton Kansas) included in the last Round Table was promised for this issue. The heart to heart lines ("Mae" doesn't write anything but heart to heart things) came to us in beautiful type, on a peachy colored ribbon, and with a "counterfeit presentment" of "Mae Herself," forms now a cherished addition to our Round Table Memory Book. It is about this Memory Book of ours that we had especial reference. It is intended to be a point of contact for those of our readers and comrades who are sufficiently in sympathy with the idea of fellowship, co-operation, etc., for which we labor, to appreciate an opportunity for self-expression and loving, heart to heart exchange, whether the contribution be only an autograph, a "counterfeit presentment," a verse, a leaf or flower, or any conceivable little token vibrant with love and the essence of fraternity.

We need the encouragement and all the little greetings or tokens of whatsoever kind that any of our comrades, wherever or wherever they may be, may offer us. A few with whom we have discussed the idea of a family autograph and memory book, have laughed at us—the idea of autographs and trinkets.

by means of which to recall one's friends and associations in after years. is so old and trite, they say. "Why remember one's friends or experiences at all, if to do so requires a deposit, a writing, or any sort of a personal, material reminder?" Of course we don't need autographs and trinkets with which to recall in after years the friends or experiences dear to us. We are making the booklet (with cover of leather, tooled over modeled clay, hand carved and hand colored) for the fun of doing it—**now**, as the young school-miss "jumps the rope" for the very same reason. That day is to us more lovely, and inspiring, in which there has been added to our memory book, a leaf from some gorgeous mountain shrub picked by thoughtful hands, an exquisitely artistic "Announcement" of a volume of poems by a dear comrade, or such a dainty, whole-souled expression of the dignity and joy of life as in this little verse inscribed by William (H. A.) Moore.

"How I love none can tell,
When I weep none need care
Nor need fear;
With the night all is well,
And the dawn's everywhere
With it's cheer."

And is there not something of the same sweet dignity and higher realization in such a touch as this by Hugh O. Pentecost?

"We are as ships that pass in the night. We speak to each other across a void, and are never the same again."

Seriously (if I may be pardoned for being serious and a little bit personal) many years living as an "isolated" have taught the writer of these lines the peculiar value of the personal human touch. From experience she knows of the desire of **the thinker** for responsiveness, of the inner craving of the soul for recognition of it's own glorious powers and possibilities, the paralyzing reserve and stifling, irritating hunger and repression, imposed upon the eager mind and heart by surrounding misinterpretations and prejudices, the seeming check upon the natural forces tending to one's individual enlargement and higher advancement—all these which are the common lot of **the person who thinks**, have been experienced in fullest measure, by your Round Table philosopher, and can never be forgotten. The Memory Book is being made in the hope that it may attract to it's pages the spontaneously expressed promptings of our readers and comrades everywhere who may feel the stirrings of a natural relationship and sympathy with us, whether they may be in the limelight of the world's acceptance and approval, like Jack London; whether they be a brilliant, world commanding but misunderstood lecturer and writer like Hugh Pentecost; whether a writer of verses profoundly philosophical and soul inspiring, like our own Wm. Barnard or Wm. (H.

A) Moore, or whether it be a comrade of the corn-field or the tenement, or the factory or the coal mine, or perchance a little brother or sister in a hospital, an orphan's home or a reformatory. If it be one behind iron bars, in a striped suit and with heart as heavy as human despair can make it—to that comrade, too, we extend the glad hand of fellowship and co-operation. "Come thou with us" comrades all, "and we will do thee good."

For every token of love and comradeship that we receive, we shall find something by way of a remembrance to send in return. We are not above sending our pictures or our personal greetings and sentiments, **to those who love us best.** Write and tell us whose sentiments or whose likeness published in "To-Morrow" you like best, and we'll attend to the rest. If you want a leaf from our Memory Book upon which to write your name or your sentiments, say the word and it is forthcoming.

We have not room this month to mention or comment upon all the lectures and discussions held at the Spencer-Whitman Center, but we can assure the readers of "To-Morrow" and members of our organization that as "Christian soldiers we are marching on!" Not since the inspiration came to us to move forward under a banner with the names Spencer and Whitman inscribed on it, have we felt so strongly the spirit of the "good grey poet" and the inspiration of the great unifier of all knowledge.

There has been for many weeks a marked disinclination among Spencer-Whitmanites to argument and hairsplitting, and more coming together in an effort to be co-operative and comradely. There have been fewer "lectures" and more "heart to heart" talks, not so much criticism and more constructive thought. This constructiveness has been especially noticeable at our down town Sunday evening meetings (Fraternity Hall, 70 Adams st.) An increasing attendance and growing enthusiasm testify to the need and demand for clear thinking upon the great questions of the day. Mr. Sercombe, in leading the discussions takes for a "text" some portion of the daily or Sunday paper; and such subjects as "Happiness on a Working Basis," "The Evolution of Manners," the "Anti-Crime Crusade," "Foster and Frenzied Orthodoxy," etc., are handled in characteristic liberal fashion.

Jan. 21, Mr. Milton Bucklin gave a scholarly presentation of the subject of "Co-operation," viewing it from the standpoint of commercial development. Mr. B. T. Calvert is giving us the benefit of some fine, heart to heart talks, and his name, with subjects upon which he talks most fluently have recently been added to our lecture course to be found elsewhere in "To-morrow."

ONE MORN.

By R. W. BOROUGH.

One morn we wake triumphant, rise
 With madly beating heart and lo!
 The gloom has rolled away
 And the red, giant sun
 Has thrilled the World to passionate life.
 Bursts from our lips some joyous song
 Of love and strife and conquest.
 Laugh we and leap t'ward toil,
 How wild and full and free
 The World doth seem!

The Informal Brotherhood



Conducted by Viola Richardson.



VIOLA RICHARDSON.

Dear Comrades:

I wrote the above, and then I paused, wondering what I should write. I wished I might say something that would have a vital meaning to you who read—something that would remain with you after the magazine is laid aside, something that would hold in it the essence of balm for pain and grief and weariness and disappointment. I think that in these last weeks I have been more than usually impressed with the impermanency of things. That which we aspire after flees before us. The rose we plucked

yesterday is crumbled to dust today. The things of beauty and comfort and enjoyment that one has spent a life time in rearing may in a moment become the food of fire or flood or some other of the hungry forces through which nature asserts herself.

What have we that we can keep? What have we that we can call our own?

Who of us is there that has found the fountain of everlasting things and drunk from it?

Our very hope and belief in a hereafter is only a blind instinctive protest against the unrest, the pain and weariness and continual losing in life as we find it here.

From the very nature and necessity of things the soul can never find peace in that which is subject to change and decay. If we ever are to know the serenity of peace it must be in some depth of life not yet fathomed—away beyond even the memory of these things which now the heart holds dear and that move us to such ecstasies of joy and pain.

And yet—messages are continually flowing from the great central essence of Being, and as we grow in wisdom the scales

shall fall from our eyes and our ears shall be made to hear—and the soul shall see and understand.

The seeker after the deeper meaning in life will come into possession of many things that will make him an outcast—in a sense—from the ordinary society of mankind. He will find that no other human being can bear the torch to light him on his way.

There comes a time when he can not follow after other forms when he knows that the thing he seeks is not written in books; is not uttered by human voice; but that it lies behind all manifestation of being. He learns that only as he turns away from the traditions and customs and creeds and societies and the authority of man can he advance toward that which the soul yearneth after.

If a man should pin his happiness upon some particular cloud form he would find himself continually bereft. But man has learned to look upon the shifting clouds—the opening and fading of flowers—all the transient and beautiful forms of nature simply as fleeting expressions of a life force or principle of intelligence that lies behind this outward change and which is permanent and sure.

There will come a time in the soul's unfoldment when it will recognize that to place one's hope of happiness upon any individual thing or person is like placing one's hope of happiness upon being able to hold unchanged some billowy drift of cloud.

In reality one is as fleeting as the other and behind each transient form or expression lies the same divine essence—the same Eternal Principle.

"The soul's possessions are real and everlasting. The soul's expectations shall not be disappointed."

For the Brotherhood:—

I

So deeply-visioned was he that he saw the best disguised beneath the harsh
and rude,

And soft replied;

Straightway close-hidden graciousness leapt forth as mother to her brood,
Which else had died.

II

So keen his introspection that he found, long lost, deep, deep within, the
sweet peace dove,

And softly spoke;

Soft thoughts alone shed gentle dew and coaxing sunshine on the roots
of love,

And joys invoke.

III

He dived for treasure, in his own—as in his other—hood, with polished
spade of flattery,

And found much gold;

A gentle-mannered man in speech and thought, the friend he came to be
Of young and old.

JOHN HARDEN.

SOME WISDOM.

By B. T. CALVERT.

Most of us just miss happiness—we are always out looking for her when she calls. She's a shy maid. We'll never overtake her, but if we will just stay home long enough, she'll move in and abide with us.

Yes, Mars may be all right—and still so long as we can't get away just yet, let's make the best of our present home. Earth is bright and beautiful if we only get out of our own fog so we can see it. Life is full of melody if we only stop growling long enough to hear it.

Wonder how much longer Christian people are going to believe that we're any nearer God after we're dead than we are now, pulsing with the breath of the Infinite, and pregnant with the fire of the Eternal? Is heaven to be only a charnel house, its gates opening only through the cemetery?

People have so abused themselves, so prostituted the body, that they cannot see divinity in it. Try as you will, you cannot honor one you have abused. You despise him for submitting to the abuse, as you hate yourself for your brutishness. When men treat the body as befits the Temple of the Supreme, the dwelling place of the Holy, they will see God in it, and will realize that there is nothing greater than man,—that there is no supernatural.

A DUTY ONE OWES TO ONESELF."

There is a duty that every individual owes to himself; a duty to live above and beyond the coarseness and vulgarity of that which must necessarily be found in every environment; the duty to absorb the highest and best in life and in so far as he is able, to eliminate those evils which beset his path in order that he may diffuse and radiate to others whatever there is of truth and goodness that the soul has imbibed.

It is given to few to enjoy and appreciate a love for the highest arts, to possess, to comprehend or create fine things, yet in every soul there exist a ministering beauty which may illumine a life throughout its length and glorify a world into which it was sent.

To be true to thyself, to know thyself well is to draw nearer to God. Be thy true self, do not try to copy and develop the qualities of others. To learn the riches and resources if one's own soul, is to know life in all its beautiful phases, and this in truth will bring that happiness and peace which is the shibboleth of those who would look up and on.

Deep down in every human heart there lies a germ of the beautiful, groping, sometimes blindly, upward and outward to the light; and it is the evolution and development of this germ which finds expression in our outward adornment, our house-furnishings and whatever outward manifestations we are able to give of that good which comes from within. The charm and refining influence of these outward expressions lie in the art of giving a soul to the things which have none. It is as much our duty to exercise thought and time to our dress as it is to have care for the inner life in that it shall never become vain glorious.

To woman, in a greater degree, is given this art of personal adornment. it is hers by instinct, and peculiarly hers. The dress truly has something to say to us, the more harmony and beauty it contains, the greater its mission. Whatever there is of art, culture and refinement within, finds as true expression in dress as in any other outward manifestation. The riot of many colors, the glare of tings inharmonious shock and annoy any artistic nature but the blending and embellishment of the beautiful, the placing side by side of those things which bespeak the deepest and sweetest of life, are in themselves a poem.

Charles Wagner has said, "The beauty and poetry of existence lie in the understanding we have of it", and to that end, let us all strive.

BLANCHE V. SHAW.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

Bahama Islands, Jan. 20.

Dear Mr. Sercombe.—

Your "Epic of the Granite Column" is beautiful.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Editor "To-Morrow":

I am reading my third number of your very interesting magazine. I like its tone and purpose, and believe it will do much to make people realize their position and possibilities.

W. W. WILLOCKS.

Editor "To-Morrow":—

Fate, Luck, Destiny, God or Fortuitous Circumstances dumped the three last issues of "To-Morrow" on my desk. Like 'em? Yes. Why? Because it is the only periodical I ever read whose contributors confine themselves to "hitting the nail square on the head," every time. I have but one serious objection to it; it is so unlike what appears in many so-called Liberal journals that I am deprived of the pleasure of refuting the usual bald assertions, lame logic, and sickly sentimentalism.

Yours for sense,

JAS. W. ADAMS.

Dear Editor:

Your magazine, unlike all other publications that I have ever seen, seems to hit the bull's eye of plain truth and common sense in connection with every subject discussed in its pages. I see nothing the matter with Sercombe except that he is a man who seems to have "gone" sane in a mad world.

SUBSCRIBER.

Dear Sir:

I read Dr. Montezuma's paper on the Indian Problem with a great deal of interest. "To-Morrow" finds a welcome place on my table every month.

Sincerely yours,

ALLEN A. WESLEY, M. D.

Dear Sercombe:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for "To-Morrow" for 1906. I consider that it is about as essential to my happiness as anything I get in magazine shape.

Best wishes to you.

Sincerely,

FAY LEWIS.

"To-Morrow," a magazine "for people who think," published in Chicago, and edited by Parker H. Sercombe, is one of the most unique publications of the day. It aims to supply a system of rational thinking to every problem discussed in its columns, whether High Finance, Indian Education, Special Privilege, or Child Culture, all of which are submitted to the scrutiny of the same general principles. In short, social and economic problems are discussed from the impersonal viewpoint, thus presenting them in their true proportion, and in their true relation to themselves, the universe and society as a whole. Among the topics treated in the January number are Funeral Reforms, Race Suicide, Abolish Aid to Indians, High Finance in Mexico, with a series of brief but incisive articles by the editor.

THE EVENING RECORD,

Windsor, Ontario.

"To-Morrow's" editorials for January stand out as telling utterances of the month. Its treatment of "The Gun as a Plaything," referring to the death of Marshall Field, Jr., and "The Christmas Turkey Graft," indicate that this publication is without fear of power or tradition.

CHRONICLE. (Houston, Texas).

"To-Morrow" for January contains a number of telling articles, notably comments on the death of Marshall Field, Jr., and what is known as "The

Christmas Turkey Graft." The January number has been enlarged to full magazine size and has been increased by thirty-two pages.

DAILY NONPARIEL, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Editor:—

February number of "To-Morrow" at hand and jammed full of the real stuff. Please send me "Cause and Cure" as it will be good if not the great Remedy. Let me thank you for Joseph Loeb, he hits them on the soft spot; but the Common Schools need regeneration too; it is only a few years ago that I was having my foot-steps directed in the way of success by a teacher whose motto was "Seek knowledge that you may dodge work without being arrested for vagrancy," and whose ideal of a man was Chauncey Depew. What hope was there for me?

Yours for the Revolution,

JOHN AGNEW.

Dear Brother Sercombe:

I wish you all the success in the world for "To-Morrow," which more nearly than any other realizes my ideal of what a magazine of modern thought should be.

Yours in fact,

WALTER HURT, Editor The Culturist.

Dear Sercombe:

I will take pleasure, believe me, in doing all that I can under the present stress bearing upon me, for your magazine. I shall be glad even to make personal sacrifice to encourage such men as you are one of. It is not necessary that we should agree on every minor detail—harmony in the larger effort—brotherhood in the broader, sweeter spirit—that's enough! You are headed towards the higher ethics. After all, the DIRECTION is the main thing in the gauging of man's conduct. Frankness, sincerity, sturdy MANHOOD, moral courage and sufficient poise to withstand that which is false and alluring in this age of gold and social glamour—to love work, to find poetry in the commonplace, to extract philosophy from pain, to be helpful, modest and strong, and, above all, honest and tender—these are the things which soften the tragedies of life, that annoint our wounds, and give us hope. And for these things, I sincerely believe you and your confreres stand. You are entitled, therefore, to the encouragement of decent folk—their help and commendation assume the nature of higher law rather than of voluntary contribution.

I have read your "Epic of the Granite Column." It is beautiful, artistic, strong. The conception is marvelous.

With the right hand, strong-sinewed of fellowship, I am

Sincerely yours,

RALCY HUSTED BELL.

Comrade:

I just got hold of a copy of "To-Morrow" at one of our local news stards. So I enjoyed my first "To-Morrow" to-day. Have heard of you before, but this is the first time I have had the pleasure of your company.

And so this is the beginning of your "To-Morrow" in my little library and will subscribe if you can send me the back numbers for 1905. I do not subscribe for a magazine that is not worth reading and keeping to read again. Send me the back numbers for 1905 and commence my subscription with February, 1906.

Fraternally,

JULIUS E. CRARY.

Editor "To-Morrow":

I am reading my third number of your very interesting magazine. I like its tone and purpose, and believe it will do much to make people realize their position and possibilities.

W. W. WILLOCK.

Books, Reviews and Magazines.

The January and February numbers of *The Bibelot* are devoted to the romance in five acts by Vernon Lee, entitled "Ariadne and Mantua." We wish that all who love to read of the histories, conflicts and emotions of men and races of men, as pictured in the rare plays and poems published in this little periodical, might do so. Thomas Mosher, 45 Exchange St., Portland, Me.

The best thing in *Suggestion* (Feb.) is Editor Parkyn's strong denunciation of the modern newspaper. Some startling truths are emphasized and readers of the magazine invited to contribute ideas on the subject. The quotation postcards sent out by *Suggestion* are gems. Send 10 cents for them. 4020 Drexel Blvd., Chicago.

The Dial is always full of interesting biographical excerpts and book cullings. Its brief of new books and communications are especially fine. It is an indispensable for literary critics, its subject matter and comments being of the highest order. Edited by Francis F. Brown, Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago.

Common Sense demonstrates its right to the title, by its epigrammatic sayings, but forfeits it when it justifies the amassing of such fortunes as that of Marshall Field, through "honest competition." In the opinion of TO-MORROW, no competition is honest, but the blame rests not with the men who have garnered this enormous wealth, but with the system which permits them to do so. Common Sense Pub. Co., Chicago.

Human Life merits the claim of being a magazine of Today. The most interesting feature of the February number is a character sketch of Robert M. La Follette, by Harry S. Barton. This issue also concludes the interesting autobiography of a Convict, liberated from State Prison after a confinement of twenty years. 18 Binford St., Boston.

Readers of *Moody's Magazine* are treated to the best of intellectual food, this magazine being one of the most carefully edited, to be had. There is not a weak or trashy article finds its way into *Moody's*. The February number contains topics of vital interest to North, South, East and West. 35 Nassau St., N. Y. City.

Arena (Feb.) contains a sketch of Edwin Markham and an electrotype of his face, which is itself a poem, and a sermon. It also contains a sketch of Maeterlinck, and of Mayor Jones. Boston, Mass.

The Bulletin, the official organ of the Chicago Teachers' Federation is interesting as showing the progress and ups and downs of public school teachers toward a better system of education. The wonderful Margaret Haley is its chief editor, with offices at 814 Unity Bldg., Chicago.

We are in receipt of Benj. R. Tucker's bright and incisive February number of *Liberty* in its new booklet form. We believe in Tucker. He is doing a great work and we wish *Liberty* had a million readers as we like it better than the *Christian Advocate*.

Our *Fellowship* friends may be assured that we receive and appreciate their magazine by that name. Their "Sunday School Lessons" from Emerson, Lowell, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and other liberal writers, are a unique and interesting feature of this excellent little monthly. 558 S. Freemont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

The current number of *The Single Tax Review* has a tempting list of writers on its cover page. Lawson Purdy, Frank C. Wells, Henry George, Jr., Louis F. Post, Earnest Crosby and Robert Baker being the editorial contributors. 11 Frankfort St., New York.

Wilshire's for February is loaded with its usual amount of Socialism, which it carries free to its readers at the expense of capitalistic advertisers who this month alone contribute \$5,000 worth of advertising. 125 E. 23d St., N. Y.

In *Nautilus* for February, Elizabeth and William continue their touring and R. M. Fletcher Berry continues to serve his dainty, palatable and wholesome vegetarian Menus. Holyoke, Mass.

Bob Taylor's this month contains besides its usual class of fiction some fine illustrations of Washington Memorials and a charming description of Quebec, illustrated with photographs by the author. Nashville, Tenn.

Human Culture, current number, contains a valuable lesson for parents by Emily Vaught, dividing parents into two classes, those who do too much for their children and those who do too little. 130 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The National gives an interesting account of affairs at Washington, and where, notwithstanding important official matters, chief interest at present centers around the pending marriage of Miss Roosevelt. Chapple Pub. Co., Boston.

Health Culture contains besides other helpful articles, an interesting article stating that old age is a disease, the result of microbes in the digestive tube, their presence being due to filthy habits and low and evil thoughts. 151 W. 23d St., New York.

Another exceedingly good physical culture publication is Dr. Julian P. Thomas' *Vital Culture* (172 West 72d St., New York). Its motto is "Fill up with vitality and live more freely." We recommend it.

We have always a welcome for *The Truth Seeker*, which as every well informed truth seeker knows, is one of the oldest and best free thought publication in the world. Weekly, 62 Vesey St., New York.

Among other good publications that we should like to review if space permitted, are: *New Thought*, edited by Franklin L. Berry, Caxton Bldg., Chicago, containing articles by Wm. Walker Atkinson and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. *The Peoples' Press*, a weekly reform paper, 50 cents yearly, 111 Blue Island Ave., Chicago. *The Equitist*, a weekly magazine. Warren Brokow, Pasadena, Cal. *The Mighty Altom*, a philosophical magazine with a tendency toward the mystical.—G. A. Mann, 107 State St., Rochester, N. Y. (50 cents yearly); *Eternal Progress* a New Thought journal, by Christian D. Larson, 796 E. McMillan st., Cincinnati, O.; *Journal of Agriculture*, 204 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.; *Appeal to Reason* (50 cts. yearly), Girard, Kansas; *The Broad Ax*, the name of which speaks for itself, 5040 Armour Av., Chicago; *Ingersoll Mem'l Beacon*, official organ of Ingersoll Mem'l Ass'n., Chicago, (50 cts.) 78 La Salle st., Chicago; *The Independent* (decidedly so)! Geo. W. Berge, Editor, Lincoln, Neb.; *Fragments*, another good 50 ct. publication, 811 Western av., Seattle, Washington; *Judicious Advertising*, very helpful to advertisers, Lord and Thomas, Chicago; *Ad Sense*, a good assistant to advertisers also, 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; *The Worker*, a weekly organ of the Socialist Party, 184 William st. N. Y.; *The Hotel World*, H. J. Bohn & Bro., Chicago.

The portrait of Porfirio Diaz, President of the Republic of Mexico, will adorn the front cover of the April number of this Magazine.

A FARM FOR YOU

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The Eastern tenant (and you who read may be one) rents his farm, and, by getting up early and working late, succeeds at the end of the year in having made a fair living, with the bulk of the farm products belonging to the landlord. He can keep this up, year after year, and, at the end of any term of years, he is about where he started, with this difference—both he and the farm have perceptibly run down. The longer he keeps at it, the poorer he is. There's a better way. There's nothing new or strange about it. Thousands have tried it and "won out." Why not you? Let us tell you how.

There are ways and ways—one of them is to sell out, gather up all the money you can, and go West and homestead. This can be done, but there is this fact to remember: Nearly all the best places are taken. One can find any amount of raw land remote from railroads, schools, and churches, out of the world and away back, where, in the course of time, civilization may penetrate. But there's a better way than all that. It is to buy a farm in the Southwest, along the Santa Fe, and start in with all the advantages you left behind, and more.

You can buy that sort of a place at from \$10 an acre to many times that amount. The difference in price depends on nearness to towns, railroads, the state of cultivation, and all that sort of thing. But a better farm, so far as fertility of the soil and productiveness are concerned, may be had for \$10 an acre, than you could get anywhere back East for \$50 an acre.

Here's a further fact: It may seem remarkable, but it is a fact, that the first crop will often pay for the land. It has occurred in thousands of instances, and will occur again.

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It is not for us to discriminate between sections, but this is undoubtedly true of Southwestern Kansas. Over the line in Oklahoma and Texas the same thing can be done, with the stock-raising idea more prominent. Down in the Pecos Valley, in New Mexico, it is an irrigation proposition—and people are going there by the carloads. While land is high priced there, you don't need much of it. You couldn't farm a hundred acres, not if somebody gave it to you. Forty acres would be plenty. In Southwest Kansas, with a good team you can farm 160 acres, but in an irrigation country you can not do this. Everything is intensive and concentrated where water is required. In Arizona the conditions are much the same, and so all along the Santa Fe until you come to California, where everything is different.

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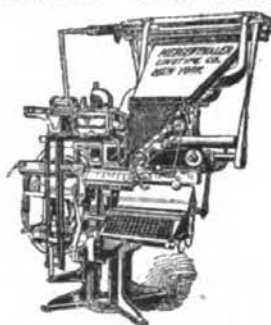
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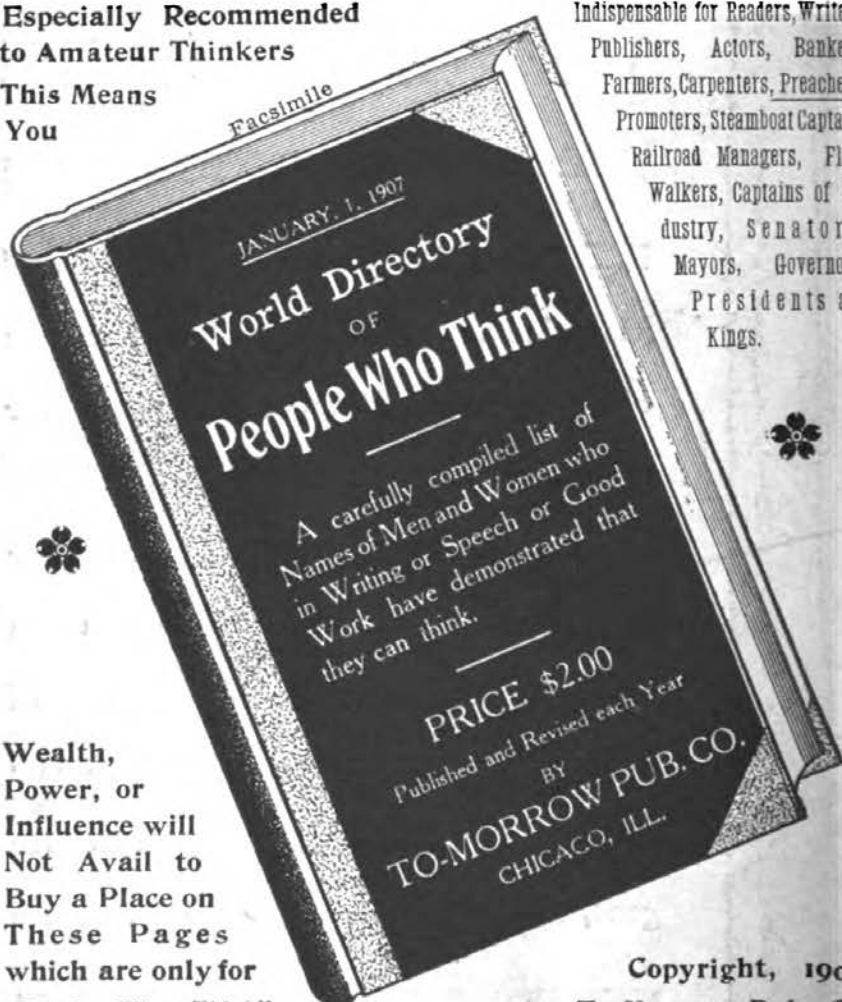
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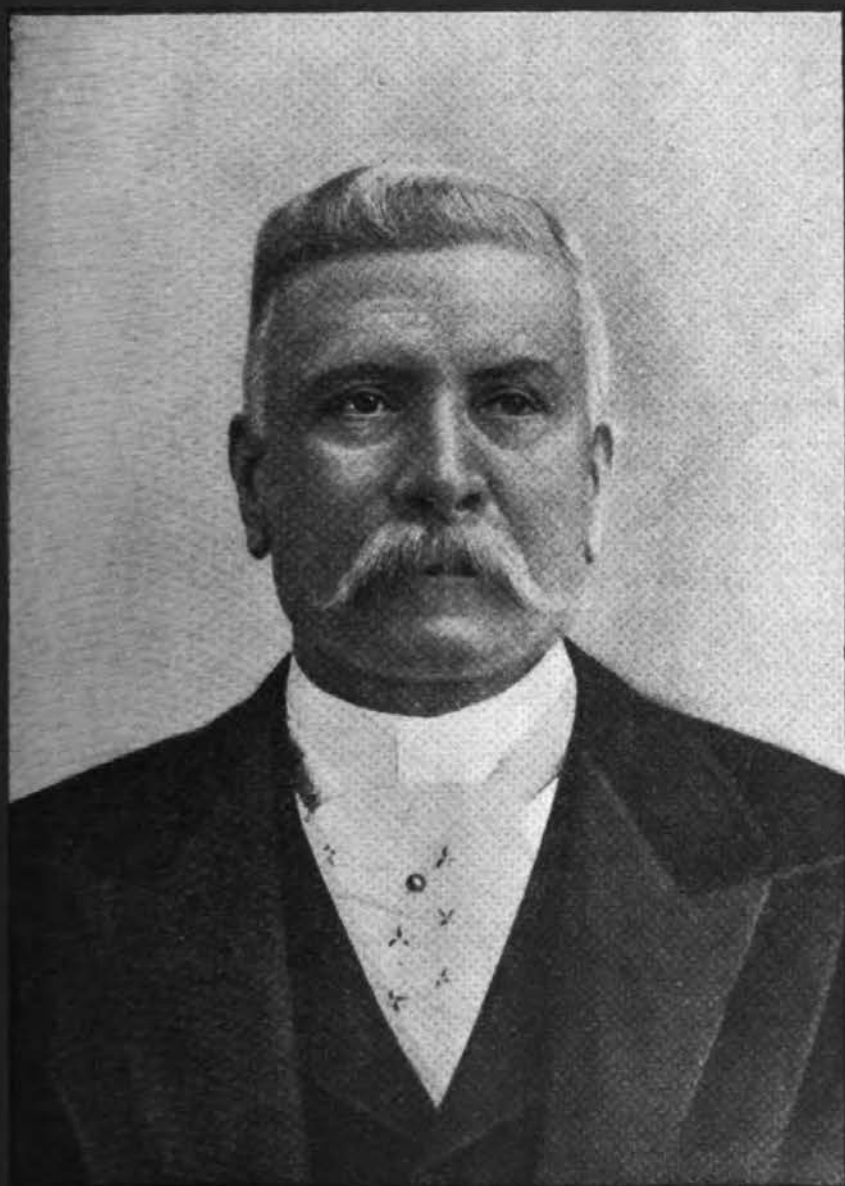
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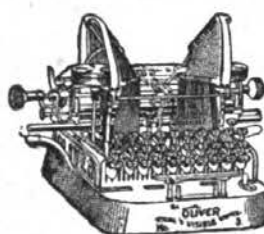
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In the February issue of NEW THOUGHT began a famous series of scientific articles by Dr. Leon Elbert Landone, demonstrating the possibility of **PHYSICAL IMMORTALITY** and giving the product of his years of trained scientific research, and the results of the wonderful experiments by Huxley, Eimer Gates, etc., etc. In February and March will also appear articles by William Walker Atkinson, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Franklin L. Berry, Louise Radford Wells, Uriel Buchanan, R. F. Outcault ("Buster Brown"), Ida Gatling Pentecost, Felicia Blake, etc., etc. *Better join the procession!* **50 CENTS A YEAR.** Send half a dollar for 1906 and be sure of getting all of Dr. Landone's remarkable articles.

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The Business End.

The anniversaries which we celebrate this month are those of Herbert Spencer, born April 27th, 1820, and Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, born April 2nd, 1743, both of whose portraits are presented herewith, each in his line the greatest of his or any other age.



HERBERT SPENCER

Jefferson, the patron saint of modern democracy, was a deep and fearless thinker, far ahead of his time; and Spencer, whether right or wrong in some of his specific conclusions, has given to the world the "universal postulate," pointing out the relationship and unity of all phenomena, and thus supplying for the first time in human history a basis by which clear thinking in all fields may become possible.

According to the best authorities, the works of Herbert Spencer stand as the greatest intellectual product of any human being of any age.

The portrait of General Porfirio Diaz adorns the front cover of this magazine, and is published in connection with the editor's pungent contribution on another page entitled "High Finance in Mexico."

Our next issue will be a Huxley and Whitman number, the birthday anniversary of Thomas Huxley being May 4th, and that of Walt Whitman being May 31st.

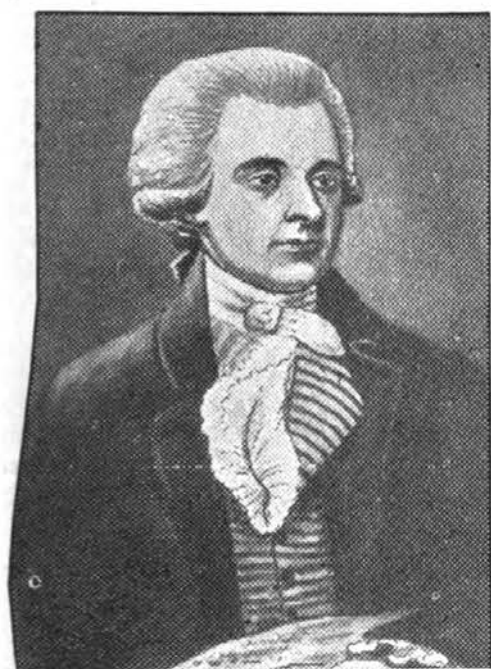
Our "World's Directory for People Who Think," advertised on the back cover of this magazine, has created somewhat of a sensation, and orders are coming in from all points.

We beg to announce that this book will be one of the most effective and unique publication ever attempted. Its contents will be made up of the most exclusive society of thinkers now alive, with their addresses and some outline of their work. This list will be so exclusive that the Potterfields and the Asterbilts will apply in vain unless they are able to prove by what they have said or written or done that they are entitled to be classed as "thinkers."

The foreword in this Directory will be of great value as providing a definition of what it is to think clearly, not in

accordance with man's opinion but in accordance with nature's opinion, which is always the same for all time and forever; it will be shown that to think clearly is to think practically and to employ common-sense in relation not only to all the affairs of life, but in the field of the imagination and speculation as well.

It will startle many to learn the terms on which perhaps Tolstoy is excluded and some obscure mechanic in Schenectady or a teacher in Minneapolis or a librarian in Denver or a newspaper reporter in Los Angeles are given honored places.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

It will be shown that to think clearly is to think in harmony with nature and that all fantastic, esoteric and occult ebullitions are nothing more than forms of intellectual self-abuse.

The large demand which has been created for "Cause and Cure" has obliged us to print Mr. Sercombe's essay on this subject in our editorial columns, and obeying the law of least resistance we have also published "Cause and Cure" in a booklet, price five cents, or one hundred copies for \$3.50.

We are now ready to supply the following booklets published with

portrait of the author on cover page, all of which will be found helpful and will aid in the propaganda of truth and democracy. Friends of "To-Morrow" cannot do better than to order a supply and distribute them where they will do the most good; "Cause and Cure," by Parker H. Sercombe, Price 5 cents, \$3.50 per hundred copies.

"The Every Day Tyrannies," by Parker H. Sercombe, Price 5 cents, \$3.50 per hundred copies.

"The Correct Way to Spend a Million," by Parker H. Sercombe. Price 10 cents, \$6.00 per hundred copies.

"The Unconscious Need," by Grace Moore, Price 5 cents, \$3.50 per hundred copies.

"Co-operation," by Viola Richardson, Price 5 cents, \$3.50 per hundred copies.

Now, that the "Culturist" has been consolidated with "To-Morrow" and that Walter Hurt, Margaret Warren Springer and Charles A. Sandburg have been added to our regular editorial staff, the public in general and "think" readers in particular, will from now on be served with a feast in every number of "To-Morrow Magazine."

In future numbers of "To-Morrow" Walter Hurt will contribute spirited and intensive articles on the following subjects: "Sense and Nonsense about the Jew," "Sleeping Alone," "Thou shalt not Kill." "More About the Negro."

In our May number, Walter Hurt will contribute a timely article on "Our Gentle Murderers," dealing with a plan for legalized euthanasia, also a Decoration Day Poem, which is said to be one of the best pieces of verse ever put into print from the pen of this gifted writer. It will be "different" from every other Decoration Day poem published in this country.

Among former contributors to Culturist Magazine now consolidated with "To-Morrow," we shall from time to time publish stirring articles by Dr. J. B. Wilson, Dr. William Colby Cooper, Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell, and others.

Our cabinet making shop has been placed in charge of Mr. G. E. Short, an expert workman, a gentle comrade and a thoughtful soul, who is thoroughly in harmony with our labors towards betterment.

Those of our friends who are ready to place orders with us for anything in the line of hand made oak and walnut furniture, bookshelves, desks, tables, chairs, foot rests, etc., in the best designs, are requested to send in their orders.

Margareet Warren Springer's contribution in this number, "The Color Scheme," is a notable and fascinating contribution and will ever occupy a high place among essays of the cosmic type.

"Jack London: A Common Man," and the department, "Views and Reviews," in this number, are fair samples of the strong, wholesome, incisive writing of Mr. Charles A. Sandburg. It is timely to announce that before the end of the year Mr. Sandburg will bring out a volume of his excellent poetry, of which due notice will be given to the public.

We want our readers to suggest subjects and send in questions to be answered in our editorial columns. It is generally understood that we are not guided by precedent, conventionality, nor tradition, but that we have a system of thinking based upon the findings of nature's law and science, and that we apply our system to all questions whatsoever.

We are ready to discuss humanity in all phases and manifestations from the same impersonal view point that we study bugs and beetles, hence our answers will not be of the usual stereotyped variety.

Mr. Sandburg's biographical paper for next month will be a free-hand drawing of David Graham Phillips.

CONSTRUCTIVE LIBERALISM.

The daily press has been giving much attention of late to the excellent Sunday evening meetings under the auspices of the Spencer-Whitman Center at Fraternity Hall.

These meetings are unique in that while applying the principal of liberalism to all topics discussed, unlike other liberal movements the tendency is constantly towards upbuilding, preparatory to a **new order** indicating a determination to ful-

fill as well as destroy. The following from the Chicago Record Herald is in reference to the meeting of February 25th:

THINKS PEOPLE SUBSERVIENT—*Parker Sercombe Uses Roosevelt Marriage as Example.*

"We throw off the tyrannies of our environment only as fast as the majority of individuals deserve to live without them," he said. "Thousands of individuals who deserve greater freedom are constantly being held back by millions to whom great immediate freedom would be the destruction of all. We can not be free until our neighbors are free; we can not find happiness until it becomes the fashion to be happy; we can not do away with intellectual enslavement until economic oppression is removed; we must endure emotional tyranny just so long as we mimic and cringe to the emotions of others. We will be hypocrites to the last hour that society makes it to our interest to pretend to be what we are not."

In reviewing the Spencer-Whitman meeting of Sunday evening, March 4th, the Chicago Chronicle contains the following:

LAWSON'S REVOLUTION.

P. H. Sercombe Shows Wherein the Boston Man Has Changed Opinions.

"No genius of any age looms up before our vision with powers more marvelous and motive more inexplicable than the avenging Nemesis incarnate in the human dynamo called Thomas W. Lawson.

"Even those who have toiled, those who have done great work and felt the urge and joy of accomplishment, are at a loss to comprehend how the restless, unconquerable mental and physical energy of one man could do all that has been attributed to the man from Boston."

The Inter Ocean reports the following from the meeting of March 11th:

PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

Hatred has crept in because competition has crept in; envy is here because ownership is here; greed is here because tyranny is here; hate is here as a natural result of the slavery and serfdom of the present system of thinking and living. If hatred is within it is sure to show itself in many different forms, and the cure is living under conditions that do not call forth the exercise of the qualities out of which hatred is made. Why do not preachers throw off their coats and get to work shoulder to shoulder with humanity, and if they find it impossible to organize democracy on a large scale, to insist on doing so on a small scale—in the family, in groups, in colonies, in communities?

We reprint the following from the Chicago Chronicle of March 12th:

PSYCHOLOGY OF HATE.

Parker H. Sercombe Lectures on the Abnormal Qualities of Man.

"It has been said that hate is love turned wrong side out," said Parker H. Sercombe at the Church of Constructive Liberalism last night, "or better still, even as evil is but a low degree of goodness, so hate is but love at low tide."

"In a community of hatred, tyranny and force rule the nonresistent can not do otherwise than perish—or stated in other terms, a nonresistent can only live among nonresistents—love can only find a home among lovers," he continued.

"This very day throughout the entire country preachers and laymen from pulpit and platform are in one guise or another showing up the same flaws of man's inhumanity to man that I am here pointing out, but I'll wager not one of them is preparing to say: 'Come, I will show you a way to correct this evil. I will work for you and with you—side by side. I will gather together those who are prepared for a better life and establish groups and communities wherein real democracy, true brotherhood and genuine comradeship must naturally become the basis of and system of daily life.'"

TO-MORROW TALK.

To-Morrow is going to try at all times to have its contents in brief, direct and pungent form. In the articles that appear in this magazine, the purpose is to suggest, to stimulate, to rouse. A flash and an implication will often convey more than freight-trains of statistics. A paragraph in To-Morrow may startle you into more real thought than the whole of the last book you read.

We don't care for your abuse. We don't care for your approval. But we do want you to read us, to think over these pages, and ask yourself if there isn't something here that is bright, strong and sure in the way of truth. We do not claim to the Way and the Life, but a few things are profane and a few more are sacred to us. Of these we speak. You may not like our facts or theories, but give us a hearing and you will catch a spirit, an attitude, a perpetual possession worth your while.

What struck me with admiration was the splendid quality of your magazine throughout. It is A No. 1 in looks and matter. You are to be congratulated. I shall miss my guess mightily if you do not achieve a wide-flung success. I sincerely wish it for you.

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

We get To-Morrow and like it because it is full of ideas. And that can not be said of much that is put out.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

The Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago—A RATIONAL WORLD-MOVEMENT, devoted to the intensified process of CHARACTER CULTURE through the medium of right association and environment. Dues \$12.00 a year, \$3.00 a quarter.

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and Culturist

For People who Think

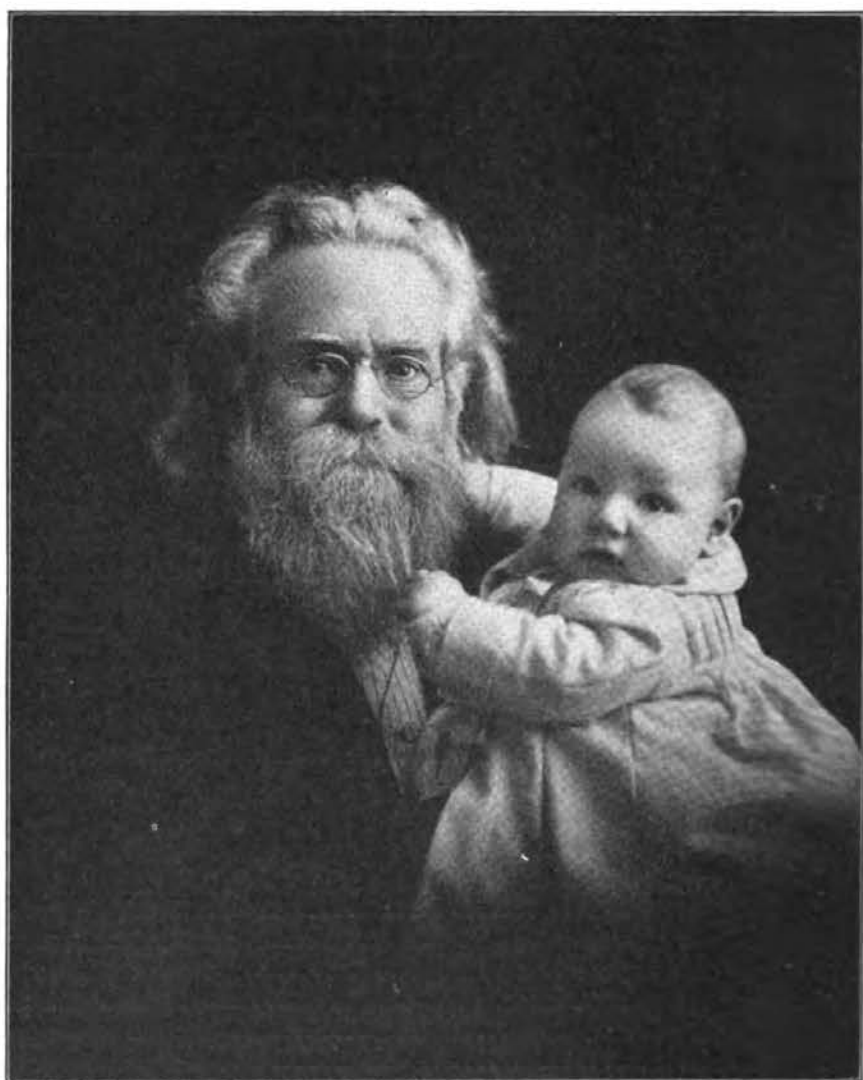
PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1906.

The Business End	Personally Conducted
To-Morrow Talk	A Man in Earnest
Frontispiece	Moses Harmon
Editorials	
The Psychology of Hate	
Human Interest in the Marriage of Others.	
The Work of Thomas Lawson.	
Cause and Cure.	
A Human World Problem.	
The Culturist Section	Walter Hurt
Moses Harmon.	
Plutocracy's Murderous Plot.	
Our Judicial Criminals.	
A Rare Discovery.	
The God Slayer (Poem)	C. L. Edson
Jack London: A Common Man	Charles A. Sandburg
The History of Human Marriage (III)	Lida Parce Robinson
Free Thoughts' Most Picturesque Personality	Walter Hurt
Heroism (Poem)	Rueben Borough
On Rights	Herman Huehn
Views and Reviews	Charles A. Sandburg
A Color Scheme	Marguerite Warren Springer
High Finance in Mexico	Parker H. Sercombe
Choosing (Poem)	William F. Barnard
The Negro Problem	Open Letter and Replies
Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians (VIII)	
.....	Carlos Montezuma
The Labor Struggle	Jay Fox
Reality and Illusion (Poem)	Swami Chica
To-day is but To-Morrow (Poem)	G Crandall Price
The Spencer-Whitman Round Table	Grace Moore, Editor
The Informal Brotherhood	Viola Richardson, Editor
What They Say of Us	To-Morrow Readers
Books and Magazines	

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE



MOSES HARMON AND HIS GRANDCHILD.

Nature's unpolitical sunlight reflected this picture, and here reproduced it stands a challenge to the judgment, respectability and honesty of the Federal Government, and the State of Illinois, their Executives, Legislatures and Judiciary.

This venerable front; the face of a hero, the brow of a philosopher, the eye of an enthusiast is the counterfeit presentment of the gentle, abstemious, self-denying, non-resistant, courtly gentleman who, at seventy-six years of age has been sentenced by a Chicago Court to one year at hard labor in the Joliet Penitentiary.

As a teacher and a thinker he surely has the same right to be heard as orthodox preachers who promise Heaven and Hell and *never make good*. This discrimination is outrageous, especially to those who do not believe in the theories of either one.

Human Progress has never followed formulas nor programs, creeds nor parties; hence, not limiting ourselves to any set system of reform we believe in *all having equal chance* to exploit their doctrines through free press and free speech, an established principle of our government.

Moses Harmon's right to discuss matters pertaining to sex and marriage is being interfered with by the enemies of *Democracy*,—Detectives, Judges and Post Office Officials. — — HANDS OFF THERE!

The Editors of *To-Morrow* do not stand sponsor for opinions of contributors nor of each other. We believe in a fair field and no favor. We want clear, clean, intelligent discussion. Please understand that we don't all believe all we print!

To-Morrow and Culturist

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

WALTER HURT

MARGUERITE WARREN SPRINGER

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD

VIOLA RICHARDSON

PARKER H. SERCOMBE

CHARLES A. SANDBURG

GRACE MOORE

MAUDE JACOBS

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Volume 2.

APRIL, 1906.

Number 4

Owing to the continued illness of Walter Hurt, editor and manager of *The Culturist*, of Cincinnati, Ohio, which makes necessary a change of climate, and release from the active duties of the publishing business, that magazine has been consolidated with "*To-Morrow*." This arrangement, it is hoped and believed will result in benefit to both publications and afford satisfaction to the combined constituencies. While for the present Mr. Hurt's condition precludes any sustained work, he will be identified as one of the editors of "*To-Morrow*" and his writings will appear in each issue of this magazine.

The combined publication will strive to merit the interest and support of all the friends of both *To-Morrow* and *The Culturist*.

"The simple truth is what we ask,
Not the ideal;
We've set ourselves the noble task
To find the real."

It seems like a paradox to observe that the very ones who need friends the most are always those who make the least effort to hold them.

I know some pitiful examples—friendless souls who by a little gentleness, loyalty and toleration might bind willing hearts to them with bands of steel, but they are too lazy, too stubborn, too vain or too envious to make the effort.

I know of a number of persons whose friend I want to be and I can be of much help to them, they need my material aid and my comradeship; but they hold aloof, they think I am mysterious and have designs.

Some of these have even done me injury thinking me an egoist, or an enemy. Their misunderstanding of me is so great that I am barred from approaching them; they do not know that I bear no malice to them or any one else and that I am always ready to return their friendship.

Many of you are the same I know, for I have reached the hearts of some of you, but in getting a hearing and offering our love we must be careful lest along with our love we include a lot of **Junk** in the form of Noisiness, Craftiness, Disloyalty, Control, Tyranny, Greed and Self-love.

Many a dainty morsel of love has been declined on account of the wagon-load of this kind of garbage that came along with it.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HATE

It has been said that hate is love turned wrong side out. Better still, even as evil is but a low degree of goodness, so hate is but love at low tide.

Imagine a straight, perpendicular line marked off in centimeters, and let us say that the most intense love is represented by the top of the line, and that the lowest mark represents the most intense hatred. As a matter of course the various marks or degrees between the two will show that a low degree of love gradually merges into hate, and that a high degree of hate gradually merges into love, and thus we may see by the diagram that the two are but different degrees of each other.

It has been said that love is a voluntary offering, that it cannot be commanded nor coerced into existence, that it must come of its own accord—and though it may be driven into your presence its name is not then love but **hypocrisy**.

A common failing among those who are starved for love is to coax and beckon and attract it into their presence, and no sooner does it seem willing to surrender and be willing to remain than heart hunger proceeds to monopolize, ensnare and enslave it and then it runs away.

One day some genius may perhaps invent a barometer of love and hate by which those interested may observe the rise and fall of the sensitive meter and it will be startling to many to note at what times and under what circumstances the love they inspire passes almost imperceptibly into hate, rises, falls and vibrates from one mark to another in accordance as we ourselves influence the record. What a boon such a device would be to the class of persons who need friends so badly, and who are always the very ones to sacrifice them. * * *

While it is true that the practice of dealing in the spirit of love and non-resistance with all can only be practiced fully in a community and under conditions where all others do likewise, still in all evolution of this character there is a margin of pressure or urge which may be adopted by the higher types that will influence the lower, and gradually create a tendency upward.

In a community of hatred, tyranny and force rule, the non-resistant can not do otherwise than perish—or stated in other terms, a non-resistant can only live among non-resistants—love can only find a home among lovers.

A brown eyed baby attracts you—its prattle, its sweetness, its innocence fill you with tender emotions—you fold it in your arms and caress it. You see a blue eyed baby, or a brown skinned one, and its chubby face appeals to the best that is in you—your love goes out to them and you do not ask to whom they belong nor the condition of their birth, as it is the same to you whether it is the child of your janitor or your banker—so should we become toward children of all ages, toward men and women of all ages and all conditions of life and society; surely under right conditions nature places enough of beauty and responsiveness in the faces and forms of every one we may meet to attract the highest and best that is in us.

Happiness, contentment, and the natural love of our fellows is surely the normal state of man, then, why should hate prevail? Is it suspicion, is it fear, is it misinterpretation, is it competition that causes that which we call hate to dominate the spirit of some men and women?

Let us see what we may naturally expect in a community where each is trying to outdo the rest, where each is trying to overcome, undermine, outwit, and outgeneral the rest of their fellows.

We must acknowledge that such conditions can only result in each being suspicious of the rest, whether justly or unjustly, each fearing the rest, each overlooking the needs of the rest with a general result of constantly breeding and encouraging the spirit of hatred.

Must we acknowledge, then, that the very social and economic system under which we are organized is especially adapted to foster and develop hate for one another? Is it fair to assume that like Gladiators of old we are set in an arena and fight and slay each other for the amusement of some mocking band of sprites who goad us on to battle in frenzied rage against one another, that they may chortle and guffaw at our antics and butcheries?

While knowing well that progress and human betterment must ever be attained through the operation of the force of love and harmony, we show our primitive and unorganized natures by permitting ourselves to be set one against another and thereby make our highest attainment utterly impossible.

This very day throughout the entire country, preachers and laymen from pulpit and platform are, in one guise or another, showing up the same flaws of man's inhumanity to man that I am here pointing out, but I'll wager not one of them are preparing to say "Come, I will show you a way to correct this evil. I will work for you and with you—side by side. I will gather together those who are prepared for a better life and establish groups and communities wherein real

democracy, true brotherhood and genuine comradeship must naturally become the basis of and system of daily life."

Hatred has crept in because competition has crept in; envy is here because ownership is here; greed is here because tyranny is here; hate is here as a natural result of the slavery and serfdom of the present system of thinking and living.

Knowing then, that our natures are a result of surrounding conditions, knowing that our character is but an outgrowth and natural product of surrounding conditions—is it not strange that there are not more men in this great country who have the stamina, daring and determination to make new conditions and get outside of present conditions which they are powerless to control?

We may go into learned dissertations and psychological analysis and analyze with much subtlety of thought the states of mind by which we arrive at certain conditions of meanness, cruelty, and hatred but what boots it?

I have known hatred to develop simply on account of laziness, that is one person failing to do their part would be rebuked by another. and hatred, abuse and every form of contention would follow.

So animal like, suspicious and afraid do many people become under the present conditions of ownership and competition that I have known otherwise sensible people to acquire a mad rage simply because they imagined that some of their plans for acquiring love or property were being interfered with and thus without further reflection they would set their engines of hatred in motion all for naught and without any real basis.

If hatred is within it is sure to show itself, in many different forms and the cure is not through preaching, analyzing, words, but the cure is living under conditions that do not call forth the exercise of the qualities out of which hatred is made.

I have seen men on crowded cars get into a rage because others unavoidably rubbed against them in passing out—I have known women to dig their elbows forcibly under the same circumstances as if no one else had any rights but themselves—all these instances but manifestations of hatred in their hearts.

I have known quarrels and death struggles to occur over matters equally trivial, I have known of feuds and vendettas which have grown out of small affairs—all the result of natural hatred planted within by means of the life contact that had come to the participants.

The graft principle, unfair, dishonest, reprehensible, from every point of view is seen in the numberless cases where people take advantage of a pretended friendly exterior in order to say and do hurtful things, and another form of graft principle and hate manifests itself in marital and love affairs wherein both men and women are prone not to be satisfied with what love they can attract which is all they are entitled to—all they pay for—but they attempt through force, coer-

cion, pressure, and various forms of scheming to obtain a degree of love that they feel themselves powerless to attract and to which they are therefore not entitled and they become grafters and tyrants, if they try to capture it as it were by force of arms.

All varieties of hounding and spying on the part of either husband or wife, the shooting of a rival or horsewhipping **the other woman** and exploiting sex for favors are samples of the graft principle in love, and they are all reprehensible, unfair, dishonest, and the persons who indulge in these coercive methods invariably show themselves to be unfit for love which might otherwise be theirs and they show further the extent to which wrong social and economic conditions have implanted hatred in their hearts.

But why sermonize, why analyze, when it is all futile, all for naught so far as being an agency for curing the evil? We have grown into the false notion of dealing with the ideas of things instead of the things themselves—of talking ideas instead of dealing with people.

Month after month our magazine goes forth to all parts of the world, and week after week we insist that talk is nothing, that preachers and writers can only be effective as they throw off their coats and get to work shoulder to shoulder with humanity and if they find it impossible to organize democracy on a large scale—to insist on doing so on a small scale—in the family, in groups, in colonies, in communities, for so help me—I for one am tired of despotism, I am weary of social, economic, and domestic tyranny. I feel that I must break away, some how, from the stern realities of hatred that are so strong a part of our surrounding conditions of ownership and competition, and I declare—that at least a part of my time in future shall be spent under conditions of true democracy separated from tyranny and control of traditions even if I am obliged to get off in the mountains and flock alone by myself.

HUMAN INTEREST IN THE MARRIAGE OF OTHERS.

One of the Survivals of monarchy and its Reasons.

Those of the open atmosphere, coarse, sunlit, fresh, nutritious,
 Those that go their own gait, erect, stepping with freedom and command—leading, not following.
 Those with a never-quell'd audacity—those with sweet and lusty flesh,
 clear of taint, choice and chary of its love-power,
 Those that look carelessly on the faces of Presidents and Governors,
 as to say, **WHO ARE YOU?**
 Those of earth-born passion, simple, never constrained, never obedient,
 Those of inland America. —WALT WHITMAN.

As each voluntary act in the life of the individual may be fitly construed as a form of auto-biography, so may every phase of social life be regarded as a means by which to trace out the history of all our social forms, manners and thought habits.

Is it not an evidence of the distressing artificiality of modern life that in all of the chatter, press reports, illustrations and speculations in reference to the Roosevelt-Longworth wedding not once has any prominence been given to the practical, decent, effective point of view from which to discuss marriage in general and the union of Alice Roosevelt and Nicholas Longworth in particular.

In the maze of immaterial fol-de-rol about gowns, presents, invitations, rehearsals, etc., we discover what are the points which engage modern human interest.

The real motive for marriage as a plan whereby a woman gains legal sanction for her desire to give public notice of the one chosen to be the father of her children, with the implied announcement that she is mentally and physically equipped to become one of the mothers of the race, has been a matter of no thought or consideration. Not that her equipment to become a mother, or even any of the artificialities that have been so much talked about are any of the public's business, but it is interesting to point out that we are growing to entirely overlook the practical, that we dwell on trivialities until we inhibit realities from our thought and we do not stop to ask **WHY THESE THINGS ARE SO.**

Nothing has been said in regard to intellectual and physical preparation for parenthood. The hopes and ambitions of neither one have been touched upon along this line, no statement has been brought out as to whether this pair are temperamentally equipped to establish a democracy in their household or whether the prevailing domestic tyranny is to become the rule of life of the high contracting parties.

In relation to any subject of human interest, speakers as well as listeners fail to realize that they are drawn to the thought that engrosses them by a cosmic urge, by a many sided controlling impulse, the complexities of which no one is ever to fully unravel.

In the past, philosophy made but little progress in enabling us to understand our own thought impulses, for the reason that our mental habits were only trained in the channel of self-interest; and our race has been no more able to judge itself fairly than the lion has been able to manifest the spirit of democracy and comradeship in its relation to the lamb.

The past few years, for the first time in human history, we are able to bring to our aid the synthetic system of thought and the philosophy of evolution, and these aided by the higher spirit of honesty and fairness that science has but recently brought into the world (factors which have been lacking in all the writing and discussions of other epochs) enable us through the impersonal point of view to arrive at as accurate conclusions in regard to our own race as if we were studying bees, mammoths, or the habits of climbing plants.

Following out these observations we approach the question, Why do we take so much interest in the marriage of others, and why this exaggerated interest in the fantastic side of the marriage of the daughter of our President?

A view of the problem in its most brutal and primeval beginning indicates that except for competition between the males, whether among wild flocks, herds, or primitive men, no more attention is paid to the public copulation between members of a group than to their performance of any other function of life.

Among the herbivorous and more gentle types where the spirit of democracy predominates greatly over the spirit of tyranny and control, bird, beast and man has ever shown a minimum interest in the copulation of others of their kind.

Though not desiring to anticipate the results of our inquiry, the generalization is pertinent to observe the frequency of duels under monarchy and their practical disappearance under democracy, these affairs being largely due to sex controversy.

Granted that political monarchy through militarism and officialism must invariably poison the mental habits of a race and cause tyranny and the control of others to dominate commercial, social and domestic affairs, it is easily seen how curiosity, gossip and prying into the doings of others in our American life is but a relic of Monarchy, a harking back to Kingcraft and Priesthood, a pollution that nothing but centuries of democratic living can eliminate.

Taking, then, the full inclusive view of the Roosevelt-Longworth wedding, we may divide its manifestations into three classes:

First—The exaggerated importance of foolish things that were said.

Second—The exaggerated silence in relation to sensible things not said.

Third—Why do we here in America indulge in these sins of commission and omission in relation to the marriage of others?

Like the philosopher, let us take up the last question first, with a view to its throwing light on the other two.

By what has already been said a broad generalization might attribute all of our shortcomings to the monarchical origin of modern human society, including manners, customs and thought habits, and while this view is partially justified and while nothing but the advance of democracy in all our affairs will diminish the evils manifest in life and thought, to obtain a comprehensive understanding of our social and intellectual status we must admit to our mental picture of affairs, all the shades, side lines and effects wrought by the net work of receding monarchical forces and advancing influences of democracy that now affect every phase of our changing lives.

We throw off the tyrannies of our environments only as fast as the majority deserve to live without them. Thousands who individually deserve greater freedom are constantly being held back by millions to whom greater immediate freedom would be the destruction of all. We cannot be free until our neighbors are free.

We cannot find happiness until it becomes the fashion to be happy.

We cannot do away with intellectual enslavement until economic oppression is removed. We must endure emotional tyranny just so long as we mimic and cringe to the emotions of others. We will be hypocrites to the last hour that society makes it to our interest to pretend to be what we are not.

We will exploit artificiality in ourselves and others just so long as it remains the fashion to frown on realities.

Prostitution, masturbation and sex perversion will flourish to just the extent that we maintain a standard of false modesty in matters of sex.

Incest is a crime unknown to primitive people who live in freedom. The evils of restriction are ever seen to be a hundred times greater than the evils of liberty.

Taking these self evident propositions for granted let us proceed to set forth the reasons WHY American appetite for pretense, gossip, greed, vanity and buncombe had to be doled out through press, pulpit and drawing-room in exaggerated concentration upon the trivialities connected with the marriage of Miss Alice.

In this tabulation of WHY WE ARE FOOLED, let us remember that the same conspiracy of common interest that causes waiters and flunkies to perpetuate and encourage "tips," is ever manifest among those who profit by fetes and jubilees; and whatsoever appetite we encourage, whether it be for opium, gossip or fawning to power or precedent is the appetite in which we will grow abnormal.

Why so much interest in the White House Wedding?

First, A scheme to sell newspapers; a conspiracy by common consent among journalists.

Second, Encouraged by commercial interests of powerful persons who profit by functions and jubilees; a conspiracy for mutual profit among milliners, clothiers, costumers, decorators and caterers, who create a pressure to keep up the fashion.

Third, a conspiracy of mutual interests to play upon the sentiments of the people and popularize the Administration. We are an emotional people. There will be another wedding at the White House in an opportune time. Ethel Roosevelt is already being exploited as a campaign vote-maker for the Republican party.

Fourth, the church had a hand and encouraged the conspiracy to exploit and perpetuate its power.

Fifth, The government was in it and officialdom naturally encouraged the perpetuation of the ever parasitical forms, ceremonies and methods of tradition.

Sixth, Plutocracy was interested; hence the encouragement of **cast** through the press and in every way that the attention of the masses could be diverted for awhile longer from their oppressions, to the state of acquiescence to things as they are.

We know that for generations it was openly the policy of the Roman Empire for the Rulers to plan jubilees and celebrations especially to amuse the populace and divert their minds from their hardships and oppressions.

Seventh, The longing of our German citizens for the fes-

tivals of their childhood, the habit of recalling the fetes and holidays of their youth by Scandinavian, French, English, Italian and Spanish Americans, sufficiently emphasizes the tendency of carrying on forms and celebrations indefinitely from generation to generation.

The method of cementing peace between nations and tribes at war has from time immemorial been by the marriage of the daughter of the Chief of one tribe to the son of the Chief or King of the other, and thus, with good reason, the people, relieved from the horrors of war on the one hand and with prospect of peace on the other, have in the past looked upon the marriage of the daughter of their Ruler as an event for especial interest and thanksgiving. So today, though without the need of thanksgiving, we automatically hark back to the old custom and the Press takes due advantage of our belated emotions to sell us papers.

Were the union of Alice and Longworth, especially designed to but improve our race by selecting a woman of unusual mental and physical attainment as the bride of some exceptional, extraordinary man, there might be some rational ground for awakening our interest; but it is an imposition to call our thoughts from our work to consider the mating of a homely, scrawny woman, educated to leisure class ideals, to a baldheaded, runt millionaire twice her age, who plays the game of life for what cheap fun there is in it for *him*. Shades of Alcibiades to the rescue!

Eighth, "All the world loves a lover," a pretty phrase when appropriately applied, and now that Countess Castelane is preparing to reassume the name of "Gould," we recall the incidents of this and Nellie Grant's love match; for whether the prize be a foreign duke or an American millionaire, none but the **Inscrutable Providence** can tell a love match from a bluff in the beginning of its career.

A "love match" is all a matter of the imagination of the person who is thinking about it, and it is quite true that the thoughts of the Amorous are able to reach the tingling point while contemplating their own picture of the relations of "the blissful pair," but the normal mind, consecrated to useful work, will not be so aroused; the normal sex emotion unperverted by morbid mental pressure responds to objective and not to subjective sensations.

While it is true that the suggestiveness of the relations of Bride and Groom is the basic motive back of the general interest taken in the marriage of others, it is also true that the prevalence of this interest proves that our race is not properly monogamic, else there would not prevail such an almost universal tendency for people to arouse themselves subjectively over the sex affairs of others.

All the interference, interest in, or attempted control of the sex affairs of Alice Roosevelt or others, is seen on all counts, whether considered from the racial, commercial, governmental or morbid, sentimental points of view, to be a "harking back" to the Monarchical and Tribal states of our race and to

the extent that undue interest is aroused in the mating of others; whether it be young maid, old maid, matron, youth or roue; to the extent that they are aroused by their own subjective images, to that extent the mind is off its work and bordering on degeneracy. Those who lose themselves in their work, and become efficient wheels in the social mechanism, those who are unafraid of life and adopt careers of usefulness, those who mind their business well, live simply, breathe deeply and do not get booze drunk, sex drunk, or money drunk, will bother but little about the mating of others and will have no morbid thoughts with which to reproach themselves.

THE WORK OF THOMAS LAWSON.

Results secured by the author-hero of the new revolution.

Every great political and social upheaval has had its "Author-hero." It was Harriet Beecher Stowe who more than Garrison or Compromise bills chrystallized the war of the Rebellion.

It was Thomas Paine in his periodical editions of "Common Sense" and the "Crisis" who not only stimulated the spirit of independence, but through seven long years, by the power of his pen controlled, swayed and gave spirit to affairs, until the initial formation of our government was completed.

It was Rousseau who put fire into the hearts of the people and nerved them for the revolution in France, and today, as we see the falling of our idols of finance and read of our once revered captains of industry running to cover, and learn that in various states the once immune grafter is being hunted to his lair, we realize what the marvelous energy of Thomas W. Lawson has been able to accomplish in twenty one months towards cleansing human affairs.

No genius of any age looms up before our vision with powers more marvelous and motive more inexplicable than the avenging nemesis incarnate in the human dynamo called Thomas W. Lawson.

Even those who have toiled, even those who have done great work and felt the urge and joy of accomplishment, are at a loss to comprehend how the restless, unconquerable mental and physical energy of one man could do all that has been attributed to the man from Boston.

His earliest charges and declarations of what he proposed to accomplish were received with scorn; even those against whom his shafts were directed, the creators of the system feeling secure in their positions as it were by divine right, and having for so long a time CONTROLLED the destinies of the masses apparently by their full consent, could not conceive that their positions of graft and special privilege could be undermined by any ordinary one-man power.

In this they were right, no one but a real hero of extraordinary power of limitless energy, backed up by a vast fortune, could possibly dislodge or materially affect the system, but now we find that this masterly leader in but twenty-one short

months of active campaigning has so completely shown up the rottenness and hypocrisy throughout the entire system of "high financiering" that before we reach the end we may feel sure not only of a complete change in our banking, insurance and commercial systems, but in all probability the government itself may undergo complete monetary reform.

Twenty-one months ago, before the appearance of Lawson's article on "Frenzied Finance," the names of McCall, McCurdy, Hyde, Depew, Bigelow, Rockefeller, Rogers, Walsh, Simmons and hundreds of others were looked upon as symbols of honor and probity. These builders of false reputations, at first by denial, scoffing, and vituperation attempted to discredit this indomitable prophet of a better time.

Had he failed in his facts, had he shown the least sign of fear, had he not been a great general, and before all these, had he not been backed by a large fortune, these high finance grafters would have won the day, and perhaps several generations might have rolled away before another with the power and the daring should be born into this world to carry out the great work.

Our author-hero has never faltered, he has never winced, the hot blasts with which his powerful enemies have aimed to consume him have invariably been met by an ample counter current from his cold storage ware house, and each day he has arisen early, equipped for any emergency.

Not only has Thomas W. Lawson succeeded in impeaching and dethroning the very top leaders in American finance, but by implication he has dethroned our entire economic system as a scheme of graft and special privilege and he has further convicted every bank official in the United States as an accomplice in the vast swindling schemes of the system.

The whole series of financial exposures, commencing with the Equitable scandals and extending through the entire list which have directly or indirectly been forced into publicity by Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" leads to the opinion that the final outcome will result in a complete readjustment of the methods of finance and trade, whereby the laborer shall properly participate in the product of his toil, and whereby limitation shall be placed upon the accumulation of millions and especially preventing bequests of large estates intact this the greatest menace to American progress.

CAUSE AND CURE.

Applicable to all abuses, Political, Economic, Industrial, Social, Educational and Domestic.

This answer or explanation is intended to apply to various subjects and no philosophy will be employed that is any more profound than the multiplication table, and a few very self evident truths. To insure being thoroughly understood I deem it necessary at the outset to make the reader familiar with the view point taken.

"Cause and Cure" is written especially for those who have

attained to the following advanced view of life and philosophy:

First—Society in all its complexities has GROWN under natural law, cause and effect, out of the barbarity of primitive times without interposition of any kind:—"Life," "Evolution," "God," being considered as practically synonymous terms.

Second—All species, races, genera, vegetable and animal, including man, have attained advancement not through individual self direction or conscious guidance, but almost entirely through the medium of constantly breeding in higher percentage from the more fit, more alert units, the unfit and less alert perishing on account of gradually diminishing progeny.

Third—Thoughts and ideas of things, individual and collective, survive, perish or multiply under exactly the same laws of heredity and natural selection that is manifested among living organisms.

Once these laws of universal evolution are accepted it is for us to trace their workings, psychological and sociological, throughout every class of phenomena whatsoever, and thereby enable ourselves to think clearly, not only in relation to observing the processes of natural selection and transmission in physical and racial matters, but also to recognize its workings in the realm of manners, customs, forms and ceremonies wherein it is seen that USE strengthens, DISUSE weakens, the fit survive, the unfit perish; and the laws of attraction and repulsion work out their course in every organism whether the units are ideas, stars, atoms, orchids or people.

The prevailing obstacles to clear thinking are: the inability to regard every thing in life as a result of the same laws that have produced everything else and thus by recognition of the relationship of all phenomena be enabled to observe cause and effect throughout nature and society.

With the above propositions understood it becomes self-evident that statesmen, preachers, teachers and parents have alike been operating for ages along unscientific lines. the first attempting to enforce by law that which can only be acquired by the free action and interaction of the units which compose society; the second attempting to enforce commandments which "God" himself has failed to make effective; the third teaching by rote and inspiring children to work for "marks" instead of inductively securing their development from within by creating for them an environment wherein they will naturally come to think and do for themselves; the fourth becoming despots and controlling the initiative of their young instead of working with them as comrades and **themselves** learning from those who have come latest from the realms of knowledge.

By the synthetic system of thought, problems become unified and abuses in diverse fields resulting from similar causes are seen to demand the same cure.

It being manifest that there is a distinct relationship between all of the problems of life; that there is a tendency of human society always to develop toward equilibrium; that all forms of abuse and distress whether political, social, or domestic, are natural stages in our evolution; that selfishness with its by-products of greed, hypocrisy, lying, divorce, theft and murder, are but relics of a primitive anarchism that cannot be eliminated from human society by the ten commandments or by preaching, and that these qualities have been perpetuated by **bad character culture** through wrong systems and environment, it is evident that **the cure** can only be attained by **good character culture** through right systems and environment, and that the system that will cure one defect will cure all.

In brief, given **opportunity** and the right surroundings. Groups or nations must naturally work out their highest destiny without friction, without invasion, without suffering and without pain.

As practically no parents throughout the country are sufficiently expert to form even family groups able to impart to their units the highest **RESULTS** in character, it devolves for the present upon our **CAPITALISTS** who having through the faulty ideals and opportunities of our system come into control of an unmerited portion of our country's wealth, to proceed to supply the funds to establish groups and environments on such bases and under such regulations that through association with those who make up the group, members will gradually acquire the qualities of democracy and comradeship necessary to fit them, not only to live in harmony here with their fellow man, but also prepare their souls for any kind of heaven that may await them in the hereafter.

THE CAUSE—Competition—**Bad Character Culture.**

THE CURE—Co-operation. Group-ownership, True Democracy. **Good Character Culture.** P. H. S.

A HUMAN WORLD PROBLEM.

A little study of the pursuit of happiness and ups and downs of the eternal quest.

The quest for happiness is the quest for love. Insufficient love is the cause of all unhappiness. And what is love? What does it prompt man to do? What is its seeming purpose?

The first promptings of love express themselves in the friendly hand outstretched, the smile of welcome, the helpful word. If we love our brother overmuch we throw our arms about his neck and give him a hug. Ah! how good we feel! what ecstasy in the expression of our unity with a fellow comrade! We sent something out and something has come back to us. We go about our work now—we are satisfied.

But is this ecstasy written on every face that we see? Are men on the whole satisfied? Is labor the accompaniment of a song? Here and there, "Yes." Generally speaking, "no."

And why? Because men "fell" some thousands of years ago. There is a little rhyme that every one has written with a slate pencil in his kindergarten days, to the effect that one should "never never fall in love." But man never never falls in love. Some millions of years ago he fell out of the basket in which were the warm wrappings of love about him. In the evolutionary processes of development he fell out of love, not into it. With the dawning of self consciousness came the demon Fear. Man was afraid of himself and of his fellowmen. He discovered that he was naked, and sought to cover himself up. Little by little he added to his coverings until he became so disguised and so burdened that he ceased to move naturally and freely. He saw in his brother who also was clothed as he was, a monstrosity, and he said to himself, "that man is dangerous, I must beware of him." The man of whom the first man was afraid, made to himself the same comment. Result, war.

From that time to this there have been "wars and rumors of wars." As the result of one man seeking to control another we have the spectacle of an entire human race in arms. As the result of man's fear and desire to control, we have government. As the result of government we have dissention of every conceivable sort, greed, hate, monopoly, heart-rending poverty and soul destroying luxury, and bitter, bitter unhappiness. Instead of the delicate, fleecy wrappings of love about us we have a coat of mail. We look at our fellowmen through a couple of little holes in the iron plate with which we have environed ourselves. We are not cooing lovers. We are self-defensive, tigerish warriors. Warriors for what? Oh ye gods! for gold, for land, for control. Is it any wonder that we are unhappy? a million million times no.

Away back in the evolutionary beginning of human consciousness involving the transition from the animal to the human plane, when fear came in at the door and love flew out the window, unhappiness received its first great impetus. Man from that day to this has been growing more distrustful, and self-defensive, more greedy and grasping and more unhappy. Today only the grafter sits in high places, the meek and lowly starve and freeze.

But may we not see the light, even from behind all these clouds of man's own making? Yes, surely. Nature's beautiful law of action and reaction, the law of growth by which we see that in reality there is no backward trend. The planets in their orderly revolutions about the sun bespeak it, each tiniest blade of grass reveals it, the dew-drop on the violet smiles it back of us. We cannot doubt the working or the ultimate good of this law in the actions of men, for men are but parts of the mighty Whole. They are unquestionably subject to the same laws of birth, growth and fruition, that the gold mines and the peach trees are.

Nature is a loving Mother, Reason the best of Fathers, and Wisdom the perfect child of these two, the sure revealer to man of the purpose and glory of the universe. If as little

children we will go to the humbler manifestations of life about us for our "cue," if we will make our bow to the modest little buttercup, or tenderly look into the eyes of the black faced man who picks for us the coal that keeps us warm, if we have wearied of our self consciousness with its attendant artificialities, hypocrisies and soul destroying competition, and can emancipate ourselves from every vestige of inclination to own, co-erce or control, we shall see that all our differences and inharmonies are but self erected barriers against happiness, beauty and perfection which it is as much within our power to destroy as it was to create. If to be conscious, loving, joyous workers with Nature, without fear of any results to ourselves personally and materially, were ever the one thought and desire of our minds, if we would but hammer out of sight these coats of mail and creep once more into the arms of Mother Nature, if we but breathe naturally and deeply, if we but love perfectly there can be no cause for unhappiness.

"But," you say, "love brings its pain and sorrow?" Yes, but it is "such sweet sorrow." Who of us would not have had it? What one of us would be what we are without it? Where would be our understanding of humanity but for the humanity in our own hearts which love with its train of mysteries, disappointments and sorrows placed there? What matter that we suffered? the pain now is gone, the knowledge we had need of remains with us. The sorrow that bathed us in tears of anguish yesterday, today reveals a joy undreamed of.

"Death?" We know at last that there is no such thing, that all is life in one form or another and that it is all good and beautiful. More life, then, let us have, more life, life so replete with experience with which to round us out, and all experience so joyously accepted and so divinely assimilated that there is left no vacuum of ungratified desire, no time for regrets, no sense of incompleteness. We may be ever so small, ever so imperfect, but if we are as full of life as we can hold, we shall be satisfied. When we are not only brave and strong enough ourselves to drink freely and radiate unceasingly the life essence with which Nature has endowed us, but can co-operate with all creatures (at least in our thoughts and feelings) to the end that they too may be full of life and its blessings, we shall be more than satisfied. We shall then have no anxieties or sorrows because we have nothing to fear. The perfect love has cast it out—we are free.

G. M.

The Culturist Magazine, lately published in Cincinnati, Ohio, by Walter Hurt having been consolidated with To-MORROW, we beg to announce that we have a supply of the February and March numbers of *The Culturist* containing gems of thought in poetry and prose by Walter Hurt and other contributors, which we offer at 10 cents per copy.

The supply will not last long, and all liberal thinkers will one day wish that they had provided themselves with these rare numbers while they were still to be had.

My Dear Hurt:—

The March CULTURIST—aside from extremely generous personal consideration but poorly deserved—is rich in literary and social treasures and deserves the highest commendation and the most liberal and loyal support.

THE CULTURIST has keen philosophic insight, moral heroism and real literary genius which combine to make it a commanding power in the great fight for freedom, and when this is won we will indeed be a great nation and a happy people.

All congratulations, all success and all loyalty and love from

Your comrade,

EUGENE V. DEBS.

THE CULTURIST SECTION

By WALTER HURT.

Every kind of persecution for opinion is incompatible with sound philosophy.—COLTON.

MOSES HARMON.

An Analysis and an Appreciation

This is a plea to the public for a better understanding of the most misunderstood and misrepresented man of his time. It is an appeal to popular opinion for justice and vindication for the misjudged and maligned.

His enemies have said Moses Harman is immoral. Why he should have enemies I do not understand, as I never knew him to harm any by act or speech, and always his words are filled with gentleness and charity and ever he outreaches to his brother a hospitable hand.

Why they should say he is immoral is quite as much a mystery. Never have I heard from him, in speech or type, an unclean utterance. *Per contra*, he pleads insistently for a greater purity in our social relations, and strives incessantly to make such improvement more easily possible.

In every generation has appeared some lofty soul, thinking in advance of his age, whose lips could not be smitten to silence. These brave ones, for the good of their brothers, pass into prison and tread Golgotha in patient pain, bearing the cross of the world's brutal curses. No ingratitude can influence them, no discouragement can make them to despair.

These are the immoral ones.

To the orthodox, all heterodoxy is highly immoral. It matters not if the heresy be religious, social or scientific. To the orthodox view, that is necessarily vicious which opposes the established order, which contradicts convention, which antagonizes the accustomed, which would improve by innovation.

Galileo was immoral, so he was imprisoned and tortured; yet the world moved, and with it the mind of man. Bruno was immoral, and was given as a "burnt offering" to a loving God; yet his name is written in luminous letters on every starry expanse of the empyrean. Ingersoll was immoral, and I remember well the time when, a child, as a result of my rigidly orthodox training, I regarded him with an abhorrence such as Abaddon might inspire; yet few to-day are so ignorant as to refuse their reverence to the memory of this great and gentle man. Moses Harman, also, is immoral; yet the impartial years may be relied upon to yield to him an ample victory and abundant vindication.

These, my friends, be the immoral ones. Is not Moses Harman in goodly company?

In my opinion, the two greatest apostles of advancement this generation has known are Robert G. Ingersoll and Moses Harman. Ingersoll made Freethought respectable. What Ingersoll did for Freedom of Thought, Harman is doing for Freedom of Sex. But of two tasks, Harman's is the greater. Sex superstition is much more stubborn than simple religious superstition. It is grounded in an intensified ignorance. And not only is it anchored by every tentacle of religious superstition, but it possesses a special tenacity of its own. It is the last superstition which man leaves off. Humankind clings to it more fatuously than the Christian clings to the cross. It is the Rock of Ages of the average mind.

Harman's only offense is that he is a heretic. And, pray, what may a heretic be? A heretic is one who perceives an error earlier than most other men and courageously endeavors to correct it. Invariably he suffers at the hands of Ignorance. He finds Truth a thing most difficult to teach. When rarely fortunate, hard work and few honors are his reward; otherwise, persecution and the prison. Yet Harman has succeeded to a surprising extent in popularizing a despised doctrine.

Harman has probably the largest, and certainly the most devoted, personal following of any Liberal Leader. This fact is not due to his doctrines, for among his most loyal friends are not a few persons who do not accept his sociological theories. He is an accurate thinker and an abler writer, but this does not sufficiently account for his influence. The possible explanation is to be found in his superb sincerity and a personal character as white as his hair.

The science of sex, the most neglected of all studies, is fundamental to all that is vitally related to the welfare of human society. For proclaiming these tremendous truths, Harman has been persistently persecuted and repeatedly imprisoned. Yet has he gone to prison with the tread of a prince, and therein worn his chains grandly to the emancipation of others.

It is over the bodies of the world's martyrs that mankind advances to its emancipation. Massive jails are not the

mausoleums of Liberty, but are the stepping-stones upon which humanity will leap into the light of a fuller freedom.

Every prison preaches the lesson of liberty.

Ever upon the ruins of the world's bastiles has the fabric of freedom been builded.

Harman's tormentor, the postal inquisitor, is an anachronism in this somewhat enlightened age. His presence in the present is incongruous as would be a hideous idol set up in the heart of a civilized capitol. His methods are not compatible with the spirit of modernity; they are demoralizing to democratic thought. He is an ugly ulcer on the limping limb of Progress—a foul suppuration on the body social. He is a disease, a disgrace, and a danger.

"This, too, shall pass away."

The difference between Comstock and Harman is that one searches for obscenity and the other searches for truth. And each finds that which he seeks. But not in *Lucifer*, I think, does Comstock find the obscenity, but in his own pitifully perverted mind. Nothing in Nature can be obscene unless it be considered with obscene intent. There is no possible obscenity in a philosophical discussion of the more important phases of the sex question.

Harman is a practical philosopher who applies his own theories. The self-mastery he exhibits under extraordinarily trying conditions is altogether admirable. He has been vindictively attacked and viciously insulted in public assemblage, but always has he remained sublimely serene; his fine forbearance and calm dignity of manner bring confusion to his foes. On one such occasion, when the attack was particularly atrocious, he simply said, "The brother has answered himself." No wealth of words could have been more effective.

It is the fate of nearly every great soul to feel the pangs of crucifixion. Moses Harman has not suffered at the stake nor literally been "nailed to the cross," but he has been crucified by all the pitiless persecution known to modern inquisitorial methods. It is an ironical commentary upon our vaunted civilization that Harman should be imprisoned for seeking to bestow the highest benefit upon his fellows; for imparting the vitally important—aye, imperative—truths regarding the sex question.

So this gentle-mannered and white-maned old lion of Liberalism has again been deprived of his freedom and made to don the stripes.

Oh, blind—blind! How long will a mad world sacrifice its saviors and build monuments to its murderers?

His contemporaries have made of Moses Harman a martyr.

History will write him a hero.

PLUTOCRACY'S MURDEROUS PLOT.

Corporation lawlessness in Colorado has culminated in the most audacious and amazing crime against personal liberty ever perpetrated in this country.

Without a scintilla of evidence against them, so far as I have been able to learn, Charles H. Moyer and William D. Haywood, president and secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, and G. A. Pettibone, formerly a member of the Federation, were arrested in Denver on a warrant from the Idaho authorities charging them with complicity in the assassination of former Governor Steunenberg. The fact of these arrests is not the source of my surprise; in that country of legalized lawlessness, no innocent person is for a moment immune from such outrage. But these men were dragged from their homes at midnight by the military; they were refused the right to confer with counsel, or communicate with friends; the fact of their arrest was denied by the authorities to representatives of the press, who were not permitted to see the prisoners, and they were hurried across the state border in a special train on a requisition signed by the governor of Colorado **before the arrests were made. THESE MEN WERE KIDNAPED!**

There is every appearance of a carefully planned conspiracy to murder these men who have so ably administered the affairs of the Miners' Federation, and thereby break the power of that great organization. It is reported that Colorado mine owners have openly boasted that the prisoners "will never come back from Idaho alive." It is said also that Dennis Sheedy, the millionaire mine owner of Denver, and F. J. Hearne, president of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., men who control Colorado with a grip more relentless than that of Russian autocracy, have repeatedly declared that they intend to "exterminate the Miners' Union, send its officers to the gallows, and drive United States Senator Patterson from the state."

I am as thoroughly convinced of the entire innocence of these men charged with the atrocious crime of assassination as I am of my own existence. This confidence results, primarily, from the fact that, despite purchased "confessions" and perjured testimony, there had not been produced a shred of evidence of their guilt; secondarily, from my long acquaintance with both Moyer and Haywood which has given me a close knowledge of their characters that fully persuades me they are wholly incapable of such a crime. My newspaper work during the inception of the Colorado labor troubles brought me in daily personal contact with the Federation officers, part of the time I was with them continuously, and my opportunities for observing their methods and judging their characters were unusually excellent. And I may say that my favorable opinion then judicially formed has remained without a suggestion of bias.

Any who knows me knows also that did I believe in the

guilt of these men I would be the last person to defend them.

Yet there is great danger that their lives will be sworn away by professional perjurers and that they will be condemned and executed by methods as irregular as marked their arrest. They are to be "removed" because they stand in the path of plutocratic aggression. Residents of more civilized communities have no proper conception of the conditions that obtain in a part of the country where Peabodyism is possible. The only hope is such a spontaneous arousal of public sentiment, such a rebellion of resentment, such a determined popular demand, that the criminals will not dare to carry out their dastardly plans.

The indication of intentions is sufficiently plain. It is an inter-state conspiracy. A requisition was issued by the governor of Idaho, who already has tried the prisoners out of court and publicly pronounced them guilty, thereby taking an unprecedented course to influence public sentiment and prejudice the minds of potential jurymen. This requisition was honored by the governor of Colorado, who is himself a member of the Mine Owners' Association, who was elected by fraud and seated by force, and who is no more entitled to his seat than he is to the throne of England.

But there is no use indulging in any verbal fireworks concerning the case; a dispassionate recital of the bare facts is strong enough and quite sufficient.

Driven to desperation by effective resistance to its tyranny, organized capital has gone the limit of lawlessness—and has gone a step too far.

I speak advisedly when I say that this Colorado-Idaho outrage is calculated to precipitate a crisis. The miners of the West have been patient and long-suffering under multiplying injustice. They have peacefully submitted to much oppression and many outrages. They have had the courage to do this because they hoped to find in the ballot a remedy for their wrongs. But they have seen the elections in charge of a partisan military, they have been bayoneted away from the polls, and they have watched while the will of the people was overthrown and the laws were contemptuously spurned. There is a limit to human endurance, and this limit has been dangerously approached.

The doctrine of non violence is fundamental to my philosophy. But there is a point where the only recourse against invasion of personal liberty is forcible resistance.

For the preservation of our rights we are referred to the constitution and the courts. Do not forget that in this Western country, capital controls the courts; and do not forget that one of Colorado's state officials, a personal friend of President Roosevelt and a favored guest at the White House, was approved and applauded when he declared. "To hell with the constitution!"

Who may find a refuge in the constitution when local authorities spit upon it with an impunity that equals their con-

tempt? What protection may we expect from the Federal courts when, regardless of regular procedure, the right of appeal is peremptorily denied? And what hope have we for better things while the nation's chief executive is defiantly usurping the powers and arrogating the functions of both the legislative and the judicial branches of government.

This threatened danger I greatly deplore and am deeply anxious to avert it.

The danger is not that of these men alone. It is your danger, my friend, and mine. The crime itself is of small consequence when compared to the great danger of the conditions that make possible its commission.

Remember Russia.

Aye, and remember the French Revolution. Through the long night of oppression a patient multitude watched the stars and waited for deliverance. At last the Bastille fell, and the nightmare of the ages ended.

There be those who will pronounce me an erratic alarmist. But it is wiser to sound the warning now than to wait until the barricades are building.

No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.—U. S. CONSTITUTION, FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

OUR JUDICIAL CRIMINALS.

The brutal criminality of legal procedure and the awfulness of authorized murder were never more horribly illustrated than in the hanging of Johann Hoch in Chicago. After a careful review of all the published evidence in the case, I regard it as highly improbable that Hoch was guilty of the crime charged. That he was a thorough scoundrel none will gainsay, but this is not the ostensible reason for which he was killed; were we to make defective character a capital offense, our population would speedily be decimated. Hoch, I am convinced, was convicted by police methods, for the "honor" of the Chicago police department. We all know what that means. The chief witness against him was a vengeful woman he had outrageously wronged. Also we know what that means.

But the mere matter of the killing of Johann Hoch is a small thing compared to the manner in which he was sent to his death. The constitution, when held inviolate, is a sufficiently inadequate safeguard, but in the procedure in this case its every provision was disregarded. The universal right of appeal was denied, although the petition was based upon the following points:

"That the judgment of the State court was void, because given by a court not of competent jurisdiction.

"That the sentence was in violation of the fourteenth

amendment, in that Emile Fischer Hoch, wife of the defendant, testified.

"That Hoch was compelled to give evidence against himself.

"That he was arrested in New York and extradited on a charge of **bigamy**, and was forthwith charged with **murder**."

In denying the appeal, close to the hour of execution, Judge Landis said to counsel for the defendant:

"Late in the day I will enter such an order as will enable you to have this case reviewed by the supreme court in the absence of your client. I will not now complicate matters by further delay. It would be much easier for me to grant this man ten days' time in which to have this case reviewed by the United States Supreme court, but respect for orderly procedure compels me to do what I have done. That is my order."

Then he carelessly cast aside the petition.

"Later in the day!" and death but a few minutes in the future.

"In the absence of your client!" Aye, this client "unavoidably detained" by death.

"Respect for orderly procedure!" when a human life was forfeit.

In the name of jugulated Justice and a prostrate Liberty, could the barbarism of idiocy farther go?

A judge has the brutal indecency to suggest that his ruling be passed upon by a higher court after the grave-worms have devoured the victim.

Humanity must shudder that this creature is one of its members, even bearing physical resemblance to a man.

Yet we are asked to respect law, revere the courts and yield our homage to every horror perpetrated in the libeled name of Justice.

Another superstition.

Let us respect only that which is respectable, allow nothing to compel our awe, and take no man's word as to what is worthy.

The principle of precedent, which is the vertebrae of our present code, is based on barbarism.

Precedent prevents intelligent discrimination in individual cases, and the application of law in accordance with equity. When a court, through ignorance or indifference, makes a mistake and commits a crime, that mistake is preserved in precedent, that crime is crystalized into code. The consequences descend to posterity and the crime is repeated against successive generations. Admirably intelligent, isn't it?

The court of to-day lacks the power to dispense justice because some court of a period long past lacked the sense, else the virtue, to dispense it.

And we are told not to temper with our laws—they are sacred.

All superstition is sacred to the ignorant.

Precedent is an effective brake on the wheels of Progress.

Observance of "orderly procedure" while a man is marching to the scaffold.

Once upon a time, here in Cincinnati, the people lost patience and showed their "respect for orderly procedure" by burning the court-house to the ground.

A RARE DISCOVERY.

Here is a man who truly hath a message—a message which he translates into perfumed music. He is John Milton Scott, and he publishes **The Grail** at 2034 Seventh Avenue, New York. What manner of magazine is this? It is intellectual incense, thuriferous thought. It is spiritual ambrosia served with verbal **blanc mange**. And over it all is the aroma of art.

It is the January number of **The Grail** I have in hand, and I hope devoutly that preceding and subsequent ones hold as much as half the same divine quality. The message is here, and it is unmistakable. It overflows the pages in glad abundance of melody, and ripples itself into revelations of joy. It is the song of a free soul that has found itself, and mastered the secret of life's hidden meanings. It is all a symphony of significance. It is so very subtle, yet so amazingly apparent withal. The blendings here are made in blessed proportion; what time he shows you the speaking majesty of the mighty oak, you see it set amid the grace of an English meadow in the grey of a delicate dawn. To him hath been given a power that few possess. He is the unconscious artist working with the impulse of an uplifted understanding. He dreams ineffable realities and utters inspired fulfillments. The wine of his words exalts your being like a divine elixir. Sovereign in the realm of thought—royalty, he whispers his commands softly, with lavish hand he scatters the largess of love, and without a suggestion of condescension he bestows upon us spiritual starvelings the sufficient bounty of life's loftiest interpretations. His existent evolvment is a gracious dispensation to us who have missed the higher discipline and lack the larger development. He teaches with tender ministrations. He gives us gently, as a sweet beseechment, the strong authority of his infinite imperatives. He chides not, and chastens without chastisement.

I do not know this John Milton Scott, but I would greatly like to know him. I am better and happier for having read him. My life is richer, my hope is fuller. His thought is hallowed, and virtue abides within the vaulted sanctuary of his soul.

The flavor of his fancy is like some venerable vintage. I must have more of it.

Not until I had read John Milton Scott was I fully aware of the harmonious possibilities of our harsh English speech.

The man is optimistic as an oriole.
His spirit is sib to the first immortals.
Only the January number of **The Grail** have I seen, and
for this only can I vouch—but for it do I vouch most verily.
It is golden.
It is jubilant as a sky-lark in June.
When it speaks amid the snows the air is redolent of
roses.
Send for it, and say you do so at my bidding.

THE GOD SLAYER.

BY C. L. EDSON.

The savage stopped on the desert sand,
Where his blistered feet on the sagebrush trod
And he turned and lifted a threatening hand.
In the face of his awful God.
His shadow waved in the furnace air,
His eyes were cut by the blinding glare.
The sun's hot rays like a hammer beat
While the far hills danced in shimmering heat,
That smote him like a rod
Till wild rebellion siezed his soul
And he turned to strive with God.

He fitted his arrow without a word,
And long he aimed at the cruel sun,
Then loosed the shaft and the bowstring whirred
And the awful deed was done.
The arrow sped to its shining mark,
A flash, a roar, and all was dark,
And the gloom that over the mountain stole,
Fell thick and black on his savage soul.

His heart grew numb with a frantic dread
He crept through the dark to his home again
That his brothers and friends might strike him dead
Who had brought such a curse on his fellow-men.
When the waning day was nearly o'er
He groped his way to the wigwam door,
But men, thru awe, to him were kind.
Whom the God chastised by striking blind.

Jack London: A Common Man.

By Charles A. Sandburg.

Some writer not possessed of force enough to fasten his name in my memory has of late made an explanation of the socialism of Jack London. The explanation goes as follows: Jack London is of a super-combative nature and must in the order of things have something to fight. As socialism is too petty a thing to be fought against by a strong man, he girds himself with a big stick and goes after capitalism. In short, he fights the competitive system because the co-operative commonwealth has not yet evolved so that it may be hit over the head with a club.

The man who works out this lucid, cogent exegesis is himself not at all of the fierce and swarthy tribe to whom barriers are an insult. Our genial exegesist is of the acquiescent temperament. If the socialism at which he sneers were here to-day, he would assent to that. But as we have instead capitalism and the law of club and fang, he wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down before the juggernaut of competition. If this gentle-hearted conformist chances to walk through a slum district, he finds his solace in that hoary chant, "The poor ye have with ye even alway."

I have introduced this carping critic to show on what flimsy pretexts men will hang their reasons for the existing order, what absurd motives may be hunted out in the heart of one you don't understand. I am now to consider some of the life-phases of one of the more remarkable men produced on American soil.

The first and baffling thing in a study of the life of Jack London is the versatility, the many-sidedness of the fellow. As a boy he lived in the underworld of San Francisco. He sold newspapers on the streets. He was a stevedore, an oysterman, a scullion, a sailor before the mast. Look over this list of occupations and ask yourself if it isn't more likely to produce a strong, ruthless, crafty, insensate creature rather than one of high, clean, intelligent manhood. Note also that following these occupations he became a tramp, a hobo stealing rides on freight and passenger trains, mingling with all the hopeless, degenerate life of discouraged workmen, beggars, and petty criminals. Note further that at Niagara Falls he was captured and sentenced to a workhouse so that behind the bars he might nurse his bitterness into that relentless hatred marking the habitual criminal, the hatred that outlaws itself and tells mankind to go to hell in a lump, that deep vindictive thing possessing Jean Valjean before he met a great beautiful soul that stabbed him with a kind deed.

Note further that this stripling not yet twenty was not shackled by his environment. He was master of himself—a spectator but not a partaker in the degradations that surrounded him. Climbing out of the underworld, writing books that sent his name around the world, he forced his way to

the overworld where men think and control and to these men who think and control, he said, "The twentieth century, the common man says, is his day. The evidence is with him. The previous centuries, and more notably the nineteenth, have marked the rise of the common man. From chattel slavery to serfdom, and from serfdom to what he bitterly terms 'wage slavery,' he has risen. Never was he so strong as he is to-day, and never so menacing. He does the work of the world, and he is beginning to know it. The world cannot get along without him, and this also he is beginning to know. All the human knowledge of the past, all the scientific discovery, governmental experiment, and invention of machinery, have tended to his advancement. His standard of living is higher. His common school education would shame princes ten centuries past. His civil and religious liberty makes him a free man, and his ballot the peer of his betters. And all this has tended to make him conscious, conscious of himself, conscious of his class. He looks about him and questions that ancient law of development. It is cruel and wrong, he is beginning to declare. It is an anachronism. Let it be abolished. Why should there be one empty belly in all the world when the work of ten men can feed a hundred? What if my brother be not so strong as I? He has not sinned. Wherefore should he hunger—he and his sinless little ones. Away with the old law. There is food and shelter for all, therefore let all receive food and shelter."

It is the common man for whom Jack London pleads and as he pleads he wants it understood that he too is a common man. Nor is it merely a plea he makes. It is also a threat, "the threat of socialism." It is the threat Mark Hanna had in mind when he said, "We've got to change the conditions that are breeding Social Democrats or the Republican Party will be lost in the shuffle." The masses are pitiful and pathetic in some respects, but there resides in them a huge, crude power that pushed too far spells blood and destruction. It is this that London points out to the men who think and control.

London's fame as a writer has of recent days been hard pushed by his notoriety as an agitator. Howells, "the dean of American literature," Bliss Carman, Richard Le Gallienne, Edwin Markham, and other literary men are socialists, but they have made no noise about it. London, however, has neglected no occasion to boom his theories. He has gone up and down the land talking to thousands urging the need of a new "System." For the upper and middle classes he has tried to picture the hellishness of the social pit that forever yawns for the man and woman out of work. His book, *The War of the Classes* is a vivid presentation of the facts of the class struggle.

But towering above these transitory events are his works in the way of fiction. At twenty-three years of age his first stories were published and immediately sprang into popularity. They dealt with the Klondike regions, experiences of

the hardy gold-hunters, so many of whom left their bones in the shadow of the Arctic circle. It has been his part to interpret the fear of "the white silence," that vast and awesome loneliness of the far north.

Among his various studies in the north, none shows a higher appreciation of the present "System," none will set you thinking about how far the human race has progressed, the gulf between savagery and civilization, than the tale of Nam Bok the Unveracious. Nam Bok, after an absence of



JACK LONDON.

many years returns to an isolated fishing village on the shores of Alaska. They fear he has come from "the bourne whence no man returns," but he joins valiantly in a supper of fish and blubber and then asks triumphantly, "Can a shadow eat?" Late into the night they talk, and Nam Bok, who has been to California, tells them he has seen single houses in which lived more people than in all the village; he has been upon a boat larger than all the boats of the village in one; he describes the sails of the vessel and avers it made head against the wind as well as with it; he describes an iron monster that sped upon two streaks of iron faster than the wind, was fed upon black stones, coughed fire, and shrieked louder than the thunder. Early the next morning he is visited by his cousins and brothers, informed that his sense of truth is mournfully degenerate. Their message runs in this wise, "Thou art from the shadow-land, O Nam Bok. With us thou canst not stay. Thou must return whence thou camest, to the land of the shadows." So much for Nam Bok. I cannot name a piece of literature in which the contrasts of civilization and savagery are more livingly set forth. It should be a part of the reading-course of every school.

The *Call of the Wild* and *The Sea-Wolf* are his masterpieces. Of these not a great deal may be said that is not repetitive. The *Call of the Wild* is the greatest dog-story ever written and is at the same time a study of one of the most curious and profound motives that plays hide-and-seek in the human soul. The more civilized we become the deeper is the fear that back in barbarism is something of the beauty and joy of life we have not brought along with us. We all feel these artificialities that so easily cramp and fret our lives. But this sense of a too-extreme complexity of life, too many tailors, launderers and chefs, too many walls and ceilings that shut out the stars, too many carpets lacking the odor of green grass or the tang of crisp snow, it is this sense you can't educate or civilize out of man. It is in all of us. Not the rankest degenerate but vaguely feels this call back to "nature and her primal sanities," the call of the wild. That the race is soon ripe for new and saner modes of life is shown in the widespread reception of *The Call of the Wild*. The book appeals to people of red blood and clear eyes and the way I have seen boys and girls and old men and hacked-up literary connoisseurs take to this book, makes my heart beat high for the final destiny of the human mob.

The Sea-Wolf bore down on me for all my brain-traffic would bear. I read it first as it appeared in cereal form and found it wholesome and nutritious. Had I not held a policy in the *Equitable* and felt certain I was going to live, I would surely have written the publishers to tell me how it was all going to end. The reviews of *The Sea-Wolf* were fun. Almost every man-jack of the hired scribes missed the allegory of the book, the lesson. Wolf Larsen is one in whose character revolve the motives of ambition and domination in their most terrible form. He is a ship-captain and absolute master

of the vessel's crew. What gets in his way goes overboard. be it scullion or first mate. Do you know of any Thing that relentlessly crushes whatever gets in its way, be it a frail child, a tender woman, or a strong man? Wolf Larsen is The System incarnate. London has him die of a slow, pathetic paralysis. No wonder the well-sleeked critics thought his end was not artistic!

It is the fashion nowadays in the cities when bridge, dancing, driving, or golf pall on the senses to go a-slumming. Tender-hearted, misguided people there are too, who want to "do good" and forthwith turn their steps to where poverty ferments. I have seen a woman carrying a basket of sandwiches into a ten-storey tenement and as she disappeared into the swirl of rags and dirt, it seemed to me the relief conveyed by the good woman into that abyss of want was about equal to that of a drop of water in the pits of hades.

When Jack London went a-slumming in London, England, he was original, as he always is. He dressed as a working-man. He looked for work. He applied for relief at the free-soup houses. He slept on the floors of police stations with the wretches that applied nightly. He knew what it was to be turned away, denied the balm of sleep on clammy stone floors. He "carried the banner"—walked the streets all night afraid to sit him down in fear that he would awake to the tattoo of a policeman's baton and be sentenced to the workhouse. Before you go a-slumming, read *The People of the Abyss*.

There, in "skelet esque" outline, you have Jack London. Not Gerald Thockmorton London, nor Francis Felix Quebec London. But just plain everyday Jack! I am not a prophet and I don't like to dabble in futurities, but I know London to be a tremendous worker and of simple habits, so I put him down as X, a dynamo of unguessable power.

If he were not a Common Man I would call him a Great Man.

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes and the hours are marked by changes in the face of nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afieid. All night long he can hear nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The History of Human Marriage.

By Lida Parce Robinson.

Part Three.

The Family Revolution.



LIDA PARCE ROBINSON.

As society advances through the periods of barbarism, as institutions become more elaborate and evidence more detailed, the difficulties of summarizing it in small space increase. There is much phenomena that seems not to be related to the main current of events, that was due to exceptional conditions, and pertained to tribes that have disappeared or not advanced. Much of it is interesting and curious; but must be excluded from consideration here for want of space.

It is necessary to keep in mind that all stages of advancement, from savagery to civilization, exist simultaneously in different places; that different periods blend insensibly into each other; and that institutions exist in many phases of development side by side. And so it is with the revolution in the family; the things it accomplished and the circumstances attending it. I said at the end of the last chapter that the conditions of the patriarchal family were fixed by the facts preceding it. It was founded upon industry dependent upon the soil. It could not spread beyond the limits of that industry, and it was dissolved by industry not directly dependent upon the soil, and by the growth of city life.

Following is an abbreviation of Mr. Lewis Morgan's definition of the patriarchal family: "The chiefs at least lived in polygamy, but this was not the material principle of the patriarchal institution. The organization of a number of persons, bond and free, into a family, under paternal power, for the purpose of holding lands * * * was the essential characteristic of this family * * * Those held in servitude, * * * lived in the marriage relation and * * * formed the patriarchal family. It was the incorporation of numbers, in servile and dependent relation, before that time unknown, rather than polygamy, that stamped the patriarchal

family with the attributes of an original institution. Patriarchal power over the group was the object sought." The patriarch had "The power of life and death over his children and descendants, as well as over slaves and servants; and absolute ownership of all the property they created."

It is a transitional period, and as such is passed over briefly by most writers; but in this connection seems to me to be of extreme importance. It may be regarded as a mill, into which the social organization of society was fed; and out of which the political organization emerged. Many precious things were destroyed in the grinding process, which, after centuries of tragedy and suffering, have been but imperfectly reclaimed.

One-half of the race was transferred from the personal status to the status of property. Women were bought and sold, like other property, and the price was based upon her value as a laborer and a breeder. Among some tribes, a woman was scarcely salable till after she had become a mother. (Westermarck).

Woman's degradation below the general human level took place in connection with the exaltation of property above its normal place as the servant of man; and it took place through woman's disuse of certain of her normal human faculties—those of self-defense; and the decline in courage and nerve force, incidental to their disuse; and through the excessive use of other qualities and functions, which came about when her labor and her offspring were acquiring commercial value. Woman had once been man's equal, undoubtedly, in the strictly human qualities.

Paul Lafargue says: "The physical and intellectual superiority of the male, far from being a primordial physiological necessity, is but the consequence of an economic situation, perpetuated during centuries, which allowed the male a freer development than it permitted to the female, held in bondage by the family. M. Manouzeier, a Professor in the Paris School of Anthropology, has demonstrated that the cranial capacities of the males of the stone age, were nearly as great as the average cranial capacities of the modern Parisians, whereas the cranial capacities of the females of the stone age, were considerably greater than those of the modern female Parisians. Most disastrous has been the effect on the human species of this female inferiority. It has been one of the most active causes of the degeneration of civilized nations."

It may be said that the low-water mark of the degradation of womanhood and of childhood was reached, in the unlimited and irresponsible power of men, under patriarchal government. And what shall be said of the degradation of parenthood, when children were produced for market; and bought and sold, or killed at the pleasure of their fathers. The element of permanency was injected into the marriage relation at this time, in view of the industrial value of the woman and her children.

As the contact of individuals, under economic compulsion,

and through the interchange of ideas by the growth of language, developed the psychic individuality of human units, a force arose, whose destiny it was to control the physical relations of people. This psychic entity of individuals must have reached a considerable growth, in people who had evolved an industrial life; and, if left to work out those problems which rightly come within its sphere, it must have adjusted the sex-activities according to the laws of its own high plane. But when marriage was commercialized, Psyche was ousted from her rightful jurisdiction, and the question of marriage was degraded to the lowest plane of human interest. We shall have to trace the penalties of this inversion later, in the guise of degraded so-called religious practices and a consequent pathological condition of the ethnic mind.

Under the supremacy of primitive industrialism marriage was effected by the payment of a price. But when the patriarchal family, by natural accretions had attained large proportions and some degree of organization within itself, and the mother of legitimate heirs became the head servant of her master, a special practice grew up with regard to her. She aspired to be exempt from some of the degradations that other slaves endured, and, to buy back, as it were, a portion of her humanity for her, her father paid a sum of money to the husband-owner instead of receiving a price from him; and the wife was to some extent secured in human treatment by the father's ability to reclaim the dowry.

In the suppositious permanency, and polygamy of patriarchal marriage lie the elements of the two standards of morals, which survive to this day, a witness to our social archaism. For while the wife must guarantee the legitimacy of heirs to her lord's estate, he was under no reciprocal obligation.

In the good old days, men had had a way of capturing the women of other tribes; but so long as a captured woman was a burden to the tribe and could not produce her food, this kind of marriage was limited in its prevalence; but as soon as woman acquired a value as a laborer and the mother of other laborers, it was different. The capture of wives came to be an orthodox form of marriage, and the idea of the propriety of capturing and being captured became so ingrained in the mind of the race, that it is still cherished as being a thing delightfully romantic and proper. A little reflection serves to show that weak tribes would have been absorbed, both men and women, by stronger tribes, and made to perform slave labor. Marriage of a more or less monogamous and temporary character would take place between captives. Debtors were obliged to pay debts by labor, and these would unite with the slave women. The slave offspring of the patriarch would add to the swelling numbers of the family, and thus whole populations would become the property of the patriarchal chiefs, under a limited operation of the old gentile laws.

These gentile laws, having grown up in response to strictly social needs, and giving the women an equal vote in the elec-

tion of chiefs, were manifestly, not fitted to the requirements of patriarchal government. The result was, that each patriarch was, to some extent, his own lawgiver. Thus, a state of dissolution and reconstruction set in, which, though it is accounted a brief and transitory period in history, probably lasted as long as the period of our so-called civilization.

In the one instance of Athens the entire transaction was delayed until the dawn of history, and we have the written record of it.

On the threshold of history, in the eighth century B. C. we find the Athenians changing the line of descent from the female to the male line, and various efforts being made to substitute territorial areas for the gentes as a basis of representation, and for the levying of taxes and of soldiers. And we also see the aristocratic spirit beginning to manifest itself, through the development of property.

In 594 B. C. Solon attempted to form a civil government, but the traditional power of the gentile organization was yet too powerful. He tried to supercede the gentes by classes, and the tribes by a nation; but was only partly successful. Nearly a century later Cleisthenes formed a democratic government, founded on the alienation of land. Relations to the gens and the tribe ceased to govern the conduct of the citizen, but the social form survived for centuries, in regard to social functions.

The Italian tribes had developed property, and the change of descent to the male line was complete when the light of history falls upon them. Thirty tribes, under the gentile organization, were confederated for defense, on the Italian plains and the Etruscan and other tribes were so federated. The founding of Rome marked the establishment of civil law and the end of barbarism for these tribes.

The position of woman under these early governments was just what it had grown to be, through the conditions of savage democracy and barbarous paternal tryanny preceding. The ghost of her natural dignity and power survived in fitful and whimsical forms, side by side with her later degraded and despoiled condition. Thus at the dawn of history we find the very most important and fundamental of all human relations pushed into the background, as being unimportant. We find what is rightfully a matter of mental and spiritual discrimination, reduced to a plane even lower than the physical. And the forms of early law, in crystalizing, fixed this fateful inversion.

I believe that the scientific doctrine of evolution can be applied to the factors of intellectual life. I believe that there will soon come a time when the political and social ideas in their present form will cease to exist, and from them both a unity will develop which for the present embraces the conditions of human happiness. I believe that poetry, philosophy and religion will be included in one category and one power of life, of which we, who live at the present time have no conception. Allow me to drain my glass to what is to be—what is coming. I shall be satisfied with my life's work if it has served to prepare the world for to-morrow.—Henrik Ibsen.

Free Thought's Most Picturesque Personality.

By Walter Hurt.

With the death of Charles Chilton Moore, editor of the *Blue Grass Blade*, of Lexington, Ky., disappears one of the most remarkable characters that has stepped upon the stage of this generation. Whatever estimate we may place on his life, character and achievements, his name must forever remain linked with the history of Freethought. He was among its early explorers, a sturdy and fearless pioneer, fighting the foes encountered in the wilderness of primitive superstition, a Pathfinder of Progress ever blazing the way along its extended frontiers.

An intellectual scout, picturesque as any romantic personage of the plains, he was a Buffalo Bill on the outposts of Rationalism.

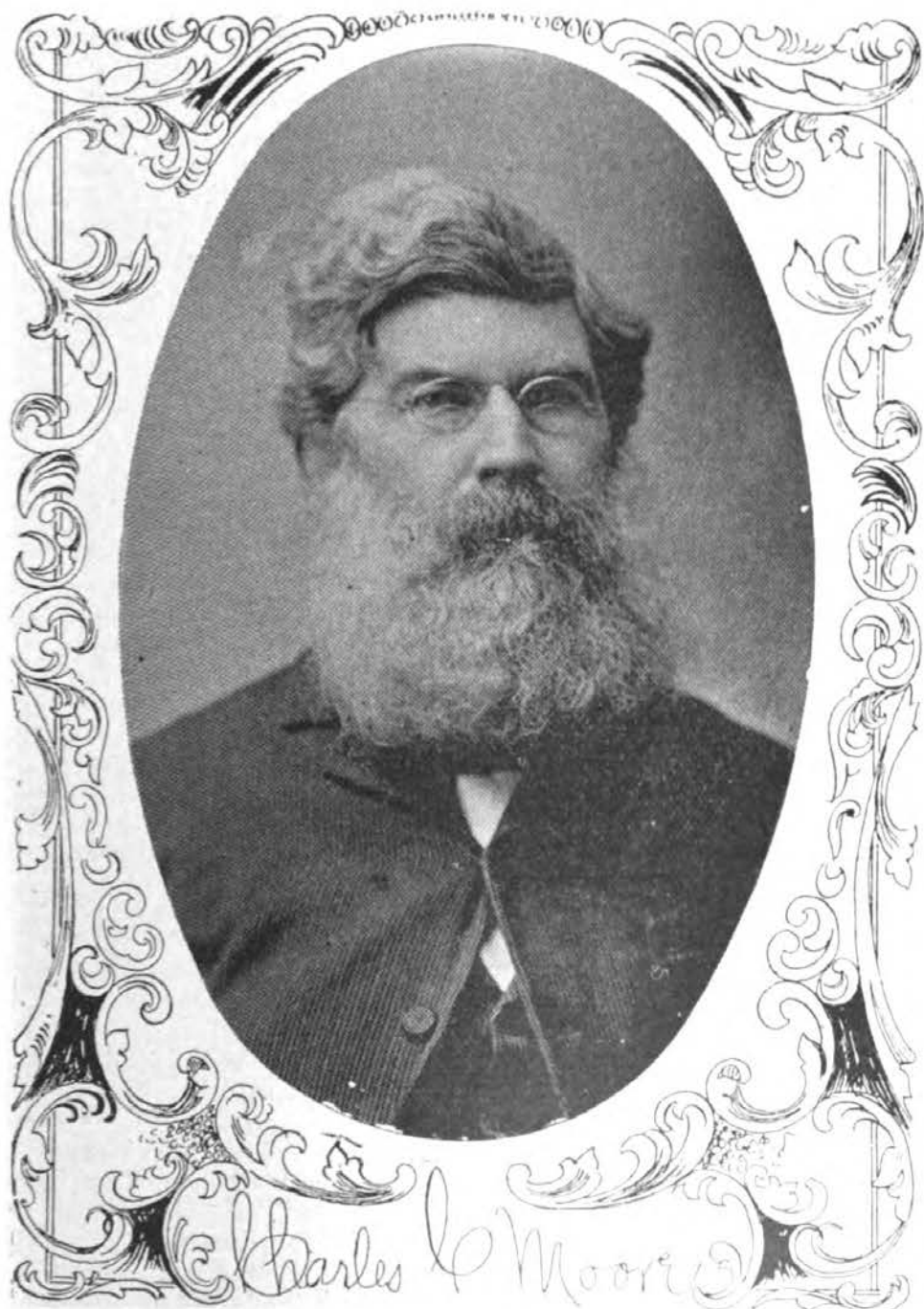
Let us be judicial with the dead. All personal differences disappear at the end of life's path, but a man's faults may not be forgotten because his body is dust. Exaggerated eulogy is not more just than undue disparagement. Death does not make any man different—the Grey Change does not alter his character—does not make him better or greater than he was in life. Let us tell only the truth about those who have left us; let us have done with honeyed lies above the dead.

Moore just escaped greatness. No man can be really great unless he be broad, and Moore lacked visual breadth. His mental perspective followed a single line, that narrowed abruptly. He could see no superstition outside of religion. To him ecclesiasticism was the sovereign error. He failed utterly to find the blight of bigotry in economic ignorance and political creed. Any suggestion of a change in archaic social forms was received by him with all the vindictive intolerance visited upon religious heresy by medieval inquisitors. He did not know that the tyranny of government is twin to the tyranny of church, yet of the two the greater evil, because from it there is not such easy escape. His veins were inoculated with the virus of the superstition of patriotism, which had its origin in feudalism, and which delays the coming of the Universal Brotherhood. Professedly a disciple of Paine, he lacked the comprehensive spirit of that broadest of humanitarians who found his compatriots in every country where floats a flag.

He failed to keep fully abreast of his movement, to mark step with the swift procession. He did not realize that the greatest work is constructive as well as destructive, and that the time had come to begin the building. It may be said that he had largely outlived his usefulness, that he was a reminiscence of reform—the pathetic reminder of an epochal past

—walking dimly in life's descending twilight and dreaming over the victories of vanished days.

In his personal relations he was not less narrow. He could detect no faults in his friends, nor discover any good



in those he chose to regard as his enemies. Whatever was opposed to his opinions was, in his mind, necessarily and wholly pernicious.

Let us now look at the other side of this unusual man.

Toward that to which he was inclined all his impulses were greatly generous, and his was a largely lovable nature. Despite his fierce logomachy, personally he was tender as a woman, considerate of those who were careless to him, courteous to the most inconsequent, always simple and sincere. This great, massive man, virile, rugged, leonine, rude and crude, gothic, was in character a child. Those who had known him only through his ruthless editorial expressions, were surprised upon meeting him for the first time to hear him "roar as gently as a sucking dove."

A born leader, dashing, careless of consequences, holding his followers by the sheer strength of his personality, he was an ideal guerrilla general in the Liberal warfare—the John H. Morgan of his movement. His methods always were militant, he was the fighting commander, caring nothing for the wisdom of caution, with no disposition for diplomacy. Whatever position he won was carried by storm, for he scorned the art of strategy.

He was original, natural, spontaneous. He possessed in large quantity that picturesque quality which infallibly attracts the popular mind as the magnet its metal affinity. He was always wholly himself—individual, distinctive, *sui generis*. He had a genius for crude epigram, and his humor was as free as the flow of a brook, albeit as rough in its ripples. Whatever he said was striking. When his hands were being manacled preparatory to the start for the penitentiary, to which he had been sentenced for two years because of matter published in his paper, he remarked, "You are not shackling me—you are shackling American liberty." Brave words and true, bravely and truly spoken. He was sentenced to two months in jail for declaring in print, "If I had a contract to bore for hell-fire, I would set up my derrick in front of the Campbellite church of Cynthiana, Ky." Always his profanity was almost redeemed by its picturesqueness, and was wont to surprise a smile to serious lips. He loved to be known as the "Heathen Editor," and few they were to deny him the distinction.

He was essentially the evangelist of Rationalism—the Sam Jones of the Freethought movement. By reason of his popular methods, he appealed directly and effectively to a considerable class none else could hope to reach; as a leader of the masses, he did a missionary work none other could have accomplished.

Of aristocratic origin, born to affluence, related by blood or marriage to many of the most distinguished families of Kentucky, he was intensely democratic in spirit, and chose to sacrifice social considerations and financial interests in favor of the thankless labors in the cause of liberty for which he was so peculiarly equipped and to which he devoted the larger years of his life. Whimsical and erratic in all else, in this at least he showed a consistency and a steadfastness of purpose of which nothing could shake in the slightest.

Had Moore lived in the days of Diogenes, the cynical

Greek would have needed no lantern for his search. Impulsive, arrogant, dogmatic, he yet was honest as the very truth he so often missed, and he stood without wavering for the right as he saw it.

In his early manhood, Moore resigned from the ministry of the Campbellite church because of a change in his religious views, and in guise of a modern Thor entered upon that thunderous career which Death has so lately ended. He attacked wrong fearlessly wherever he found it, and soon became and remained a hard thorn in the flesh of hypocrisy, as well as often a serious cross to honest people who were made the victims of his misjudgment. He was several times arrested on account of articles in his paper, and twice his trial resulted in imprisonment. He had many fierce personal encounters on the streets of Lexington with those against whom he directed his fiery philippics. He disregarded frequent threats against his life and continued his denunciations with sustained severity. He became a marked man and walked diurnally in the shadow of death. Yet he died of natural causes and in the fullness of his years.

The battle is over and the warrior rests. May his sleep be sweet and enduring.

HEROISM.

BY REUBEN BROUGH.

No soldier's uniform he wore.
He had not heard the wild acclaim
That sounds for him who draws his sword
In battle, mad for human blood.
And yet his was a hero's soul.

Fearless he dared to speak the Truth—
Defend the Disinherited—
And those who once had called him "Friend"
Now passed him by. And still he dared,
With bleeding heart, to speak the Truth.

And one whom he had loved had called
Him to her side and in the eve
Had sung to him sweet songs of Love,
Clung in a fond embrace, pressing
Her tear-wet lips aga'nst his face,
Had pleaded with him thus "The Mob!
How canst thou love it, vulgar, base?
My lips are sweet against thy brow.
O stay! Go not among the throng.
I cannot bear this heavy cross
This strange disgrace thou bringest on me.
So must thou choose—the mob or me!
Sweet, stay with me, Love may be thine,
Its kiss and tender words. O stay!"

And agony the while his soul
Had grappled with. He faltered—yet
But one brief moment; then had sighed.
Good-bye, sweet Love, Good-bye for aye,
And forth into the night had strode,
Unconquered, though with bleeding heart,
To mingle with the mob and rouse
In sloves the love of liberty.

On Rights.

By Herman Keuhn.

O Love is sweet that sweetly loves beneath a cloudless sky
But Love is great that greatly loves tho storm and stress be nigh

Poets all have felt the call to sing Love's exaltation
Nor is there song so sweet and strong as Love's exhilaration
But I would sing if I could wing my thought with lyric fancy
No rhapsody to eyes of Jane nor ruby lips of Nancy.

A lowlier key I fain would strike for Love indeed is lowly
Love seeketh not to own its own but lives to give it wholly
And if the poet fire were mine I should a poem fashion
That would proclaim Love's hallowed name in other note than passion.

In passion's name Love's ardent flame will claim what it desires
But Love is Love that loves and loves nor claims what it inspires
Had I the skill that poets wield I fain would sing a song
Of lowly Love of holy Love of Love that suffereth long.

Love suffereth long nor vaunteth nor unseemly is but kind
Its voice is that of tenderness to condemnation blind
Had I the poet's virile power my song would ever be
Unvexed by claims unsexed by rights unfettered Love and free

Descending to the valley where Love's object lies in gloom
Love stoops and lifts the loved one from the shadows of the tomb
Love lifts the loved one tenderly with no reproach nor moan
For Love would rather love in hell than dwell on high alone.

O Love is sweet that sweetly loves beneath a cloudless sky
But Love is great that greatly loves tho storm and stress be nigh.



HERMAN KUEHN.

in the doctrine of "Rights."

It seems to me that we are outgrowing the institution of royalty as our horizon extends. When Moses stood by the burning bush he divested himself of his sandals because he

In foregoing installments of this discussion on "Rights" we have endeavored to show that a belief in the essentials of royalty is back of the concept of rights. It is no part of my contention that royalty is "bad" or "wrong." Doubtless the processes of evolution have demanded that human progression be along that path. But I do claim that those who complain of conditions as they are **do but waste** their time fighting excrescences. If the desire to fight possesses them they will find their logical antagonist

was on holy ground. Later the boundaries of holiness expanded so as to encompass all of Mount Sinai. Then it grew so as to embrace all the land inhabited by the children of Israel. Then all Palestine became the Holy Land. And those of broader vision who see divinity in All there Is place no circumscription upon any part of our globe, and even the illimitable universe "declares the glory" of the Most High power that manages, guides and directs all things. And in this same way our idea of royalty has expanded. The chief of a clan was a great king for a while. Then there was a gathering of clans and the greater king became the chief magister of a tribe. Tribes formed nations, and nations confederations. And still the horizon broadens. Beyond and above all human kings is Love, the King of Kings. And Love asserts no rights. Love desires only to serve. No one demands a right to serve. He simply serves. "He that serveth the most shall be the most exalted." That is, he that assumes the least rights (the least being none at all) shall be master of all things.

I cull a few paragraphs from Jacob Beilhart with which I close my end of this discussion.

"As a helpless child is stronger than a brave man so is the true feminine nature stronger than any one man. The child by its helplessness creates in each one who sees its danger a desire to protect it, while the strong man who fights for himself would fail to create this desire in others to help him.

"The assertive masculine woman who always stands for her Rights must fight her own battles, while strong men stand back and enjoy the conflict, never feeling moved by a desire to help her, while if they are in the presence of a woman who does not 'stand on her rights' they are possessed by a desire to protect her. * * *

"Oh, Woman! If your power lies in your weakness, why do you leave this power by sacrificing it on the altar of Rights?

"If you have failed to draw to you this power vested in man for you to awaken and draw forth, it is not because of your weakness but because of your reliance on your Rights. You drew it from him at one time. You awakened in him a desire to serve you and yet be your master. You rested in his love and care for a day or a week or a month or a year.

"Have you considered why the change came about? I can tell you how you fell from your high estate. You allowed to enter your almighty nature an element of weakness which lost you the secret of your supremacy over man. You asserted your Right.

"He saw you in your feminine attitude. You laid no claim on him. You asserted not your Right to his attention, his service, his love. You were as free as the bird, and so free you allowed him to be. In this attitude of non-possession of any Rights, you stirred him to manhood. His blood flows more rapidly, his mind becomes more alert, his actions polite. You made of him a king who lives alone for his subject that all her desires may be fulfilled.

"This, O, woman, is the natural action of your power—the power which springs from your weakness. So far you are supreme and hold the entire power of all the world in your grasp. Now see the fall!

"You have lost no power. You possess all you ever possessed. You find it easy to create in another over whom you have asserted no Rights all that you ever created in the first one. He has lost none of the power to respond, for he finds it no easy matter to hold himself in check towards others who assert no Rights. If then he is susceptible and you capable, where is the fault?

"What good are your Rights after Love and Life have been driven away by them? Your Rights are the signal announcing your death.

Views and Reviews.

A Facet of Fact and Opinion—Charles A. Sandburg.



Many red devils ran from my heart
And out upon the page,
They were so tiny
The pen could mash them.
And many struggled in the ink.
It was strange
To write in this red muck
Of things from my heart.

STEPHEN CRANE.

Every day God makes a despot He also makes a bomb-thrower. For every radical there is a balancing conservative and every dreamer with head in the clouds is offset by a business man with hands in the dirt. If God fixes a new star in the south-east He puts another in the north-west and the two pulling in opposite directions keep each other from dashing into nothingness.

* * *

There is a great difference between Christianity and churchianity. You can follow Christ without pledging yourself to listen to the mummeries of an ordained preacher. The spirit of Christ and the spirit of the church are not the same. One is a boundless, all-inclusive love-nature as pure and pervasive as the winter sunrise, as warm and elusive as the shadows of midsummer afternoons. And how, how O man! will you put this in a creed? The white lilies that neither toil nor spin, the face of man traced with agony and beauty are more to me than the dogmas of books.

* * *

The victories of speech have been many but the victories of silence have been more. The man of silence is the man of power. Manly comrades may help; good women may inspire; science, business, music, art, all may give their impulses and send you this way or that. All these are concerned with speech and are good and beautiful and necessary. But to be an individual, something more than a marionette pulled on the strings of everyday tyrannies, you will have to absorb all these surrounding things and then transform them in the quiet, persistent workings of your own heart and brain.

* * *

Few men in America can be said to combine the audacity and freshness of the West with the grace and complaisance of the East, but in Alfred Henry Lewis, we find this coalescence. Whatever the business on hand, he does not lament, deplore, grieve nor hurry. Amid our fast and hectic American

days, he pencils fact and opinion with such a large cool ease that he is restful. He shocks, bewilders, teaches, gladdens. He comes near that genial, roving, care-free way of the great essayists. He is a great man, but of this we must not speak till he has safely started on the last, long Sunset Trail.

* * *

To-morrow is the clearing-house for the radical thought of the time. It is the most concise and suggestive of all reviews of the progressive ideas of the day. It is the ocean into which all streams of fact and theory pour their waters and from which all continents and islands receive their dew and rain. Well!

* * *

There are bad cramps in the belly of Russia because she has overeaten of injustice and tyranny. God is not a guess. Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are.

* * *

Hoch has been hanged. In the case of Hoch another respite is an impossibility. The cap was drawn; the noose was fitted, the State kicked away what he stood on, the cord tightened, and behold! Hoch was no more.

The law of the State has certain hunger and thirst. After it has eaten a certain number of respites and drank so many delays, it must have blood to satisfy it. So Hoch is hanged.

That in the hanging of Hoch ten million people stop their business and pleasure in life to contemplate a human killing as portrayed in newspapers, that in office, store, and home, on farm and road and ranch, all the fascinatingly horrible details of a blood for blood vengeance enliven tired humanity with a new rapture of terror, must be considered. It coarsens and it brutalizes, but it thrills.

In the name of Justice, beautiful, inexorable Justice, we create a spectacle that holds the eyes. The great State of Illinois quietly takes a man by the throat and chokes him to death. Thousands upon thousands of good, big hearted men who would not under any provocation nor for any pay do what the State does, stand by and look at the act without a tremor, glad in their hearts that God has delegated to the State and not to any one individual, the business of throttling Hoch. Hoch has been hanged. That is the great fact of the day.

Hoch was a maniac. Nature produced him in a forgetful mood and did not remember to give him certain traits of self-control that go to most men. Hoch married women for money. If the money was not forthcoming, he poisoned them and left them. If true deductions were made from the evidence, he was a fiend as irresponsible as the gibbering wretch we placed in a padded cell. Christ would have looked and said, "The man hath a devil. Come out of him!" But the State of Illinois, with its power direct from God, chose to smother the evil spirit and Hoch at one and the same time. Hoch has been hanged.

Some day, good, sweet friends, we shall wipe off from the

law-books the death penalty. We shall send Capital Punishment to the same limbo to which we have consigned the Ordeal, Imprisonment for Debt, and other barbarisms of civilization.

The lawyers who prosecuted Hoch, the judge who sentenced him, the man who operated the fatal "drop," to all of these shall come the sleep of sleeps so the elements may begin work and transmute the frail habitations of clay into dust. And to each of these Hoch will be brother. All will be dust. Hoch has been hanged.

* * *

What preposterous motives we hunt out in the heart of one we don't understand!

* * *

Moses Harmon has departed this life, the life of Chicago, for that of the cloisters of Joliet. The crime of Harmon, for Harmon committed crime, was the crime of speaking his thought. Harmon is one of those singular characters ready to throw away his life for an idea. He possesses those contrarities of soft-heartedness and virility. In his soul the waters run deep along the bedrock of conviction.

Harmon was running a paper called "Lucifer" at 500 Fulton street, Chicago. and because he reprinted certain paragraphs from a certain book, he was seized and convicted on the charge of publishing obscene literature. A pamphlet entitled, *Our Advancing Postal Censorship*, covering the salient features of the Harmon case has been written by Louis F. Post of the Chicago Public. It's a surpassing pamphlet, earnest and irresistibly logical. Methinks that more than one conscience ought to wince under reading it. *Our Advancing Postal Censorship*. Three cents. The Public. First National Bank Building, Chicago.

* * *

"The Voice of Equality" is a book by a Texas farmer of the name of Edward Arnold Brenholz. I would not go so far as to pronounce the body of this contribution "poetry." To deliberately place it in that category is to pervert the use of the word "poetry" as that word is generally understood. Brenholz is trying hard to do something new in speech and comradeship, but the raw, crude material the world affords him gives little room for the smooth and flowing of literary art. To paraphrase Walt Whitman, Brenholz himself is nothing, but the drift of him is everything. In his book we confront the same puzzle that looks out at the world with enigmatic eyes from some of the passages of Whitman. It is something hybrid, neither prose nor poetry.

The only standard by which any book may be judged is by its results. The one question by whose answer a book is to be acclaimed or denounced is this: Has it helped any human soul? And by the answer to this question, "The Voice of Equality" must be rated as of use. It is clear that the writer was markedly influenced by Whitman and that that influence has extended to the point where he has incorporated

in his work some of the bald and mediocre features of the art of the Good Gray Poet. But you will find—God be thanked!—that he has not been lured into any of the perfumed rhyme, point-lace sentiment, and moaning throes of pessimism that mark the larger part of the poetic effort of our day.

I am glad that the sign by which we may know one poet is not a dress suit and a rose, but a pair of overalls and a corn-tossel. Away across to Texas I stretch my hand to Brenholz, the farmer, for that he has striven and wrought in new art-forms, for that he has gloried in the visions of the Great Companions. Note the simple intensity and rugged nobility of these lines:

And all the while the Night-Wind would have witnessed truly,
Would have turned your thoughts to treasures:—
But you thought the others worth attaining,
And the Night Wind's-word was wasted.

This was loss—beyond all computation.
Is the loss I am lamenting.

You confuse true loss with losses;
You had barred the Night-Wind,—to abide with losses.

Ah, the Night-Wind would have wrapped you strong with courage!
Ah, the Night-Wind would have saved you,
Had you opened wide the window;
Had you left the door unlatched one instant, 'twould have pushed to your
uplifting.
Had you welcomed; had you lost yourself within it;
Had you walked with face uplifted, head uncovered, for its deep and
full inbreathing—
But you barred the door upon it.

Look with me; my loss was total;
Nothing but myself remaining;
And the Night-Wind lost that total, lost the self that said surrender, in
the hour of self surrender to the Night—Wind's wonder working.

I pick out the following rather at random to show the direction in which Brenholz is groping with the flag of Equality:

I call, I whisper, beckon, plead—come, come, I wish to give, not take
from you.
Why all this helpless groping with the outstretched hands when steps are
turned this way?
Why lacks your face an answering smile when mine is sent your way?
Why should the stumbling steps subdue the ardor awakened by my call?
Why should there not be swift embrace and answer sweet and strong:
I come, lead on; I follow, gladly follow you?

Still stumbling, stumbling, falling, lacking joy in me, I clasp the hand
upraised and stoop and gaze at your dear face—so low, so
so low!—as you lie trembling there—
And now I understand.

* * *

Here then, on high I raise the standard of revolt this day.
In battles fierce I spend my life that not forever shall your folly's lack of
faith defraud me of mine own.

O Folly, flaunting here your soul's unfaith, defrauding me!

Behold how holy is the day my soul desires.

The day when Greed shall grope in hell alone, and not enthroned on high.
as here and now, in human hearts rule all their lives amiss.

The day when earth shall have no secret spot where man confronting man
shall find a foe.

The day when man may walk abroad on this fair earth made doubly fair
and not be cursed by once confronting cruel sights or sounds.

(Richard G. Badger, Boston, \$1.25.)

* * *

In "The Doom of Dogma" we have a scholarly and illuminating study of modern phases of the conflict between reason and religion, or to speak more correctly, between the human soul and churchianity. The writer, Henry Frank, states that he was "for many years a preacher in orthodox churches, holding responsible places in different evangelical denominations, at last forced for the sake of conscience and consistency to unload all the impedimenta of ancient ignorance and modern superstition, and to construct an independent system of religious instruction for those who care to follow him."

The following chapter-headings indicate the trend of the book: The God within, or "Inspiration" Redefined; The Myth of Hell; The Crumbling Creed of Christendom; The Marriage of Reason and Religion. In its method of treatment it has just a touch of fulsomeness, superfluity, throughout. a trait common to very frequent and very ready public speakers. Here and there he expatiates interestingly on phases of human evolution, as per the following paragraphs:

I imagine the human voice must have been man's first cause of fear. Whence did it come? It was not like unto that of the wild beasts among which he wandered, for it seemed somewhat more capable of articulation and expression. . . . Man soon discerned that this human voice evidenced an individuality quite unlike that of the wild beasts and birds. They seemed to possess voices in common, alike for each class and species. But each man seemed to be endowed with a voice which marked his individual identity, which distinguished him not only from all the lower animals, but from every other individual *man* on earth

How startling must have been the first conscious expression of human speech! Of course it was not a sudden manifestation. It came by slow degrees. Nature knows no leaps. Nevertheless, the existence of the voice—the discovery of the faculty of speech—was the initial step in man's progress, and the especial instrument which led to his conception of incarnate deities. . . .

We cannot wholly free ourselves from the notion that our speech is the expression of something other than ourselves. If not, why do we talk to ourselves? Why do we argue and contend with ourselves? Why do we chide and praise ourselves? No thought ever comes to us in silence that is not voiced by inward speech. Each word, each syllable, finds silent utterance. Without the inward, inaudible voice we would be without definite thought of intelligence. Therefore, man's discovery of his voice was the first great event (and perhaps the most momentous) in the whole drama of human development.

The volume is undoubtedly the result of considerable research and skillful collation of facts in sociology, history, and philology. His citations and conclusions are certain to be quickening to any student of modern religious tendencies. (G. P. Putnam's Son's. New York and London.)

The Spencer-Whitman Center is conducted under rather peculiar Sercombstances! But this is to be expected in a democracy that links all phenomena into one cosmic process or something like that.

* * *

Barnard wears his hair long and combs it up and back; takes no more thought for his looks than Louis Stevenson in his velveteen jacket. Out from under his long hair he recently conjured the following on the uses of Thomas Lawson: "Suppose Lawson is a grafter. What of it? This building is on fire. A man brings us the alarm. We point to the man and say 'Him? Why, he's a sneak thief!' What of it? If we go to work and prove that the messenger is the most brutal of foot-pads that doesn't put out the fire."

* * *

The protest that the world is money-mad and dollar-crazy often comes from those who move to pay rent. So when a man who has "made good" inveighs against the gold-fever, the fanaticism that wants to own more than it can use, his talk is worth our ears. Here is a man who used to help his mother do the washing, who is now governor of the State of Minnesota—John A. Johnson will speak:

"The worst standard of success in the world is that which sets up dollars and cents as the highest of ambition. No matter how much money a man may acquire, he is always a devotee of the money-god. I would rather support a family, enjoy the fellowship of good books and good friends, and write one book that would be read a hundred years from now than be able to amass all the money in the world."

* * *

Alas poor Chauncey! now the ship puts in for rocky coasts, for shoals of stern and dread disaster. All these years the sky so fair, the sun so bright, and all the voyage sweet and pleasant! Now there stands for thee no star of hope, no soothing wind of love or pity's comprehension. No hand goes out to thee, no heart looks through and understands but that of the newspaper poet. I take this from S. E. Kiser:

Come, let us damn him—he has fallen—

He that a week ago
Was listed with the high and mighty
Is mean to-day and low.

We knew he lied and gouged and cheated
To gain his wrongful ends,
But he was rich and we were flattered
To be among his friends.

Come, let us damn him—he is branded—
The law has brought him low—
He was as bad before—we knew it,
But it wasn't proved, you know.

* * *

Many a man has given up when he could have made it by one more try. One more try! brother.



MARGUERITE WARREN SPRINGER.

A Color Scheme.

By Marguerite Warren Springer.

One windy day I was brought to a full stop by a tap on my shoulder. On turning, I beheld a large pair of goggles and was greeted with a right merry "How do you do?" As I recognized an old friend in the wearer and naturally inquired "What is the matter with your eyes?" She replied that the dust and dirt of the city compelled her to protect them and as I had been a sufferer from the same cause I profited by her example and went to the nearest optician to be fitted.

Trying on a pair of blue goggles immediately the world was changed; the streets and the people were changed and even my own body, feet and legs were affected. I found myself stepping higher and the trees which were green yesterday were blue today. In an instant the world was a blue world; yet I knew that it was the same old world and that it wasn't blue at all. I was amused and tried on an assortment of blue, green, rose and yellow goggles and thus equipped made a study in color and was pleased with what I saw. I discovered that the whole world's aspect depended upon the color of my glasses.

Just imagine then, a community wearing blue glasses from birth and seeing the blue world with its blue trees and its blue cows and its blue grass all their blue days. You and I come to them one fine day with normal eyes seeing white cows—how ridiculous we would seem to them. What a lot of discussion would follow when that community declared blue the very cows we declared were white. Do you think it would be an easy matter to convince those people and do you think it is an easy matter to remove prejudices (goggles if you please)?

To the blue-cow people the white-cow people are always in error, the unnatural being always preferred to the natural. The Blues are afraid of the Whites—some of them utter senseless expressions of pity while others make threats of imprisonment.

Who is to blame if some see blue? With your glasses that same cow is green while another sees it in a delicate rose color and a third beholds a plain white animal. If one sees it blue it must be true to his vision and it is a blue cow; if we are true to ourselves we must tell the colors as we see them.

"To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day thou canst not then be false to any man."

An artist paints a picture with a foreshortening, that is, one part of an object comes more prominently into the foreground than the remainder, for instance an arm and a hand often appear all hand, although you know that the man's arm is several times as long—in order to make that foreshortening, the hand is longer than the whole arm. So realism in art is not the object as it really is, but the thing as it appears to be. We are all ready to acknowledge this as regards the picture,

but how difficult to apply the same rule to thought. Realism in the realm of thought should be the same as realism in the realm of pictures.

From the painter, I want what he sees, not what I see or want him to see. and from the thinker I want what he sees and not what public opinion would have him see.

Why condemn the man because he does not see your color? We say to the artist of brush and matter, "Realism in art to you, is the object as you see it," but to the artists of thought and action, "Realism to you must be the object as we see it." We say to the maker of symbols and idols, men who give us only the picture of the object, "In order to succeed you must make the picture different from what we see it. It must be delivered in another color, any color, just so it is not the plain white cow for that would never be a picture." But the artists of thought and action we caution not to deliver the stuff in any color a shade lighter or darker than the color of public opinion—if the crowd see pea green we must have pea green, and to deliver a cow of another color would so startle the pea green people that it would bring about the death of the artist.

In days past, when people were under the impression that by sacrifice they could induce the gods to grant favors in exchange for bribes, they offered as gifts, vegetables of all kinds, beasts of the field and human beings. Not knowing the abode of their gods, to present their offerings in person they burned the sacrifices and let the smoke act as messenger. But as the requests made were always greater in value than the offerings it was not a bad bargain after all.

This gift or bribe business was called sacrifice, and sacrifice was a good business venture—giving a lamb for a whole flock, and giving a human body for the blessing of the whole community. Our forefathers never bothered the gods with trifles, and when they prayed it was for something they themselves could not accomplish.

After a while, the artists of thought and action began to doubt; they became skeptical about getting any return for their offerings. But sacrifice is still the fashion, because the doubting artists were obliged to deliver the goods of the particular shade of public opinion; so sacrifice became a bad business; it was doing something for nothing, and sacrifice is equivalent today to giving something of a greater for something of a less value.

On looking for the cause of this duality, this reverse of the color scheme, the reason why the maker of symbols is privileged while the maker of thoughts and ideas is limited, I find that it was through my glasses I saw a difference. In reality they are similar; in reality all our emotions and energies are based on idols, symbols of the real.

He with the religious goggles bases his hopes on a future state, and says the reason we are unhappy is that we were never intended to be happy in this world. The wearer of mystic goggles entirely overlooks the existence of barriers in a transport of visions and dreams. He behind the atheistic goggles sits down in full sight of the people's misery and waits for

the end in dismal indifference—blue goggles, red goggles and pea green goggles—symbols, symbols, symbols!

With feverish energy we go to work to put settlements in the slums; instead of taking the people out of the congested districts we go and shellac the place by living therein. We build asylums for the poor—and the poor we have with us always. Then we try educational experiments, pass factory legislation, and go about vaccinating, lecturing and injecting.

We take up political economy, study sociology and learnedly speak of classes of wealth, labor, money-power, and monopoly. We talk socialism, single tax, and anarchy and consider ourselves radical indeed, and quite ready for martyrdom when we leveled the shafts of our criticism at the poor rich man as if he were not as stupidly helpless as ourselves.

Our scientists come forward with pathological explanations and theories concerning degeneracy, with charts, diagrams and skull measurements; they put little complicated machines on the fingers of our school children to measure the outgo of their precious lives as they bend over the study of dim dead pages.

Yet with all our progress, poverty is gaining and the multitude suffer from the disease of unrest. All the people are restless, for our happiness depends on the happiness of each other. We are parts of the great whole, with interwoven lives, so that one cannot be happy unless all are happy. "All are needed for each, nothing is good or fair alone."

Religion has become a belief, instead of a life. Ask the priest today what to do and he will tell you to **believe** something. And people believe they are what they think they would like to be. In the time of Jesus the Christ, he said, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." The great master urged his followers to **do**.

To my mind this belief business is the key note of hypocrisy, which has such spreading power that it has become the fashion in all branches of education; and today unhappiness is the hypocrisy in man's life made apparent. We find at humanity's heart an idol and the service of this idol is symbol worship. This it is which poisons conduct at its very source and reaches into every activity of life and produces the myriad forms of hypocrisy.

We allow symbols to take the place of the real; we have grown accustomed to accept an order for the object itself; we have grown content with that whose only value is that it is redeemable in something just as a check calls for money and a meal ticket for something to eat; for **arts** which are the food of the soul we have substituted **ideas** until the soul famishes for action. We have wise men to do the thinking for us, but they are ill with symbol worship. They pursue thought as an end in itself; to be wise all you have to do is to think wisely. The step follows naturally upon this; if thoughts are to end in themselves instead of in acts, then what matter the direction thoughts take? So the wise men with grave and serious energy enter upon thought when no act is possible?

A thought may have been wise in the past, when the people and conditions existed that rendered action upon it possible, but the same thought today may be foolish because it cannot be acted upon. In theology we are given dead thoughts of the past and amazing theories of the future none of which can issue in wise natural acts of today; we go about with religious meal tickets, finding no tables set, for we are supplied with worthless checks upon the establishments of yesterday and tomorrow.

Scientific thought takes the same direction, dealing with ideas, theories, classifications and measurements—things which are not vital to human life and human happiness. Art holds up to us the past, the Greek, the Gothic, the Renaissance, and the artist, driven to copy, neglects to produce vital and living art of the present.

In reform we go about with goggles, calling ourselves reformers, not because we live a life of good form, but because we believe in good form. We call ourselves socialists, not because we practice socialism, but because we believe we would like to be.

In the industrial field the symbol takes shape in veneers, shellaced and polished, and men build great temples for their symbol worship and constant amazing systems for the accumulation of wealth—systems built for ideas instead of for men, systems which demonstrate such ideas as division of labor, and such men as the crooked backed accountant, adding up a lifetime of figures or the dim-eyed sweat shop toiler working out a lifetime of buttonholes. Systems which produce such helpless abortions as millionaires and tramps, systems which change happy, healthy well-developed human beings into mere adjuncts of machines and give to the one **who actually makes**, the lowest class of all.

Religion has gone idea mad; men are called to place absolute faith in certain ideas, conceived in superstitious dread ages ago. The God of the prophets was a concrete, living God, active in man's life, a strong God of natural law, not the weak distressing creature with a creed of love fatherhood and charity, and acts of hatred, vengeance and brutality. Are we always to have a loving God, a protecting God? Give us justice and we will have love, protection and charity; we will live without these amazing ideas which actuate in every form of suffering poverty and crime.

So much time and human effort is wasted in demonstrating not a fact or a deed vital to life, but a theory, an idea having no relationship to life. For the symbol worshippers, man is dead and theology, science and art stand over his carcass, theorizing in round eyed stupidity.

You have art for art's sake, science for science's sake, religion for religion's sake, trade for trade's sake—is there nothing then for man's sake?

Who is to blame? No one, no one. It is the goggles; they alone are to blame. Get the idea of natural law; let in the bright sunlight, take off the goggles, look at the plain white cow and be satisfied.

Dear Sercombe—You are certainly doing a great work in publishing your magazine. I wish you had five million subscribers. You deserve them. You have all the dash and originality and versatility of the Philistine; and yet, with it, you have constructive, upbuilding, good sense, equal to the Bible.

C. S. CARR, *Ed. Medical Talk.*

High Finance in Mexico.

By Parker H. Sercombe.

Part XI.

Having in the last chapter dealt definitely with the character and capacity of Mexico's Ambassador at Washington, it is pertinent before proceeding further with my denouement, political, social and financial, that we should know something more about how Mexico is captained at home.

Without implying that our own government is all that it should be. I realize that the average American reader who knows that Mexico is theoretically a "republic" patterned more or less in detail after our own, takes it for granted that the conditions and practices there are much the same as here. Far from it; and for the first time, for good and sufficient reasons, I am about to give to Anglo-Saxon readers the true story and an exact picture of what the Mexican government really is, viz., a despotism of which President Díaz is the Czar, Commander-in-chief, and Dictator.

In viewing the debaucheries of our own electoral system, and in contemplating the briberies and graft that have accompanied the administration of American affairs from the days of Washington down to the present time, I have often heard it declared by intelligent men that "the only real and correct form of government" is a beneficent despotism or paternalism.

Of course, those who do not rise in their philosophy, in relation to government and ethics, above the mere observation of present material affairs, are often misled in their conception of what good government really consists. The class of short-sighted thinkers who recommend a beneficent despotism are much like the parent who to secure temporary peace and quiet is ready to resort to bribery, trickery, or any form of indulgence that will obtain the immediate obedience of children. Such statesmen and parents do not realize that the life urge of humanity is a much stronger, deeper question than the mere matter of temporary order and that the effects of any form of paternalism or "beneficent despotism" must invariably hold mankind back in a state of semi-animalism, semi-brutality that is fit for neither hogs nor human beings.

If man in any state of civilization has any inherent right that looms high above all others, it is the right to be his own intellectual and ethical master to the highest extent that his surrounding civilization will permit, and any form of govern-

ment that does not tend to bring out independence, originally and individually, in that connection is a outrage, and has not learned the first lesson in the first chapter of Froebel's Kindergarten curriculum.

In this day of philosophy and education, when the great teachers of the world have demonstrated so clearly the beneficent results of the inductive method, whether applied in the kindergarten, in the family, or in the halls of state, it is criminal ignorance in theory or practice to admit for one moment that good can grow out of **beneficent** despotism; nevertheless, notwithstanding all our learning, General Porfirio Diaz is not a President but a Czar.

In my last chapter I pointed out the glaring misrepresentation of the biographer of Joaquin D. Casasus recounting the latter's continuous re-election to Congress, intending to imply to American readers that congressional elections were real instead of spurious in Mexico.

I recall vividly the "election" of Gen. Curiel as Governor of the State of Jalisco to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his predecessor.

I happened to be in Guadalajara, the capitol of Jalisco, at the time, and learned that a ballot box elaborately locked, and some tickets duly printed, had been forwarded on from the city of Mexico, and that the "formalities" of an "election" were to take place next day. The candidate was a resident of Mexico City, some three hundred miles away, in fact, was a general in the army, and as there seemed to be no particular objection to him, a few merchants, government officials and hangers on lounged into the capitol and deposited some two or three hundred votes.

Of course there was no opposition, very few people knew anything about the balloting, and when the day was done the ballot box duly sealed was expressed back to the City of Mexico where, under the vigilance of able lieutenants of the President, the ballots were counted and the "unanimous election" duly announced.

Of course American readers will say, "What an outrage! Is it possible? is it true?"

It is not only true but it is the regular system by which every governor and every other officer throughout the entire Republic of Mexico has been placed in office.

The State of Jalisco with capitol at Guadalajara is the richest and most populous state in the republic.

It is a notable fact that the crops have not failed for more than thirty years. Its plateaus of varied altitude yield every variety of fruits and cereals known to the most temperate as well as the most torrid regions, and the people of this great prosperous state have not yet acquired the least conception of the meaning of the elective franchise.

Tom Lawson may be able to secure proxies of the New York and Mutual Life Insurance Companies, so as to vote the present officers out of power, but the Devil himself could

not win an election away from the powers that be in Mexico.

Prior to the last election of General Diaz as President of Mexico, an ambitious statesman by the means of the usual "insistence of his friends," announced himself as an opposition candidate. He was boomed by a local paper and some little stir was created on account of the pretensions of this rival candidate.

No attention was paid by the "Circulo de Amigos" (the society of friends of the President), until enthusiasm was brought to the point of holding a mass meeting.

Under order of the Government Officers, a number of detectives and "friends" of the administration attended this meeting and purposely created a disturbance during which a squad of Gendarmes ran in, arrested the opposition candidate and placed him in jail where he remained until after the election when he was courteously released and requested to be more orderly in the future.

Much of the early success of President Diaz during revolutionary times was due to his prompt method of dealing with enemies and revolutionaries. King Richard's exclamation, "Off with his head, so much for Buckingham," found many an exemplification in the early career of Gen. Porfirio Diaz.

After the battle of Puebla and the return of Diaz to Mexico, squads and companies were sent to various parts of the country to establish order, make arrests and do the needful in a thousand ways. Those suspicioned of being traitors or revolutionaries were captured, sometimes singly, sometimes by the dozen, and when the squad or company would return and report to their general, they would invariably return without their prisoner. The faithful Captain was asked, "Where are the prisoners? Did they escape?" and the prompt answer always came, "They tried to escape and we were obliged to shoot them down."

In fact, it became the invariable rule under the early Diaz regime to make short work of prisoners by pretending that they had tried to escape, when in reality they were, without trial, shot down in cold blood, and in numberless instances they were innocent and the victims of spite, of personal enemies who reported against them.

No ruler of any age has ever by the force of an iron will and a determination to overcome obstacles, risen to a more secure position in command of all the functions of his government than Gen. Porfirio Diaz, whose real life history would be far more interesting and of greater worth than any of the laudatory biographies that have ever been written of him.

General Diaz is of Oaxaca Indian parentage, with a slight mixture of Spanish blood, it being seldom in that part of Mexico that any examples remain of the unmixed Indian stock. He is supposed to have been born in the month of September, 1830, the exact date, however, being unknown, he

having been brought up by his mother who had a sort of boarding house called a "Meson."

As an Indian lad he learned to drill and had some military training, and afterwards through the influence and aid of a philanthropic friend, his mother being very poor, he received some education and became assistant in a law office by which means he eventually came in contact with Benito Juarez whose political tendencies and strong character became a live influence to Mexico's ruler.

A notable difference is observable between the attitude of the Spaniards and the Anglo-Saxons toward aboriginal Indians who have been found in Mexico and our own country respectively.

While the Anglo-Saxon proceeded to exterminate, rob, and drive the North American Indian westward, the Spaniard with unaccountable smoothness and diplomacy united with the aborigines, gave them their religion and language, planted a Priest in every precinct, made slaves of their men and concubines of their women, and by organizing a system of control through fear of the church, established a peonage that has kept nine-tenths of the population in ignorance and want from the time that Cortez first landed at Vera Cruz to the present day.

The Anglo-Saxon plundered the Indian, persued him and exterminated his body; the Spaniard plundered him, enslaved him and exterminated his soul.

Of course the former method was the most straightforward and effected a clean-up in the Anglo-Saxon movement westward.

When Cortez arrived in Mexico it is estimated that the population was 36 million. The population is now a trifle over 12 million, 10 million of whom are of the so-called "third" or lower class, lazy, servile, untaught, unkempt, nor fit for treason, strategy or spoil.

As our histories of Mexico as well as other countries, do not tell the truth, since historians have invariably been in the pay, or under the influence of those in power, or have depended for the sale or popularity of their work upon the influence and patronage of those in command, no true story of affairs has ever been taught in our American schools, and grown-ups have learned to believe that Mexico is a real republic much like our own; all the result of the fawning, favoring influence that teaches people to recount flattery instead of the truth.

In my next chapter I shall give an interesting resume of the social and economic history of Mexico, which has gradually led up to, and is responsible for the present system of High Finance in that country.

CHOOSING.

By William F. Barnard.

The East is Wisdom. Ancient, calm, she stands
With truth held in her contemplative hands!
The North is strong Endurance. See, she waits,
Arms folded there, and fronting adverse facts!
Pleasure is all the spirit of the South;
Shown in her eyes and on her amorous mouth.
But give me for my mistress, Her, the West;
That young, glad, striving spirit takes me best!

The Negro Problem.

We publish the following communication, not for the value of the wisdom that is in it, but purely as an example of the personal and prejudiced mental attitude by which people who cannot think, persistently arrive at wrong conclusions.

When the mental attitude of a fox makes of him a scientific expert on poultry; when the avocation of the devotee bowing before a crucifix develops her into an authority on the evolution of religions; when to be a king becomes the proper avenue for the study of equality; when burning at the stake is accepted as the most efficient means of inculcating humanitarianism, then, and not till then, can the communication from Mr. Davis be accepted as a sociological document.

From the sane standpoint, if we believe in *democracy* as against *despotism*, what matters it what color or nationality presidents twenty years from now are, providing only they are the choice of the people.

Mr. Davis says a Negro "should stay in his place," implying that *he* knows what the Negro's place is—the fact is, the place of the Negro, and the place of every other creature, plant or planet, is whatever they attain.

The fact of a Negro declaring that we are to have a Negro President within twenty years, fills Mr. Davis with consternation and is just about as terrible an utterance as that of a Milwaukee woman who recently announced that within five years German would become the legal language of America, and she thought herself a sociologist, too.

The heartrending possibility of having a Negro entertaining one's wife and daughters nightly in one's parlor, gives color to Mr. Davis's belief in the entire lack of ability of white men to influence the choice and discrimination of their female relatives and would lead one to infer that so superior and seductive are the charms of the Negro that we Caucasians would be worsted in fair competition—personally, the writer is unafraid of the implied superior charms of the African.

These comments are written for the uplift of Mr. Davis and all those who think like him, and speak out from the prejudice, meanness and tyranny that still seems, even in the shadow of our free institutions to live in the hearts of many men.

What this class of people need is, to lose themselves in their work and stop thinking about questions that they are not mentally equipped to deal with.

Mr. Davis dares to claim that the male Negro has a latent, uncontrollable desire to possess white women, whereas the Mulatto race in this country is almost entirely the result of white men cohabiting with colored

women, all of which, to present the case in Mr. Davis's phraseology would indicate that the white fiend exhibits an uncontrollable desire for intercourse with colored women, and were each instance of white men's depredations along this line punished by having them "launched into Eternity," the result would mean entire depopulation of those white southerners who "hold THEIR women so sacred."

If Mr. Davis had made a study of the history of capital punishment (lynching) and its effect on society, he would make no claim of its value as an object-lessons to keep wrong-doers in line, for history has proven that the brutalization of human society has ever been the accompaniment of legal as well as illegal brutalities.

To sum up, the race problem in America will work itself out if let alone, and discussions, whether by the wise or the unwise, will be of no avail. It is a problem for evolution to solve—it is of interest to the sociologist who watches its development in the same spirit that he studies ants and orchids, but to the layman and to writers of the Davis type, thought on this subject is purely a waste of brain room, which in this case is unpardonable extravagance.

With a view to submitting Mr. Davis's letter to a further sifting process, we handed it to one of our woman editors who has learned to think, and her comments following the letter are interesting, first, as corroboration of the editor's point of view, second, as being in harmony with the systematic method of thought advocated by this magazine, and third, as further evidence to Mr. Davis and writers of his class, to what extent their views are out of harmony with the advance thought of the period.

EDITOR.

Editor To-Morrow, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—As a reader of your magazine, I will take the liberty to express my opinion on the race question, though I am quite aware, judging from Dr. Wesley's article in your February number, that my views will not meet your approval.

I think a Negro should stay in a Negro's place. I no more get through reading the "Niagara Movement" than one of the office help hands me a clipping from a Chicago daily on a recent race riot in New York, perhaps just a forerunner of what is to come.

The white race is multiplying very slowly, the theories of Theodore I notwithstanding. On the other hand the Negro is multiplying like Belgian hares. At the present time the white race is supreme, but the time is coming when the Negro is going to contest this supremacy—and what a contest it will be.

Here in town the other day an educated coon announced the prediction that there would be a Negro President of the U. S. inside of the next twenty years and it was discussed to such an extent that the daily papers gave their speeches prominent places on the front pages of the papers, How would you like the looks of this, my brother?

Believe me I am not an alarmist. I speak of things as I see them. The race question today is one of the greatest things that confronts us as a people. Absolute equality cannot be. You would not allow your wife or daughter to entertain a Negro in your parlor nightly, yet that is what equality means and he would demand it if he could. It is a question for sociology, not theology to solve. It is not a question of what a certain good man who lived two thousand years ago would do, it is what will you do yourself for the protection of your family and generations yet unborn.

We of the North hold up our hands in horror, the minister weeps when he speaks of the injustice done the Negro.

When below the line one or more is launched into eternity you are not familiar with the conditions yet your humanity is touched and you become indignant. Do you know this is true that the male Negro has a latent uncontrollable desire for intercourse with a white woman?

To the Southerner's heart his women are sacred and again when a Negro is accorded a trial and hanged according to law, he becomes a hero in the eyes of his friends. Of course, I am speaking of the South, for we of the North think nothing of it to see a White marry a Negro.

The blacks hanged by law are granted equality and thus becomes heroes in the eyes of their friends though they forfeit their lives to do so. But, when he is forced to shuffle off this mortal coil at the hands of Judge Lynch his followers receive an object lesson that keeps them within the line for a time. We must meet this question according to the law of natural selection which means the survival of the fittest. Disfranchisement is one of the levers that helps to keep the Negro under and Mr. Nigger has got to be either under or over and it is to the White man's interest to keep the Negro under.

You say the educated Negro will work out the problem; you bet he will and the interest of the White's won't be considered when he does either. As I said before, I am aware you will consider me radical on this question, but I assure you I write as I see things.

Respectfully,

C. E. DAVIS.

REPLY TO MR. DAVIS.

How much brain energy is now going to waste in attempts to solve "problems" which are really not "problems" at all and questions which if we are only willing to leave to Nature she will answer satisfactorily for herself.

For example, what is the use of all this fuss about the so-called "race problem"? There is no race problem any more than there is a "bald-headed-man problem" or a tadpole problem, and there is no more necessity for the white race to worry itself sick over the possibility of the Negro gaining supremacy on this continent than there is for worrying over the possibility of the red-headed woman monopolizing the "wash tub industry," or for the barn yard fowls to lose sleep over the question as to whether Poco or Yarico will beat in the fight. Which ever comes out ahead, has proved his fitness to do so, and that is all.

All that is problematic about the Negro question has originated wholly in the brain of the white man who fears that he is to be superceded in power and influence by a race whom he had thought to fetter and enslave.

If this is a problem, it is rather a White's Man's problem, and if he would keep it in his own exclusive hands the right to administer these governmental affairs it behooves him to hustle and demonstrate his ability to do so, not by limiting and restricting the progress and development of the race whose encroachment he fears but by stimulating his own development.

All this comes directly under the natural evolutionary process of development of society and to oppose Nature's plan of establishing the supremacy of the fittest is to place one's self in a position to be shorn of power and in time eliminated from society as a superfluous element.

C. E. Davis writes and uses the time worn expression, "I think the Negro should stay in his place." He might have said the same of the sun, moon, stars, earth and planets, the clouds, water and air. But is C. E. Davis divinely inspired or scientifically prepared to say just where their place begins and ends, or is not nature through the operation of the same universal law determining their position and relations to all else? May

we not as safely leave the evolution of the Negro problem to nature as to leave to her the evolution of a solar system or set of solar systems,

Surely he would not either, attempt to show that their position today should be the same as yesterday or last year.

If a child is placed in the Kindergarten is he expected to remain there or is it not rather expected that the life there will fit and prepare him for work in the grades?

And once having entered the grades, is he under any obligation to those who preceded him, to remain below them in intelligence and activities? If they keep at the head of the class must they not do so by the exercise of their own powers and the development of their faculties, not by limiting and restricting the progress of their rival?

What is it we fear from the Negro? If we fear the Negro let us look calmly at our fears and discover whether the basis of our fears lies in our interest in the whole human family or only in a portion of it, as our race, or our family and self in particular.

It behooves us to take the impersonal view of all these questions and study them in their relation to the universe instead of in their relation to self interest alone, for self interest is in reality identical with the good of all.

Do we fear the mixing of Negro blood with ours? Every instance of this kind is the result of one of two things, attraction or violence.

If after carefully collecting all the data we can gather we decide that the mixing of the races is degenerating to the human species, and if we discover that this is brought about through natural attraction, then we must admit that nature has made a mistake, which nature never does.

It is man who makes mistakes in interference with nature's operations. On the other side, statistics clearly indicate that to one case where a negro has violated the chastity of a white woman there are hundreds of cases where white men are guilty as against Negro women. If then we would protect our race from infusion of Negro blood into its veins, let us do it by the proper education of our own daughters, or the cultivation of moral sentiment in our boys.

C. E. D. also writes, "Yes, the educated Negro will work out the problem and the white man won't be considered when he does either," and adds: "It is to the interest of the white race to keep the nigger under." Both of these statements imply his interest is centered, not in the welfare of all human kind, but only in his own immediate welfare.

No man or nation ever yet arose to any great degree of power or influence, and kept it by trampling on the rights of another, no matter how inferior he may have considered him, and if we would keep the supremacy of this continent let us do it by proving ourselves fit intellectually and morally, as well as physically, to do so.

MAUDE JACOBS.

The very beautiful relief portrait of William Morris on the front cover of our March number is one of a series by Miss Julia M. Bracken, 19 Studio Building, Chicago.

Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians.

By Carlos Montezuma.

Part VIII.



CARLOS MONTEZUMA.

One of the most insidious influences, in the wrong direction, that has to be met and counteracted in the work of "getting right" on the Indian question, is that which comes by way of reference to individual incidents, which, considered by themselves present the Indians on the reservations in the position of being greatly wronged by that plan of education for their children which requires the separation of parent and child.

This is well illustrated in the recent issue of the "Philistine," in which the editor cites the case of an Indian woman whom he saw on one of the reservations, manifesting in her Indian way her discontent or perhaps even grief, because of the absence of her child, who though taken with her consent, was absent at some school quite distant from the reservation. From what the editor said about the action of the woman a casual reader not thinking beyond what was then present to the eye—would naturally conclude—that any system for the education of Indian children which caused the parents to grieve over their temporary absence must necessarily be at variance with humanity and justice.

The conclusion is something like this: "The child belongs to the parents. The parent is entitled to its companionship and desires it—because it is natural. This desire should be respected. The Indian mother's feelings are those of the human being. She has the rights of motherhood and ought not to be deprived of the solace and comfort which she naturally would derive from having her child with her—therefore it cannot be right to make the interest of the child paramount to parental feeling." Following this view of the matter, the conclusion is unavoidable that it is better to ignore the future of the child and leave it to grow up as it may in the society of its parent than to educate it at so great a cost

in grief to the mother or father. This, however, is mere sentiment; a sacrifice of the welfare of the child to the unreasoning and natural selfish desires of the parent; an ignoring of the welfare of the child for a present happiness of the parent; a closing of the eye to a greater good, to avoid a lesser pain.

All that has ever been accomplished for the betterment of humanity has, at some time, in one way or another involved a sacrifice. If the only object to be accomplished with the Indian is to have one generation succeed another, the young to succeed the old, one to follow in the footsteps of the other, only to be Indians and nothing more, then—it is not worth while to do more than to feed and clothe them—and let nature take its course. This, however, would be contrary to the theory that has governed in the matter of human advancement the world over.

The interest of those who are just beginning the journey of life is superior to that of those who are nearing its end. It is upon the education of the young generation of Indians that the welfare of the race in the future depends. And the reservation schools are inadequate to bring about the desired end in this respect. It is therefore not a question what the fathers and mothers of the Indian children on the reservation may wish or would like to have done. Their children must be brought into civilization in the manner best calculated to accomplish that result. They must be brought out among the people—not only for educational training in itself, but for the benefits to be derived from association as well. The great things that have been accomplished in the world have come from radical treatment of the subjects in hand. Conservatism in the matter of human advancement has never accomplished anything. It is non-progressive. The conservative man is a soporific, timid, indecisive, lazy, contented, ineffective creature; narrow in thought, a slave to precedent and never has been and never will be a factor in the work of uplifting humanity.

All that has ever been accomplished for the betterment of the American Indian has been to that extent a victory against conservatism. And in the battle now being waged in that behalf, hydra-headed conservatism is manifesting itself throughout the country—beginning with the executive head of the nation, running thence down through the Department of the Interior—into the Indian Bureau—and from there spreading out and including the various minor officials, agents, etc., ending up with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, its greatest exponent.

Suppose that in the days of the great conflict between the North and the South—the fathers and mothers had been governed by their personal feeling—and had refused their consent to their sons leaving home for the purpose of entering the army. Suppose, fifty years ago, New England mothers had insisted that their sons and daughters must remain at the old home, and spend their lives there instead of breaking fam-

ily ties and going out into the world for themselves. We need not stop to point out what a condition of statis this country would have fallen into—had the fathers and mothers of half a century ago, yielded to sentiment and natural feeling instead of being governed by the voice of reason—crying out to them in the midst of their sorrow, "It is for the best."

During the World's Fair in Chicago—thousands of tearful eyes gazed at the picture—bearing the title "Breaking home ties." There—the mother stood with her hands on the shoulders of the son—who was about to leave the only home he had ever known—to go out into the world alone, because all, father, mother, grandparent and he, himself, thought "it was for the best."

In a like manner—it is and for many years has been best that the Indian children—beginning in some cases at the age of six or eight years, should be taken from their parents—for the purpose of education and of giving them training and development within civilized surroundings. Had this plan been carried out during the past forty years—the necessity of the Indian Aid Bureau today would scarcely exist at all. On the other hand, however, the unreasoning, selfish desire of the Indian parent, fostered by sentimentalists of the literary and missionary world have been allowed to control; with the result that children and children's children have grown up with their parents in the midst of environments that rendered advancement or progression of any kind impossible. A practical way, however, of bringing about extermination of the Indian—if continued for two or more generations.

The fundamental principle embraced in the theory for many years so earnestly advocated by General Pratt, is that in a change of environment—we have the key to the solution of the Indian problem. It is strange to behold how persistently the nation has closed its eyes to this fact, while at the same time we have only to read, to think and look about us to see on every hand that it is, and always has been the shifting, the moving from place to place, and the going and the coming of the people of the world—that has brought us to the state of civilization—which man has attained throughout the earth.

The stationary people, the races that cling to the spot of their birth, that adhere to tradition, that shrink from contact with other races—are the non-progressive, the least civilized, and the least among mankind.

The most forcible example we have of this truth is seen in the position which the Japanese people hold to-day among the nations of the world—all, and only made possible by their voluntary and unrestricted associations with the people of every country and clime. While China by a reverse method, occupies exactly the opposite situation. And every where is the truth proclaimed, that would you rise, would you grow, would you advance, would you realize the possibilities within your grasp. Then—out with you—Mongolian, out with you

—African, out with you—Caucasian, out with you—Indian into the great world—where everybody meets everybody from every nation and country; for all the earth is man's habitation—on land and on sea.

If there is one thing that the sentimentalist seems to be unable to adjust his vision to, or to so vamp his comprehension as to bring it within his grasp, it is the fact—that a great purpose can never be wrought out by raising objections or magnifying obstacles that lie in the way of its accomplishment.

Yet this has been, to a great extent, the course pursued by the literary, benevolent and missionary associations—that have so long, so earnestly and so prominently been seeking to “improve” the Indian, that is to say, to make a “better Indian” out of him; to take off the rough edge, mollify him by a sort of taming process. While it would not civilize him or tend to make a man out of him, it would nevertheless preserve “his distinctiveness” as an Indian, so that there could be clinging to him at all times something truly—suggestive of the genuine aborigine, a thing of joy to look upon—especially from the high eminences occupied by the pale-faces. This, you sentimentalists, you missionaries, you members of benevolent associations are in no-wise to forget, notwithstanding Burns may have thought “A man is a man for a’ that.”

He alone is a true friend of the Indian—who has come to see that the reservation or any substitute therefor, is a sad, sad environment with which to surround a human being—and that while within its bounds no man can hope that nature's glorious heritage of freedom will ever come to him or to his children.

PAUMANOKIDES.

I catch on, my Comrade!—

You allow that your aim is similar to mine, after all is said and done. Well, there is not much similarity of style, and I recommend my style to you.

Go gaze upon the native rock-piles of Manhatta, my city,
Formless, reckless,

Marked with the emerald miracle of moss, tufted with the unutterable wonder of the exquisite green grass,

Giving posture to the spry and fearless-footed quadruped, the goat,

Also patched by the heaven-ambitious citizens with the yellow handbill.
the advertisement of patent soaps, the glaring and varicolored circus poster:

Mine too, for reasons, such arrays;

Such my unfettered verse, scorning the delicatessen of dilettantes.

Try it, I'll stake my ultimate dollar you'll like it.

Do not be deceived, dear son;

Amid the choruses of the morn of progress, soaring, hilarious, these names will be read no longer.

Gallileo was admirable once. Milton was as admirable,

Dante, the Italian was a cute man in his way,

But he was not the maker of poems, the Answerer!

I Paumanokides am the maker of poems, the Answerer!

And I calculate to chant as long as the earth revolves,

To an interminable audience of haughty, effusive, copious, gritty and chipper Americanos!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

The Labor Struggle.

By Jay Fox.



JAY FOX.

At a very early period in the history of the human race mankind became divided into two classes—the ruling and the ruled; one commanded, the other obeyed; one master, the other slave.

Those who first began prying into the mysteries of nature soon discovered they could turn their knowledge to account. Visions of wealth flashed before their minds' eye. Dreams of luxury dazzled them and they early set themselves to the task of materializing their hopes. By the effective use of the knowledge of nature ac-

quired the "wise" ones soon had the credulous mass of their fellows at their command. A priesthood was established, and church and state formed their partnership.

With the birth of these came the distinct demarkation of class in society. Then the working class became a legal institution—it was recognized by government and established by law. Then each man took his place either in the governing class as master or in the working class as slave.

Then began the war of the classes; the conflict between capital and labor, which has raged throughout the ages. Wars between nations have been periodical but the war between labor and capital has been continuous, and will continue until the basic principles of society shall have been readjusted.

Organized resistance of the working class began to manifest itself at a very early stage of our history and at a time when one would think organization impossible. So deep rooted in the human heart is the love of liberty that it began to manifest itself under what one would think were almost impossible conditions.

We look back with pride to classic Greece and Rome with their marvelous productions in the arts, their free citizenship, Republican government, etc.

We forget that all but a few were slaves. The brightest minds of that time could not conceive of any other condition of society. An excellent example of the difficulty of men rising above their environment is furnished by Plato, who

conceived a Utopia, dreamed a dream of an ideal state of society, in which he embodied a system of slavery. And Aristotle in his *Politics*, tells us that: "Although artisans and trades of every kind are necessary to the state they are not a part of it."

Thus we see those learned Greeks did not regard the men and women who fed them as human beings, but as mere tools, accessories with no more claim to recognition than the dogs that lay at their feet.

Like the civilizations that flourished before her time, Greece went down under the weight of inequality and oppression.

In the third century after Christ during the twenty-seven years' war between Athens and Sparta is the first authentic record of a strike. The slaves employed by the Athenians in manufacturing the munitions of war, struck, thereby accomplishing the defeat and partial destruction of beautiful Athens.

In Rome, during one period of its history, associations of working men flourished. They made contracts with the Government to supply its needed material; and made agreements whereby they tilled the public land on shares. But conquest followed conquest; the rich became richer and appropriated the public land. The Caesars brought many captives home to Rome whose sale to the rich nobles displaced the "free" laborers in the fields and in the mines, and finally reduced the whole working population of Rome to slavery. Strikes were suppressed by the iron hand of government, the unions were destroyed and the employers' associations were in their glory.

Thousands of prisoners of war were chained together and sent down into the mines, never again to see the light of day. Others again were trained as gladiators and forced into the arena to slaughter each other for the amusement of the aesthetic Roman aristocracy.

But there was one gladiator, Sparticus, "the noblest Spartan of them all," who escaped and gathered about him a band of slaves, and for two years defied Rome, destroying legion after legion of her army.

This gladiator General was finally killed and fifteen thousand of his brave followers hanged on gibbets along the great Roman road, known as the Appian Way. The marvelous generalship of Sparticus stands second to none of the great soldiers of history, though he was but a slave and a rebel and therefore entitled to but the brief mention of seven lines in the "impartial" history of Rome by Pliny.

Graft and corruption flourished in Rome—men openly bought their places in the Senate and other public assemblies. Opulence, debauchery, sensualism ran riot among the wealthy—the two per cent who owned all the wealth of Rome.

Poverty and degradation reigned over the toiling masses. The men whose proudest boast had been that they were Romans now hated the very name of Rome; and when the "barbarians" swept down upon the great city little or no resistance

was offered. Rome fell. She had none to defend her. Monopoly and greed had destroyed the vitality of her workmen—sapped their very life blood. Let the vandals destroy; it was time it were done.

A very important outburst of discontent on the part of Labor took place in England in 1381. In that year the peasantry under the leadership of Wat Tyler rose in rebellion against the time honored traditions that made them part of the land and subject to the whims of the owner, whoever he might be. The black death had swept away a third of the population. A great scarcity of laborers was the result. This alarmed the landlords and a law was passed making it a crime for the laborers to demand more wages than they were receiving before the black death visited the country. Many thousands marched upon London, led by Tyler.

The wily young king, a lad of sixteen, came out to meet the hordes of laborers and demanded of them what was their grievance. "We will," said they, "that you make us free forever, our heirs and our lands, and that we be called no more bond or so reputed." "It is granted," said the young scoundrel, and the credulous people, thinking their king was as good as his word, returned to their homes. In an altercation with one of the king's supporters, Tyler had been killed or most likely the workmen would not have been so easily turned away; at any rate young Richard, true to his murderous trade, fulfilled the promise of freedom to some fifteen hundred of his subjects by gibbeting them.

That uprising or strike, although an immediate failure, proved in the long run to be a great victory for the English working class. No ruler ever feels secure while the Damoclean sword of rebellion hangs over his head. It needed but an increase of numbers to make the peasant uprising a success, and even though it failed, it manifested clearly that there is a limit to endurance beyond which even a lowly toiler will not suffer himself to be driven.

In 1838 these same English workers gave loud expression to their discontent in what is known as the "Chartist agitation." They demanded an extension of the franchise which was then denied them through a property qualification. Hard times, produced mainly through failure of the crops, had reduced the workers to dire distress. Privation and hunger stalked abroad; and the people foolishly thought if they only had the ballot they could vote themselves prosperity forthwith. The government, fearing for its own safety, suppressed the movement before it became popular, but later granted the franchise which every Englishman now discreetly uses, just like we Americans.

The workers of England and America have learned by common experience that the glorious privilege of voting men into office, somehow does not increase the weight of their dinner pails, and they are beginning to look elsewhere for relief.

Most workers vote, to be sure, but only as a matter of

habit, and not with the slightest hope of increasing their wages thereby. For that they look to their unions. Those exceptions who are prompting a working class political party will admit they have little or no faith in politics, and that they only carry on the agitation as a matter of propaganda for their economic beliefs.

Intelligent working men know that the politics of the country is controlled by the men who control its stocks and bonds and possess the title deeds of its wealth. It is quite natural then that they should eschew politics and direct their efforts to the conquest of bread.

The trade union is the medium through which the toilers are working to that end, and they are ever on the alert to forestall any attempt to divert their unions from the real and basic cause of their misery—economic wage slavery.

Nor can there be any reconciliation between capital and labor. Labor produces all wealth; capital controls it all. The very best that capital has ever been willing to do has been to give labor a bare existence while engaged in the production of the world's wealth. To retain even this small portion of its product labor has had to keep up a continual warfare, as I have hinted by the foregoing historical citations. The numerous panaceas of profit sharing and the like suggested by apologists for the wage system, will not help the case.

Wages are the result of a free contract between a hungry laborer and a turtle fed capitalist. The laborer must sign or starve. If he will not sign today he will surely sign tomorrow; the capitalist can wait. His larder is well stocked with the result of ill paid toil. The laborer knows this and every wage earner in the land is working under protest.

The truth that what labor produces, by the laws of eternal justice belongs to labor is fast gaining ground, and no compromise will be accepted by those who stand upon that platform. The interests of capital and labor are diametrically opposed. Capitalism is based upon the exploitation of labor, an exploitation that must cease.

While the wage system exists exploitation will go on. Therefore labor does not agree with those who would patch up the present order of things. It is already too late for ameliorative methods. Nothing short of a complete change of the system of production and distribution will satisfy the new aspirations of the workers.

For ages they have carried the burdens of the world on their shoulders, now they wish to lay down the load for a moment to redistribute the weight, giving those who carry none, their share, and lighten the strain upon those who are heavy laden. The wage system will not permit of such an equality, therefore must give way before the pressure of the new social and economic order—co-operation.

The claims of wage slavery—that servitude of economic necessity, is as galling as ever were the iron bands that

bound the human chattels of Rome or Virginia. Liberty was never so much sought after as it is to-day.

A co-operation; a brotherhood, wherein the claims of love and fellowship will predominate, seems to be the method of the coming order. In such a fellowship, force will have no place. Any attempt to stem the tide of this changing order will only accelerate the movement.

REALITY AND ILLUSION.

By SWAMI CHICA.

Sometimes two people fondly think that they belong—
The one unto the other. But they don't.

They belong to the Father of All;
They belong to that beautiful mystery
The Cosmic scheme of things—
With its numberless, contrary forces.
And these same forces will gather them up—
And make them
To buffet each other.

The buffeting does them good; but Alas!—
For this they may not know, nor can they
Understand. the long forgotten cause of
Their pain.
And each will look to each, with wondering,
Troubled eyes—and heart will call to heart
Across the spaces that divide them.
Their voices lift reproachfully, and cry aloud
In sorrow, in anger, or complaint;
And each will grope in darkness—
To find the other's soul.

And all the while will,—Destiny
The calm eyed mother of unfoldment—
With firm but gentle guidance,
Lead them onward.
Forever She looks down upon her children—
Silent—benign—with her wise and kindly smile,
For does not she know—always—
That always All is well?

TO-DAY IS BUT TO-MORROW.

By G. CRANDALL PRICE.

Short to-day and short to-morrow
Is the only course we run;
For to-day is but to-morrow
By the changing of the sun.

To-morrow is the future,
Which commences with to-day;
Our cradle sees the rising sun,
Death sees it fade away.

No work in your to-morrow,
And leave nothing undone;
For to-day is but to-morrow
In the short race we run.

The Spencer-Whitman Round Table

Conducted by Grace Moore.

There is an erroneous old notion that the woman who paints violets or writes for a magazine is somehow more favored and more to be congratulated upon her work than the woman whose especial claim to recognition is in the excellence of her pies and cakes or in the deftness, accuracy and swiftness with which she can insert a new seat in a pair of pants. Notice, friends, that I said "pant.," not trousers. I like the word trousers much better, but my pen wrote "pants," and for fun and the democracy of it, I think I'll leave it.

The other day at luncheon they were discussing with "The Girl in Blue," her statement in her article, "Fifteen Minutes on a Freight Train," that "the men sent 'spit' in the direction of the cuspidor," and the Particular Person asked, "Why such an intensely realistic expression?" "Because," said Himself, "the Girl in Blue was in a caboose, not in an observation car. On a freight train the men 'spit.' In a Pullman palace car they 'expectorate.'"

But to return to the subject suggested by the good mother of four robust boys and two dainty little girls, who, in doleful tones and with a dissatisfied look on her face, proclaims her inability to write, paint or play the piano. "I wish I could do the things that you can do," she remarks to her sister comrade of the brush and pen. "The rolling-pin and the dust-pan are all the weapons of power that fit themselves to my hand. I can make a loaf of bread or a johnny cake that will make you dream of flowers, wayside brooks and sunny, blue skies, even in dismal, murky old Chicago, but I can't write an 'ad' for a room to rent without consulting the clerk in the Tribune office as to whether it is correct or not. Just imagine!"

Neither can the editor of Round Table philosophy make a pie or bake a dish of macaroni without reference to the cook book. If "Mrs. Parloa" or her Spencer-Whitman disciple are no where about the place she despairs of even a plain butter sauce for the warmed-over pudding, and as for a loaf of bread, she never made one in her life. Just fancy such a thing as a woman of supposedly ordinary intelligence acknowledging her ignorance of the proportion of salt to yeast in a loaf of bread! Where is the essential difference in the respective positions of the two women? And if it is true that we "cannot live without cooks," it would seem that the intellectual and ethical superiority were unquestionably on the side of the skillful mixer of yeast and flour as against the dreamer of dreams and maker of epigrams,

Of course, there is going to be an end to cooking and the drudgery of the kitchen some of these fine days when we have grown into the appreciation and practicability of fruits, nuts and such foods as grow only toward the sunlight. We are already enjoying and thriving on more natural and simple foods than "pork with apple sauce" and "loin of beef with browned gravy and potatoes." We are craving less every day the artificially prepared dishes that were once a necessity to us and finding more pleasure and refreshment in those foods which bring us closer to nature and inspire to gentler, nobler living. Organizations for the encouragement and simplifying of domestic service, are springing up like the proverbial mushroom in the night. Nowhere is evolutionary progress more pronounced or more beneficial in its effects than in the tendency toward household simplicity and more ethical domestic relationships.

We are finding out to our surprise that the person (man or woman) who never scrubbed a floor or washed a window and who has in all probability a constitutional horror of a mop-rag, has missed one of the most healthful, hope-inspiring, spiritually uplifting occupations that there is. Some day when men and women have again become natural, and are not ashamed to live naturally, and when instead of regarding this or that vocation as more desirable or creditable than another, they recognize that there is no inequality in the use of any human powers possessed by the individual, except as those powers are depreciated or ineffectually applied, either by the individual possessing them or by the person or persons who are benefitted by their voluntary exercise. There is no curse pronounced upon labor or the laborer. The curse is upon the misinterpretation of labor's purpose and the unequal division of its proceeds, and upon the greed of men which makes drudges and slaves that tyrants and task-masters may laugh and grow fat.

The pale faced, heart starved woman whose beautiful bread and delicious pies and puddings and snowy white linen; are never complimented by those for whom she keeps faithful tab on the kitchen range and ironing board, has the tenderest sympathy of the editor of the Round Table. She who is denied the inspiring responsiveness and loving gratitude of those she serves, has much to dishearten her. The hand that turns out of a hot oven with a cheery smile a well baked potato or foamy apple, or who makes clean and sweet the tiniest, humblest bedroom, is deserving of just as much applause as the manager of a world lyceum or the writer of preachments for a magazine.

* * *

In the urgent solitudes
Lies the spur to larger moods;
In the friendship of the trees
Dwell all sweet serenities.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Here is a likeness of our comrade of Olalla Washington, editor of the little magazine "Soundview," and some verses sent us for our "Book of Life." If you are not posted about the "Book of Life," send a postal to the Round Table and we'll tell you all about it.



GREETING FROM THE "GREENS."

By L. E. Rader (The Boss Evergreen.)

To pens this modest ditty (with a pencil),
 Inscribed to Honest Evergreens
 Within the Windy City.
 A jolly crowd they surely are,
 This Spencer-Whitman Center,
 A home for all that love the truth,
 The loyal slave, the brave dissenter.

Then here's to all this merry crew
 That mans the ship "To-Morrow,"
 On voyage great on mental sea
 As Columbus on the water;
 A quest for continent of Truth —
 Sail on, ye gallant few,
 Though doubts and fears adown the years —
 Behold! A Thought World New!

Many delightful lectures and discourses upon topics of vital interest have been given at the S.-W. Center since our last going to press. Miss Moore occupied the floor one Thursday evening, iving "Some Causes of Unhappiness," the best part of which was the interesting discussion that followed.

Capt. R. D. Parker, who has made a study of psychology to the extent of publishing a book entitled "Psychology of Ment. and Phys. Training," talked on the following Thursday evening to an interested, enthusiastic gathering.

The class conducted by Mrs. Forwerger in Parliamentary Law and the class in Health and Breath culture under the instruction of Mr. B. T. Calvert, are doing excellent work. Free classes for the study of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer and another for the study of the philosophy of Richard Wagner are soon to begin work. Mr. Sercombe will conduct the former, Mrs. De Shon the latter. A circle is also forming for the study of Walt Whitman's poetry.

Our Sunday evening lectures and discussions at Fraternity Hall, 70 Adams St., are proving of great interest to an increasingly large number of friends and strangers alike. The Monday morning Chronicle, Tribune, Record-Herald and Inter-Ocean have given extended notices of these lectures and discussions on such subjects as "Human Interest in the Marriage of Others," "Lawson the Author-Hero of the Revolution," the "Psychology of Hate," etc. Our friends temporarily in the city are cordially invited to attend and to make their presence known at any of our gatherings at the down-town hall on Sunday evenings, or at the Thursday evening meetings at the Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet Ave. The results of the work of the Center point unmistakably to the constructiveness toward which we are inclining all our efforts. Liberal thought in a great city is to be found most anywhere, but it seems to be mostly of the destructive, unencouraging sort, giving no system of thought or actual basis for human progress, inspiration and happiness. Here at the S-W Headquarters the thought and aim is always toward constructiveness, for character culture, the education of the brain, hand and heart and the simplification, beautification and joy of life. We extend the glad hand of Fellowship to all.

My Dear Grace:

"To-Morrow" is becoming the "all-roundest" magazine on earth.

Most cordially,

L. E. RADER, Editor Soundview.

The following appreciative "appreciation" is from the Kansas City Star:

"The March issue of 'To-Morrow,' 'for people who think,' has reached this office. The compliment is appreciated. The magazine offers "to apply the eloquence of clear thinking to any of the problems of life." Its editors announce that they have plenty of "impersonal philosophy" and that they are "unafraid." So they produce as a frontispiece a photograph of a man leaning his head on his fist. Beneath the chin protrude the flying ends of a cravat such as Jack London and other poets wear. The man is squinting badly and his forehead carries such a deep wrinkle as to arouse curiosity as to whether a mule kicked him when he was a boy.

This face the undaunted editors seek to analyze. They think that "love, power, fierceness, determination, brutality, all are there." Then they conjure up the fierceness of a Tartan king" whatever that may be. As they proceed thy become more enthusiastic.

It could be wished that the rules of the office did not forbid the reproduction of the gentleman's portrait on the editorial page of the Star. There isn't the slightest desire to do him an injustice and maybe he is all that "To-Morrow" says of him and more. But without any intention of detracting from the merits of the portrait's subject, it might as well be confessed that to an unprejudiced observer he looks very like an ordinary man who had eaten a little too much pie and then sat for his picture in a light that was a trifle too strong for his eyes."

Syringa, Idaho.

The Informal Brotherhood



Conducted by Viola Richardson.



VIOLA RICHARDSON.

My Dear Friend:

You have asked me what my belief is as to the manner in which we should live. You say, "I am prone to think that the fewer ties the better for the individual."

I am not sure that I have any definite belief about the way in which we should live. Broadly speaking, we must believe that the best way to live is that which brings to the individual the greatest breadth and happiness and at the same time ministers to other lives to increase their breadth and happiness—or at least to in no wise

interfere with their welfare.

As a matter of fact, we live as we **must**—not as we would—and perhaps not as we should. The perfect life can only be lived by the perfect person in the midst of a perfect environment—and we do not know what the "perfect live" will be.

We can not even sit down in the silence and serenity of our room and plan out a course of action which we are able to follow, because no plan we can make is able to take into account the various factors in the way of inheritance, environment, etc., out of which action springs. Perhaps the best we can do is to seek to cultivate a certain attitude of mind—a faith in the eternal fitness of things, and the ability to take refuge from the "mistakes" of life by immersing ourselves in the "impersonal view point." To talk about living, and to live, are two entirely different things.

The little group of us here are trying to learn to live—trying to learn to live in such a way as to make life broader and better for us all. Many beautiful things have been brought out in our very weaknesses, which, as you can read-

ily imagine, are manifested much more when we try to live and work together than when we simply meet casually in our business and social relations. We come to realize how much of selfishness, how much of willingness, nay **desire**, for special privilege, how much of desire for domination are woven into our natures, put there by the system under which we and our fathers and our fathers' fathers have lived.

In a certain sense the attitude human beings take toward one another is one of guarding and defense (distrust) when it is not one of actual aggression. So habitual is this attitude that we are really unconscious of it. When an individual drops this attitude of being on guard, of fending, leaves down the barriers of defense, he appears to his fellows as one insane, and becomes a butt for all sorts of misunderstandings and invasion.

Co-operation in the real sense and with any degree of completeness is possible only between people who are on the same plane of consciousness and understanding.

As to the matter of our binding ourselves by ties—I do not know how we can live under present economic and resultant social conditions without becoming subject to certain ties and their accompanying responsibilities and obligations. But I do believe that the tendency of humanity is towards freedom—that the truest adjustment can come only as the atoms that make up society move freely—and that as the soul grows in power and understanding and life and love it will become less and less subject to these ties which are woven around the ordinary human life; and only as it loses the sense of being tied to a few will it grow to feel its union with all.

We as yet only half guess what real love, what real friendship and comradeship shall be, because economic conditions so press upon us that we cannot see and feel clearly in these matters.

To sleep sweetly, to rise reasonably early and face the day unafraid, to work and laugh and play, to live and be willing that others shall live, to eat simple foods, and trust the rest to the "cosmic process of evolution," and through it all to preserve a sense of humor—not take ourselves too seriously—this is as near as I can come to saying what my belief is as to the manner in which we shall live.

Dear Publishers of "To-Morrow":

A short time ago we received a sample copy of "To-Morrow," for which we thank you much. Its grooves fit, and run smoothly in the grooves of our own ideas, we think, and that means progression, ever reaching for something higher and better. We look upon life as one endless ceaseless term in the beautiful school of experience, and Truth filled with fragrance sweet, though gathered from mud beneath our feet. And we look forward to hours of pleasure spent in reading "To-Morrow."

B. B. STEWART.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

Below we give some extreme extracts from a letter from a "To-Morrow" girl seventy years young. It is good to come in touch with young men and women who are thinking, because it is to them that we must look for that fluidity that enables the individual to break away from the "established" in creeds, etc., and be able to take up the thought that makes for fuller life, for progress; but there is a peculiar gratification in finding those whom we ordinarily call old still preserving the spirit of youth and progress, still reaching out unafraid, for more knowledge and truer truth. We do not need to grow old—we ought to keep growing all the years of our lives—we never can hope to be much more than children in this short earth existence, any way, and what's the use of our getting the idea that because we have lived a certain number of years we have not the right power to keep on growing. Let's just remember that life is a great big school and we all are just children learning our lessons, and the affairs of life are only children's games. Let's be sensible.

V. R.

Editor "To-Morrow":

I have been reading "To-Morrow" for the past three months. I consider it the best reform editorial magazine ever published for thoughtful people. Yours,

W. H. CONLEY.

Edwardsburg, Mich.

My Esteemed Friends:

I herewith hand you my name for membership because of the "desire within" for an expansion in all the term implies. "To-Morrow" I read with interest. It is the right magazine, at the right time, edited by right thinking people. My best wishes for greater success every issue. Kindly yours,

C. M. CORBIN.

Kearney, Neb.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find one dollar for "To-Morrow" for the coming year. I have to be discriminating in the literature I take, but I want "To-Morrow" and no premium.

I like "To-Morrow" inspite of its inaartistic cover and minor things, because it has plenty of *head* and *courage*. I like it, in other words, because its strength is where it is needed most, and its weaknesses it will outgrow. Very fraternally,

FRANK C. LEAVITT.

Boston, Mass.

I like your publication. It has vigor and an originality especially impressing and pleasing.

N. D. THOMPSON, Editor Journal of Agriculture,
St. Louis, Mo.

"To-Morrow" for March is out. It is a magazine for people who think and contains much to think about.

THE TRIBUNE, Oakland, Calif.

Editors "To-Morrow":

I have read Mr. Hannigan's very able and strong article in the March "To-Morrow," and agree in toto with contents, as also with editorial comments thereon.

F. CAMBENSY, Chicago.

From the BUFFALO NEWS:

In the "To-Morrow" magazine for March the editor's comments "On Sobriety," and the tendency of the epoch to become money drunk as manifested in every phase of modern life, are, an original and thought provoking utterances.

From the REPUBLICAN, Lansing, Mich.:

"To-Morrow" for March has an excellent portrait of William Morris

on the front cover; in fact, is more profuse with illustrations throughout than any previous number of this much-alive publication.

From the MILWAUKEE FREE PRESS:

"To-Morrow" Magazine for March has an article by J. E. Trumbull on "Sugar Beets and Beet Sugar," accompanied by several illustrations, which is a practical and timely account of this growing and interesting field of production.

In the February "To-Morrow" Herman Kuehn writes pleasantly of the doctrine that no one has rights, which isn't so startling as it sounds; for what he seems to imply is that while a right to life or liberty does not exist, neither does a right to take away life or liberty. Thus by denying all rights, an ideal condition of life would result. Other contributors are Dr. Allen A. Wesley, with an excellent paper on the "Niagara Movement" among Negroes; and J. J. McManaman writes with genuine common sense of the "bad boy" problem.

THE PUBLIC, (Chicago.)

Dear Friends:

Enclosed find order for renewal of my subscription to "To-Morrow." I am vitally interested in your line of thought and am glad that some one is fearless enough to express such truths without fear or favor. I would that the magazine might reach more people, tickle more gray matter, awaken those who just think they think. My copies are in circulation until worn out and now I have a few who ask for a turn at it as soon as possible. Wishing you every success,

Very sincerely,

LUCY ROBERTS CASE (Seattle, Wash.)

Editor "To-Morrow,"

Dear Liberal Worker:

I am so glad to see a number of your little magazine, and "gladder" still to see how refreshingly liberal it is! May it have a million or so tomorrows in which to open the eyes of the "great unwashed" to multitudes of glaring wrongs upheld by organized credulity and greed. * * *

Wishing you success,

I am very truly,

FLORA W. FOX (Los Angeles, Calif.)

Dear Friend:

Glad to note the many encouraging signs of success at the ranch, and the continued improvement of "To-Morrow." It is certainly forging to the front as "the most vital publication of the day."

Yours truly,

DAVID G. ENGLER (St. Louis, Mo.)

My Dear Mr. Sercombe:

I have your note remarking the similarities between my little comment on Sara Bernhardt and your own analysis of the face of Stephen Reynolds. To be quite frank with you, I am not much of a believer in one man reading the thoughts of soul secrets of another. As for woman, I doubt very much if God Almighty himself can understand or interpret her. To my thinking, all such things as my little analysis of the divine Sara, are nothing more than a reading into the object of one's own thoughts and feelings.

I like the little "Epic of the Granite Column" very much.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM MARION REEDY,

Editor "The Mirror."

From a letter received from a friend in Salt Lake who does not subscribe to the contents of J. P. Meakin's article in December "To-Morrow" on "The Customs and Beliefs of Mormonism and the Present Status of Polygamy."

"To live among the Mormons and see the twelve wring money into

their own pockets from the poor and ignorant. To see the old wife at seventy out washing and scrubbing to help support the young one and her five babies because she is made to believe if her husband didn't marry the young one she would be eternally damned. To see an old man, almost eighty, an apostle, put away his third wife and take a young girl of seventeen, to renew his physical lust. To see an old wife beg for the broken food at the door of the new one who drove in her carriage, afraid to rebel for fear the church would do her physical harm here and carry the condemnation beyond the grave. To live among such scenes as these rubs the guilt off Mormonism and shows its dross. You ought to be careful to get the real truth of the matter you publish, and Mr. Meakin didn't give it to you."

Editor "To-Morrow":

My Dear Sir:—Although more than forty publications come to my table regularly, I yield to the temptation to subscribe for your very excellent little magazine. * * *

Fraternally and Cordially,
W. C. COOPER.

My Dear Mr. Sercombe:

* * * * What strikes me with admiration is the splendid quality of your magazine throughout. It is A No. 1 in looks and matter—you are to be congratulated. I shall miss my guess mightily if you do not achieve a wide flung success. I sincerely wish it for, you at any rate.

Your friend,

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS,
Editor "Human Life."

Books and Magazines.

We are in receipt of a little neatly bound book called "A Word Fitly Spoken," by Sarah E. Drake. (Publishers, The Hollenbeck Press, Indianapolis, Ind. Price, 1.00.) The purpose of the book, as stated by the author, is "to help others to understand themselves and also understand the ones next to them, bringing harmony out of confusion, light out of darkness, distinguishing good from evil and wiping out sin." Among the subjects treated are "Daytime of Humanity," "Discontent," "Life More Abundantly," "My Prayer," etc.

A charming and unique little booklet has come to us from Aumond David, Los Angeles, Calif., presenting by a series of photographs and printed directions, exercises for the physical development of children.

An Interlude," by Catharine Josephine Barton (Hudson Press, Kansas City, Mo.) is a charming little booklet containing four essays as follows: "Ma Rose La France," "Is Divorce a Mistake," "L'Expression de L'Amour Infini," "La Cinquieme Beatitude," in which lessons of life are very beautifully given.

The Scientific Skeleton (Samuel Blodgett, Grafton, N. Dak., Author and Publisher) recently received, states in the Preface its purpose as follows: "Make science and a future life harmonious, or we may as well give up the idea of continued existence. The aim of this little book is no less than to revolutionize scientific thought concerning the cosmos."

Two very strong pamphlets on Postal Censorship have come to our table,—*Our Advancing Postal Censorship*, by Louis F. Post, Editor of The Public, and *Administrative Process of the Postal Department*," (A Letter to the President) by Thaddeus Burr Wakeman. This may be obtained from E. B. Foote, Jr., 120 Lexington Ave., New York City. Every person who is capable of thinking and of using his powers in constructive and progressive work should have these little pamphlets.

What Should I Do that I Would be What the Almighty Designed, and A Knowledge of the Self the Key to Power, by C. E. Patterson, M.D., D.S., Grand Rapids, Mich., indicate by their titles the character of their contents. Their purpose is to aid people to reach spiritual and physical health.

Our friend, J. Adelard Rene, sends us a copy of *Priest and Man* (The Editor Publishing Co., 150 Nassau St., New York) and lovingly inscribes it to our "Freak" collection. We have only had time to sketch it very hurriedly, but it looks interesting.

Constructive Democracy with sub-title of "The Economics of a Square Deal," by William E. Smythe, is one of the books of our times. It is written in the right impersonal spirit, from the standpoint of a scientific observer of the evolution of human society, and ought to be in the hands of every thoughtful person. Macmillan Co., New York.

New World Lyrics and Ballads, a volume of beautiful verses, has come to us from Morang & Co., Toronto, Canada.

More pertinent editorial matter on more timely subjects could not be found than those published in March issue of *Review of Reviews*. The question of "Army Desertions" is ably and forcefully discussed by Capt. Anderson. "Railroad Freight Rates," the "Philipino Labor Supply," and "The Houses of Children in Paris" are some further interesting and well presented subjects. (13 Astor Pl., N. Y.)

McClure's for March contains more of Clara Morris' interesting stage talk, Idaa M. Tarbell's "Commercial Machiavellianism" and Carl Schurz' "Reminiscences of a Long Life." A remarkably fine illustrative picture in color forms the frontispiece, the subject being a horseback riding scene in Stewart Edward White's story of "Arizona Nights." (4th Av. and 23rd St., N. Y.)

Medical Talk for the Home (March) besides its colored cover of artistic design, and on first page a splendid picture of its good-looking editor, Dr. C. S. Carr, is a much more attractive magazine than would be supposed from its name. It discusses in quite an independent, practical manner such first hand topics as "Vigorous Health for Women," "Sexual Life of the Boy," "Dry Diet Treatment," the latter being a clever and amusing bit of satire by Elmer Ellsworth Carey, Asst. Ed'r. "Suggestion." (Columbus, O.)

It is impossible to appropriately review the *Mar Arena* within the short space at our command. It is redolent with brilliant articles on the timeliest and most absorbing subjects. "Economy," by Stuyvesant Fish, "The March of Direct Legislation," by Eltwed Pomeroy, A. M. "The Menace of Plutocracy" by David Graham Phillips, preceded by an appreciation of Mr. Phillips by B. O. Flower, are probably the most noticeable articles. (Albert Brandt, Publisher, Boston.)

For scientists and students of economics from the view-point of the higher physical development of our country, the *Technical World Magazine* is unexcelled. In April edition "Niagara Falls Already Ruined," by Alton E. Adams, is of peculiar interest. (3325 Armour Ave., Chicago.)

Wilshire's for March publishes a letter and a fine portrait of Maxim Gorky. "Derby Neck Under Jack London's Yoke," and unusual article anent "Alice and Nick," showing "Nick's" undemocratic connection with Boss Cox and his use of political corruptionists to make a place for himself in the political, commercial and social world. A strong number is this of Wilshire's. (Gaylord Wilshire, N. Y.)

Lucifer, March 1, is of unusual interest because of a letter from Moses Harmon, written on the way to the Joliet penitentiary, where he is to serve one year for having offended the postal censorship. No one reading Mr. Harmon's letter could fail to be touched by the gentle, loving admonitions to his friends and comrades in which he urges them to write to him, but to refrain from critical or unkind references to his perse-

cutors. The spirit of forgiveness, tolerance of personal wrongs and of great courage, are plainly shown in this "Greeting and Farewell." (500 Fulton St., Chicago.)

Talent (March) is a fine number. An appreciation of Paul Lawrence Dunbar and another of the Fisk Jubilee Singers are among the good things. One gets an excellent review of the modern stage and of platform doings of all sorts by reading the articles and especially the advertisements in this lyceum publication. (1224 Land Title Building, Phila.)

Madam (March.) Official organ of Nat. Council of Women of U. S. and "for women who think," has an attractive list of articles, timely in their suggestiveness and interestingly illustrated. There is an up to date needlework and dress making department from which we gather that the Madam visits women who both think and make shirt waists and baby socks. (Indianapolis.)

Good Housekeeping is as good for housekeepers as *To-Morrow* is for people who think." Like *To-Morrow* it goes right after its subjects and its subjects are those of vital and peculiar interest to its readers, the March number giving "First Aids to Brides" for which coming benedicts should needs be thankful. (N. Y., Chicago and Springfield, Mass.)

Another excellent monthly for housekeepers, published by Clark Publishing Co., Boston., is *Everyday Housekeeping*. The March issue has a good article on the life of Chopin, something about the "Cost of European Travel," and a beautifully illustrated appreciation of "Gail Hamilton." Plenty of good domestic material is interwoven.

Now, a Journal of Affirmation, by Henry Harrison Brown, 105 Steiner St., San Francisco, is here and is a superior "New Thought" publication. A fine poem on "Love's Recompense" by the editor, is among the attractions.

The Square Deal, a tastily constructed booklet by Laurie J. Quimby, Omaha, Neb., (1521 Leavenworth St.) gave us a pleasant surprise the other day. This first number (Jan. and Feb.) seems to indicate a determination to work for a "better Omaha," and to uphold high standards of citizenship. "Laurie" is all right and to him and his associate we extend best wishes.

LColliers (N. Y.) for March is distinctively timely. "Panama Without Prejudice" is continued, accompanied by illustrations and diagrams; "The Promised Insurance Revolution," by the first mayor of Pittsburg, "Pure Food Through the Senate" are the best contributions.

The Mirror (N. W. Cor. 10th and Pine Sts., St. Louis) of March 1 contains characteristic, strong meat, the result of Wm. Marion Reedy's literary (and human!) evolution. His remarks upon the impressionistic caricature of "Sara" on first page, remind us of "The Face," by Himself, in March *To-Morrow*—because it is so different.

Many other good publications come to our desk and deserve more than passing mention, but for want of space we can only gratefully acknowledge them. Among them are: *Current Literature*, *Vegetarian Magazine*, *Watson's Magazine*, *Literary Digest*, *The Dial*, *the Magazine of Mysteries*, *Humanitarian Review*, *National Magazine*, *The Broad Ax*, *International Socialist Review*, *Ingersoll Memorial Beacon*, *Soundview*, *Thought*, *Phalanx*, *The Rocky Mt. Magazine*, *Suggestion*, *Philistine*, *Physical Culture*, *Dogdom*, *Our Monthly*, *The Business Philosopher*, *Scientific American*, *Ad Sense*, *The Balance*, *Judicious Advertising*, *Nautilus*,

A FARM FOR YOU

ONE COPY MAY PAY FOR IT

The Eastern tenant (and you who read may be one) rents his farm, and, by getting up early and working late, succeeds at the end of the year in having made a fair living, with the bulk of the farm products belonging to the landlord. He can keep this up, year after year, and, at the end of any term of years, he is about where he started, with this difference—both he and the farm have perceptibly run down. The longer he keeps at it, the poorer he is. There's a better way. There's nothing new or strange about it. Thousands have tried it and "won out." Why not you? Let us tell you how.

There are ways and ways—one of them is to sell out, gather up all the money you can, and go West and homestead. This can be done, but there is this fact to remember: Nearly all the best places are taken. One can find any amount of raw land remote from railroads, schools, and churches, out of the world and away back, where, in the course of time, civilization may penetrate. But there's a better way than all that. It is to buy a farm in the Southwest, along the Santa Fe, and start in with all the advantages you left behind, and more.

You can buy that sort of a place at from \$10 an acre to many times that amount. The difference in price depends on nearness to towns, railroads, the state of cultivation, and all that sort of thing. But a better farm, so far as fertility of the soil and productiveness are concerned, may be had for \$10 an acre, than you could get anywhere back East for \$50 an acre.

Here's a further fact: It may seem remarkable, but it is a fact, that the first crop will often pay for the land. It has occurred in thousands of instances, and will occur again.

Where is all this to be done? That's where we come in, willing and ready to help you. You ought to have detailed information, and we will send it to you for the asking. Down in Southern and Southwestern Kansas a \$10-an-acre farm is waiting for you, and it is probably better than the one you leave behind, owned by the landlord.

It is not for us to discriminate between sections, but this is undoubtedly true of Southwestern Kansas. Over the line in Oklahoma and Texas the same thing can be done, with the stock-raising idea more prominent. Down in the Pecos Valley, in New Mexico, it is an irrigation proposition—and people are going there by the carloads. While land is high priced there, you don't need much of it. You couldn't farm a hundred acres, not if somebody gave it to you. Forty acres would be plenty. In Southwest Kansas, with a good team you can farm 160 acres, but in an irrigation country you can not do this. Everything is intensive and concentrated where water is required. In Arizona the conditions are much the same, and so all along the Santa Fe until you come to California, where everything is different.

Now, if you will fill in coupon below, we'll send you pamphlets that tell a complete story of this wonderful country.

C. L. SEAGRAVES, Gen'l Colonization Agent,
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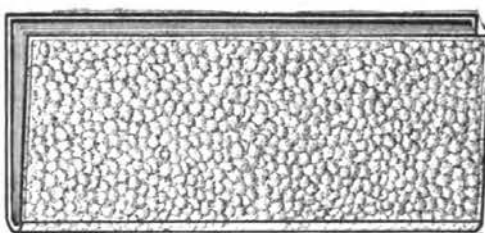


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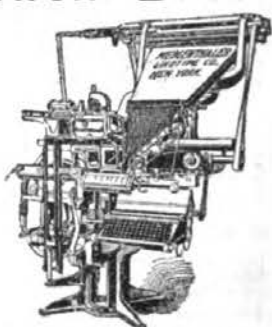
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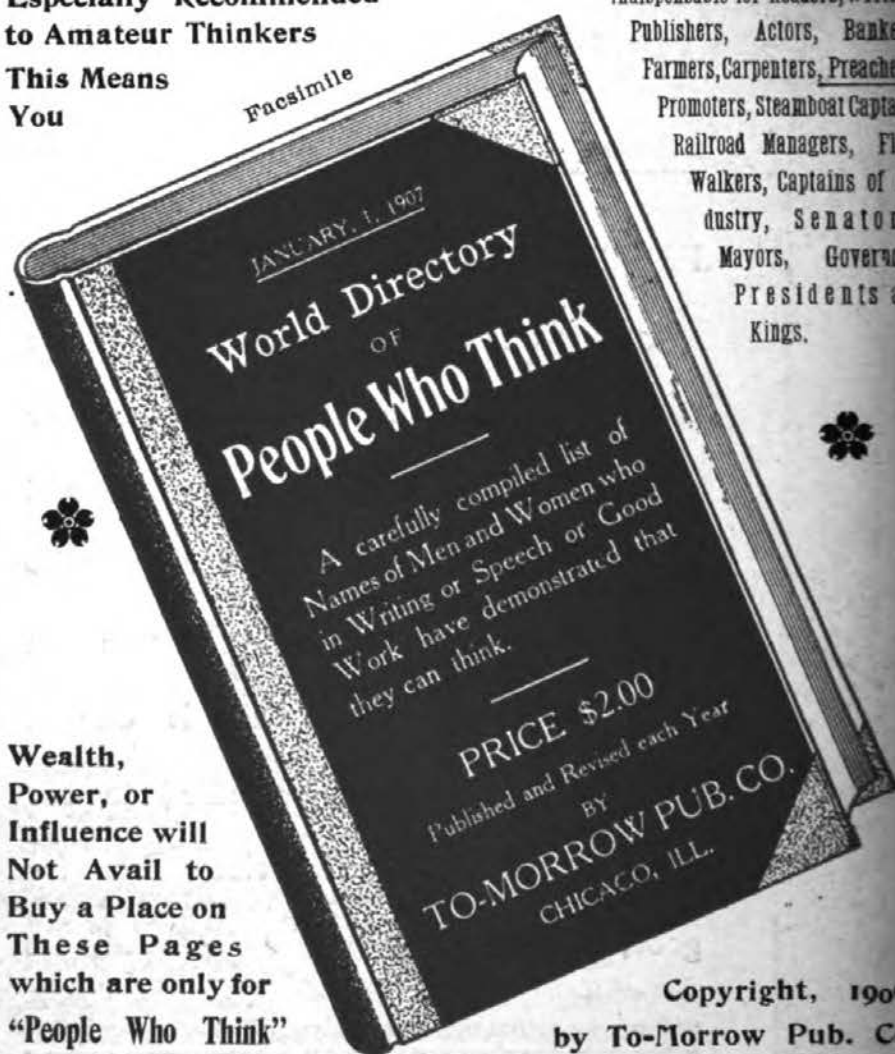
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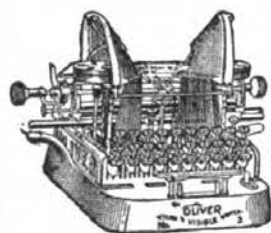
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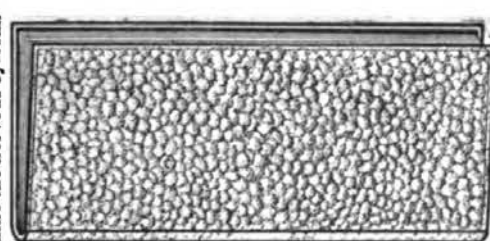
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A FARM FOR YOU

ONE CROP MAY PAY FOR IT

The Eastern tenant (and you who read may be one) rents his farm, and, by getting up early and working late, succeeds at the end of the year in having made a fair living, with the bulk of the farm products belonging to the landlord. He can keep this up, year after year, and, at the end of any term of years, he is about where he started, with this difference—both he and the farm have perceptibly run down. The longer he keeps at it, the poorer he is. There's a better way. There's nothing new or strange about it. Thousands have tried it and "won out." Why not you? Let us tell you how.

There are ways and ways—one of them is to sell out, gather up all the money you can, and go West and homestead. This can be done, but there is this fact to remember: Nearly all the best places are taken. One can find any amount of raw land remote from railroads, schools, and churches, out of the world and away back, where, in the course of time, civilization may penetrate. But there's a better yaw than all that. It is to buy a farm in the Southwest, along the Santa Fe, and start in with all the advantages you left behind, and more.

You can buy that sort of a place at from \$10 an acre to many times that amount. The difference in price depends on nearness to towns, railroads, the state of cultivation, and all that sort of thing. But a better farm, so far as fertility of the soil and productiveness are concerned, may be had for \$10 an acre, than you could get anywhere back East for \$50 an acre.

Here's a further fact: It may seem remarkable, but it is a fact, that the first crop will often pay for the land. It has occurred in thousands of instances, and will occur again.

Where is all this to be done? That's where we come in, willing and ready to help you. You ought to have detailed information, and we will send it to you for the asking. Down in Southern and Southwestern Kansas a \$10-an-acre farm is waiting for you, and it is probably better than the one you leave behind, owned by the landlord.

It is not for us to discriminate between sections, but this is undoubtedly true of Southwestern Kansas. Over the line in Oklahoma and Texas the same thing can be done, with the stock-raising idea more prominent. Down in the Pecos Valley, in New Mexico, it is an irrigation proposition—and people are going there by the carloads. While land is high priced there, you don't need much of it. You couldn't farm a hundred acres, not if somebody gave it to you. Forty acres would be plenty. In Southwest Kansas, with a good team, you can farm 160 acres, but in an irrigation country you can not do this. Everything is intensive and concentrated where water is required. In Arizona the conditions are much the same, and so all along the Santa Fe until you come to California, where everything is different.

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Social Reform has been TALKED long enough. We now propose to LIVE it.

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Those who will not work can not eat.

Candidates must be willing to work six hours a day, be high minded, have clean habits, and be completely tolerant of the opinions, mistakes and blunders of others; in fact, they must know how to mind their own business in practice as well as theory.

Every candidate with or without money becomes an equal owner with the rest, of an undivided interest, every adult has equal voice in conducting the community affairs and every person who does good

work receives equal pay (dividends) whether General Manager or Scavenger.

Members of the Group will not compete with each other except in the matter of good behavior and good habits.

Candidates with children are preferred, as it is expected to reach the highest type of education and Character Culture, including industry, originality, initiative, Art, Music, Literature, Cabinet Making, Boat-building, Printing, Book-Binding, and Pottery manufacture.

The Association will supply food, clothing, and homes to its members, all to be in accordance with their own choice and taste, and variety in style of houses and dress will be encouraged, this being in accordance with the law of progress and differentiation.

The Association will be in competition with other groups and also with the outside world, but the economic pressure will fall ON THE GROUP as a whole and not upon the individuals.

Our present system of competition stimulates greed, vanity, and dishonesty which is increasing with each generation. Under group ownership the tendency is reversed and in place of the old effort to outdo, subdue, and overcome we have a natural development of kindness, generosity and equality.

WHY GROUP LIFE HAS FAILED.

1—Because it has been undertaken by fanatics who have not known what it is to be scientific instead of imaginative.

2—Because it has been undertaken without sufficient capital and business experience.

3—Because it has never been entered into with the specific motive of making it an environment for CHARACTER CULTURE for CHILDREN.

4—Because the Science of Education, Psychology and Sociology have only recently become understood and no movement has ever been initiated which embodied these as well as the necessary capital and business experience.

5—We now know that every individual candidate for the group must be tested as to industry, selfishness and toleration of the opinions and mistakes of others and rejected if found wanting.

6—We now know that democracy and freedom of thought can be the only basis of happiness, a truth that could not be comprehended by our progenitors who made communal experiments in the past.

7—Group ownership under equality implies pure democracy, the only enduring working basis of life, all of which could never be possible under the lying dogmas of a decaying faith which must ever render intellectual honesty impossible.

8—The old orthodox type were afraid of life, they were fantastic in their conceptions, tyrannical in their ideals, cruel in their punishments and whimsical in their notions of right and wrong, all of which offered no basis for social equilibrium.

No wonder they failed.

THE SECRET OF VOICE-PLACING.

In reality there is no such thing as "placing the voice." Voice is invisible and inevitably an infinite quality, so such expressions, as voice-building," "voice-development," etc., are misleading. "Voice-placing" is the most nearly correct because there is only one place within the human anatomy where the voice can be revibrated in order to secure brilliancy. This place is the vocal chambers of the head. When one learns to revibrate tone in this place, his voice takes on a timbre, and when he recognizes that he has attained this brilliancy of tone because he has succeeded in revibrating sound in this definite place, then, naturally, he says that his voice has been placed. But the term, "voice placing" is far from adequate and is used in this article simply for the want of something better.

The secret of "Voice-placing" lies in the *What* and the *How*. If the instructor can present in a skillful manner the *What*, the learner will experience very little difficulty with the *How*. This cannot be done by illustrated talks on anatomical vocal structure, lectures on bones, registers, muscles, etc. It cannot be done by kneading the diaphragm, consciously lifting the chest, touching the tip of the tongue to the front teeth, placing a belt closely about the waist, hollowing and curving the tongue, idiotic smiling, etc., etc.

It can be done by teaching the pupil to think a tone correctly. He must be taught to recognize the *What* and the *How*. The *What* is the vibration which sings, the *How* to make it sing results from discrimination and concentration. Discrimination of the vibration which sings and concentration on the thing discriminated focus the voice, having for its objective point the teeth and the reverberatory or bony part of the face and head without spoken reference to them.

Voice is the result of the involuntary vibration of the vocal cords together with the air within the walls of the head and throat. By revibration in the vocal chambers of the head, timbre-brilliancy known as head-resonance is attained. By learning to recognize the vibrating of the vocal cords and the revibration above them in the trachea and chest, one becomes conscious of *how* he produces tone; and by learning to recognize the velvety, musical quality of a tone produced through such consciousness he learns to think a tone that is pleasing. Thus it is that the thought-tone is the real tone; the audible one a reproduction. With this discrimination "voice-placing" and the art of singing and speaking become as simple, positive and exact as a formula for compounding chemicals.

Voice like thought, is invisible. Thought cannot be molded or builded; thought is unfoldment; thought is infinite; thought is the molder and builder of the physical being; thought inspires and compels the development of the physical, and in turn the physical reproduces the thought through the psychic. The thought-tone likewise is an unfoldment. It is the molder and developer of the vocal organ. A tone correctly thought is the psychical motor of the vocal dynamo—it absolutely compels the development of every particle of vocal structure. Correct breathing becomes habit. The muscles of the head and face, like the muscles of the head and abdomen, obey the law vibrating in infinite harmony; and the entire being finally becomes the resonator.

The secret of "voice-placing" then lies in mental unfoldment. When one learns to think a tone correctly, he has but to breathe the thought into audible consciousness.

Every atom of his physical being responds in harmony with reproducing, and concentration naturally results. With such discrimination and concentration, relaxation becomes compulsory and the throat is opened leaving the vocal cords free to vibrate, resulting in sympathetic quality and breadth of tone and subconscious breath-control.

Recognition of the vibration which sings then, is mental unfoldment. Mental unfoldment brings voice-unfoldment. Thus it is that voice is placed by discriminating the invisible, inevitable, creative law of vibration—infinite force.

CARL YOUNG.

63 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The Business End.

WHITMAN AND HUXLEY.

And now gentlemen,
A word I give you to remain in your memory and minds,
As base and finale too, of all metaphysics.
(So to the students the old professor
At close of the crowded course.)
Having studied the new and the antique, the Greek and Germanic systems,
Kant having studied and stated, Fichte and Schelling and Hegel,
Stated the lore of Plato, and Socrates greater than Plato,
And greater than Socrates sought and stated, Christ divine
having studied long,
I see reminiscent to-day those Greek and Germanic systems,
See the philosophies all, Christian churches and tenets see,
Yet underneath Socrates clearly see, and underneath Christ
the divine I see.
The dear love of man for his comrade, the attention of friend
to friend.

—Walt Whitman.



May is the month of
the Good Gray Poet and
controversialist.

of the savant and alert

Walt Whitman was
born May 31st, 1819, and
lived seventy-three years,
and Thomas Huxley, May
4th, 1825, living seventy
years, they were practically
contemporaneous.

Whitman, perhaps
more than any other since
the artificialities of civilization
began to hold sway, held an unbiased,
nature concept of life and
thought. Huxley, the associate
of Spencer, Darwin and Tyndall,
did more during his life than

any of this group to popularize and vitalize the dawn thought
of science. "To-Morrow" honors these more than any others
of the countless millions who have been born in the month
of May, Whitman's portrait appearing on our front cover and
Huxley's adorning this page. Our heroes for June are Henry
Ward Beecher and Henry D. Thoreau.

As this magazine goes to press the three dramatic events
which are foremost before the people of the world are the
influence of Upton Sinclair's book, "The Jungle," in causing
President Roosevelt to send an investigating committee to the
Chicago Stock Yards; the dramatic return of John Alexander

TO-MORROW.

Dowie to Zion City after having been repudiated by his Lieutenants and followers; and the lesser event, the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.

Of course the Stock Yards are being "scrubbed up," renovated and put into shape for the President's investigating committee, a precaution that was overlooked at the time of Upton Sinclair's visit.

The belching smoke and flame of Vesuvius coughing lava is at this time symbolic of the social and economic upheavals of our epoch—a hot time for plutocracy and those who in the past have been exploiting and coercing their fellows.

While differing, of course, with the religion and general views of John Alexander Dowie, his case is unquestionably the most dramatic and interesting of modern times, and illustrates the old story of how the man of genius and constructive ability builds up that which weak and forceless men and women are so easily able to tear down.

Whatever other characteristics Dowie may have, the constructive and organizing power which enabled him in a dozen years to build up a community of ten thousand people with twenty millions invested points him out as one of the great geniuses of modern times, and it is the old story of envy, backbiting, spoliation and greed of those whom the shepherd appointed to take care of his flocks during his absence that really forms the contemptible part of the story; yet we may say that it is fortunate for the good of the world that the destructionists exist, else the Dowies and Marshall Fields would go on forever and gradually come to own and control everything.

Our readers, advertisers and those in sympathy with our work will be gratified at the wonderful progress made in our advertising patronage in this number, and so great is now the tendency to patronize our advertising section that we may say "To-Morrow" before the end of the year will actually be one of the great publications of the country.

A few years ago "To-Morrow" might have been designated as a magazine of free thought, but now-a-days free thought is in the air, every one we meet is a free thinker, we are beginning to know that it is better to think as we please and to say what we think than to be one of the cattle.

"To-Morrow" is for people who think, that is, it is for all the people who are not cattle. It is for people who are not afraid to say things that others do not believe, and it is for people who are perfectly willing to hear what others have to say whether they believe it or not.

MISTAKES.

Be not afraid of your own mistakes. Be not afraid of the mistakes of your associates and neighbors.

Your mistakes are valuable to you. You need them.

It is by your mistakes (experience) that you improve; not by scolding or fault finding.

Cherish, love and respect your mistakes. They are your best teachers. They are a part of you.

TO-MORROW.

Blessings on those who are big enough, great enough, cosmic enough to let us make our mistakes and get the benefit of them without comment or interference.

LIFE vs. PROGRAMS.

After the lecture of H. H. Hardinge on Sunday evening, April 8th. before the Spencer-Whitman Center in Fraternity Hall, a lively discussion followed. Socialists, Hamiltonian Republicans, Jeffersonian Democrats, Single Taxers and Individualists clamored to prove that their pet theories and programs were right, not one of them apparently taking the trouble to ask "Nature" what she was going to do about it.

This was very strange because for a certainty nature knows best. Has she not wisely and slowly in her own way developed the rose, the glorious sunset, the roaring of Vesuvius and arranged the delicate relations of the atoms that compose the human eye and brain?

Can we trust her? Must we trust her? Where would nature be if she had gone according to the program of any man or body of men, such as we call a state legislature, for instance?

Imagine the United States Senate organizing harmony in music, the mathematical relation of the stars or the digestive apparatus of an ostrich!

Whether we trust nature or not, she will be the one who will solve the economic, social and political problems of our time, and it will be by the action and interaction of all forces and isms that these human pissmires are bringing to the fore as the "all-cure."

While each of these programists is partly in the right, all of them are wrong, as the final truth will grow out of life, action, and not be the result of talking.

DOING vs. BELIEVING.

What weight do you give the words of a thief, grafter or trickster as he proclaims his love for honor and rectitude?

• How do you classify the words of coarse-featured, over-fed men and women who assure you of their love of beauty and symmetry when you know that active workers ALWAYS grow fat when they lose their jobs and become symmetrical again when they regain them? The glutton will inform you that "surplus flesh" is a family characteristic.

How about the preacher who say he believes in democracy and draws his salary from a society the chief occupation of which is to perpetuate the forms and ideas of kingcraft?

How about the parent who "believes" in originality, initiative, industry, and then blights the mind and career of the child by submitting it to a dogmatic leisure class education?

How about the millionaire who claims to be devoted to his children and who with ample means to provide an environment that will make useful men and women of them, permits them to grow up in leisure and idleness as loafers and parasites?

TO-MORROW.

How about the "liberal" thinker who though demanding freedom for himself imposes his wrath, his judgments and his ostracism upon others whose only fault is having the same philosophy as his own?

What of the socialist who talks of brotherhood, equality, and of doing away with individual ownership, and makes no effort to live SOCIALISM as well as talk it?

Comrades, if we are ever going to have socialism, you should commence to LIVE IT now—at once.

The great defect in the prevailing mental attitude is a lack of appreciation of the fact that **talking** is not **living**.

The teacher imagines that her moral instruction to pupils is complete after they have learned to repeat a few proverbs, the Golden Rule, etc., when good character can only be obtained by living in an environment where good character is the fashion and the individuals gradually grow into right living as a matter of course.

Social reformers commit the same error. They TALK their Utopias instead of living them.

CAUSE AND CURE.

This little generalization has been hailed by many of our friends as an original and incisive aid to clear thinking and those who are able to see its relation to all the forces of life will gain much in the way of right mental attitude by a careful study of its contents.

We are glad to have our friends write us for copies of our pamphlets and folders in which we are trying to give to the world a better idea of the scope and methods of our work.

"A THINK MAGAZINE FOR THINK PEOPLE."

Is the way in which one of our correspondents designates this magazine and it is gratifying, too, as returns come in, to realize that our exchanges and co-workers in many parts of the world distinctly feel that the "To-Morrow" group should be the one naturally chosen to compile a "World's Directory of People Who Think."

Bear in mind that discriminations as to who are thinkers and who are not, will not be left to the opinion of any person or set of persons, for the test will not be one of cult or creed or system, but instead it will be **nature's opinion** that will be sought and only as the thinking power, of the "candidate" is found to be in harmony with nature, life, God, evolution, will he be considered as eligible to our Directory.

The daintiest, neatest little book I have seen in many months is the deluxe edition of "back to nature" published by the Egg-O-See Cereal people of Quincy, Ill. Lacking the words and phrases to fittingly describe what seems to me the perfection of printer's and paper-maker's art, I do know that its recommendation of nature and out-of-door life and its hints on diet, menus and athletic exercise are sound as logic and beautiful as truth.

TO-MORROW.

Our friends the "Now" Folk of 105 Steiner St., San Francisco, announce that they will conduct a New Thought Summer School from May 1 to October 31, 1906 at their "Now" Folk Mountain Home, near Glenwood, Santa Cruz County, Cal., via S. P. R. R. Special Camper's tickets from 'Frisco \$3.00 round trip.

A vacation where you can combine the most beautiful mountain scenery with rest and rambles among virgin red-woods should not be overlooked.

A word about music. I dropped into Carl Young's Studio in the Auditorium the other day and became so deeply interested in his practical ideas on voice use and culture that I invited him to send in a contribution on "The Secret of Voice Placing," which appears in this number. He tells us that music must be thought out as well as felt before it can be properly sung. His appeal reminds me of Clarence Darrow's discussion on Style in Literature which he declares entirely depends on the writer having ideas—he must have something worth while to say and the "style" will arrive all right.

Money Making Investments? Yes, there are still some left, notwithstanding the efforts of Morgan and Claus Spreckles to get them all. Sugar? Beet sugar? Perhaps, but Cane Sugar and Aguadiente is what the Motzorongo Co., in the Reaper Block, expect to make their millions on in Mexico. I have tried them and know they are all right. I have been on the ground and knew Uncle Joe, Demetrio and all about the Pechecos before the Motzorongo Company was formed.

I visited Prof. and Mrs. Dickson in Kimball Hall last week and enjoyed being called "Himself" by the Memory Wizard. I knew all about the School of Memory and the wonders they had wrought in overcoming the Forgetting Habit, but did not know that in addition to his other talents that Henry Dickson was a teacher of Acting, Elocution and Oratory and has written an illustrated booklet on the subject. It is so much worth while that I advise the alert ones to send for it.

Centralization in Music, bound in Japan vellum, is by Gertrude Radle-Paradis, one of the remarkable women of our epoch. **She thinks** and her thought and her music are at one with the harmonies of Universal Being. Read her foreward "Discrimination" and then compare it with the best **think** talk in "To-Morrow" magazine and you will find the Unity of Thought, the Relationship of Ideas in Music and in all things of life. We seek the cosmic souls everywhere and now and then we find.

The following correspondence will be of great interest to our readers:

PEOPLE WHO THINK.

Editor To-MORROW Magazine:

Dear Sir—As to who are the greatest thinkers, my opinion will not

TO-MORROW.

amount to much, but the men whose works have been of the most use to me I will name in the order of their value, as I look at it, putting at the head of the list Hermann Lotze; John Fiske, Herbert Spencer, Marcus Aurelius, Robert Ingersoll, Walt Whitman Oliver Wendall Holmes, Victor Hugo, Voltaire, Tom Paine.

I should like to have placed at the head of the whole list the sayings of Jesus. But as he did not write anything himself, and as the sayings attributed to him are somewhat lacking in coherency and authenticity, I thought better not to include him among the writers of established authenticity. I am free to confess, however, that the sayings of Jesus have been more to me than the writings of all other men combined.

Sincerely yours,

C. S. CARR,
Editor Medical Talk...

C. S. CARR, M. D.:

My Dear Brother—Just a moment to reply to yours of the 19th.

You have misunderstood our "think" book somewhat, which is to be a World's Directory of names and addresses of people who think, not of people who "thunk," otherwise (people of originality are never orthodox) we can imagine the address of all names you mention as the one place—Hell; for even Jesus was such a revolutionist in his time that they simply put him out of business after a very short experience on earth.

I am exceedingly interested, however, in the names you mention, and the way in which you place them.

In the line of concrete work I do not place Spencer as high in the scale as a number of others on your list, but his great contribution to humanity's knowledge lies in his discovery of universal principles which always have been and always will be true, and therefore should stand as the systematization of the knowledge of all those who came before him, and the teacher of John Fisk and the thinking rabble who are destined to follow.

What we want from you is the names, with addresses if possible, of people who are now alive and doing some good practical rational common sense thinking, as we propose in our "World's Directory of People Who Think" to give somewhat of an outline of the capacity and direction of thought of each in order that people who desire good thinking done may be able to discover where and in whom the power lies.

While the concrete sayings of Jesus appeal to me as largely true, and quite in harmony with the eternal constitution of things, still nothing written or said by him or by Plato, Aristotle, Marcus, Aurelius or Voltaire indicates any faculty of appreciation of the value of the cosmic system of thought.

Nowhere do any of these early writers indicate that they had any conception of the need of that class of corroborative testimony which nature supplies in every avenue of inquiry, whereby the law of one thing is seen in the law of all things, and whereby knowing the law of many things we may know the law of any single thing, even without examining into each specifically.

These early writers in their philosophies and preachings invariably view each phenomenon by itself as isolated from every other.

What has been termed the unification of thought and unification of knowledge, or what Spencer calls the "Universal Postulate," did not and could not come into the world before printing presses, the telegraph, the railroad, the microscope, the telescope, the micrometer, objective psychological analysis, and the thousands of scientific meters, weighing devices, systems of calculation, appliances which have been necessary to form a "universal postulate" whereby we may see the law of all life in the amoeba, the whole story of the sea and the clouds and all creation in a drop of water, and the social, political and moral tendencies of the human race in the life of a pismire.

Yours most truly,

PARKER H. SERCOMBE

LEARN HOW TO THINK.

TO-MORROW is the most vital of all Publications .



Its editorial policy is ever to discuss even the slightest topic, not as isolated from but as a part of the law and processes of the World and the Universe.

It brings to the reader in concrete form, in each issue the truth that all things are related and all the result of being acted upon by the same immutable set of laws.

It teaches that THOUGHT follows action and is created out of it. That progress has not been attained by talk but by the free action and interaction of the units of life upon each other.

It teaches that thought is a result of LIFE and that life is NOT a result of thought, a truth that all preachers have still to learn.

It teaches that mistakes and blunders (experience) are a part of life; we need them, we must not be prevented from having them, which means we can only *Learn by Doing*.

It is a THINK magazine for THINK people.

To learn a trade is to learn to think clearly and act rationally in relation to materials, forces and appliances connected with the work.

Philosophy, Economics and Education are only "trades" extended into wider and more complex fields wherein the materials and forces are more fluid and more diversified but the basic law of common sense is the same.

Things cannot be thought of with profit by themselves as isolated from the rest of the world and the aim of "To-Morrow" is to show the errors of thought by which human society is constantly robbing itself of happiness to which it is entitled.

Would Marshall Field have willed a hundred million dollars intact so as to keep it increasing in value after he was gone had he developed his thought power along humanitarian lines and learned that no greater menace to the nation could be planned than this?

Would statesmen arrange grants and concessions to corporations if they realized that their course tended directly to impoverishing and criminalizing the masses?

Would the sixty million people in this country who practically own nothing, permit ten million people who own all the property to make the laws in their own favor, appoint the judges and run things their own way if HOW TO THINK was taught in our schools instead of latin and trigonometry?

Would we spend in the United States five times as much for liquor and tobacco as we do in the cause of education if people knew how to think?

Would twenty thousand preachers in this country still persist in talking people into righteousness when according to Froebel, Pestalozzi and Spencer it can only be worked in, shoulder to shoulder with the preacher?

We need more People who think. Come! FALL IN.

The Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago—A RATIONAL WORLD MOVEMENT, devoted to the intensified process of CHARACTER CULTURE through the medium of right association and environment. Dues \$12.00 a year, \$3.00 a quarter.

To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1906.

A Socialist Colony	
The Secret of Voice Placing	Carl Young
The Business End	Personally Conducted
Learn How to Think	
Frontispiece (Poet of the People-Poem)	Walter Hurt
Editorials	
The Urge of Life.....	Parker H. Sercombe
Pure Food Department.....	"
A Lesson in Free Thought.....	"
Reason Soon will Reign.....	Walter Hurt
More About the Negro.....	"
Our Gentle Murderers.....	"
A Philosopher on Debs (Reprint).....	Horace Traubel
A Talk About Preaching.....	Grace Moore
The Man Who Did (Poem).....	H. Bedford-Jones
Tags (With Portrait)	Marguerite Warren Springer
On Death	William Francis Barnard
Early Spring (Poem).....	R. W. Borough
History of Human Marriage (IV).....	Lida Parce Robinson
Agatha (Poem)	William Francis Barnard
World Directory of People Who Think	Parker H. Sercombe
Woman and Her Worth.....	Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell
I Hear You Solemn Sweet Pipes.....	Walt Whitman
Heroes At Home (Poem).....	Walter Hurt
Views and Reviews.....	Charles A. Sandburg
International Progressive Thought League	Grace Carew Sheldon
Walt Whitman (Poem).....	D. F. Hannigan
Between the Covers.....	Walter Hurt
Are We Immortal?.....	J. George Frederick
The Jungel (A Review).....	Maud Jacobs
Life's Day and Night (Poem).....	Joseph A. Labadie
To Joseph Medill Patterson.....	Herman Kuehn
By Broad Potomac's Shore.....	Walt Whitman
Carlisle School and the Indian Bureau	Carlos Montezuma
Propagation an Ego Impulse	Gideon Dietrich
From the Office Window	Viola Richardson
Fifteen Minutes on a Trolley.....	Maude Jacobs
Brotherhood (Poem)	George E. Bowen
Spencer-Whitman Round Table.....	Grace Moore
Pure Food Department.....	Dr. L. E. Landone
The Web of Light (Poem).....	Phillip Green Wright
The Informal Brotherhood.....	Viola Richardson
Books and Magazines	

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

To S. E. Kiser.

Poet of the People.

By Walter Hurt.

You sing a new measure of manhood and merit,
The value of virtue, and honesty's worth;
A tonic of truth made to strengthen the spirit
You give to the weak and the erring of earth.
As to a strong man is, my gentle friend Kiser,
The love of a woman to clasp and control,
As sweets to a child, or as gold to a miser,
The words of your songs have been unto my soul.

You lift us to heights of a loftier living
Where all men as brothers delectably dwell,
Where pleasures of peace and the joy of forgiving
The dawn of a fair dispensation foretell.
There is truth in this tribute I tender you, Kiser,
Though many may find it or mind it not now:
"Were the world that you sing to but better or wiser
It's witherless laurels would burden your brow."

Your pathos is true and your humor is sunny,
And gracious forever your gravest of moods;
The sound of your harp has the softness of honey,
And sweetens the days with its dear interludes;
Its velvety voice, dropping down like a visor.
Veils half of the sadness and sinning of life;
And the heart of humanity calls to you, Kiser,
To bless and caress you for soothing its strife.

The Editors of *To-Morrow* do not stand sponsor for opinions of contributors nor of each other. We believe in a fair field and no favor. We want clear, clean, intelligent discussion. Please understand that we don't all believe all we print!

To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

WALTER HURT
MARGUERITE WARREN SPRINGER
WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD
VIOLA RICHARDSON

PARKER H. SERCOMBE
CHARLES A. SANDBURG
GRACE MOORE
MAUDE JACOBS

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Volume 2.

MAY, 1906.

Number 5

In this number To-Morrow is increased to 112 pages of prime reading matter and advertising.

No man or woman can be RIGHT in head, heart or body who does not do his quota each day of useful physical work.

Is life worth living? Is love a reality? Is comradeship a breath from heaven? Are the hopes of parenthood worth while? Then as we value life for ourselves and our offspring, why do we not plan and arrange life so as to attain our highest mental, moral, physical and social well being?

We can LIVE ourselves into higher realms of being but we cannot TALK ourselves there.

What a dismal failure humanity has made in its attempts at self guidance and self direction!

How foolish our dead ancestors were to think they could impose restrictions, regulations, rules and laws whereby greater progress and happiness could be attained than by relying upon life, nature, evolution, God—all the same thing.

Could the masses see with open eyes and understand that political and economic misrule, together with all forms of vice, crime and physical and moral degeneration are but the remnants of Priestcraft and Kingcraft, as evidenced in the past failures of one set of men now dead attempting to rule, control and guide another set, also dead, and that all we really need is FREEDOM in order to overcome little by little the degeneracy that our ancestors have inflicted upon us, what a movement towards betterment might then be inaugurated.

Most people have grown so accustomed to seeing drawn, unhappy faces, restless eyes and anaemic forms as they pass and repass through the streets, in crowded cars, in palatial homes and in the haunts of squalor that they have grown to look upon what they see as the proper, necessary fate of hu-

manity, little understanding that these pinched faces, greedy, restless eyes and haunted or debauched figures are invariably the result of human misrule—human interference.

But very slight appeal to reason and common sense is necessary to assure even the most arbitrary programist of man's utter incapacity to direct or create so much that life—evolution—has done so well.

Suppose the human knowledge that gave us the church, the state and our present distorted system of human society had had a chance to apply its methods to establish the equilibrium by which this world turns regularly on its axis. by which without prejudice the surface of the sea is called into the sky to fall and bless the earth and by which millions of animal and vegetable forms are permitted to evolve as they may into beauty, strength and wholesomeness.

Suppose the stupid, guiding, controlling methods of our remote ancestors had been permitted to play their part in connection with nature's wondrous and varied plan, judging by what unhampered human wisdom **has** done, we might expect cabbages to be equipped with eagles' wings, mocking birds to be fitted with the fins of a whale, and dunghills to be the abiding place for kings, so lacking in the sense of proportion and fitness has "human" wisdom shown itself to be.

Abandoned as it seems to idiocy and incompetence, apparently with no faith in God or evolution, though with the proof of their power and efficiency right before him. man has persistently while shouting "praises to the Lord," attempted to take the work of progress out of his hands—man has butted in—he has not had faith nor toleration nor patience nor wisdom. He has been afraid to TRUST life. His egotism has been contemptible. His failure has been profound.

Sad lives, families rent asunder, economic slavery, children toiling in sweat shops, abandoned women, the cry of poverty, the self-satisfied snob, the cruel society dame, the murderer, the safe blower. two hundred and seventy thousand people in jail, ten million Americans in poverty, millions of unhappy homes, thousands of divorces, prostitution, all forms of sex perversion, the human hog with bloated body, the human ghost with filthy mind, the unnatural, artificial and supercilious critic, the ignorant legislator, parents ruining their young by indulgences, the crafty trust magnates, the blatherskite bigamist, all these we have instead of the rosy, rounded, lithe. natural and wholesome human beings which **WOULD BE**, had our ignorant interfering ancestry been willing to trust God and let evolution take its course.

While I know that many of our readers cannot understand these words for they have not visited tribes and people who live in freedom and are straight as arrows, without gymnasi-ums, dentists, doctors. cripples, mutes or defectives; who live in freedom, with characters that breathe the nobility of forest, mountain and stream; who live in freedom and never attempt to coerce, corrupt or control others; who live in freedom and

demand that no other person or power shall be granted the right to exploit, direct or invade them.

Such are the conditions for the highest and most wholesome moral, physical and social development and such with our added knowledge and equilibrium must we one day demand the right to attain.

To readers who have not familiarized themselves with our philosophy of optimism and are unable to reconcile the idea of Anglo-Saxon **advancement** under economic tyranny with tribal **simplicity** under "freedom," we repeat what has been said before in these columns, that under the wisdom of Providence this epoch of selfishness must be necessary in order to attain certain advancement or it would not prevail, but it is for us as units in the evolving mass to throw off the tyranny of selfishness and with our added knowledge in the realm of music, art, architecture, literature, invention, and political and commercial ORGANIZATION from the present plane of existence with added knowledge and organization, to the simple state from the simple state from which we sprung, this process being fully demonstrated in "To-Morrow's" editorials for February under the title of "The Every Day Tyrannies."

The **freedom of wisdom** must grow out of the experiences that come in the transition from the **freedom of ignorance**.

PURE FOOD DEPARTMENT.

The addition of a Pure Food Department in this number of "To-Morrow Magazine" may or may not have an effect in causing people to adopt a more wholesome and more simple form of living.

For years the desire of CAPITAL to make profit out of the masses has stimulated food jugglers, cooks and mixers to invent all sorts of combinations which once thrown together baffles all power of analysis ever afterward.

The expose of Packing House methods in Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" may have the effect of forcing thousands of converts to vegetarianism.

Perhaps when it is learned how much glucose, and ground corn cobs are used in various cereal foods which are sold for ten cents a package, many other converts will decide hereafter to buy their wheat unadulterated from the farmers and pay one dollar a bushel instead of sixteen dollars a bushel when adulterated with corn cobs under a lithograph label.

While we wish our readers to give us credit for good intentions we honestly do not expect these paragraphs to revolutionize and turn aside the modern commercial pipe lines that connect with humanity's stomach. We know in fact that people do not do as they are told either in nursery, song or in editorials.

Witness the powerful story of George Washington and his little hatchet and then contemplate America as a nation of liars.

Witness the unparalleled self-denial of Little Robert Reed

who declared publicly that he would never put tobacco in his mouth, and still twice as much is now spent annually in this industry than in the entire cause of education, public and private.

A "moral show" is running in one of the Chicago theatres pointing out "Whiskey" as "THE ENEMY OF MAN" and beside the flaming bill board whereon the Devil is pictured as the "Demon of Alcoholism," pouring out the destroying distillation as a beverage for two young men, I observed in letters of startling size, the flaming advertisement, DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY.

No, we beg to assure our advertisers that they need have no fear of our editorials crimping the demand for their food products.

The RETURNS are to the ADVERTISERS, not to the ethical prude or dietary expert, otherwise we might expect before long to find our Packers and Cereal Grafters advertising something like this:

COMMON SENSE ADVERTISEMENT.

For Anaemic People: Nothing in the way of an appetite maker is equal to **Useful Out of Door Work.**

If you are too lazy, too artificial or cannot escape your fool environment enough to obtain THE REAL THING, try one of our 87 Varieties.

If you are already FAT, if your nutrition is good AVOID OUR DOPE.

Yours for liberty and slow death,

PICKLE, PANDER & CO.

A LESSON IN FREE THOUGHT.

By Parker H. Sercombe.

Free thought is in the air.

At no time since kingcraft and priestcraft first taught the masses to let their rulers do their thinking for them, has the demand for individual expression and discussion been so pronounced and so persistent as now.

In the past, so called philosophers (the unscientific) have taught that the mind (ideation) has led, and life (society) has followed and been subservient to the dictates of mind.

Casual observation is sufficient to prove to any student of evolution that all forms of life from original protoplasm up to this age of complex and diversified organisms as well as all mental, physical and social development have resulted from overcoming resistance in one form or another: that our progress has not been attained by conscious self-direction and reaching out, and that no advance has been made except as it has been **forced upon us**, for from the earliest

primordial germs we have developed mental, physical and social structure and function only to the extent that we have been **obliged** to bring faculties into use in the struggle for existence that would otherwise atrophy or lie dormant.

The unparalleled impudence of priest and king in relieving humanity of the need of thinking and acting for self, by their influence developed a **community habit** that left originality and initiative unexercised, which continuing generation after generation, so stultified the average human intellect that the majority are still being exploited by their masters like so many cattle.

In plain terms, the aristocracy of the world not being obliged to work and not having had sufficient exercise have become **physically degenerate**.

The masses having responded to a fashion established and encouraged by their spiritual and political rulers, found it unnecessary for them to think, and many generations without brain exercise have made **them mentally degenerate**, all of which is in entire conformity with nature's law outlined above, that no form of life is ever exercised or strengthened unless forced into action.

Free thought is in the air, but the valiant army of determined souls who publicly acknowledge their skepticism is still comparatively very small.

Hypocrisy is in the saddle. Millions of men and women who secretly in their hearts have outgrown the doctrines still preached from Christian pulpits, continue day after day, to follow the forms and shows of orthodoxy apparently ashamed to acknowledge the divine fires of liberalism burning within them.

A moment since I found myself in a mood to pay a warm tribute to those who have dared to face calumny, ostracism and sometimes starvation and thereby forsake pretense and enjoy the glory and stimulation which must ever come to the one who asserts his independence and honestly stands by his convictions, but more analysis discloses the startling fact that **free thinkers and skeptics as a rule deserve but small praise** for their daring, for of such cowardice is humanity made, that except in rare instances people do not speak out against the prevailing customs and beliefs of their rulers until for some cause of other they have first been **proscribed** or **ostracised** and their "**free thought**" has followed as a form of defense or retaliation.

As a rule it is not necessary to go back more than three generations in any radical or free thought family to find strong personal reasons why they found themselves ready to defy conventionality and scorn the opinions of their associates and neighbors.

Knowing the fantastical cruelty of our orthodox ancestors it is easily seen that there are a number of counts, most

of them quite harmless, on any of which otherwise reputable persons might come to be considered as outcasts among their fellows; for instance, not conforming to conventional dress, refusing to obey an influential grandfather in some trifling family affair, playing the violin on Sunday, going to a card party, going to a dance, to be seen talking with an atheist on the village square, a disbelief in witches, to be an abolitionist, to be a prohibitionist, to be talked about in relation to some sex entanglement, to be seen talking to a divorced person, for a girl to be seen talking to a married man, to be suspicioned in connection with some supposed theft or assault; all of these have at various times been the means of reflecting upon people in different communities to such an extent that if the leadership of the opposition was sufficiently powerful or influential, the innocent victim became proscribed and ostracised from every association with his fellows. This is the raw material out of which society creates most of its radicals, free-thinkers, revolutionists, tramps and prostitutes.

While many of the non-proscribed have more or less definite suspicion as to the truth or justice connected with the prevailing religions, political or social belief proclaimed by the ostracised, few have the daring and independence to assert their doubts in bold words. Sometimes the ostracised, fretting under the sting of insult, become so defiant and unconventional that they give cause for criminal prosecution on one pretext or another; in fact to such an extent has this been the rule that countless thousands have been practically driven by their associates into becoming thieves, murderers and outlaws, not being able to find any limit by which to show scorn of their fellows.

Let me assure the reader that to oppose this theory of the origin of free thought means to oppose the entire theory of our progress and your pointing out one or more exceptions will not suffice even though it be well authenticated by data furnished by trained observers, for analysis of hundreds and thousands of cases will prove conclusively the correctness of my thesis.

Free thought, then, finds its advancement through the disaffection and rebellion of its so called lowest units, even as slang phrases are responsible for the "life and growth of language" and as greater physical purity and respect for the human body will grow out of studies of the nude in art and so called immoral exhibitions of the human form in ballet dances, police gazette publications and bill board pictures.

Owing then to ostracism and the desire to "fight back" becoming the main avenue by which free thought obtains recruits, it is interesting to note that a large proportion of those who boast of their emancipation are intellectually in no way equipped for the responsibility, that is, they are not sufficiently well grounded in their disbelief to give good reason for the faith that is in them, so the question arises, what right has

this class of half baked free thought advocates to be free thinkers at all?

To paraphrase Hamlet we may, well say of that class "Get thee to a nunnery," go back to your cloister and cowl of orthodoxy until you can inform yourselves.

Remain Presbyterians.

Do not foul a noble cause by your over zealous unpreparedness.

Do not try to be fugitive from the commonplace without the means of effecting your escape.

REASON SOON WILL REIGN.

By Walter Hurt.

A reliable barometer of popular sentiment, an infallible indication of the strength of any movement, is the attitude of the daily press, for it keeps a sure touch on the public pulse. Its invariable policy is to attack the weak and support the strong. If it assaults the citadel of Capitalism, it is because it believes the fortifications are about ready to fall, and it wishes to attach to itself an army of proletarian readers. This sometimes is the case when it is not directly subsidized.

One of the cardinal principles of newspaper editing is never to oppose an idea that has a considerable number of adherents, except in the interest of some movement that also has a strong following; never to offend the larger public opinion; never to espouse an unpopular cause.

Whether a doctrine be true or false makes no difference; so it be new and weak, it is hounded for its heterodoxy. Socialism once was slandered by the very papers that now are playing for the patronage of the Socialists; Christian Science was universally ridiculed and abused by the press until it assumed proportions that made its devotees a financial factor; even Dowieism is not now so generally denounced as once it was.

The latest ostracized cause to receive journalistic recognition and commendation is that of Freethought.

The press is preparing to storm the stronghold of Superstition.

This fact proclaims the dawn of a new day—the rising of the sun of Reason—the illumination of the horizon of human thought—the ushering in of the reign of Rationalism.

Freethought, so long despised and persecuted, is becoming popular. Not much longer will it be forced to fight, but will be followed and fawned upon by the influences that formerly opposed it.

This tendency of the press is most marked here in Cincinnati. In fact here it amounts almost to a fad. In the *Times-Star*, the organ of the "eminently respectable," owned by Charles P. Taft, millionaire brother of the Secretary of War,

good Freethought articles frequently appear. As for the **Enquirer**, they have come to be a recognized and expected feature of that paper, which fact is sufficiently significant. The **Enquirer** is perhaps the most valuable newspaper property in this country. The sheet sells for five cents—being “the only five-cent paper in a one-cent town.” It is not probable that so astute a business man as John R. McLean would permit regularly the publication of editorials of a character to impair the earning capacity of his paper. Ergo, Freethought is finding extensive favor.

On the occasion of the Joseph Priestly commemoration in Washington, in which Secretary Taft, Edward Everett Hale and other men of equal prominence took part, the **Enquirer** made some very free and able editorial comment, going farther than ever before in the direction of unorthodox utterance, and by its complete disregard of the inevitable displeasure of the church element proving the present comparative insignificance of that influence. The salient feature of this editorial follows:

“Going back to Bruno and Galileo, all the way down to modern heresy trials, it has been only at the cost of persecution, ostracism and martyrdom that the human mind has been freed from the shackles which ecclesiasticism has always tried to fasten upon it. That this has been especially true of the Christian church is doubtless due to the fact that belief of prescribed dogmas has from an early time been deemed of more importance under the Christian than under any other religion. Coming by degrees to be wholly convinced that acceptance of certain articles of belief was the most important essential for salvation from eternal fire and brimstone, and that the salvation of a single soul transcended in importance all earthly events, and was celebrated in heaven, they felt justified—nay, compelled—to go to any extreme either to make a believer or to prevent or punish unbelief. Consequently, when a human mind, long in bondage, began to stir and show signs of breaking away from the limits the church had prescribed for it, which extended to scientific and political subjects, the fires of the Inquisition were lighted, torture chambers constructed and the most cruel and shocking scenes in all history enacted, bringing frightful suffering and death from ingeniously protracted agony to vast multitudes of inoffensive victims, against whom the only charge was some variation in belief from church requirements.

“In some countries, like Spain, this method was successful; freedom of thought was suppressed, and stagnation and decadence, extending to our own time, followed. In other countries, like Holland, England and Germany, it was impossible to keep down the spirit of investigation and inquiry, and the foundations of modern civil and religious liberty were laid; any advance, however, beyond foundations, was slow. Authority in the Protestant churches was transferred from a Supreme Pontiff to an infallible and literally inspired book, and it was insisted that all its statements as to cosmogony, astronomy, geology and history were to be accepted as of Divine dictation. This caused another halt in intellectual progress, and while those who dared to think for themselves and follow fearlessly where truth led them were no longer rolled in spiked barrels or broken on wheels, they were stigmatized as atheists and infidels and made social outcasts. It is within the memory of our own time that any theory of creation which varied from the account in Genesis, and did not accept the story of the flood and the tower of Babel, were impious and abhorrent to truth. Now, however, the scientific spirit of investigating, testing and ‘proving all things’ has come to be almost universal; mere authority is largely discredited, and religious intolerance among people of enlightenment and intelligence is a thing of the past.

"Unitarianism, while a small sect numerically, was the first to furnish an atmosphere in this country of freedom of thought, and the result was that most of our great writers have been within its fold. While it has not greatly increased, it has, like homeopathy in medicine, so profoundly modified the doses of the other schools that Mr. Taft could say at Washington, 'the world seems to be slowly coming our way,' another way of saying that the day of absolute freedom of thought has arrived.

"While its coming has brought apprehension and disturbance to many, we need have no fear of its ultimate consequences. No harm can come to any man from honestly seeking the truth or refusing to accept what is contrary to his reason, and only the truth can in the end prevail. The time was when freethinker was a term of reproach. The time is at hand when not to be free to think will be an indication of servitude and inferiority."

As evidence of the electric rapidity with which Free-thought is progressing—proof of its resistless invasion of every class of society—as testimony to the triumphant march of the human mind toward the royal heights of Reason—it may be pointed out that while the foregoing expression is not considered especially remarkable in this day, a few years ago it would have been read with amazement and regarded as an attempt at business suicide on part of the publisher.

And from conservative Boston town, even in the ultra-conservative *Transcript*, is found the following rather radical editorial:

"The Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., charges the responsibility for the decadent moral and religious life of New England to 'liberalism.' In making this charge he assumes that our religious life is decadent and implies that it is more so here than in those sections where liberalism does not predominate. Each of these assumptions is open to question, but, granting their accuracy, it does not follow that this decadency is due to liberalism. Other causes may have been at work. The present conditions may be largely due to reaction from oppressive authority and the domination of theological falsehood. This reaction may have gone too far and created a looseness in place of a genuine liberality. It has been so in all ages. The Reformation under Luther went too far and made the great reformer tremble lest he had let loose a devastating whirlwind of license and crime. The French revolution is another illustration and every forward movement is marked in a greater or less degree by deplorable results.

"What, then, should be done? Should the religious world return meekly to authority and place its neck once more under the yoke of sacerdotal bondage? Because there is danger in liberty, should therefore, liberty be dethroned and priestcraft again be made triumphant over the lives of men? Not even Dr. Dixon would ask this. All rational men know that there is a golden mean of authority blended with reason which is to be sought and followed. But two things need to be considered: first, the way to cure the ills of freedom is not to take away freedom, but to grant it in constantly increasing measure, and the way to prevent reaction against theological falsehoods is to cease telling them."

MORE ABOUT THE NEGRO.

By Walter Hurt.

Considerable censure has come to me because of my remarks concerning the negro in the January number of *The Culturist*. Also, many have commended my estimate of our colored citizens. Not a few have made the occasion one for

abuse of the negro. These latter expressions have been less welcome to me than the words of disapproval.

My purpose is to protect the negro from abuse, and secure to him every right and all legitimate privilege.

In what manner have I offended my critics?

I merely stated the self-evident fact that the negro, as a race, is inferior to the Caucasian. This fact remains in all its integrity, in spite of any maudlin sentimentality of un-philosophical negrophiles.

One subscriber, E. A. Stevens, of St. Louis, writes: "You should know that in Nature there is no such thing as 'inferiority' or 'superiority.' All is the result of environment."

In these two sentences I can find no relevancy.

"You should know that in Nature there is no such thing as 'inferiority' or 'superiority.'" I should know nothing of the kind. Recognizing the narrow and necessary limitations of knowledge, I am not disposed to be dogmatic; but if I know anything, I know that in a world that consists of an infinitude of inequalities, in which every object and every condition has its complementary opposite, where everything is inevitably the extreme of something else, "inferiority" and "superiority" are universal and are as perpetually present as are heat and cold. Exact equality, as was stated in my original article, is a thing impossible to the physical universe.

"All is the result of environment." Quite so. But what does this statement tend to prove except the truth of my assertion? The American negro is the product of a previous environment; any improvement he may show over his African fellows is the effect of present environment.

The environment of soil and climate gives to fruit its size and flavor, and the degree of these qualities depends upon the favorableness of that environment. Transplant the finest California fruit to an inhospitable clime, and the product will be vastly inferior to that of the unmigrated parent stock. Will my correspondent still insist that "the result of environment" is not "inferiority" and "superiority"?

Flora McPhillips, writing from Carmel, Cal., incloses a clipping from my article, and says:

"These words are totally unworthy of the writer and inconsistent with the otherwise noble stand he takes. They carry a venomous sting and a baneful influence. It is like the one blot that mars the whole clean page. I consider it not a constitutional condition, but a constitutional *weakness*, and hope the writer will allow the beautiful sun of human love to penetrate that little dark, cold corner of his nature, to cleanse, purify, warm and make it whole. I am sorry indeed that my black brother must be made to suffer thus, and I have no doubt that a time will come when the writer will have the moral courage to apologize. I, for one, will apply and extend the learned methods propounded by the writer, to all creatures, no matter under what form they exist. It seems that the one important thing men lack is a heart; yet one clean, pure, loving heart can do more for humanity's betterment than the tons of Reason the masculine world carries."

It is rather too much to ask that we love the negro. To endure him is all that can reasonably be expected of us.

The negro is what he is. I have not blamed him for his condition, but merely described it. That condition reveals itself ruthlessly, and no amount of lachrymose emotionality on the part of feminine faddists and masculine coddlers can alter the logic of the situation.

I have endeavored to do justice to the negro. I am his friend, but not his "loving" friend. He should pray to be preserved from his white friends who love him, for they inflict upon him the greatest injustice. Moreover, I am firmly convinced that the attitude of the normal white person toward the negro cannot be one of affection.

It is not my fault that I do not find the negro companionable—that many of his characteristics are offensive to me, including his odor. Neither is it his fault. It is nobody's fault—it is only a fact.

Why should I be criticised because of my personal aversion for the negro? I have the same feeling toward a lousy Indian loafer, a filthy Filipino, a leprous Mongolian, or any of the repulsive "unwashed" of my own race; yet the sensitive negrophile, with charming consistency, fails to rebuke me for this. There is no popular "problem" connected with these.

The negro now has his rights—and more. He possesses special privileges, which is not in accordance with right; nor is it good for him. In this blessed state of Ohio, where miscegenation is a matter of course, a hotel manager may legally deny accommodation to a white man who might be objectionable to his other guests; but should he refuse a room to a negro he would be liable for a heavy damage suit.

Much sentiment is squandered on the negro because of the fact that he was brought to this country without his consent. This is the stock argument in his favor, and one without value. Admitting that his importation was a wrong against him, it could not have the effect of elevating him to equality with the Caucasian. These things bear no relation one to the other. But the wrong of slavery is fundamental. No personal wrong was inflicted upon the negro by bringing him to this continent. Instead, he was benefitted, his condition was improved. He was emancipated from primal savagery into industrial slavery, a condition now shared by his white brothers. He was redeemed from cannibalism and brought into contact with civilization of a certain quality, but he has been slow to rise to the level of his improved environment.

My position is plain. For the negro I demand absolute justice. More than this is as much injustice as is anything less.

That "all men are born equal" is a fiction.

The negro is not the equal of the Caucasian.

Nor is there exact equality among white men.

But to all should be accorded equal rights and privileges.

OUR GENTLE MURDERERS.

By Walter Hurt.

While throughout the world a cry is going up in the name of humanity against the infliction of capital punishment for crimes against society, demand is being made in the name of humanitarianism for a legalized death penalty for unfortunate but unoffending members of that same society. It seems that the insatiate impulse to destroy life is about the same indication, whether we label it Murder or Mercy.

It is amazing to note with what nonchalance the person infected with the insidious reform microbe will propose drastic measures which directly affect others in a vital way while the advocates are themselves immune.

Far be it from me to favor closing the door of the mind against the New. We should be open always to any suggestion, whether in the end we retain or reject it. We should neither commend nor condemn without due examination and deliberate consideration. But this question of authorized homicide is one that should be approached with the greatest care.

So far as the ethical consideration is concerned, it is to be doubted if there can be found any philosophical justification of an act by collective society for the commission of which it makes forfeit the life of an individual member.

It is more important that many of the laws that encumber our statute books should be repealed than that additional legislation should be enacted.

It is utterly illogical that we should approve official extermination what time a sovereign state imposes a severe penalty for attempted self-destruction. Are we not to be permitted to die when we so desire, and are we to be eliminated when our wish is otherwise? It seems that the impertinence of legal interference with personal privileges could not further go.

It is significant that these suggestions of savagery emanate almost entirely from the unscientific mind. The researches of the biologist have taught him to regard human life with the same sense of sanctity. It is equally significant that the majority of the medical profession recoil from the suggestion that they become the legalized executioners of their fellowmen. Some cynical persons may remark that the physician prefers to do his killing without sanction of law. This is scarcely just. Although the physician may with perfect equanimity commit murder by malpractice, deliberate assassination is as apt to be distasteful to him as to other men. On this subject Dr. Thomas C. Minor, a prominent physician of Cincinnati, has said:

"A true physician's mission on earth is to cure, not to kill. No true physician ever deliberately killed a patient. I have never known in a practice of forty years of any physician or medical man deliberately practicing euthanasia on any dying patient. It is true that almost every patient dying

from painful ailment or the shock of accident has more or less of some opiate in his body to sooth the pain, but this is given in the hope that the patient's life may be prolonged. I have seen many cases of so-called hopeless diseases, even when almost in articulo mortis, recover. No Christian or Jewish doctor would knowingly violate the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill.' The alleged physician who would dare to practice euthanasia would stand in the same light with his profession as the public executioner stands with the public in Paris. This bill now before the Ohio legislature is an insult to every true physician in the State and will be properly resented by them when the time comes."

This is well in a way, but the good doctor might stretch the mantle of his professional charity to cover some besides Christian and Jew. He seems to be somewhat sectarian.

I can conceive of no condition under which society might properly take the life of an individual without that individual's consent. With such consent, the act changes from homicide to suicide and society is relieved of moral responsibility in the matter.

As for voluntary euthanasia, that is quite another question and well worth considering. It does seem that this course would be justified under certain conditions, and that authority for the act should be vested in a carefully selected committee in each community, composed of able physicians whose ethical sense and general judgment are equal to their professional acumen. With these should rest the responsibility of decision and the duty of action.

Society, as usual, with an eye for expediency, but otherwise blind, is seeking to remove an effect without remedying the cause. And, again as usual, it seeks to conceal its selfish brutality beneath the hypocrisy of pretended humanitarianism. In this respect, as in many others, we are not largely better than the natives of India. Formerly these people drowned the excess of female infants for frankly confessed economic reasons—they could never become self-supporting. This harsh honesty offended the moral sense of some, and in time such murder became a religious rite and the sacrifice of infant life was made to the sacred crocodiles of the Ganges. We send missionaries to humanize these people.

The whole question has an economic basis, with a moral dependence.

The moral status of any community depends upon the economic conditions existing in that community.

Poverty degrades and wealth debauches. That is, such are the respective tendencies engendered by these economic extremes. Only through equitable distribution can we hope for a higher average of morality.

All this agitation in favor of enforced euthanasia merely examples the tendency (it is only a tendency) of civilization to revert to savagery. The apostate of civilization is an intensified barbarian. Always in the pioneer days of America the white renegade was more savage than his red associates. The Hindu practices infanticide; the Fijian strangles the superannuated, and for the same reason. We would combine

these crimes, also for the same reason. Our civilization is somewhat difficult of classification.

The primary principle involved is not that of altruism. While it must be admitted that society is morally obligated to care for its defective and dependent members, this is a secondary consideration. The important thing is the effect on general society. Actuated by the most sordid selfishness, society would resort to the crime of murder to escape the unpleasant consequences of its elementary sins. Every incompetent and every imbecile, every dependent and every deformity, is the fruit of these sins. What a horrible harvest! Yet the science of human culture is under the legislative ban, while we clamor for laws that will remove the accusing evidence of our social crimes.

We demand laws for the destruction of the abnormal and the helpless, while we imprison men like Moses Harman for attempting to teach us how to breed a better race.

Miss L. Graham Crozier, the slum worker and lecturer, advocates death by anaesthesia for 70,000 babes of poverty in New York, whom she describes as "children hopelessly handicapped by their birth." Yet the law of the land, offspring of public sentiment, sternly prohibits any discussion of rational methods for checking population.

Murder is more moral than prevention.

Society must be made to bear the burden of its sins. The penalty is a righteous one and should not be remitted. Not only should there not be opened any easy avenue of escape, but evasion should be made impossible. The normal punishment of natural consequence—the only rational punishment—should be inflicted to the uttermost. Only beneath the weight of such a burden will society listen to the lessons of reform. Only the insistence of selfish interest can influence it to a higher morality.

Every dependent individual should remain a charge upon society; every deficient creature should remain as a perpetual reminder, a perennial warning, a living object lesson, until a condition is established that will insure that every child shall be well born and properly reared, to come into its rightful heritage of economic equality.

A PHILOSOPHER ON DEBS.

The four letters that spell Debs have added a new word to the vocabulary of the race. But new words are not everywhere understood according to their true meanings. If you are one person you may see this word explode in a bomb or flame up from the fire of the incendiary. If you are another person you will find it nestling hopefully next the farthest and nearest concepts of social equity. If you do not spell it just right, or pronounce it just right, or if you receive it off the lips of malign interpretation, you will go home at night and lock your door against its avatars.

Debs. Here is a man so many feet high, weighing so many pounds, to whom any measure and any scale would accord a liberal quotation. Debs is not so much size as quality. He has ten hopes to your one hope. He has ten loves to your one love. You think he is a preacher of hate. He is only a preacher of man. If man is hate then Debs is a hater. When Debs speaks a harsh word it is wet with tears. He appeals to the rough word only as the last necessity. When no other word will do then he speaks this word.

If you will take time to see how Debs hates you will understand how he loves. Do you think Debs reproaches you because he thinks ill of you? That is not true. He reproaches you because he thinks any good is possible to any man armed with the average heart. He never asks you to come outside yourself to do anything. He says to you that you should stay where you are, stay inside yourself, and there, in your own ribs and skull, secure the exalted enfranchisement of your own soul.

When you think of Debs you think of mobs, and perhaps of a jail, and of property rights, and of the jeopardy of bonds and stocks. You hear a voice. And this voice boxes the compass of agitation. And you distrust agitation. Debs has traveled so long in forbidden atmospheres he has got confirmed in revolt. Revolt. That is a threatening alternative. You look back and see a Marat who was also a Debs. And you look back beyond what is back and see the soiled and stolid leaders of a medieval rebel peasantry. And you see that Debs is Ishmael, spell him in or out, regard him as you may, whether by the warnings of history or by the philosophy of contemporary retreat. So you never pronounce his name except at the sharp point of a stilettoed epithet. You have primed so faithfully to the newspaper, to the college, to the legislature, that you have graduated in the last requisites of misjudgment.

But after we have adjourned and dismissed every Debs not the Debs of fact there is a Debs left over whose life is fruitful to a last degree in the adventures and accomplishments of social justice. You find this Debs more concerned with his work than with your demurrers. He is an itinerant producer of ideas. He is not a tradesman. He never buys or sells. He summons. He calls you in your own name to your own estate. His university has been a jail. While he studied himself out of jail he studied himself into a faith. He graduated direct from the jail to his heart. In that heart he has since kept severe counsel with himself. The Debs of fable lighted a fire in the car yards of Chicago. The Debs of fact lighted an idea in the dangerous shadows of the republic. This Debs is not a threatener of the peace. He offers the only peace that is peace. He pushes aside all the cheap and cheat truces. He insists upon the one practical and drastic measure of escape and affirmation. His political program may be cut in two or doubled up or need color or

call for refrigeration. His love is always where love belongs. His recognition of economic rectitude is infallibly generous. To Debs there is no outside to the social body. Human nature is all inside itself. The last man on the edge of the crowd, way beyond the power of my eye to reach, is just as much inside that crowd as the man whose hand I can shake.

Debs deserves no compliments. He is a lucky man. Something benignant in his stars permits him to play his life out without stint in the service of that communistic democracy whose America will regard our America as the barbaric arena of licensed fratricide. Debs is in luck. He is misunderstood. The best capital of faith is misunderstanding. The man who is misunderstood is the chosen darling of the morrow.—Horace Trauble, in *The Conservator*.

A TALK ABOUT PREACHING.



GRACE MOORE.

It is interesting to study the psychological effects of preaching. Even if the preacher and the people **have** outgrown in their minds the proverbial brimstone, baptism, etc., of the Nicene Creed, framed for them by politicians two thousand years ago, they are still to some degree creed-bound, because unconsciously they **have** a creed by which they are religiously governed in their humanitarian work and in their conduct and intellectual and spiritual relationships. We are all preachers, more or less. The habit was inherited and will take

several generations to outgrow.

But is it not plain that only as we stop preaching we shall do away with the necessity for it, and does it not look like an unconscious acknowledgment of our fear that God may not do His best for His people, when in the pulpit or elsewhere, we offer Him suggestions in the form of prayers and praise as to what seems to **us** the Highest Good? If I may be pardoned for saying it, it seems to me that singing hymns in dutiful conformity to a mandate as per a set of adjustable figures on a wall, to the accompaniment of pipe organ notes and a baton, all of which have been selected and prepared for

me in advance of my coming and without reference to whether I may be in the mood to sing "Rock of Ages" or "Holy, Holy," compels me to regard myself as a custom-made Christian. I am not truly natural, individual or spontaneous. I am but one of thousands, as are the homespun coats and trousers cut by the tailor in the factory and piled up on the counters, ready for stitching and button-holing. I spend an hour in the magnificent, softly lighted church, very agreeably, but I have not been in the true sense of the word learning, living or serving. I have only been listening, conforming and perchance thinking. But thought is not life, and apart from life I am a mere garment in the factory side by side with thousand of others exactly alike.

It was lately my pleasure to listen to a sermon by a "sweet little woman" preacher. It began with a well drawn picture of a Salvation Army lieutenant, preaching on a street corner across from which was a fakir, animadverting upon the merits of a particular pain-killer. The street scene was clearly and effectively presented. One could almost hear the Gospel songs and the rattle of the tambourine on one side of the street and the strains of the banjo and guitar on the other. The pathetic fervor of a circle of religious enthusiasts contrasted with the designing spirit of the equally strenuous fakir, made an interesting picture. But the significant fact in this story, in the mind of the writer was that the music furnished on both sides of the street in question, was of such merit (both fakir and lieutenant having in their service musicians and singers of rare talent) as to keep the crowds attracted by it, hesitatingly changing from one side of the street to the other and back again. The emotional excitement produced by the music was clearly the means by which the lieutenant endeavored to save the souls and the fakir to sell them. Whichever could stir most deeply the emotions of those within hearing, won his point. It didn't so much signify whether salvation gained by "profession" or by application of a soothing oil at so much per bottle was the means of satisfaction to the person seeking it. The preinducing cause for satisfaction was in both cases exactly the same, namely the conviction on the part of the individual "saved" being that he had done the very best that he could do for himself.

The minister in the big church pictured the Salvation Army lad and the patent medicine fakir from the viewpoint of "the moral law." The conclusions drawn were necessarily favorable to the shouter of the beatitudes as against the proclaimer of the merits of a pain-killer. There was also pictured in the sermon, and from the same fixed viewpoint agreed upon years previously by the founders of the church (that of the inviolable "moral law," for this was a liberal church) the character of a dissolute, jocose millionaire, in contradistinction to the negative, self-abnegating spirit of a hopelessly incurable invalid, whom the minister had seen and had heard say that his life was pleasant or unpleasant according as his thoughts.

The cheerfully resigned invalid was keeping the "moral law," said the "sweet little woman"; the grasping, self indulgent, unprincipled rich man was a desecrator of that law.

As if there could possibly be anywhere in the divine scheme of things an immoral law. And as if the law of Life Itself, whether it be the life of a rich or a poor man, a spiritually refined or a sensuously coarse one, were not to be relied upon to do its perfect work, independently of man's expostulations, chants, prayers, etc. To the mind of the person studying the fakir and the Army lad as phenomena, viewing them impersonally and as units in a social organism from which by birth, inheritance, environment, education, etc., they have each derived their special peculiarities, and to which organism they in turn lend character and force in exact proportion as they have received it, there can be no more question as to which is moral and which immoral than if one were a bantam rooster and the other a canary bird.

But it is not allowable for us when we preach to take the strictly impersonal, unemotional viewpoint; and to show by scientific analysis and deduction the relationship one to the other, and to society, of these unique species of the human family, shouting themselves hoarse on a street corner. As well expect that we shall read Hugo or Voltaire to a Sunday school class prepared only for questions from the Westminster lesson leaf.

Not till preacher and people are one, no undemocratic notions of superiority or inferiority, morality or immorality anywhere hindering the free, spontaneous action of the mind and soul, not till the subject of Life as a Whole, unaccompanied by the strains of an organ or tambourine to make it attractive, becomes of such vital and absorbing interest as to inspire us with the consciousness of our essential unity, can there be the greatest liberality of thought and the truest progress. Truth is not possible to the mind emotionally enwrappt in a rainbow coloring of viewpoints. Neither is it to be found in the cold-blooded use of a mental scalpel and dissecting table. It is between these extremes.

Why not away with extremes, with all fixed ideas of the moral and immoral? Why not away with "view-points" and to the front with considerations of Life as it Is? Let the particular viewpoint held be of no value as compared with the fact that each and every man may have a view-point of his own. Life is the thing, friends, Life as a Whole. There is as much good for us to understand and apply in the phenomenon of the howling drug seller as in that of the red tagged bidder for souls, if we but study Life without personal regard to its good or evil aspect. We shall find if we take a sufficiently broad view, that the expectorating millionaire is as much a unit in the social organism and therefore as necessary and "moral" as the sweet faced invalid. If we but take our position between the extremes, favoring nothing for its superiority, or disclaiming anything else for its inferiority, intent

only upon seeing the truth, all around, on top, underneath and clear through; if we but permit kind Nature's larger workings to come home to us in all their wonderful evolutionary significance, seeing only the relationship of things, we shall then be able to smile at our so-called morality and immorality.

Some day the "moral law" will have gone out of fashion. We shall see that abundant, self-perpetuating life is the solution of all the problems of life, that love places no obstacles or conditions in the way of the soul, whether it expresses itself in the personality of a coin-bidding fakir or Salvation Army enthusiast, a sickly, emotional woman, or a robust, stout hearted man. All are but notes in an evolutionary scale, the harmonies of which shall be beautiful and inspiring to us as we become attuned to them.

G. M.

THE MAN WHO DID.

By H. Bedford Jones.

The Man was young, and his blood was red;
 And his spirit was wild and chafed at life;
 And the Devil crept into his soul, and said:
 "Do this and do that; by me be led,
 And I'll carry you through this world of strife;
 With the truest of friends and the best of health,
 A social position and plenty of wealth;
 All that I ask is to serve me,—so;
 And there's always a death-bed repentance, you know."
 The Man assented, and, smiling, thought
 That in life's last hour he would cheat him still;
 Nor recked of the cunning of him who bought;
 —And the Devil chuckled, and said, "You will?"

The Man lay sick, and into his mind
 Came the thought of the sorry bargain he'd made;
 And he groaned when he thought of the Devil's trade,
 Wondering long what mercy he'd find.
 Then he thought that perhaps he'd be well once more,
 And exposure!—His soul bade repentance be hid;
 But just then came Death, and knocked at the door—
 And the Devil chuckled, and said, "He did?"



TAGS.

By Marguerite Warren Springer.

Yes, of course you do.

You know about that goat. He was traveling on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and though he was a happy goat he caused no end of trouble. He had chewed up his tag and didn't know where to get off at.

A few goats I know are chewing today and whether they are chewing off or on or at remains to be seen. Before language was developed there must have been some awful "mixers"; numerous misunderstandings by reason of different tags for one and the same object.

We will see how this has been eliminated in civilization. Certain words now express definite ideas and things. These words we will call tags and make a classification.

Take the potato. You immediately have the mental picture of the tuberous part of the root of that plant which is usually called potato, and which constitutes one of the cheapest and most nourishing species of vegetable food.

Thus, without much ado, a potato is a potato. A regular tag. Again the tag may contain an idea, for example, the tag "thief"—and yet this meaning so deviates from the straight line or from method or order and from the common rule and is so inflected that we will have to make another classification. For instance, thief and robber, meaning one who privately or openly takes the property of another—we shun Him.

Yet we say, "he made a good bargain," when we know he took the property of another; we praise him—are blind to the act—and the thief is not a thief. Hence, we have an irregular tag.

Again, if you have money plenty and privately take the coat of another and are caught, if you have money, remember you will be pitied because you did not need the coat—you are ill and the thief is not a thief, but a kleptomaniac. When the robber is out to save the country, from the other fellow, he is no longer a bold robber, but a brave soldier.

A man kills another because of a real or fancied wrong, and he in turn hangs because the state feels that some one has been wronged and murder is not murder, but justice.

The prostitute has a loveless relationship, far from ideal, for a pecuniary consideration, but when the beautiful girl married money, we opened wide the windows, put on our best clothes and called the neighbors in.

The potato was not a potato.

A working man quarreled with his brother, shot him dead and got ten years. Another working man marched a hundred and eighty-three miles through a strange country to kill a workingman with whom he had no quarrel, leaving behind his loved ones to mourn and get on any old way, and we called it Great. He was a patriot.

It is easy to know a potato when you see it—a potato is always a potato in Heathendom or Christendom.

Spuds in Ireland, Katofels in Germany, Papas in Spain—a potato is a potato. It may be a big, a little, a good or a bad Murphy, but a potato always.

When is a lie not an untruth but a piece of diplomacy? When does a scandal cease to be gossip and become news? When is gambling not speculating? Page after page of this magazine could be easily covered on this subject, but being just enough of a Billy Whiskers to chew the tag, I frankly admit I don't know where to get off at.

Could the potato ever be anything but a potato? No, it could not, because it does not grow that way.

On Death.

By William F. Barnard.



Among the many good fruits of the tomorrows which Humanity has yet to open its eyes upon will be the rational and loving acceptance of death. No cosmic view of things can have any vital permanence which does not take account of and include the fact of dissolution; accepting it in its universality, finding in that universality its reasonableness, and realizing at last that in harmony with life, death is beautiful; that it is the rest which comes after labor; the sleep which softly closes the eyes of wearied thought, vision and love;

the normal finality of life; the crown of silence on the consummation of our days.

As surely as Man is a part of Nature, as surely as his forces are manifestations of her energies, so surely Man will go through all other universal processes, sowing the seed of life while he lives, and finally, in death, being himself sown, to enrich the earth: to live in flowers perhaps, in the song of birds, in the not humbler spheres of grain and vegetable life; or to spring again in deeds which bring men nearer together, and beautify existence beyond the power of words to tell.

Science is the antithesis of poetry. One reports of thought, the other of feeling; but their results finally harmonize, as truth and beauty always must harmonize; and so, in respect to death, science and the greater poetry finally utter the same word. The word is "harmony." Poetry, which takes truth and out of its materials fashions all the shapes of beauty, finds in universal harmony, charm, and at last peace. Science finds harmony in universals, too; but "the light that never was on sea or land," is required to give to universals the color and glow of beauty; and in the triumph of feeling over all the facts of existence life pours itself in song, and makes the great poem of joy in the Cosmos.

Science moves patiently from particulars to generals, seeking the reasons for things. It studies and marks all the processes of Nature, collating the facts and trying inferences, till the right inference emerge from the uncertainties of the half-lit of knowledge. Science takes facts as a collector takes

things and assorts them. to catalogue them. Science classifies all similar facts under similar heads, until all the varieties are arranged under their respective phenomenal classifications; then science is in the way of knowing things. Taking similarities and differences for its guide posts, it seeks in each class of facts a common content or character; having found that, it writes the story of a species, a nation's development, a climate, a human character, and writes it with authority, or with the assurance of one who knows. Finally it arrives at universals, as all phenomena are found to be connected. In the observation of things science finds death to be one of the universals; observing that all things, organic and inorganic. have birth, development, maturity, and dissolution to go through, and that, in the long process from prenatal unconsciousness to post mortem unconsciousness, the individual is typifying processes which even worlds and world systems go through in their journeys from nebulae to disintegration and reintegration. **Science finds death universal; as universal as life.** Science finding harmonies in classes of facts in general, makes an inclusive classification of all things in respect to death, and finds death in harmony with life; a manifestation of life's resistless changes, transformations and equivalences. Science accepts death, finding no loss in it, nor any disaster; finding in death, indeed, a harmony, and at last, in the knowledge of that harmony the very joy of wisdom.

Science recognizes the limits of human knowledge. It does not pretend to harmonize its fruits with finality. Science does not treat of finalities. It sees that explanations themselves call for explanation, and that there is a point in the search for knowledge where thought must pause because of the lack of material, a point where the knowable lapses into the unknowable. The final cause, and the explanation of all existence lies beyond the power of thought, because thought is a process of making distinctions and marking similarities, and cannot escape from itself into that region in which all things are one and where there are no distinctions or differences. So science does not pretend to give a final account of death, as it does not presume to give a final account of life. But within the sphere of the knowable science has elaborated and proved the evolutionary conception of things, demonstrating that Nature is in the crucible, seething with forces which produce all her variations and vitalities, and that all her life forms may be, and are being constantly changed and transmuted through death. The "transformation and equivalence of forces" is only another name for death. Progress in all its forms treads a road which leads to decay. The wise thought over all this is that we are made for death as surely as we are made for life; that our life is vital to the earth, and that also our death is vital; that our energies and vitality are so shaped and conditioned that they weaken with years, and lapse at last, because Nature will have it so: Nature whose work, giant, and beyond account, includes each individual part

of life; the work, the fruitage thereof, and which takes back the gift which it has given, to use it in other ways. Death is a universal means to a larger and fuller life for Nature: death is life **becoming**. Individuality goes; the forms of things change. Life dies not in the totality, but only transforms itself in the atoms. This is the wisdom which science gives us. Death is one of the universals, and therefore is in harmony with other universals, which touch it at all points.

Poetry shares with her sister arts the creation and the expression of beauty. Painting, music, sculpture, architecture, and the rest, are so many means to the expression of beauty. Poetry concerns itself, as do these others, with particulars and generals, looking for harmonies, to sing them. The world, with all its wonders and glories, its opportunities and burdens, its disappointments and struggles, inspires poetry, or **the rythmical expression of beauty in words**. Poetry takes up life in its age-long journey from the cradle to the grave, and marking all the steps of its wondrous and beautiful progress, comes at last to that sleep, at once mysterious and fascinating, which closes the eyes, the ears and the lips of life with the seals of silence. That sleep it sees as universal. No organism throughout the whole range of existence known to man escapes a final summons: the bee, the bird, the scented arbutus of spring amidst the snows, the giant oak, the animals large and small—all things die. Poetry accepting Nature, sings death as one of Nature's universal expressions, one of her means of being. Shakespeare, Shelley, Tennyson, Swinburne, early and modern English singers, and Whitman and Bryant among Americans, join the chorus of Greek, Latin, German, French and other poets in a solemn pean of praise to Nature for life and for death.

Unless death be beautiful there is no beauty anywhere. If the pall and the shroud darken the face of the sun, and put the songs of birds to silence; if the shadow of dissolution falls across all the delights of our days, and hope is ever hearing the voice of despair, there is no joy nor any sustained song for humanity. Not in forgetting death, or in hiding it, do we write the great poems of life, but by accepting it, by praising it, by weaving its meaning and significance with the meaning and significance of all life. He who celebrates death, he who accepts it, is the word poet, as Goethe was a world poet.

In the very pathos of death lies one great source of song. Parting "is such sweet sorrow," at the doors of death, as on a summer's afternoon where river, forest, hill and field meet, and where love's kiss tastes of hope and memory. That parting which may be a final one, how solemn it is; what poignant bursts of tenderness the heart feels at the moment. But the poet sings that parting as he sings those other partings which may not be final; partings which make tenderness surge up in the heart like water in fountains; sings that parting, with its touch of hands loth in their finger-tips to consum-

mate it, as he sings the parting of child with child, man with man, or lover with mistress; and in singing it, love and fealty are expressed tremulously and with joy, and the soul feels of itself how great it is.

Then, too, the song of death is a song of fellowship. The lilies "that toil not, neither do they spin," and who take no care, must die; the seasons which give them, take them; the seasons themselves die, and Winter touches with his frozen hand the not unwilling fingers of Autumn, and leads her to a mutual tomb. Man does not lie down alone, but with a goodly company of all the ages. All that has been beautiful, the charm of song and romance, lies there where he makes his grave. Loneliness he does not know, for his friends have laid their bones around him where the ivy climbs, where the wild roses blow, and where the birds of June tune their flutes. The word of death is peace; and the tired heart, knowing Nature's ample riches and resources, sighs and passes without a fear or a care. Brother to the foxglove and the oak, accepting death, the universal, as these accept it, he "wraps the drapery of his couch around him, and lies down" as one lies down "to pleasant dreams." The fellowship of death welcomes all of us, and so the poet sings it.

But the most glorious song of death, and the most inspiriting, is the cosmic song; the song of wholeness and universal harmony. I am one with the universe, and cannot be hurt or extinguished, the poet sings, contemplating the falling petals of the flower of life. I came, and I go in mystery; I came with a song upon my lips, and I go with a song. He declares that nothing which is universal can be in the nature of a disaster for anything which experiences it. To him, whether he survive the change called death, or pass into whatever path of being Nature will, it is well. The wonder and mystery of life, and the wonder and mystery of death are one to him. The great universe of which he is a part, swings on its way in its vast and inconceivable orbit, "singing the song the morning stars sang together," and he, too, knowing not wholly his part therein, but "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," sings his song of harmony, and dies with melodious words upon his lips.

Poetry trusts the Universe, else there were no songs sung. All beauty at last must face death and accept it. Let the dead moon swing through space, is it not beautiful to the eyes of life? It is a lamp to the feet of the world amidst the shadows of night. "Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay, may stop a hole to keep the wind away," and the poet is not nonplussed, for all use is at last one, and the least of things is serving an end as vast as the greatest of things. The processes of evolution, the long travail of life from birth through development to dissolution, has in itself the reason and the meaning of our existence, and it were as well to turn our backs upon the sun, and close our ears to the voices of ocean and great forests; it were as well to refuse to see, hear

and feel as to decry universal death and hide our heads in despair and fear as his gentle hand is laid upon us.

The poet of real greatness sings death, as he trusts death; for death is one of the great and all-containing facts of being.

For the rest, untimely death, or death amidst great agonies, is not in the nature of one of the universals. Death will more and more come with old age and ripeness as the world of man learns how to live. Disease, and all the varied influences which make for early death, can be abated. Untoward economic conditions and the influence of theologic and moral superstitions are being modified by the forces of resistance; and resistance is another one of the universals. The golden age will not be all gold; it will hold something of iron and something of lead; but the weariness of labor, the pains of deprivation, the sufferings of innocence at the hands of ignorance and stupidity,—all the things which make us feel the pains of life and make us shrink from death as those shrink who have not seen their fruitage and fulfillment, whose lives have been starved,—these things are passing away in the new world of human solidarity and fraternity. Liberty to be one's self and to find one's own way and good in life, will more and more take our thoughts away from sorrow and despair and the fear of death. And the time will come when we can look in the face of the final summoner and see the smile there; and holding the hands of loved comrades for one last moment, bid them farewell as the morning star bids the sea farewell at sunrise. The roses of life and the roses of death both are sweet to the eyes of Wisdom.

EARLY SPRING.

By R. W. Borough.

I stand here gazing 'cross the fields,
Gazing and in the silence, dreaming,
And coming glories of the flower and leaf
Crowd fast upon me.
Why do I start aquive. with delight
As midst this stubble gray comes startling sweet
The thought of Spring?
Now am I restless—I will wander far
To distant glen, to the bare forest's depths
In a mad search for Beauty haunting all.—
Trailing her sweet, low, luring call for days,
Until at last I find her in a flower,
A glistening snow-drop sprung from neath the leaves;
Then shall my heart leap in its joy to know
That the glad spring, the spring has come again.

The History of Human Marriage.

Part IV.

Pagan Marriage.



Though the progress of civilization in early Greece and Rome pursued a different destiny from pagan civilization elsewhere, those links that bind it to our own line of succession, as it were, make that phase of pagan development more useful than any other for study in this connection.

The traditional period in Greece was marked by phenomena for which there is no parallel elsewhere. These tribes have preserved internal evidence of a remarkable state of physical God-likeness, intellectual vigor

and moral purity, at a time when they began to record for posterity their modes of life and thought.

By gleaning among early traditional and historical writers for statements of fact, one may form a consistent picture of traditional times; but one begins to flounder at once if one tries to reconcile the interpretation of these writers. We gather that land was held in common among the Dorians and that Lycurgus, the law-giver of Sparta, after visiting the Doric tribes, restored the land to the Spartan community, and established athletic discipline upon the Doric model. The Dorians still traced descent through the female line, and the women shared in the athletic sports. C. O. Müller, in his "History of the Doric Race" says, "Spartan damsels were seen . . . racing in chariots, in the midst of the assembled multitude." Aristotle relates that the Spartan women took a very prominent part in public affairs. The Lycians, according to Herodotus, took "The mother's and not the father's name." Plutarch tells us that the sexes mingled with perfect freedom and that they practiced athletic exercises and sports together. He also relates that both sexes wore the scantiest clothing; and that the women assumed a position and dignity, very unbecoming to their sex. But while Plutarch is properly scandalized at the dignified position of the Greek women, at the general scantiness of clothing and the free mingling of the sexes, he nevertheless assures us that the morality of the people was above reproach. In fact, the testimony on this point seems to be unanimous. In Sparta, the earliest genealogies go back only a generation or two, when they attach to some God. It is now understood by investigators that this abrupt ending of the merely-human line, indicates the time

when descent was changed from the female to the male line. The gentile form of government was still in force, at that period. Mülller says: "For, in the first place, the assembly of the people, in obedience to a rhetra of Lycurgus was held according to tribes and obae (gentes). Lycurgus seems to have shared somewhat in the mythical character of the times, at least as to the possession of super-human powers. To him the state of human affairs, at an uncertain date, several centuries before Christ, is credited. Plutarch ascribes practically all the social and physiological phenomena of the time to the legal enactments of this remarkable man. Indeed, nearly all writers on this period seem to ignore the fact that there was a state of human affairs, previous to the enactment of civil laws.

The most irrational theories are presented by various authors to account for social conditions at the time of Lycurgus. Even quite recent authors, familiar with present scientific theories, fail to make the application in this case. Letourneau, in his book on "The Evolution of Marriage" says: "In the supreme interest of population, love was forced on young men. . . . The young men were attracted to it by making them assist at the gymnastic exercises of naked young girls." One can not accept this author's theory of the delinquency of nature, in this matter. It would be as unreasonable to assert that these young men were unwilling to eat, after their vigorous outdoor sports. His use of the word "naked," illustrates the writer's unpreparedness to judge the case. It would be as reasonable to speak of a statute as being "undressed." "Nude" is the only word to use in this connection. Mr. Lecky, in his work, "The History of European Morals," says: "It is one of the most remarkable, and to some writers, one of the most perplexing, facts in the moral history of Greece, that in the former and ruder period women had undoubtedly the highest place and their type exhibited the highest perfection." But Mr. Lecky offers no explanation of the facts in this book. Mr. Lewis Morgan presents the other side of the shield, in discussing certain Australian and Polynesian tribes now living in a state of early savagery; and an advanced state of sensualization and decay. He is reluctant to believe that the degradation of these tribes indicates a similar moral state among all savage people; but thinks this evidence tends to prove such a state. He is also at a loss to account for the retrogression of these tribes, under conditions that seem to be so favorable to progress. It seems to me very obvious that the sensualization of these tribes is the cause of their decay. In his great work, "The Basis of Social Relations," Daniel Brinton has briefly indicated the application of this principle. In discussing the Polynesian tribes and others that have disappeared by the same means, he says: "Needless to say these tribes have disappeared." Eliza Burt Gamble, in her "Evolution of Woman," has applied this theory, though not extending it to the limits of this discussion. Woods Hutchinson, in a recent article on "Animal Marriage,"

discusses the pure morals of animals in a state of nature, and contrasts this purity with the loose habits they adopt in a state of domestication. Domestic conditions form for animals that state of idleness and luxury, corresponding with those conditions which surround man under civilization. In both cases the cause of demoralization seems to lie in the disturbance of that balance between consumption and acquisition, which Nature secures to those who live in contact with her. The operation of the law of natural selection would have weeded out immorality among animals in a state of nature. The struggle for existence has been too severe to permit any moral delinquency to perpetuate itself among them. Whether man was always man, or was something else first, there was certainly a time when he was wholly animal; and the same laws which govern other animals would have secured to him a state of austere morality. The human man would have inherited this state, and preserved it until luxury and idleness produced his downfall and provided him with the means of deferring for a time the execution of nature's sentence.

When one compares the condition of these early Greek tribes with others that have not advanced, one knows that the morality of their customs was not applied externally, by any legislator.

Their women lived a life of perfect freedom, because the freedom of women is a natural and necessary part of the unsensualized state. But by the time legend merges into credible history, there seems to be left no man who can conceive of a time when the race was not sensualized; when the free intermingling of the sexes, and their equality, were compatible with morality. Race sensualization is race suicide. Nature has provided against the extinction of the race because of failure to propagate, but she has provided no remedy for sensualization but death. The wages of sensualization is extinction. In the state of the early Greek tribes, we have the proof that their environment and customs had afforded them the means of steady advancement, whereby they had escaped sensualization. I believe it is necessary to understand the application of the law of natural selection to this order of phenomena, in order to interpret the history of marriage adequately.

The alienation of land proceeded, from the time of Lycurgus until, about five hundred B. C., relationship to the land superseded relationship to the gens as a basis of representation in government. This personal possession of land, monopolized by men, is the first and fundamental necessity for the industrial and sexual enslavement of women. Lecky says, (*Hist. of European Morals*) "In the history of sensuality, special causes, such as slavery, religious doctrine, or laws affecting marriage, have been the most powerful agents." The alienation of land, and industrial slavery formed the sure basis of sex slavery for woman. The sensualization of the Greek tribes was accomplished under that system of sex-relations by which woman becomes the permanent property of her master, and is dependent upon him for the

means of supporting herself, her children, and him by her labor. "In countries into which a precocious civilization has not been introduced * * * a wife, far from being a burden to her husband, is rather a help to him being his laborer or sometimes even his supporter. Moreover, children instead of requiring an education that would absorb the father's earnings become, on the contrary a source of income." "A wife is of use to her husband, not merely because she gives him laborers, but because she is herself a laborer." (Westermarck's Hist. of Human Marriage.)

But along with this system of intensive culture of sensuality, and as a corollary thereto, a bitter remedy came into being namely: that double standard of morals, whereby the mothers of the race were kept from polluting the stream of life.

The sentiment that woman is the custodian of the morality of the race is familiar to all, and it is usually uttered as a platitude, calculated to appeal to vanity, and directed toward making woman satisfied with a state of dependency and tutelage. But only ignorance and a lack of historical perspective can make this sentiment appear in the light of a platitude. Woman has not only been the custodian of the morals of the race, she has been the preserver of its life, through that morality. The assumption commonly made, that women have some sort of other-worldly fore-knowledge concerning a "sacred mission" in this respect, is simply silly. The moral purity of the great majority of women has probably been a matter of preference; but her legal and social position in this connection has been as if she were a "property in revolt"—as if only legal enactments could make her pure.

By the time of Solon, the moral degeneracy of Greece was so extreme as to constitute the scandal of the ages. The Greek supremacy at arms had enabled them to throng the country with female slaves. Among many tribes, the men did not offer joint protection to women who were owned by individual men, and so, only their courtesans enjoyed any degree of security against capture. This was especially true of Lydia and Babylonia; and Herodotus relates that these people hit upon the scheme of bringing up their daughters to this profession as a means of securing them from capture. In this way, much of the trouble of an unbecoming insubordination on the part of slaves was obviated for their captors, when the "natural protectors" of these women failed to make good on their part of the understanding.

That worship of the mysteries of generation which springs up so naturally among primitive peoples had, with the Greeks, degenerated into a most profane debauchery under the auspices of religion and law. When Draco, the predecessor of Solon, attempted to curtail the practices of vice, it is recorded that the practice of religious rites within the temple considerably softened the rigor of his decrees. But when Solon put his shoulder to the wheel, he changed all this. The female slaves were divided into four classes. Only Greek women

were taken for wives. These were kept in a "special quarter in the interior of their houses." Their task was to spin, weave and sew, to oversee the work of other female slaves, to wait upon their masters' table, at which they could by no means sit. Solon devoted himself with great care to the private affairs of these women. He regulated their mournings and their amusements, their sacrificings and their journeyings; how many dresses they should take when they traveled and the size of their baskets of provisions as well, as the contents thereof. They were owned by their masters, just as completely as any other piece of household furniture. The other three classes of slaves were captured women. The concubines were industrial slaves, whose children also were slaves. The flute players were owned privately, though their duties were partly of a public nature, connected with the Bacchanalian feasts which were arranged by law and religion. The fourth class were publicly owned, and their lives were reduced to the lowest possible terms. They were kept in certain places, which they were not permitted to leave, and they were cut off from all human interest and experience. Aside from these there was a fifth class of women, called *Hetairai*, whose only restriction was that they were not eligible to be the mothers of Greek citizens. They were captured women, and not being privately owned, were classed as public women. As such they have been buried deep beneath the personal opinion of early historians, and it takes a good bit of excavating to remove the debris of the conventional phraseology of defamation which was so much in vogue against women during subsequent centuries; and to discover what manner of women these were. The comparative freedom which they enjoyed gave them access to the best there was in philosophy and statesmanship, and they are most frequently spoken of as connected with these subjects. They were the friends and teachers and counselors of the best men of their time. It became a matter of comment in Athens when a woman of this class failed to desert the calling to which she had been trained and captured, and to adopt a life of scholarship and intellectual activity.

We find the names of women of this class connected in the highest way with the schools of philosophy. There was *Aspasia*, philosopher and statesman, *Hipparchia*, "practical professor of Cynic philosophy, and one of the most voluminous and esteemed writers of her time." *Themistia*, *Leontium*, *Glycera*, *Thargelia*, and many others whose work as teachers, orators and rhetoricians contributed very definitely to the work for human betterment, in their time. They constantly pointed to the injustice of the state in which their sex was held, and to the vices and miseries arising from it; and their teachings in this particular were adopted by the schools, and accomplished a great gradual upliftment in the condition of woman, and a large measure of moral purification. Mr. Lecky says of them (*Hist. of European Morals*), "The Courtesan was the one free woman of Athens, and she often availed herself of her freedom to acquire a degree of knowledge which

enabled her to add to her other charms an intense intellectual fascination. . . . A combination of circumstances had raised them in actual worth and in popular estimation to an unexampled elevation; and an aversion to marriage became very common."

In distinction to the rewards enjoyed by the *Hetairai* it is well to enumerate the virtues and rewards of the wives. We find on the list meekness, obedience, fidelity, industry, and economy. Their reward for the first three lay entirely with the pleasure of their masters, and that of the other two was enjoyed by their masters; they not enjoying that personal status under the law, by which one can own and hold the fruits of industry and economy.

When Rome conquered Greece she proceeded to adopt the Greek culture and philosophy. Two important principles of the Stoic philosophy were, that virtue is distinct from pleasure—which was a very radical theory in the days of its promulgation; and that there is a basis of natural law upon which all enactments should be founded. Woman and marriage had suffered a degradation in Rome quite similar to that of Greece. The restrictions upon married women were so obnoxious that it had been necessary to enact laws to prevent the women of noble families from enrolling themselves among the prostitutes, as a means of escaping domestic tyranny. But these tyrannies were inconsistent with the natural equality of the sexes, as upheld by the Stoic philosophy; and as this philosophy took a strong hold on the minds of the Roman statesmen, the result was an increasing change for the better in the condition of Roman women, and more reasonable marriage laws.

"An inquiry into the changes which had been wrought in Roman jurisprudence at the time of the Antonine Cæzars, by engrafting upon it the underlying principles contained in the Stoic philosophy, discloses the fact, that the absolute legal emancipation of woman had been accomplished." (Gamble's *Evolution of Woman*).

"Led by their theory of natural law, the jurisconsults had at this time assumed the equality of the sexes as a principle of their code of equity." (Henry Maine's *Ancient Law*).

At this time the trappings of pagan religion had fallen off from marriage, and it had become a purely civil institution. It was contracted, and the contract dissolved, with perfect freedom at the will of the parties. Women rose to the status of human beings. Instead of being bequeathed, along with other property by their male relatives, they now were able to hold and bequeath property themselves.

"They arrived during the Empire, at a freedom which they subsequently lost, and which they have never since regained. . . . The legal position of the wife had become one of complete independence, while her social position was one of great dignity. To the period when the bond of marriage was most relaxed must be assigned most of those noble examples of the constancy of Roman wives which have been for so many generations household tales among mankind." (Lecky's *History of European Morals*).

AGATHA.

By WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

Buried in Rivlin Valley, England.
 All along the valley
 The sun was shining bright;
 All along the valley
 Laughed the spirit of delight:
 All along the valley;
 And e'en in that one spot,
 The home of hearts which beat no more,
 When hope and thought are not.

All along the valley
 The sight was good to see:
 The flowers were freshly blowing,
 And birds sang amorously.
 Black Brook poured its waters
 With softly soothing sound;
 And all the paths seemed joyous paths.
 Across the pleasant ground.

All along the valley
 I thought of you, Sweet Child;
 With your face of light and shadow,
 And laugh so joyous wild;
 And though your dust was lying
 'Neath the tree below the hill,
 Had you been walking by my side
 I had felt no sweeter thrill.

All along the valley
 There was no sense of death:
 All along the valley
 Life amply drew its breath.
 You, Agatha, seemed living,
 Fresh resurrected there,
 In everything that beauty bore
 And found the morning fair.

Your eyes were in the bluebell;
 I heard you in the brook;
 Your smile was in the sunlight,
 And you hid in every nook.
 The dancing of the foxglove,
 It was your glad some leap;
 I could not think that you were dead
 And lay in earth, asleep.

All along the valley,
 Darling child, I sang;
 Till death had lost its terrors,
 And sorrow every pang;
 Till you were wandering with me,
 Soft held by the hand.
 And all the paths were glad some paths
 Across the glowing land.

WORLD DIRECTORY OF PEOPLE WHO THINK.

Parker H. Sercombe, Publisher.



A selected list of names and addresses of men and women who in Writing, in Speech, or in Good Work have demonstrated that they can think rationally, clearly and naturally.

Our aim is to classify those who have minds that operate as correct thinking machines; not those who view each phenomenon by itself as isolated from every other and as a result obtain distorted, egoistic and often fantastical conceptions of the affairs of life.

The Foreword of this Directory will contain a definition of clear thinking and instructions to attain the power of thought that will stand *As An Authority* as long as time shall last.

Who are the Clear Thinkers?

Those whose thought methods are in harmony with the processes of Nature—Life—Evolution.

What is it to think Correctly?

To habitually without bias, classify our own thought with all thought and recognize the common origin.

To habitually without bias classify your own life with all life and recognize the relationship and common origin.

To habitually without bias classify your world with all worlds and recognize the common origin.

To habitually without bias classify your religion with all religions and recognize the common origin.

To habitually without bias classify the industrial and economic forms to which you are accustomed with the growth and development of all other economic systems and recognize the relationship and common origin.

To habitually without bias classify the social and domestic manners, customs, forms and ceremonies to which you are accustomed with all other manners, customs, forms and ceremonies and learn to know their relative meaning and common origin.

To habitually without bias classify your own physical form with all physical form and recognize the common laws of growth and relationship.

To habitually without bias classify your own emotions, whims, feelings, tastes, passions, vanities, impulses, and theories with the growth and development of these wherever found and know their common origin, relationship and insignificance.

Clear Thinking is impossible except to those who habitually see in each thing the law of all things, who see the corroboration of nature in every field of inquiry and who, knowing the law of many things may also know the law of any single thing even without inquiring into it specifically.

Those whose mental habit enables them to see phenomena as isolated from universal law are those who have whims, necessities, inconsistencies; those who adopt parties in politics, creeds

in religion and have fixed views on all things. These are the "cattle" who BELIEVE according to the prevailing fashion of their community and of such are ninety-nine per cent of the race. They are not People who Think.

The idea of the interdependence and relationship of all thought and phenomena did not and could not come into this world until after appliances, systems, inventions and instruments were put into use whereby a sufficient knowledge was obtained to form a UNIVERSAL POSTULATE. Not until the Printing-press, Railroad, Telegraph, Telescope, Microscope, Micrometer, Chemistry, Electric Power and Objective Psychology enabled us to obtain and record the secrets of nature was it possible for Philosophers, Prophets or Sages to know whether they were thinking in harmony with LAW or not, hence those who wrought in past ages could no more have a complete or true philosophy than they could make or describe a complete and true automobile.

No writer, teacher or seer of past ages ever employed the "inductive method" whereby originality, initiative and individuality must be developed. Those who attained a degree of these got them by accident or *in spite of* their teachers.

No mystic prophets, Confucius, Christ or Maeterlink, each typifying the intuitional, egoistic, personal thought method of their epoch, ever implied in a saying or paragraph that they had any hint of the Relationship of all Phenomena, the unity of all knowledge.

Plato, Aristotle, and every philosopher and apologist down to and including John Stuart Mill, Hume, Voltaire, Kant, Fichte, Hegel and Shopenhaur did valuable thinking on the isolation plan, one thing at a time, but never did they attain the cosmic view of life and mind; their theories were mere theories and lacked equilibrium, they reached no final synthesis, they were never able to see the law of the universe in the atom—the philosophy of evolution came after their time.

The THINKERS of the WORLD are HERE and NOW.

They are comparatively few and not many real thinkers have yet grown old enough to die.

CORRECT THINKING is but a recent possibility for it is only within the past fifteen years that the necessary accuracy in practical psychology and sociology has been acquired to bring these into relationship with the rest of science.

Had Plato or even St. Augustine lived today and through modern knowledge and appliances been able to learn how the lives of all creatures are interdependent and intertwined to such an extent that no one can be really free until all are free—that no one can be happy unless his neighbors are happy—that no one can be truly rational until his associates are rational, they and the college professors who have followed them would have been saved countless millions of words and phrases that have meant nothing and wasted a lot of time.

As a test we think that all of those who are able to send in a correct statement of the relationship and interdependence of the modern printing press to Philosophy, Religion, Economics, Science, Transportation, Education and General Mechanics will be entitled to a place in the World Directory of People who Think.

Woman and Her Worth.

By Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell.

"O to be a woman! to be left to pique and pine,
When the winds are out and calling to this vagrant heart of mine.

* * *

All the boats at anchor they are plunging to be free!—
O to be a sailor, and away across the sea!
When the sky is black with thunder, and the sea is white with foam,
The gray-gulls whirl up shrieking and seek their rocky home.

* * *

There is danger on the waters—there is joy where dangers be—
Alas! to be a woman and the nomad's heart in me."

Man is intimate with nothing so much as woman. And yet it is a common expression among us that no other thing on earth is so little understood as woman. Now, if this be true I shall try to account for it on the hypothesis that Woman is a living Symbol of Beauty, and is, therefore, beyond final analysis. Nothing else in this world is so elusive as Beauty—nothing so proteus. Nothing else has so many phases. Nothing is sought after more. Nothing is harder to approach—nothing more pleasing and nothing more painful. Beauty is the eternal paradox of the universe. It dwells in the borderland of dreams. It makes pioneers of us all. It beckons and we follow. We turn our dying faces toward it and bless it with our latest breath. For Beauty's sake martyrdom of flame, of flood and famine, is the sweetest morsel that Life holds up before our eager eyes; and Beauty is the one thing that Life ever snatches from the straining reach of our outstretched hands. In a sense, Woman seems to be all this. Moreover, like unto Beauty, Woman has shadows and doubles and values and painful phases; and like unto the rose that our fevered hands would pluck, she has thorns to entangle us and tear our hearts. Withal, nothing abates our zeal for Woman. She is sought by youth when the first flush of strength makes the blood mad and all the sinews firm and proud—again by trembling age of feeble pulse and flaccidness. Even decrepit Senators whose last glowing coals are wrapped in the gray ashes of their spent desires take unto themselves young wives—thus facing grave dangers with intrepidity.

As a concrete image of desire, Woman serves both to attract and to distract us. She is food for our soul while devouring our flesh. She is an unwinged Angel of Light, and may become a vampire of darkness. Her moods are variant as an autumn day. Her caprices run the gauntlet of the rounded year. Her tastes are incongruous and overpowering. She has the splendid dash of intuition—the magnificent spirit of off-hand speech—the thorn of positiveness and the blushing rose of joy. She is airy as the thistle's down, and strong enough to bear the burdens of our race. She is timid in safety, and brave as a Fury in danger. There dwell within her heart the compassion of Heaven, and somewhat of a hy-

ena's cruelty. At her best, she is a carnate poem fresh from the sweet lips of God—and at her worst, a withering blast direct from the netherworld. She is a frail bark, I guess, to navigate all the seas of feeling; but as mistress of her own soul she sounds all the depths.

In these days dogmatism is pretty generally fashionable. Too many of us speak with authority. That is why, perhaps, we have so much in evidence certain male members of society who although barely gifted with the brain of a tadpole yet have the exaggerated mouth of a caricatured frog. These ungentle beings are forever croaking in public places of the inferiority of woman. Again there are alleged females who declare with much persistency and shrillness of voice that women are superior to men. It goes without saying that no evidence is ever offered on either side, except the evidence of example which always discredits the statements of these noisy beings.

It seems very droll that such an undebatable question as woman's inferiority or superiority should ever have been proposed for serious discussion. It is hard to conceive that even among such blind savages as we there could be such utter rout of reason. There are differences between the sexes, to be sure—but such foolish and futile discussions in no wise determine inferiority in the one or superiority in the other. It is amusing to observe that many of the present-day philogynists are given to fanaticism as unreasonable as the most rabid diatribes of the anomalies known as misogynists.

Every natural man adores womanhood, and loves some woman; or he may love several women—one for this, one for that, and another for something else. But his admiration, his adoration, his love do not affect his judgment; they do not warp him into believing that woman is the higher type of humanity; nor do they so twist his perspective that he regards her intellect as the clearer, quicker and stronger—or her moral sense as the purer and nobler. The natural man who is not fond of delusions, who is not playing to the galleries, as we say, but those whose loyalty to woman is yet strong as his love is when he lies at her feet the enraptured slave to her beauty, will permit himself to see that compassion, delicacy of feeling, rapid perception, intellectual insight, patience and passionate tenderness are not monopolized even by women. He will also perceive how untrue it is to say that the female form is more beautiful than the male. For he who says this discredits the judgement of half the world. It all depends upon the viewpoint. Beauty, like unto everything else, is relative. Woman finds in the male form, in its perfect balance, its supple vigor and lithsome endurance more beauty than she sees in the delicious curves and sweet undulations of her own dear form, doomed to earlier decay.

It is hard to realize that in this day of boasted wisdom and justice there are only a few communities wherein women are allowed voice and part in public affairs. The idea that there

should even be such a **question** as "Woman Suffrage" seems monstrous to me. How shocking it will appear to the future! In the ages to come, no other comment will be needed on our dark lack of civilization than the record that in many parts of the world today, not excepting our own country, woman is kept in literal bondage as a plaything of man, or as a sort of auxiliary beast of burden. She has unwilling woe thrust upon her and the violence that brings unwelcome babes. She is forced to mother the mad dogs of crime and vice, the loathsome wretches of lust, the pauper-children of ignorance and infamy. She is browbeaten by brutality yelping for large families, and when these have broken her blood and drained her dry of the juices of delight—when care has wrinkled her brow and wattled her neck she is kicked aside for a fresh victim. She is circumscribed by silly custom—saddled with superstition on the theory that virtue maintained through ignorance and fear is a sacred good. But the future will know. As I know now, that chains and prison walls, while less effective are equally beneficent and quite as just.

How amazed the daughters of the future will be to look back on these dull times and see man's infinite cruelty to mother, wife and child! they the daughters to come born of a thousand years of chivalry and honor—they who shall have 'taken their place side by side with man—co-equal and co-important.

COMMENT BY WALTER HURT.

The foregoing little paper by my very good friend, Dr. Bell, should be considered as a prose-poem rather than as a philosophical lucubration. It is inconsistent and misses the contemplative mood—lacks the analytic attitude. First, the writer denies deification to woman, then proceeds himself to apotheosize her. A verbal rhapsody is not especially instructive. Neither is it particularly convincing. When a confirmed *giaour* such as Dr. Bell, uses the word "God," as he does here, we understand straightway that he is merely writing poetry and we immediately become indulgent. We are willing to grant him his poetic license throughout, conditioning only that he shall not ask us to take him too seriously.

The comparative reference to the intellectual capacity of the *Rana* embryo and the facial orifice of the matured batrachian is neither kind nor necessary. From Shakespeare's exhaustless well of expression I would draw, and would say unto Dr. Bell, "The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness."

It is a pleasant practice, I know, to toss bouquets at the women. But it adds nothing to the sum of social benefit. In the present case it proves nothing except that Dr. Bell is a very gallant man.

It has come to be pretty well understood that woman is not an angel either of light or of darkness. There certainly is nothing ethereal about her. I always have—thankfully enough—found her quite human in her qualities. As a matter of fact, there is no fundamental difference between man and woman. The differentiation that exists is purely temperamental, and based upon the functional sex difference. They are perfectly complementary, now as ever since the distant day of hermaphroditic disunion and a consequent division of the sexual function.

Gynolatry is not greatly edifying. Worship has no proper place in the world. Worship implies self-abasement, a thing no right-minded person should contemplate. We should cease to accord worship to woman and give her justice. She needs our reverence less than her rights. Justice has no relation to sentiment. Tyranny usually is emotional.

Personally, my attitude toward woman is rational. I am nothing of a misogynist. I give her courtesy and consideration always, I give her my respect when she deserves it—but not my reverence.

Woman can never come into her own so long as she is the plaything of a senseless chivalry, and receives a hollow homage in lieu of her rights. The free-minded woman will acknowledge the truth of this and welcome the means of her emancipation right joyously.

Whoever holds woman in idolatry is like to be a Gheber, and the fire of his worship flows quenchless through his own viens.

That fascinating feuilletonist, Vance Thompson, has stated the case with some accuracy and thoroughness, as follows:

“***perhaps it is not a pretty picture—this picture of a man in genuflective posture, with heated eyes and broken breath—but it is true to the day. It is a common type. You know, as I know, many of these men who see none of the high beauty of life, none of life’s magnificent endeavor; who are blind to the immitigable glory of art and science, and for whom this sacred world is one vast bawdy-house. Such men walk ever in the shadow of the sexual fact. Art to them is merely a breeder’s comment. They prate of Sapho because she was a harlot who sang, not because she was a poet whose leisure was lit by amours.

“I do not like this attitude of the modern man, as he kneels at the feet of a woman with fondling hands and eyes blazing with unclean fire.

“It is too dirty and too sad.”

Dr. Bell cannot be commended for thus encouraging men in that toward which they already are too greatly predisposed.

Concerning the comparative merits of man and woman there is this to be said: Equality is a matter of equipment. Man is superior to woman as an athlete, but is her inferior as a wet-nurse.

Dr. Bell finds his happiness in human symmetry. I freely admit the aesthetic possibilities. There is great grace and beauty in woman’s perfect form. There is a certain majesty in the brave strength of line of man’s unblemished physique. But how many such may we hope to find? As for the average, there is just one thing more unpleasing than an undraped woman, and that is a naked man.

I HEARD YOU SOLEMN-SWEET PIPES OF THE ORGAN.

I heard you solemn-sweet pipes of the organ as last Sunday
morn I pass’d the church,
Winds of autumn, as I walk’d the woods at dusk I heard your
long-stretched sighs up above so mournful,
I heard the perfect Italian tenor singing at the opera, I heard
the soprano in the midst of the quartette singing;
Heart of my love! you too I heard murmuring low through
one of the wrists around my head,
Heard the pulse of you when all was still ringing little bells
last night under my ear.

Walt Whitman.

Civilization is the modifier, the eliminator, the enervator. It makes a cult of the conventional, and—after a western cattle method—knocks the horns off originality for fear of being hurt. As civilization advances, forests disappear; the big trees go down, and any possibility of their renewal is closed up. Also the big animals follow the big trees into limbo. The bear, the panther, and the great timber wolf are supplanted by the fox, the mink and the weasel.

—Alfred Henry Lewis.

THE HEROES AT HOME.

By Walter Hurt.

The heroes march away from home when ordered to the front,
 And stationed there they bravely bear the battle's sternest
 brunt;
 And some live on, but more are gone where wars are never
 known,
 But whether dead or maimed instead, each has received his
 own:
 The plaudits of the populace reward the living braves—
 As for the fallen, gracious flowers now garland deep their
 graves;
 And Beauty gives their gallantry her favor's sweetest smile,
 And tender tears upon their biers by love were lavished.
 While
 Their splendid spirits live for aye within Valhalla's vale,
 The story of their glory, told in War's triumphant tale,
 Resounds through all the records ever written by the race,
 And in the Pantheon of Time their names are given place.

But there are others, all unknown, whose deeds are full as
 brave,
 For whom no human voice shall sound a strong, victorious
 stave;
 They have not stared Death in the face upon a stormy main,
 Nor with a soldier's fearless grace have trod a sanguine plain,
 But in their bloodless battles they have shown a spirit quite
 As high and as heroic as the fallen in the fight
 Whose courage fired their comrades 'midst the carnage of the
 field
 And through its length afforded strength that would not let
 them yield.
 These men have joined no regiment in distant lands to roam,
 They are the unsung conquerors—the heroes here at home.

In shops they shed, not drops of red, but pallid sweat of pain;
 They strive and starve and suffer for a greedy master's gain;
 They woo with toil the stubborn soil and win its treasure fair;
 In mines they moil nor crave the spoil that is the warrior's
 share;
 For, grim and gaunt, the wolf of Want they fight in fierce
 defense
 Of homes that wraiths of hunger haunt with vengeance
 intense.
 And sick or strong they strain along nor weep above their
 work,
 For wage means life to child and wife with never a chance to
 shirk.
 Upon their flinching flanks they feel the driver's cruel goad.

What time they bend their backs and reel beneath the crushing load
 Of labor that is poorly paid, nor get a thought of thanks
 For faithful service rendered by the privates in the ranks
 Of this great industrial army that is groaning for relief
 From the tyranny of toiling to enrich an idle thief.

These are the voiceless victors, grander than the lords of pelf,
 Who have won the prize of patience—silent conquerors of
 Self.

They are brave for those who love them and they suffer for
 the sake

Of hearts at home that hear not how the worker's heart must
 break

Beneath the burden of the days of unremitting toil
 When the lash is laid upon him nor his wounds are touched
 with oil.

They have not followed day by day the flaming flag of Mars,
 And lifeless forms along the way left staring at the stars.

They have not helped emboss with graves the landscape's
 living green

And splash it with the scarlet waves of war, nor have they
 seen

A brother fall before their ball, dead in a second's span,
 And never yet with bayonet have slain their fellowman.
 So when within the circling suns life's little space is spent,
 Unto their mem'ries will be reared no regal monument;
 No deathless name for them shall blaze on Fame's eternal
 dome,

So let us give them present praise—these heroes here at home.

Even the best of modern civilizations appear to me to exhibit a condition of mankind which neither embodies any worthy ideal nor even possesses the merit of stability. I do not hesitate to express the opinion that, if there is no hope of improvement of the condition of the greater part of the human family; if it is true that the increase of knowledge, the winning of a greater dominion over Nature which is its consequence, and the wealth which follows upon that dominion, are to make no difference in the extent and intensity of Want, with its concomitant physical and moral degradation among the masses of the people, I should hail the advent of some kindly comet, which would sweep the whole affair away, as a desirable consummation. What profits it to the human Prometheus that he has stolen the fire of heaven to be his servant, and that the spirits of the earth and of the air obey him, if the vulture of pauperism is to eternally tear his very vitals and keep him on the brink of destruction?

—Thomas Huxley.

Views and Reviews.

Being Sidelights on Principles and Personalities.

By Charles A. Sandburg.

A work of art is like a friend. It is to be lingered with for joy and inspiration. It is not to be understood or analyzed. Go far enough peeping and prying in the house of your friend and you will be rewarded with a ghastly look from out of the eye-sockets of the skeleton in the closet.

The poetry of Walt Whitman cannot be approached with any idea of analyzing it into component parts and saying its force and charm lies here or there. Clench your hands, pace to and fro, study, measure, scrutinize, and you will find the work of art but leers, jeers, and makes faces. Enjoy the thing! love the thing! and you shall understand it!

* * *

Walter Thomas Mills is not a tall man. When he rises to address an assembly there is always an impatient auditor who calls out, "Stand up!" However, in spite of the fact that out of the ninety million miles between the earth and the sun, Mills is a linear foot farther from the source of light than the average man, he radiates flashes of wit and sparkles of philosophy. Mills is a living proof of what some people regard as impossible: He is a socialist who keeps sweet!

* * *

It is to be doubted if there is another publishing house in America having quite the significance of the house of Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago. A few years ago Mr. Kerr was engaged in the publication of populist and radical-democratic literature. He is now, however, manager of a co-operative organization that publishes and distributes more socialistic literature than any other house in America. The catalog of this house is an interesting compendium, and if you have not given any attention to such matters, it will surprise you to see what a number of subjects are ranged about and inter-related with the subject of socialism.

We are in receipt of two volumes, "Better-World Philosophy," and "The Universal Kinship." The author is J. Howard Moore, professor of zoology at the Crane Manual Training School. Our space is too limited at present to give here a right summary of the theses and indicate the main trends of the books. Both, however, are sure to prove interesting to all who hold that beautiful, simple idea denoted by the pretentious name of "cosmic consciousness." (The Universal Kinship, \$1.00. Better-World Philosophy, \$1.00. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

* * *

I do not think myself better or worse than what I meet. In my best mood, I think no more of superiority or inferiority than does the sun, the rain, or the hill-wind. I merely give and thus keep—that's all.

The question, "Is the world growing better?" is to be answered, "Yes." Whoever answers it otherwise is not alive and healthy. Ideas are abroad and afloat in the air, passing from man to man that a hundred years ago were heresy and pollution. Joseph Medill Patterson is a sign. He was impossible. Nobody thought it. In Patterson the socialists struck oil. Around the place from which he appeared they are increasing the derricks and drills of their propaganda. Who knows what's next?

Will the United States government some day take over all the trusts and other means of production and operate them for the benefit of the whole people? Can the pay for every man and woman be made so just and equitable that there will be no inducement for any person to graft? Whose mouth is so stopped with foolish words that he will assert this is impossible? Who has the gift of prophecy that he dares say we cannot devise a system better than the cut-throat, competitive arrangement of to-day? To say we shall always have poverty, crime, greed, prostitution, is to sign yourself the blackest and bitterest and most hopeless of pessimists. To hope and believe in better days coming is to be a better man or woman.

The following clipping is taken from the Chicago Tribune, being a part of one of Raymond's daily news-letters. It is proof that behind and beneath all their utterances, public men have ideas and sympathies that are going to count one day when the markets of the world are exhausted and bankrupt traders and desperate workingmen pass resolutions and march Coxeywise, demanding justice. It may be we will have a Lincoln drawn from the working classes to adjust the crisis. At any rate the force of public opinion rightly aroused is tremendous, and that it operates subtly and makes men think things they dare not say is shown in the following:

Washington, D. C., March 30.—It is a serious thing to say, and yet I believe I am justified in saying it, that if the strike of the bituminous and anthracite miners is permitted to continue to the point where the piled up stocks of both kinds of coal are practically exhausted so as to produce a paralysis of industrial operations, the government of the United States, either through the president or through congress, or both, will take action in the interest of the people, constitution or no constitution.

That is the feeling here today among men who ordinarily are conservative. They do not believe that either congress or the president has the right to dictate the terms on which men shall operate their mines, or on which men shall work in those mines. They do believe, however, and the opinion was generally expressed today by republicans and democrats, and by high officials almost within the walls of the White House itself, that if any such crisis arises the United States government will take possession of the mines, operate them for the benefit of the people, and turn over the money to its proper owners, leaving the operators and miners to agree among themselves if they can.

This is revolutionary sort of talk, yet it can be heard among the most conservative. A sufficient time has now elapsed to tell the real story of the coal strike of four years ago. That was settled by means of a commission appointed by President Roosevelt, ostensibly upon the earnest request of both parties to the controversy. Practically speaking, neither party wanted the commission very much. The operators believed it would be made up of men of the demagogue stripe, who would find in favor

of the miners in order to secure political advantage. The miners believed it would be packed with representatives of the great corporate interests, who naturally would find for the operators and railroads, with whom they were affiliated.

What made the miners and operators agree to accept the decision of a commission was the knowledge on their part, confidentially conveyed to them, that if they did not accept the proposal President Roosevelt was ready to seize the coal mines of Pennsylvania and operate them in the interest of the public, protected by troops of the regular army if necessary. He was ready to put Gen. Schofield in command of the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania and bar out both operators and miners unless they were willing to work under Gen. Schofield as extra judicial receiver, temporarily in charge of a natural product which was indispensable to the welfare of the people at large.

President Roosevelt was told flatly by Baer and other operators, and by some of the miners' representatives as well, that what he was threatening to do was unconstitutional and revolutionary. They declared that if he took such action he would be impeached.

The reply of the president, so I am told, was entirely characteristic of him. He declared the country had reached a great emergency which required extraordinary action. He informed President Baer and others that in the interest of public safety and to prevent a revolution he would himself, if it became necessary, assume all responsibility for the seizure of the anthracite fields. He declared he would exercise his authority as commander-in-chief of the army to open up the mines and to operate them in the interests of the people, selling the product at a fair price to the public, and depositing the money to the credit of the proper owners, to be claimed when and where they saw fit.

Furthermore, according to the story as I have learned it, the president said he would do this even if he knew he would be impeached for his action. He was willing to face impeachment, he said, to relieve a situation which had become intolerable, and, while he did not fix a time limit or say either operators or miners should accept the findings of the commission within a specified time, both sides went away from preliminary conferences fully aware of the fact that there was a man in the White House who was willing to resort to revolutionary tactics and to defy the constitution if need be in the face of a great crisis, which was not contemplated by the constitution and which could not possibly be provided for in advance.

When it is said, therefore, that President Roosevelt will not interfere at the present time, it can easily be seen that it is because he has not yet been invited in the right way by both sides, and because there does not yet exist an extraordinary crisis which would justify him in resorting to the unusual exercise of the vast power which really is lodged in him by the constitution itself, which made him commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and which makes it treason for any officer or man in either service to conspire to defy his orders.

If President Roosevelt was willing to take possession of the anthracite fields four years ago, when only the anthracite miners were out, and when the bituminous fields were supplying coal enough for most industrial plants, it does not take much of a prophet to guess what would happen if the present strike extends for any length of time and closes up practically the entire coal supply of the country.

President Roosevelt is not alone in this point of view. He would have to stand the brunt of an unconstitutional action, and he would be liable to impeachment as an individual if he overstepped the bounds of his authority. Members of congress, however, take a good deal the same point of view now that they did in the winter of 1903, following the coal strike, when they actually considered the advisability of having the United States by law take possession of all the coal mines in the country.

The International Progressive Thought League.

An Experiment in Character Culture.



The curtain is now being drawn from many a mystery. Twentieth Century development, culture and progress is calling loudly for the fulfillment of the Bible promise that "Nothing is hidden which shall not be revealed."

On Saturday morning, January 13th, 1906, a group of twelve women met in the drawing-room of the Sheldon homestead at 1094 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., to consider the feasibility of making

a center for people who were thinking along advanced lines. It was the sense of those present that another meeting for men and women be called for Tuesday evening, January 16th, and through snow and wind twenty-one earnest souls came together.

The presence of Margaret B. Peeke, of Sandusky, Inspector General of the Martinist Order for the United States, gave an immense impetus to the occasion; and thus was The International Progressive Thought League born.

Miss Grace Carew Sheldon, who with Mrs. Elizabeth Conner had called these meetings, offered her drawing-room to the League for its assembly, and free reading room, and the motto, "Forward" was adopted, with the colors of sapphire, blue, cherry, red, white and gold.

Since that eventful night, a group of people have met here every Tuesday evening during the winter, and the work of the League has progressed marvelously. Generous donations of money and books, pamphlets and magazines, along every line of Progressive Thought have been given, and applica-

tions for membership from many of the brightest lights among our thinking citizens have been received.

From the first its founders have known that the League was *Sui generis*, and not a mere New Thought center.

The three months' co-operation of people thinking along different lines but tending towards one goal, namely, self improvement, and the general advancement of human interests,

has proven the League to be the nucleus of a great character building institution. While London, Paris, New York, Boston and Chicago are **thinking** about it, Buffalo has really started what some day will be the greatest college of Character Culture.

The unique value of this institution will be more properly felt generations hence.

It has been said to educate a child properly you must begin one hundred years before he is born.

We are glad to have parents apply for tuition, but we believe that we have something of unique value in forming the characters, ideas, principles and morals of the children

of today who must meet the problems of the future, and who will be the parents of a different race of beings from the badly-conceived, illy-adjusted and poorly reared children of the present.

Mrs. Conner believes that the study of "Individualism" is the road to Personal Power. She says "The Individualist" always has



GRACE CAREW SHELDON.

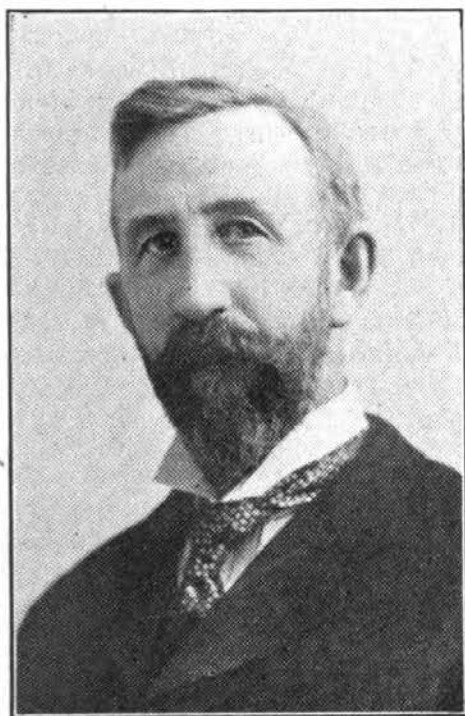
The word of hope upon his lips
The breath of life in his nostrils,
And the love of humanity in his heart.

Her work is given both personally and by correspondence.

Grace Carew Sheldon is a well known philanthropist, traveler and writer, and together they have struck the key note of progressive endeavor the vibrations of which can never be lost.

In October, the celebrated physicist, Dr. Lockwood, will connect himself with this institution for a year, and as the means are provided, other men and women proficient in some educative line will be brought to Buffalo.

Contributions, no matter how small, are gladly welcomed. The League is free to poor and rich alike, for often the rich are poor and the poor are rich in mentality, courage, generosity and love.



FRANK M. WILSON.

WALT WHITMAN.

By D. F. Hannigan.

How shall we sing his praise?
Not with dainty music or delicate twanging of harps.
Or mincing accompaniment played in some richly-furnished
drawing-room!

No! The "good gray Poet"

Needs no dilettante music!

He needs only the music of the heart of man, the ineffable
harmonies of love!

O great strong soul!

O soul, unconquered by Mammon, loving only Man,

Rest, for your work is done!

You have bequeathed to us a precious legacy!

You have pointed out to us the Path of the Future!

You have heralded the dawn of To-Morrow!

Between the Covers.

By Walter Hurt.

In "Words of the Wood," the latest volume of verse from the pen of Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell, there is ample evidence that the author's mind has reached its meridian. Compared with his earlier excellent output, there is here a maturer thought and a more nearly perfect workmanship. The quality of these poems is satisfying throughout, there being a marked evenness of merit, and many of them are wrought with an exquisite art. There is a confident certainty in Dr. Bell's method that affords a grateful relief from the work of the average vacillating versifier. It is the unfaltering expression of a soul that knows itself and is not concerned as to consequences. The author is a conscientious artist who feels the futility of crude genius, and everywhere is the touch of a sure technique.

As the title of the book indicates, these poems in large part voice Nature's various subtle moods; but there also is much of philosophy and flashes of concentrated human feeling that never was born beyond the boundaries of crowded urban ways. And over all is spread the spirit of symbolism like the brooding shadow of outstretched wings.

The carapace is not less attractive than the contents. Dressed in Strathmore Japan boards, decorative, and showing the perfection of typographical taste, it is a dainty dream of the bookmaker's art.

(M. Harman, 500 Fulton st., Chicago. Price 20 cents.)

In "Social Freedom," a pamphlet dealing with sex reform, Hulda L. Potter-Loomis reaches the **Ultima Thule** of radicalism in connection with her subject, concerning which such a variety of opinion exists; and doubtless she will find many to disagree with some of her theories even among advanced thinkers who advocate a readjustment of social conditions along the line indicated. But at least this author has the courage of her strong convictions; and it needs no little hardihood for any woman to step out from convention's beaten path which for countless centuries her sex has blindly and dumbly trodden, to proclaim an unpopular doctrine. At any rate, all who feel the impulse of freedom and really care to be a part of progress, will be compelled to commend some of this writer's utterances, as in the following:

"The wheels of progress will never advance while they remain imbedded in the ruts of past centuries. New and better structures are continually being erected upon the ruins of the old. Surprising discoveries await mankind in the depths of the unexplored forests. Still untrodden fields hold vast treasures of gold and silver and precious stones for the courageous ones who will venture there.

"Why should we hesitate to leave the long traveled highway of conventionality and custom? Whatever these may

have contributed to the welfare of society in the past, they can not be expected to contain all of wisdom, nor all of happiness for humanity. To be happy is the chief aim and end of human existence.

"We are well aware that whoever conceives of, or advocates, or practices anything which is contrary to that which is called 'the established order of things' is called 'radical' or 'extremist,' and is liable to be misjudged and roundly abused, for radicalism means 'root-work—the uprooting of all falsehoods and abuses,' and it is not too much to say that the one who attempts to uproot all the falsehoods, the errors and abuses which have become established through social limitation has set for himself, or herself, no easy task. We are encouraged to make some slight attempt in this direction, knowing that whatever measure of freedom has been secured for mankind has come through the efforts of individuals who were far-seeing and courageous enough, first, to conceive of greater benefits to be derived in a new and different order of things; second, to openly advocate the same, and thirdly, to put their ideas into practice in their own lives in defiance of adverse opinion and social ostracism; aye! in defiance of persecution and even death itself."

The essay composing this pamphlet was prepared at the request of the Social Science League of Chicago, and was delivered as an address before that society.

(M. Harmon, 500 Fulton st., Chicago. Price 20 cents.)

"Marriage and Divorce," a pamphlet by Josephine K. Henry, is a woman's feeling protest against the subordinate status of her sex in marriage under laws in the enactment of which she has had no voice and in conforming to which she can have no choice. The author arraigns in forceful fashion a system that inflicts such injustice upon woman in the conjugal contract, making of her the veriest vassal instead an equal partner with equal rights to be equally respected. Summed up, it is a simple plea for justice to woman in the marital relation, that she may come into that dignity which is her rightful dower, that she may bring in free hands to her husband those gracious gifts of loyalty and love no slave can ever carry. It is furthermore a demand for the revision of our present marriage laws to the end that an equity may be established that will give higher ideals and happier homes to a nobler race that shall be born of such reform.

"Woman and the Bible," by the same writer, shows how the doctrine of woman's degradation is taught throughout the Scriptures, which seek always to impress her with a sense of her own infinite inferiority. It points out how the church has fastened the chains upon woman, and how the priesthood has conspired to perpetuate her enslavement by teaching that servility to man is the virtue of greatest value, while any impulse of sex independence is the sovereign shame. An ardent appeal is made to woman to cast off the shackles of superstition that have prevented her progress through the centuries.

that she may reach the heights of an emancipated existence toward which the future beckons.

These companion brochures are well calculated to do a great missionary work if sufficiently circulated, for woman holds the key to the grated gate that bars our way to the Wider Freedom.

("Marriage and Divorce," 25 cents; "Woman and the Bible," 10 cents. Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Ky.)

Whether or not his conclusions be correct, in his monograph, "Eternity of the Earth," the Hon. Daniel K. Tenney has rendered a large service to human thought by courageously discrediting scientific dogma and making our minds more reluctant to accept as authoritative the *ex cathedra dicta* of its creedal exponents. After orthodox religion, nothing is more arrogant in its assumptions than orthodox science, and each is about equally prone to error. Science is scarcely less fallible than the doctrines of faith—in fact, many of its cherished hypotheses are founded on faith; its reputed exactness is a myth, for its most elaborate theories are periodically being exploded.

According to his own statement Mr. Tenney's purpose in his book is to demonstrate "that the suns and planets are eternal entities and not the concentrated product of intensely heated atoms, originally circulating in the realms of space; that the universe is not cooling off; to refute the current idea that the sun projects light and heat as such to the earth; to indicate that electro-magnetic force produces such light and heat and is the power behind all phenomena, and to show that the internal heat of the earth is caused by the gravital pressure of its crust."

The writer does not presume to pass upon the integrity of Mr. Tenney's theories—the reader must judge for himself as to their accuracy. But the work is lucid and logical, evidencing the careful thought of the systematic student and the finished touch of the literary precisionist. It will have the effect of stimulating thought and encouraging investigation, and can not fail to interest the daring delver for knowledge who understands that science has its superstitions, its fallacies and its tyrannies not less than has theology.

ART AND THE PEOPLE.

A new art is indeed required. And it will come when the artist shall say to himself: "I write works which contain the highest poetry of nature, involving a deep knowledge and comprehension of the life of nature; but, if I write such things, I must also be able, if I am a true artist, to speak to *all*; to write other things which will be as deep in conception as these, but which every one, including the humblest miner or peasant, will be able to understand and enjoy." To say that a folk-song is greater Art than a Beethoven sonata is not correct; we cannot compare a storm in the Alps, and the struggle against it, with a fine, quiet mid-summer day and hay-making. But truly great Art, which notwithstanding is depth and lofty flight, will penetrate into every peasant's hut and inspire every one with higher conceptions of thoughts and life—such an Art is really wanted.

—KROPOTKIN.
Original from

Are We Immortal?

By J. George Frederick.

We experience unusual gratification in presenting to our readers the following thought provoking communication by Mr. Frederick, which points out more clearly than has ever, to our knowledge, been done before, that the only immortality that can be recognized by the sane and scientific is gratitude of mankind, the memory of the good, the useful work initiated during our lives, causing our spirit to live on in the thoughts of those who come after us.

Our immortality may be great like that of Franklin, Peter Cooper, Lincoln, or Thomas Edison, who have done much for the race; or little, like that of some obscure farmer, workman, or mountaineer; or devilish, like those who plot against their race, despise, petrify, and destroy.

Referring to the writer's statement, "The matter must rest at last on our calm and unbiased judgment," we think a little more extended explanation is necessary lest each reader should presuppose that he himself is capable of "calm and unbiased judgment," whereas this faculty under our present artificial system of society and education is vouchsafed to but very few persons. Probably ninety nine per cent of those whom we call intelligent readers, form their judgments impulsively through bias or prejudice, and there are a very few persons with trained minds capable of appreciating Mr. Frederick's proposition. We make this explanation in order that the rank and file of readers may appreciate their own limitations and not imagine that the writers's advice is meant for them. It is only safe with those intellectually equipped to employ "calm and unbiased judgment," in which case they have also the humility to know that even their judgment is of little value unless it finds corroboration among other expert thinkers.

Truth is not for the isolated thinker, nor an invention for the isolated inventor.

Even as our lives are intricately interwoven with others, so in the order of progress must our thoughts and judgments be interwoven with the thoughts and judgments of others, and only by the action and interaction of the thoughts of many do we *ever* finally attain the truth.

To the question, "What is thought?" the writer answers: "It is spirit, love, purpose, mercy, truth, goodness, beauty, humility, joy, sympathy—also hate, despair, and all kindred things."

In order to supply the evolutionist reader with a more comprehensive viewpoint, thought originated in the first discriminations of primordial protoplasmic germs and as the life and activities of these cells and combinations of cells grew gradually more complex so did thought grow more complex that it might coordinate with the ever increasing complexity enforced upon the life of these organisms. It is through the resistance which life has offered us on the one hand and the vital urge under the law of persistence of force on the other, that from the beginning has step by step enforced a broader, and more coherent, yet an ever increasing complexity in our mental equipment.

Thought, then, not only comprises all those conscious states and activities pointed out by Mr. Frederick, but it has to do with all of our sub-conscious states and activities, even to every automatic and involuntary function, mental, physical and social, which originated in the initial discriminations of primordial protoplasm.

P. H. S.

Are we immortal?

Yes, of course we are—if we do not ask too ridiculously much of immortality.

We are too deeply dyed in materialism and selfishness, as a rule, to look the matter squarely in the face, and bravely take truth as it stands. We are too willing to have the other

fellow forever annihilated, so long as our own hide stays unscarred.

There is no more powerful instinct in us than the one to live on. It is simply the desire of the body to continue itself. If it hadn't developed this desire to an intense degree, the human race would have died long ago at the hands of the tremendous forces which have tried to kill it. It is perfectly natural, therefore, that we should not want to die.

But die we all know that we must, physically—and what part of us lives after has been the great debating ground ever since Job and Solomon.

Now, the first thing necessary to the study of this problem—or any other problem of human life, for that matter, is to get rid of personal feelings and prejudice and dogma. It doesn't matter what we have been taught, what the Bible or any book says, or what our own fancy has dictated—the matter must rest at last on our calm and unbiased judgment, after impartially weighing fact and reason, and refraining from jumping to conclusions before they are proved. Any other method will put us on the level of ignorant savages.

Well, what are the facts which science sets before us as carefully proved?

In the first place, it is demonstrated that everything in us is natural. Biology has shown that we all belong to one great family of life, and that the smallest cell has spirit of the same kind as ours, which means that a cell chooses and refuses with a purposing will just like man's. Psychology is constantly making clearer the fact that there is no thought which a man can have which is not caused by material experience,—thus driving off farther and farther the idea that the soul is some strange thing in us from some strange place.

Philosophy has long taught that anything supernatural is a contradiction to itself—that all that is is *natural*. There is no need any more for a mystical idea of the soul, since we have found love and all the other attributes of soul which we know of in all nature as well as in ourselves.

Love and beneficent purpose has been found in the mutual regard of the stars as well as in the chemical affinities of atoms.

It has dawned upon us that God is not a giant law-giver of the skies, but that love and beneficent purpose are present everywhere and take full care of us in the most astonishingly real sense.

But do not let us stop here! Science, which is only our common sense carried forward, proves to us that however glorious and beautiful is our nature, it is only the result of the placing of millions of cells in certain relation to each other, so that they can evolve this fine nature, and when we die the cells separate and the relation disappears!

For illustration, individual life is like the game of pocket pool. Being born is the stroke which separates the heap of balls and places them in certain individual positions. Her-

edity is the power behind the stroke which determines exactly how the balls, which may be likened to cells, will situate themselves on the table. Life is the game, and environment afterwards determines how far the player may realize his purpose to play a perfect game. When the game is completed—when death ends life—the balls, the cells, the life principle, rearrange themselves for a new game—for another individuality.

But, you say, with exasperation, where does immortality come in?

Ah! you forget the score!

We might as well get ourselves ready for it first as last—nothing finite or material survives death.

Of course not, you say—again with exasperation. But cautiously, my friends; let us look well that we know what is finite and material. My consciousness is not my personality—it is only the material mirror by means of which I look at myself and finite life, and to desire immortality for consciousness would be like desiring a mirror with nothing to hold before it.

Only infinite things can be immortal; and is there infinite in me? Nothing but **thought! the score**, the result of life! Nothing but the love and purpose in me—which is a part of the same quality existing everywhere,—and his real personality only as it is regarded as the one love and purpose which stands for all existence.

Well, what is thought? It is **spirit**, love, purpose, mercy, truth, goodness, beauty, humility, joy, sympathy—also hate, despair and all kindred things. Are these things eternal? Yes! so completely spiritual that they cannot begin to be are the true infinities—the **only things immortal**.

seen, heard, measured and weighed with our senses. They

In the course of eternal time these qualities will manifest themselves in a thousand million shapes and ways, just as they have manifested themselves in countless personalities in the measureless past, but they will always exist, and though the manifestations through which they add volume to themselves sink into oblivion, **the score remains**.

Now, what does all this mean for you and me?

It means that the hope of our body to see, feel, hear and move about in a life after this, cannot be granted.

It means that only the good that we do, only the truth which **we give to the world**, only the beauty which we create—however humble and small an amount—will live after us.

It means that the old notion of Hades is mild compared to the tortures we deserve to suffer if we make hate and despair and lust the keynote of our thoughts and actions, instead of love, truth and goodness, to which the world is entitled.

Nothing worth while is lost—there is nothing to lament. We are only helping to get rid of the egoism of the body and giving our souls a chance to soar to great heights of love and

disinterestedness. Is love concerned with itself? Is mercy anxious for pampering? Is humility desirous of glorifying itself? No! the true soul of man is not bent on saving the material life from destruction.

What were a few hours of pain to Christ if he knew that his life and his words would live eternally and help millions toward the light? What were a few hours of chained solitude to Prometheus if he knew that he had added blessings to the realm of truth for mankind? What materialistic dreams of comfort and ease could balance the satisfaction which might have been theirs had they known how truly immortal they would be **in the hearts of humanity?**

But they could not have known, and neither can we know the vast immortality which our lives and thoughts will accumulate. We can see and act upon this principle and rid ourselves of the rude and materialistic stomach-dreams of a future life, and give our souls new impetus to achievement.

Let our score be honest and large—that's all that the game is for.

THE JUNGLE

A Review by Maude Jacobs.

Facts and figures baldly stated make a very weak appeal to human interest. But give them the personal touch and warm coloring of individual character and we are moved.

We are all calmly aware from facts and figures that conditions prevail which can in no way be reconciled with love or justice or liberty; that we tolerate a system of wage slavery far more cruel and brutal than the chattel slavery we so proudly plume ourselves for having brought to an end at such a fearful cost.

But when a master hand like Upton Sinclair's paints for us the realistic picture of the abject misery and woe, the suffering of body, starvation of mind, and agony of soul which result from this system of oppression, strong men shudder, and women turn pale and tremble and draw back in horror from the revelation.

Out of facts more startling than the wildest dreams of the necromancer he weaves into the romance of "The Jungle" a portrayal of the horrors of the industrial system of today, and its vicious influence on human life and character, the results of which are measured in crime and brutality, in destruction of life and virtue, courage and faith.

"The Jungle" is a strikingly realistic portrayal of conditions in the Stock Yard district, which conditions have their counterpart in every industrial institution operated for the profit of the individual at the fearful cost of men's lives, women's virtue and children's bodies, minds and souls. It gives us glimpses of Chicago's whole underworld of

crime and graft from which we shrink and try to escape. But we cannot escape. We are held, compelled to see and realize that what is true of Chicago must be true of every great industrial center under a system where men's bodies and women's souls are valued in dollars and cents, where the word "honor" is unknown save among the thieves who share with each other their ill-gotten spoils.

"The Jungle" is the history of a family of Lithuanian emigrants, sturdy, hopeful, strong in heart and character, industrious and eager, who seek in America the realization of their dreams of freedom and fortune.

Their beautiful faith in men is every where met with scheming and connivance to force from them the products of their painful toil. Through a sickening process of alternation of hope and despair, with always before them the fear of starvation and always with them actual want and suffering, one by one their hopes die, their ideals are shattered, the inspiration of youth and health and love and faith are lost, and the inevitable result is the gradual and painful destruction of all the fine and admirable qualities of the human soul.

The strong man helpless, watching his loved ones toiling, suffering, subject to temptation of every sort, powerless to prevent the inevitable result, is a most pitiable object. The process by which these experiences slowly convert a hero into a criminal, an outlaw, and an enemy to society is natural enough, and through it all the human heart of the victim strongly appeals to our sympathy.

The horrors of the meat-packing industry are shown in such a way that one can scarcely read the book and retain any degree of appetite for the products of Packingtown. A plate of roast beef suggests visions of diseased and poisoned flesh and the stench from marshes of blood and refuse; thoughts of poisoned rats and putrifying flesh obscure one's faith in sausage, while pictures of men's bodies consumed in liquid vats and moulded into "pure leaf lard" disturb one's serenity in looking at doughnuts or mince pie. One is haunted by specters of gaunt, disabled, poisoned wretches working their lives away for the merest pittance in these hell holes of horror and hot beds of disease, and another army of thinly clad, hungry, listless men who in dogged persistence throng the place daily in a vain hope of finding work, anything, any chance to ward off starvation a little while longer.

Upton Sinclair is not a pessimist, though he paints for us a wierd, canny picture. The picture of life not as it should be, or desires to be, but as it is compelled to be. Through all he writes, one recognizes the eye of faith looking out to better and brighter conditions.

The writer's nimble wit and exuberance of spirits redeem the work from the morbid tendency of most such volumes, and one lays down the finished book, not in despair, but with the hope and enthusiasm that declares that though such things be today, they need not, must not be tomorrow.

LIFE'S DAY AND NIGHT.

By Joseph A. Labadie.



They tell me,
The big-brawned men with
whom I serve in serving
the multitude,
That I look well today.
And I am well, because I
rhyme with the rhythmic
world,
And happy nature sings a
song through me.
Aye, I am a song from nature's
throat, and pleasing
When nature's heart is glad
with well-done work,
And love counts things done
well when happiness ap-
proves.
This is the joyous morning of
a human day,
And the sun shines into my
peaceful face,
And the hoyden breezes muss
my careless hair,

And the lays of love in the heart echo in mine eyes,
And your voice fills mine ears with chants of a friendly soul,
And your helpful hand leads my love to your loving need,
And my fated feet walk the paths of peace.

But the meridian of my joy shall pioneer its night.
Lengthening shadows shall then begin to cast themselves across the
face of my delightful day;
Nature's notes will grow harshly hoarse;
The sun withdraw its glowing radiance;
The fickle breezes chill their boistering blasts;
Your lays of love become accusing echoes;
Your voice shall cram my ears with thorny plaints;
Your helping hand become an angry fist;
The paths of peace be strewn with jagged rock, and blood shall tell
the trail of my harassed feet;
And the blackness of hell shall permeate my spirit;
And the agonies of the damned shall inhabit my heart;
And grim despair shall laugh in my haggard face;
And my eyes shall shun the steady stare
And sorrow shall seam my sallow visage;
And I shall be as helpless as a wounded lamb in a cruel storm;
And I shall blindly pray to powers beyond my ken for death as
medicine to my woeful soul.
Midnight in caverned stillness will envelop me.
And the big-brawned men with whom I serve in serving the multitude
Shall in sympathy say that I look ill this night.
And it will be so,
Because somehow I'll be fatefully discordant with the world.
But the day comes after the night again.

To Joseph Medill Patterson.

By Herman Kuehn.

Dear Friend:—In welcoming you to the ranks of Socialism it devolves upon me to remind you that there are two kinds of Socialism—the Voluntary and the Compulsive. Having taken the pledge of the Compulsive School, you will, of course, desire to remain loyal to your allegiance, and I take the liberty of fortifying you against temptations to violate your pledge, by giving you some cogent arguments against the Voluntarians.

Remember that we are the Scientific school of Socialism. This is a strong position. The Voluntarians are of the evolutionary school. It really does not deserve to be called a school at all. To be an evolutionist, so-called, requires no scientific training. You are fortunate to have affiliated with scientists.

The Voluntary (reveling in his ignorance) will say that Science is evanescent. That today's science is simply the correction of the mistakes of the science of yesterday. That tomorrow's science will consist of the discoveries of the errors of the science of today. Your best answer is to cite the science of mathematics. To this the Voluntary will respond that mathematics is not a science, but the meter whereby sciences are measured, weighed, counted and gauged. Our reply to this is that such a definition is ridiculous. It is not necessary that we ridicule that position; to call it ridiculous is enough. Scientific Socialism is as well established as Mathematics. Euclid was never more profound or inerrant than Karl Marx, A. M. Simons, Victor Berger and Karl Kautsky.

Do not be misled by the Voluntary sneer that the Universe is a well-designed entity that managed to run along fairly well without Marxian-Simonian-Bergerian-Kautskyan help, and that evolution can work with a fair degree of satisfactoriness without aid from Scientific Socialism. It is a part of your pledge to insist that every evolutionary tendency—every stage of human progression has been made according to a scientific program. The man who invented gunpowder was animated by a scientific purpose to unhorse the knight-errant. The inventor of the art of printing must have known in advance all the social changes that were to accrue from the fruit of the press. Evolution can get its proper bent only through scientific socialism. We should, however, be careful to avoid for the program theory any responsibility for the mistakes of evolution, while insisting upon credit for all its merits.

Stand steadfast for our contention that Competition is the monster we must scientifically overcome. Always deny that in the natural order—in the harmony of the universe—the equipoise is established by perfect equality between the com-

petitive and the co-operative principles. Even if this were true, our pledge would compel us to deny it. For, if true, it would exalt the monster Competition to a plane of utility—of perfect equality with co-operation. Our first consideration must be for our pledge, which involves loyalty to Science. At the present stage of our noble movement we should be less concerned for truth than for science.

Be not carried away with the fantastic doctrine of the Survival of the Fit. Karl Marx did not favor it, hence it can have no truth or validity. When the co-operative commonwealth is established no class legislation will be allowed, and if there should be any natural law making for the survival of the fit, we will promptly repeal it, as it is manifestly in favor of the Fit class. Our duty is as much to the unfit class. It is only the unscientific who are lacking in a developed sense of class consciousness who favor the doctrine of the survival of the fit.

You will be told that it is the denial of the freedom to compete, and not competition, that is responsible for the evils we recognize in the social order. Instance after instance will be cited to prove this to you. But your pledge requires you to pay no heed to such vaporings, no matter how multitudinous the proofs.

You will be told that while Free Co-operation always works well, compelled co-operation never does. Historical data will be adduced to prove this to you. The best proof, however, of the fallacy of that position is the fact that Karl Marx and A. M. Simons have not given it the stamp of their scientific approval.

Always point with pride to the governmental postal establishment as being an admirable example of scientific socialism, and ask your Voluntarian critic whether competition has ever carried a letter across a continent for two cents. He may retort that competition has not been permitted. He may ask why, if the governmental system of interchange of mails is the best, that competition should be prohibited. He may claim that if competition were not prohibited, competition would render far better and cheaper service. He will claim that if competition were not prohibited, we should before now have had pneumatic tubes carrying mails in one-twentieth the time it takes now, and that the cost would be less than one-half of present rates. And he will give many reasons that sound right, but you must distrust them all. Remember you are pledged.

If you are confronted with the claim that the postoffice assumes to determine what sort of mail matter is unmailable, and that in the exercise of such administrative function it practices the rankest hypocrisies, you need not be afraid to meet the issue. It is perfectly proper for the postal institution (secure from the menace of competition) to refuse to carry improper mail. When the co-operative commonwealth is established we will deny the use of the mails to all treason-

able matter. We shall, of course, make no arbitrary definitions of treason, but will scientifically determine that whatsoever the scientists of the Socialistic Postoffice consider injurious shall not be allowed either in the mails or outside of them. The first law of any government is self-preservation, and we shall of course permit no criticisms of the Socialistic administration. You need have no hesitation to declare yourself strongly in such a matter, as there are not many people who love liberty, and what we need now is numbers. The larger number of our compatriots believe in restrictions, and we must cater to them. Liberty may come later, if—but what have we to do with liberty?

You will be asked whether Liberty can be ushered in through the door of despotism. Certainly it can. How else could it? It is only by compelling people to love liberty that Liberty can ever become a reality. Hence we must first get control of the powers of government, and then we will establish Liberty—the liberty to uphold the Socialist administration.

Be not too strenuous in any of your acclamations of Liberty. Perhaps you might better adopt my "Liberty-with-a-but" method of discussing the subject. As for instance: "Yes, I love Liberty, but—not too much of it." This meets with popular favor, for not one man out of a million believes in Liberty without a "but." And what we need is votes. Of course we are unqualifiedly in favor of liberty to all to join the Socialist party, and we should not concern ourselves with any liberty for those outside our ranks. Why, indeed, should we?

The first duty of a government is to make its citizens good. The second to make them prosperous. The fact that no government has ever succeeded in achieving either of these aims need not deter us. They were unaided by the scientific formulae of Marx and Kautsky and Tom Morgan, and were devoid of such advocacy as that of Berger and Simons. All prior governmental experiences have restricted competition. It remains for us to eliminate it. It has been contended that a still better way would be for government to leave people free to either co-operate or compete, but there is nothing in Marx that warrants us in considering such a course scientific. Once we abolish competition, rivalry, ambition and emulation we shall have instantly made all people virtuous and rich.

You will be told that history shows that every step in human progress has been gained at the expense of government rather than by its help. Even if this were true it would be so close to anarchism as to warrant us as branding it an infamous inference.

Of course if we could trust the people to do what is best for themselves it might be true that governmental restrictions are valueless. But experience shows that the people cannot be trusted to take care of their own interests. The

voluntarian may urge that governmental restrictions are restrictions are responsible for this condition, but we know that no people are to be trusted to do the best they can without scientific guidance, and this can only be supplied by our party.

The Voluntarian Socialist claims that if there were no governmental restriction operating to keep the people from organizing their own credit, we would have a perfect system of money. He claims that governmental enactments result in the people lending their combined credit to the privileged banking class, for nothing, and then having to ransom it at a high price. He claims that it is government itself, and not the abuses of government, that expropriates the producer. There is no scientific basis for any of these contentions, as neither Marx nor Simon nor Berger has given scientific sanction to them.

Remember that the Collectivity can do no wrong. While this may be confused with the dogma that the king can do no wrong, there is a difference. The kings were not scientific, though class conscious. We are both scientific and class conscious. Hence the Collectivity can do no wrong. The Collectivity will own all the means of production and distribution, and will never levy any tribute except just so much as is scientifically determined to be wise. This will be scientifically disbursed in accordance with the scientific formulae which our wisest will establish. Any who will not like the way in which our governing bureau will rule will be permitted to leave the country, and they may take with them whatever our levying bureaux may have left them.

If you are asked whether a socialistic administration would not reach out for more and more power, you need not hesitate to admit that such will, of course, be the case. And why, indeed, should it be otherwise? For all power will be used in behalf of the people, hence the more power that inheres in the government the better will the people be ruled. Surely nothing can be more scientific.

If you are confronted with evidence that all despots have ever made the same plea—that the power of the State is assurance of benefit for the people—you may admit this to be true, but you can show that tyrants have never wielded power scientifically.

No one will have the hardihood to question the sincerity of our purpose, or the enthusiasm of our agitation. Even the Voluntarian Socialists will admit that our movement has its basis in broad brotherliness and genuine sympathy for the down-trodden and despoiled. I have voluntarian friends who tell me that there are no kindlier or more decent men in the world than Eugene V. Debs, Stephen Marion Reynolds, A. M. Simons. Victor Berger and a thousand others that could be named. But their contention is that even men of that high calibre would crucify liberty in the name of liberty, and in seeking to do good would tend to overdo it. But they may

dismiss all such apprehensions, for it is certain that any movement dominated by sincere and enthusiastic men and having the backing of Science, will succeed in governing wisely, however despotically.

You will be told that if a number of free people desire to effect any important work they do not need the co-operation of an unwilling minority; that nothing is worth doing at all which does not enlist the support of enough people to accomplish it. And if worth while doing it will secure the support of enough to accomplish it without compelling those who deny the expediency of the project to pay for it, or any part of it. You will be justified in laughing such a ridiculous contention to scorn. Remember that there is nothing in your pledge to prohibit you from laughing, although when you have become sufficiently impregnated with State Socialism you will find the process rather difficult. Science, dear friend, is not a laughing matter.

In conclusion I would advise you to steer clear of the Socialists of the Voluntarian school. They may seduce you from allegiance to your pledge by convincing you that liberty at length is the only solvent; that in liberty is to be found the only guaranty of social tranquility and justice; they will tell you that governmental coercion has never made good its promises, and that to impose still greater restrictions would be contrary to the lessons of human experience; that the lessening of governmental power has made for progress, and that a natural (if not scientific) inference is that still greater liberty would work for further progress, and that the evils attributed to liberty are remediable only by still more liberty. It is your duty in consonance with your solemn pledge, to turn a deaf ear to all such vaporings. We have scientific warrant for knowing, without questioning, that when we have the power to compel people to volunteer to co-operate, a new era of peace and blessedness will dawn upon a benighted earth, and the sunlight of joy, undimmed by any vestige of competition, will shine upon man and shed rays of happiness on all who find it to their liking; and we will scientifically prove that nothing could be sillier than old Walt Whitman's senile babble about the futility of all institutions except "the institution of the dear love of comrades."

BY BROAD POTOMAC'S SHORE.

By broad Potomac's shore, again old tune,
 (Still uttering, still ejaculating, canst never cease this babble?)
 Again old heart so gay, again to you, your sense, the full flush
 spring returning,
 Again the freshness and the odors, again Virginia's summer
 sky, pellucid blue and silver,
 Again the forenoon purple of the hills,
 Again the deathless grass, so noiseless soft and green,
 Again the blood-red roses blooming.

—WALT WHITMAN.

Carlisle School and the Indian Bureau.

By Carlos Montezuma.



CARLOS MONTEZUMA.

The advent of the Carlisle Indian School into the circle of educational institutions of the country was due to the fact that its founder had a heart that went out in sympathy to a brave but unfortunate people. It seemed at this time that every hand was turned against the Indian; in what was originally in his own country, or his native heath, he finally finds himself a homeless, friendless outcast, who was at his "best" only when "dead."

It is remarkable with what readiness a generation will accept what is handed down to it in con-

demnation of a race of human beings, while at the same time it turns a deaf ear to the other side of the question.

The Carlisle Indian School had a labored birth. It was the "it-must-be done" spirit that actuated Gen. Pratt that gave the school existence. Like many other deeds of great men that have served to mark the world's progress, the work of bringing into existence the Carlisle Indian School was a fight against opposing forces from more than one direction. It was considered chimerical. Its purposes were not sufficiently significant to merit Government aid. The Indian was not considered worth preserving, certainly not a fit subject to experiment upon in the matter of education. He was a savage. He was so remote from anything like a civilized creature that he had the temerity to fight against annihilation. He refused to submit tamely to everything that tended toward the utter destruction of himself, his family and his home, and therefore he was a wild, untamable, impossible being, and the only thing to be considered was what means would best accomplish his restraint.

At the time the Carlisle School was suggested no thought was given, generally, to the fact that the Indian was the product of centuries of mistreatment, injustice and brutality, meted out to him by the civilized pale faces.

Large audiences could be assembled anywhere in the country to listen to tales of "marauding bands of Indians." Stories of the tomahawk, the scalping knife, the deadly arrow, the terrifying war-whoop, and the slaughter of pale-faces, their wives and their children. And the impressions created

by these recitals constituted what might be termed the public estimate of the Indian.

All classes of people held the one idea that the word "Indian" was a synonym for savagery, and that any man that advocated the establishment of a Government institution for the training and education of the Indian youth was a dreamer whose enthusiasm had overpowered him and carried him far away on the wrong side of the line which marked the boundary between wisdom and folly. And yet, in spite of all, in the face of opposition from all directions, the Carlisle school was established, grew into full life, became a recognized factor in the country's progress, astonishing those who had opposed and ridiculed the theory from which it sprang into existence, and gave to the Indian a place as a man among men. In fact it has wrought out greater possibilities than its founder had dared to hope for. And, naturally enough, in reaching that point, it absorbed what was best of the life and thought of Gen. R. H. Pratt. In it he had found his life work; and because of this and because of the hundreds of bright young lives that he saw mature into manhood and womanhood, he grew to love the institution. It seemed to have become a part of himself, and everybody connected with it became imbued with the spirit which had moved and actuated him through all the years which had successively marked the progress of the school.

His spirit of satisfaction with the past and hopefulness for the future permeated the whole atmosphere thereabouts. The same enthusiasm which he manifested was shared by teachers and pupils alike, to the extent that all, naturally, willingly and cheerfully did their best for themselves and for each other.

Everything connected with the school was marked by the absence of any exploitations of individuals. There were no personal ambitions to be gratified. No bidding by any one for public attention. There was one motto for all, one cause, one purpose, viz.: What will bring the best results.

The annual commencement exercises were truly great and gratifying occasions. On those days came from all directions the most highly honored and the best among the people of the country, presidents and professors of colleges, great educators of other institutions, doctors of divinity, men high in law and in medicine, prominent men of the world in finance, great Senators, great representatives, great scientists, and the greatest among the country's philanthropists. The world's best workers, both men and women, by their presence, adorned those occasions and gave encouragement to the superintendent, officers and all connected with the school. In fact there was nothing that so indisputably marked the on Commencement Day of this array of the country's best great success that the school has attained to as the presence and most noted people. And each succeeding year was marked by an increase in this same enthusiasm and interest.

which the press of the country, everywhere, graphically reviewed and commented upon.

But, alas, what a falling off was there. What a contrast the late procedure in connection with this school presents to the course generally pursued with reference to the great men who had been foremost in the accomplishment of great works. The father of his country, had he yielded to the solicitations and the prayers of the people, would have remained President during his natural life. Had Lincoln been permitted to live, nothing but death or his own free will could have removed him as head of the nation. If Frances Willard had lived, would her co-workers ever have permitted her to be less than the head of the great organization which she had founded?

The instances where the founders of great institutions have been unceremoniously, ruthlessly and heartlessly torn



GRADUATING CLASS CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

from their life work have been so few that those exceptions justly excite severe censure.

The pin-head motive which brought about the removal of Gen. Pratt from his position as superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School makes his case one of the most noted of the small class in which it belongs.

The results which could not but have followed this great injustice are beginning to manifest themselves in a most marked degree. As we have said, "what a falling off was there" in the commencement exercises of the Carlisle school for the years 1905 and 1906. How sadly all has changed! True, in the exercises which took place March 21, we see an attempt to picture a great occasion. Newspaper misrepresentations exploit the doings of two individuals and falsely report that a great host assembled. Increased number of graduates. Great enthusiasm manifested on all sides. Many prominent people present. Wonderful all around improvement

under the new regime. Members of the school (against their will) sing alleged Indian song to catch the people, etc., etc., when in fact (we have it directly from eye-witnesses) there was no enthusiasm, not one great prominent person attended, no body of noted educators, philanthropists, scientists, not one senator or representative, no doctors of divinity as of old, but instead, a forced and desperate effort to make a showing in the face of defeat. The class of 1902 numbered about forty-two, while the class of 1906 numbered thirty.

It is useless for those who have the Carlisle school in charge "to kick against the pricks." A few more years at this rate and some one will publish "the decline and fall of the Carlisle school." It is useless to conceal the facts. Assumption, pretention and exploitation cannot save "the day."

The life giving essence which in the past infused a spirit of enthusiasm into teacher and pupil is no longer present.

Something has been taken away and there is nothing there to replace it. The form is there with the substance gone. The real light that once shone so brightly, illuminating and cheering everything and every place thereabouts shines no more. The dynamic force that electrified and gave perennial life to the institution is wanting. The hands on the dial of the watch tower at Carlisle are pointing backwards. Artificiality has been substituted for reality. The military bee that began to buzz two years ago is still humming.

Think of an Indian woman at Carlisle after long years of training in education in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, now under the direction of the Executive Department of the Government devoting herself exclusively to "Indian art." If there is one thing about this alleged "Indian art," that is significant it is the fact that no matter how long time may endure it will never be known as one of the lost arts. It could never be lost for it never had existence. We have already said that artificiality has been substituted for reality at Carlisle. This Indian art business proves it.

The fate of Carlisle hangs in the balance and the scale will tip one way or the other before long. Time alone must work the solution. Let us hope for the best in spite of the unpropitious present. And in the meantime we may not be far amiss in holding to the opinion that, after all, it may be best for the truth to make itself manifest in the most forcible way possible, as it seems to be doing.

A catastrophe sometimes brings to delight what would otherwise have remained in obscurity. Results will soon or late demonstrate conclusively, whether the turning over of the Carlisle school to the present military management was an act committed in disregard of the permanent welfare of the institution. The decision which time will finally render will be so clear and unmistakable, and so far reaching in its results for the Indian's cause that we can afford to "content our souls in patience."

Propagation an Ego Impulse.

By Gideon Dietrich.

Why is it that in the modern discussion of "sex problems" we still adhere to the old Semitic story of a "Special Creation?"

All persons who think and a large number who follow advance thought are now interpreting nature in the light of evolution. Since Darwin, Spencer, Huxley and Haeckel gave us the basic principles by which the phenomena of life may be understood, we have made a tremendous advance in ridding ourselves of old superstitions and bringing human life to a clearer understanding.

This revolutionary advance has only been made possible through the discovery of the primary processes of nature and the gradual wiping out of the old romance philosophy that has characterized scholastic discussion throughout the ages.

Getting down to first principles as the only method of making substantial progress let us inquire into sex-evolution and try to learn the fundamental process of propagation.

Not only the old orthodox school but many advanced evolutionists continually speak of a (re-)productive function as an individual power of creating a new ego unit. Because all living forms have the tendency to propagate new forms like themselves, it has been assumed from time immemorial, that the individual possesses a primary impulse to (re-)produce a new individual in order that its special specie form may be perpetuated. This is what has been called "fulfilling the law of life," "to be fruitful and multiply" as a primary duty. Under evolution what right have we to claim that there is a creative power or an altruistic (re-)producing impulse in the primordial ego unit?

It is now an established scientific fact that cell-division forms the basis of the propagating process; and from Spencer down all biologists are agreed that in this process of cell-division there can be nothing more implied than a splitting apart of an ego mass; or the result of an ego effort to adjust its metabolic life to changed conditions. By the most finely spun logic it can never be made to appear rational that in this process the primary ego impulse is suddenly transformed into an altruistic impulse when the division takes place, and then as suddenly changed back into an ego impulse.

That there can be both an ego impulse and an altruistic impulse in primordial protoplasm, as some orthodox evolutionists like Dr. Hudson in "Divine Pedigree of Man" maintains is simply a plain absurdity for one impulse would be neutralized by its direct opposite. We know that the primary impulse of protoplasm is an ego impulse, otherwise it could not exist, therefore is it not necessary to assume that cell division is purely the result of ego life and growth, rather than the result of an altruistic impulse to create a new ego being?

In complex somatic colonies, germ-cells become separated from the parent colony through this same process of ego cell-division; and it is through the development of some of these separated germ-cells that the special specie forms are propagated.

This process of ego cell division is an essential part of the theory of evolution. for evolution would not be evolution if there was a process of (re-)production or an altruistic creative power mixed with it.

Practically our whole social structure including that of the family care of offspring, the laws of inheritance, etc., is based upon the old dogma that there is a primary creative power and impulse within the individual which enables and obligates it to perpetuate its special specie form. If we hope to accomplish any lasting social reforms it is essential that we proceed in harmony with the basic principles of biology and get entirely away from the dogma of a special altruistic creative power and impulse.

In the matter of the phenomena of "sex" many evolutionists still appear to cling to the old doctrine of special creation or elementary formation for they continually speak of "sex elements" in about the same sense that we speak of hydrogen and oxygen.

This view point presupposes that two "sex elements" must be brought together in order to create or (re-)produce a new being, somewhat as the proper union of hydrogen and oxygen produces water.

Prof. Ernest Haeckel states in his latest work "The Wonders of Life" that "all we know about the differentiation of sex is, that one is better nourished than the other."

While many biologists have avoided a direct discussion of sex it seems now to be generally conceded that it is nothing more than metabolic expression, the female representing the well nourished anabolic side and the male representing the destructive katabolic side of the process.

Instead therefore of being elementary, the two sexual classes are simply the result of the living process being carried on in opposite directions from a normal metabolic center.

The two classes being nothing more than nutritive expressions, the one having its life process carried over to a well nourished anabolic extreme and the other being carried over to a starving kinetic extreme, their fertilizing association can therefore only have a nutritive or metabolic result, and can not imply the attraction or union of two elements.

Prof. Loeb of the University of California has clearly demonstrated through artificial fertilization that the union of the two sexed germ-cells implies nothing more than a restoration of a nutritive metabolic equilibrium in the newly formed stem-cell, together with a mixing of the heredity potential contained in the two parent cells.

If an ego process of cell division causes germ-cells to become separated from the parent without any special creative

impulse between the two metabolic classes, there can be no altruistic (re-)productive function in their fertilizing association and union.

This is not only true of the two germ units but must also be true of the association of the two parent units, for as the primary impulse of germ fertilization implies nothing more than an ego effort to restore within itself a metabolic equilibrium, so the primary impulse of the association of the two parent units can imply nothing more than an ego-fertilizing impulse and not an altruistic (re-)productive act.

Other basic principles of biology inseparable from the thought of marriage which should be carefully considered by sociologists are found in the **results** of ego life and growth. The moment cell division takes place each independent unit enters upon that terrible "struggle for existence" which shapes its destiny. So cruel is this primary struggle that instead of making altruistic provisions for the propagated units, it appears to be the deliberate purpose of a "designed" nature to destroy as many of these as it possibly can.

Dark and gloomy indeed, would be this selfish world if it had to depend upon an altruistic impulse within primordial protoplasm; but already in the far distant past, when this selfish life was still very young upon earth we can trace a faint ray of altruistic light which gradually increases in volume as it comes up through the ages of evolution until its humanizing and civilizing glow is spread all over the face of nature.

And what other cause for this light could possibly be imagined than, **Mother?**

It is the anabolic mother nature in the world which extends the first altruistic helping hand to a fellow being. It is this mother nature which allows the accumulation of germ food within seed of plants, within their roots and fruit and within the egg-shell to serve as a perpetual store for those who are hungry and in need and without which no struggling being could ever hope to exist beyond its uni-celled stage.

It is the anabolic mother who gives the last mouthful of bread to her child as it goes out into the world, and then says, "God be with you and protect you."

The hungry destructive katabolic male nature instead of being altruistic would devour the last mouthful of food in the world if it could get hold of it.

Yet there is a redeeming quality in the male, in that we are all fundamentally bi-sexual, and only the predominating tendencies of our metabolic lives yield to complete selfness. All living beings are constantly struggling toward a fertilized metabolic equilibrium and it is only as the katabolic male tendency is brought back from its destructive extreme and more of the mother nature developed within him that an ideal life is reached.

These biological facts teach us one lesson, that what the world needs today is a greater development of a healthy normal fertilized metabolic life in both men and women, and not so much of that insane kinetism which our civilization is developing in both sexes.

From the Office Window.

By Viola Richardson.



It is only a little bit of the world that I see as I sit day after day at my typewriter before the office window. My vision takes in not more than half a block—some six or seven tall and pretentious dwellings built snugly up against each other, the flagstone walk and the macadamized street—this is my view, and yet before my eyes passes much of life, and sometimes I think I see the whole world in miniature.

Yesterday a woman passed by on the other side. On her hat were two fur tails, on her collar were six more, and from her muff there dangled at least ten fur tails. Eighteen tails that had once waved in joyous expression from the rear ends of eighteen little animals that had frisked in riotous love of life—not to speak of the hides it had taken to make the body of the hat and the collar and the muff.

Not such a very far cry from the savage who smeared his body with paint and proudly wore a string of human scalps to the woman who ornaments her body with the hides and tails of eighteen of her fellow creatures.

And yet: she is no monstrosity—she is only a very handsome woman using available means to enhance her beauty and secure admiration. She is like all other women. The only reason she was given more than a passing glance was because she displayed more tails than most women do—only a matter of degree in the expression of herself. It has probably never occurred to her what a sacrifice of life her dress represents. So long as she does not see the body struggling in the convulsions of death, does not hear the cries of fear and pain nor see the bloody carcass, the consciousness of these things does not enter her mind.

She is an epitome of our present civilization and in the decking of her body she displays not only the hides and tails of eighteen animals, but in a more subtle way her body is also smeared with the blood of her human fellow beings.

If she were the only one who requires and accepts the sacrifice of life for the sake of her comfort and vanity, then indeed would she be regarded by us with horror and loathing. But the real horror is to realize that we look with absolute complacent insensibility upon her because she is like all the rest.

We boast much of our civilization and bring as a justification of our boast the material achievements of our times. The beginning and the end is in material display.

We know that a civilization can only grow in stability and

genuine worth and be real as the welfare of the people is ministered to, and that real prosperity and advance of a people can never be measured by purely material expressions.

When we take a comprehensive view of our social structure we see first a surface smoothness like the perfect adjustment of a fine and intricate piece of machinery. But we see, too, that this is only on the surface, and that underneath it there is much to deplore, much that is cruel beyond any words to express.

The present intricacies of our civilization, built as it is on material achievement and material expression, make it imperative that some men and women and children must toil in privation, live a life of body and soul starvation that other men, women and children may live in comfort and ease. Some lives must spend themselves amidst barrenness that other lives may wrap themselves in beauty and color and exquisiteness.

The men who make the china which decorates the tables of those who can buy are compelled to work in an atmosphere filled with dust, which causes what is called potters' asthma. The men who make our cutlery contract grinders' rot from breathing the particles of steel and stone thrown off in the grinding. The beautiful and fragile glassware is made by men who breathe in slow suffering and death. Into the fabrics of which we make our clothing is woven the lives of many men and women and little children. There is no end to this story because back of every material production and achievement lies this same waste of human life.

We are insensible to this condition so long as it does not touch us, or so long as it touches us but lightly. We ignore it and drowse over the surface. When it touches us heavily, when we slip under and become one of the toiling, suffering, dying wretches, we are bound and helpless because of our immediate physical necessities.

The whole basis of our civilization is false because it makes the comfort and ease of one class depend upon the service of another class—because it accepts beauty and ease and comfort at the price of human life—because it fattens one portion of its people upon the blood of another portion.

The whole system upon which we are building is wrong and must be swept away by the rising tide of life. Life abundant is the only thing that can sustain civilization.

A civilization built upon death becomes a ghastly charnel house, and all the exterior decoration cannot make of it a house of the living.

So long as one portion of humanity lives to **serve**, and another portion lives only to be **served**, so long does life spell death and civilization spell disintegration.

To go back again to the woman who passed on the other side of the street, if we think of her as clothed in her beautiful furs and rich dress, while sticking to the under side of her garments were clots of blood and pieces of flesh and shreds of hair and nails, we have a vision of what our civiliza-

tion would be could it be dressed up as a woman.

What are we going to do about it—while the army of toilers who serve and suffer increases? Are we going to sit idle, waiting for some one else to right things? That is what every one is doing.

We must destroy this system by which one man can exploit the labor of another; we must destroy this system by which human life is made the cheapest thing in the world; we must destroy this system by which men are taught to rend each other like wild beasts and buy success by the downfall of their fellows.

We want a world where love and gentleness and good will rule men's lives, where labor is the natural expression of glad life, where the right to life and life's needs is greater than all rights which involve insensate things, we want a world that is fair and sweet and wholesome all the way through.

No cure for the present evils can come through violence. It must come through the dying out of the desire for special privilege and must be wrought by applied love and knowledge.

It's up to you. What are YOU going to do about it?

Perfume this book of mine O blood-red roses!

Lave subtly with your waters every line Potomac!

Give me of you O spring, before I close, to put between its pages!

O forenoon purple of the hills, before I close, of you!

O deathless grass, of you!

WALT WHITMAN.

COWBOY PHILOSOPHY.

Comes trouble, this hair o' mine sheds a bright light over the landscape; I get happy-crazy; it's summer and I can smell the flowers; there's music a long ways off—why, I could sing this minute, but there's no use in making matters worse. Honest, trouble makes me just drunk enough to be limber. With fellers like me, it ain't courage at all. It's lunacy. I ain't in my right mind when a sharp turn comes. Why, I've gone cold a year after, thinking of things I laughed my way through when they happened. But I'm not quarreling with fate—I thank the good Lord I'm built as I am, and I don't feel scornful of a man that keeps his sense and acts scart and reasonable. . . . There's nothin' for fortune to do but lay down'and holler when I make up my mind.

—Red Saunders.

Brotherhood.



My brother's cause
My first devotion claims.
His life
Is surely mine.
The years have made no
laws
To hold apart our aims
With foolish strife
Or fortunes fine,
For his necessities will ever
need
What I have fatly fed my
glutton greed.
The crown I wear
He surely holds in place.
Until his weariness
Of shame
Bring me their woe to share
With uncomplaining grace.
So, pride and I confess
To royalty his better claim.
For one grows anxious on a
shaky throne
To yield a kind democracy its
own.

My brother's bending task,
To bring
Yet greater gifts of sacrifice
Unto my throne,
Compels my vanity to ask:
"What is a king,
To want only pay such cruel price
To sit in sordid state, alone?"
For e'en a callous king, of countless power,
Saves some remorse to fill an idle hour.

This pride I keep
Is heavy—for a hollow thing,—
And much I long
To clasp the warmth of honest hands.
Is there no sleep
To rest the sorrow of a mighty king,
Nor one sweet song
To answer his commands?—
Somewhere—there must be peace—somewhere
Within the safety of my brother's care.

I am the King!
To rule—to ruin, if I will,
The love and loyalty I find
Before my throne.
Why should my brother bring
These debts, with more devotion still,
And patience kind.
When all this mockery his heart has known?
Sometime—when these strange things be understood—
What uncrowned joy will meet in brotherhood!

GEORGE E. BOWEN.

Fifteen Minutes On A Trolley.

By Maude Jacobs.

It was the first day after the murder of Johann Hoch by the people of Illinois.

The weather was generally cloudy with light snow flurries; not much change in temperature, fresh northwest winds, becoming variable; warmer, with occasional showers in east portion; relative humidity, 94 per cent.



The Girl in Blue was hurrying down Forty-second street to catch the Cottage Grove car. Owing to conditions suggested in the weather forecast, her progress was somewhat retarded. With difficulty and one hand she struggled to keep her hat in place, while with tenacity and the other she clung to her refractory umbrella.

Neither hand being free, she was unable to signal to the conductor, but her general appearance was sufficient to stop the car, and as she struggled up the steps she mumbled maledictions against the tyranny of dress, resolving that sometime when she was strong enough she would assert her freedom.

A young officer of the Salvation Army opened the door for her and offered her a seat.

She restrained the impulse to say "Thank you," remembering just in time that etiquette has become so systematized that only an expert in fine discriminations as to "benevolences," "charities," "favors" "social courtesies" etc. could know when to be grateful and when not.

"Am I to assume that the greater pleasure is his or mine?" she asked herself.

"Will he be most gratified by my expression of thanks or shall I pay him the more delicate compliment of assuming that his act was prompted by a higher motive than a desire to be appreciated?"

Fortunately the young man left the car, and she was saved the necessity of making a decision, but she then fell to wondering whether her impulse to "be grateful" had sprung from heredity or merely from a desire to do the "proper thing." The whole matter finally resolved itself into the idea that an act can only be judged by its motive, and motive may only find solution in original protoplasm—but—

Opposite her sat a meek timid little woman, jammed up against an uncomfortably hot stove, and by her side a real, black Negro, blissfully indifferent to the fact that his proximity was making her miserable. There was plenty of room on the other side, but he moved not a peg—not until he arose to leave the car did the passengers become aware that she was neither his wife nor sweetheart.

Relieved from the tension, the woman burst into tears. "Another example of passive submission to tyranny which might have been so easily avoided." thought the Girl in Blue,

but the other passengers were not worrying about Negroes.

Not in Chicago! They were all absorbed in self, as were both the woman and the Negro.

What if this age shall be known to future anthropologists as the "thief making epoch?"

The Girl in Blue looked around the car and observed that every man's head was buried in a newspaper. One just in front of her was held so as to reveal in glaring poster headlines the words:

HEAD FOUND IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

She looked away to avoid seeing the whole body, and just then a handsomely dressed woman whose skirts rustled like paper and whose every movement made the air heavy with "Attar of Roses," etc., entered the car and stopped in front of a tired looking young man who had evidently not yet had his dinner.

She cast one withering glance at him—it took—she sat down.

"Exploiting her sex," thought the Girl in Blue.

A horse falling on the track had stopped the car, and soon the street was blocked for some distance. A crowd of men and boys gathered to see the horse struggle to its feet. It was the hour when the employed army was marching home from work and the street was a sea of faces. The Girl in Blue looked out of the window and analyzed them—brutal, sharp, shrewd, eager, hungry, listless, cunning, malicious, cruel, dogged, pathetic; some were kind and sweet and a few shone with the radiance of cheer and good will.

The blind, the crippled, the ragged were there—men minus a foot or leg, a hand or arm—and she couldn't help feeling what a pity some of them were not without stomachs.

A bicycle whirled round the corner; the rider used one foot with which to pedal and one hand with which to guide. One empty sleeve and trousers leg fluttered grotesquely in the wind.

"He has made good use of his two talents," thought the Girl in Blue.

"I've seen men who accomplished less with all four and whose faces showed much less of serenity and happiness, but what heroism it required.

"I myself am heaven and hell," sounds very well in poetry, and this shifting of the burden of responsibility onto the individual may be all right for the few heroic souls who are able to make their own conditions and control their lives, but alas for that portion of humanity who have no difficulties to overcome, who ride all day on a thousand backs and legs and have no opportunity for the exercise of the "heroics."

Her reflections were brought to an end by the conductor calling Jackson street, and as she climbed off the car she tossed a nickel into the extended cup of a fat Othello who was placarded "Help the Blind." She was almost sure his eyes followed her as she did so, but none may know, and really, what did it matter?

The Spencer-Whitman Round Table

Grace Moore, Toastmistress.

We don't have any spiritualistic seances at the Spencer-Whitman Center, (don't believe they're good for folks)! but the Round Table is walking all around the room, piled high with posies and sugar-plums—"strutting," as a lady said of herself in a letter, telling us that our last chat had dignified life for her and made it easier for her to sweep, wash and make salad and Johnny cake than it had ever been before. Pathetic, isn't it, this overwhelming response we have had to the sentiment expressed in this column last month, which merely voiced a desire for the simplest justice and most ordinary appreciation to the world's workers to whose skill and patient devotion we owe our creature comforts, our health and spirits and everything materially essential to our well being and higher evolution.

To think that those whose "stunts" are so largely ornamental and such as their fellows could most easily get along without, should so far forget themselves as to take as a matter of course the skill, time and service of those men and women who by their toil and self sacrifice, produce for them the wherewithal to be fed, clothed and sheltered. That any man, woman or child who does useful work and to whom any other man, woman or child is indebted for good things to eat, comfortable clothes to wear, a clean bed for the night's slumber, and protection for the day from the snows of winter and the heat of summer—to think, friends, that such as **they** should suffer for recognition and encouragement. To think that any one of us who gets out into the free air and sunshine, and into the broad atmosphere of contact with the pulsing world of trade, commerce, science, art, letters, etc., should ever for one moment forget or fall short in appreciation of the one who, early and late feels the pressure of a treadmill, to whom the four walls about them are literally a prison and whose tasks are so irksome and enervating, yet so insistent, as to produce nausea and paralysis of the soul—to think that we of the pen, brush and counting house, should ever in our hearts be ungrateful to the carrier of bricks, the window washer, the seamstress, the cook or the market maid. As if they were not our very flesh and blood, the ones of all others to be honored and loved. What humiliation must we not sooner or later suffer for our neglect of these lambs of the flock! What hardship may we not be compelled to endure for our callous acceptance of the beautiful results of their labor, when Mother Nature in loving compassion upon them reacts, and to the shirkers the graft-

ers, the thoughtless, the indifferent, says, "No more shall they labor for you; no longer shall they answer to your poor, human call; not another instant shall they feel the tugging of the chains forged by your unacknowledged dependence upon them. They are my best beloved."

As surely as we have the shadows at evening time, we shall have the long night of regret that we did not give flowers and a smile to the cook and a pair of slippers, and a lounging robe and a caress to the tired "man with the hoe." What vain creatures we are to ever have gotten it into our heads that painting pictures or writing stories was more creditable or more to be applauded than baking a loaf of good wholesome feathery bread. What fools are we not that we fawn upon the scrolls and decorative fret work in human society, while we give no real, appreciative consideration to its pillars and mainstays. Some day if we retrace not our steps and make good our obligation to the foundation units of the social structure, we shall find that structure with its ornaments mutilated beyond any possible recognition, and its supporting columns a mass of unresurrectable debris. Failing to radiate sunlight to the worker we shall be deprived of his work. Void of enough love and gratitude to make light and joyous the hearts of those to whom in our everyday need we turn, Nature will as certainly freeze over the hunger for love and gratitude in our own hearts as that she hardens the ground with the cold of January.

It is the saddest of all comments upon human nature and human thought that we have so much consideration for the work and so little for the worker, so much envy and praise of the particular accomplishment of the individual, rather than that we value the heart life, the soul culture and evolutionary possibilities of the individual of which the accomplishment is but the symbol and guarantee. A sorry reflection indeed upon the present order and trend of society that in a world so replete and overflowing with the rich products of human toil in the form of comforts and luxuries of every conceivable description, there should be so much hunger for appreciation, so few rewards for the toiler, such monstrous ingratitude, such unspeakable joylessness. That a little word penned in praise of the loving home-maker upon whom we must all acknowledge we are as dependent as babies upon their mothers, should bring a return of praise sufficient to start the S.—W. Round Table on a walk around the room. is pathetic, isn't it?

But the "bouquets" and "sugar-plums" are as welcome to the Round Table as was the appreciative word to the housewife. The writer of these preachments gets just as hungry for some recognition and appreciation from those to whom she sends her thoughts as ever the skilled cook and house-wife does, and don't you forget it. Pardon us for being so personal. We rather pride ourselves that we aren't "literary." We just want to love and be loved and be as natural and human, and

as helpful and happy as the kind fates that we implicitly trust, intended we should be—see?

“Saundy?” He’s the chap that writes the appreciative articles that you have read in “To-Morrow,” of the Sage of East Aurora, Jack London and David Graham Phillips. We forgive him for not coming down to breakfast in the mornings when we see his “Views and Reviews” speeding through the type-writer, and what does it not mean to us when he steals an Art Interchange copy of a marsh scene by Bruce Crane that we have perched up on our desk, and next morning surreptitiously leaves in its place some descriptive verses as odorous of the fen and sweet tang of the earth as the picture was. “Why do I not publish the verses?” Ask “Saundy.”

Our “Book of Life” is well named, friends! Every page so far expresses Life, the life of the individual whose autograph portrait, poem, favorite quotation, flower, or whatever contribution to the Book that it may be, voices the message of the soul; the life of the S.—P. group as indicated by the insertion of portraits, announcements and comments, press reviews, poems, special articles, editorials and all sorts of written and printed matter relative to the aims and doings “Centered” in Chicago at 2238 Calumet Ave.

We wish all our friends interested in the Idea of Co-Operation, Fellowship and Free Thought to feel that “the Book of Life” is **theirs** to transcribe in it, thoughts, sympathies and desires they may have in common with our own. We believe that human beings are on this earth to live, to express. Give them the means by which they may express the cherished longings of the mind and soul and no longer are they mentally and spiritually hungry. Let no one who observes, thinks or feels as we do, ever go hungry for the personal, human touch, a responsive word or an opportunity to say “Qui vive?” or “How does it go?” The “initiative and referendum” of the soul is here introduced for the benefit of advance thinkers who are not afraid of Life. Come then, comrades, and as before assured you in our chats about the memory book, “we will do thee good.”

Among recent contributions to “the Book” is a poem, “Life and Happiness”, inspired by some comments on that subject in our April Editorial, by Mr. Geo. B. Williams, Frackville, N. Y. We have only space for a portion of it.

“Why fear you death? Why live in strife
Through ignorance and hatred’s sway?
Intelligence and love give life—
They smile and chase all tears away.

Think not of death, but ever live
In nature’s life, that has no end;
To life worth living always give
Your every power, your every trend.

In midst of death you are in life,
Death is of life another phase;

And every form of death is rife
With power that other life will raise.

Would you be happy? you must live
And soar to highest realms of thought;
Love you must have—love you must give,—
Thus only is your welfare wrought.

The Spencer-Whitman meetings at Fraternity Hall continue to grow in interest and attendance and a most beautiful and helpful spirit is manifested in the discussions which follow the discourses.

John W. Bengough in his "hand illuminated" lecture on Social problems combined so much of wit and wisdom, illustrated by apt and striking caricatures, as to hold his audience completely captive.

John Z. White with his characteristic clearness, force and eloquence, entertained his audience till a late hour and in the round up which followed, successfully parried every thrust from his antagonists and came up smiling and serene.

One of the greatest treats we have had was the reading of *Monna Vanna*, by Marion Craig Wentworth. Mrs. Wentworth has that delicacy of perception and power of expression which enable her to interpret and convey the emotions and subtleties of thought of the author in a very gratifying way.

Wm. F. Barnard, who has always been a favorite at the Center, gave us his "Beauty of Death" in a way to make all feel a willingness, when the time is ripe to "Sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

Charles A. Sandburg in his lecture on "The Uses of Poetry" pointed out some of the beauties of the commonplace and brought out a very lively discussion of the "utility of beauty."

THE DEVIL IS NEARLY DEAD.

BY WILLIAM COLBY COOPER.

The devil's been dying for thousands of years,
But now he is nearing his very last breath
And few are the sighings and scant are the tears
Because of his imminent death.

The devil will soon be a grizzly ghost,
Deprived of his dire diabolical spell,
While the blood and the tears of the martyrs almost
Have "put out the fires of hell."

And the god that was partner with him in his shame,
And the cause and the sharer of his moral level,
And who only differed from him in the name,
Is as nearly dead as the devil.

The old god and devil will soon be laid deep,
Beyond superstition's outreachings at last,
In the pit of oblivion, forever to sleep
With the pitiless myths of the past.

The world is emerging from out its long night
And mighty truths, 'neath darksome aeons concealed,
Are bursting upon us in 'wilderling light,
And the true God is being revealed.

No devil needs He in His infinite scheme—
'Twas finished and started before time began;
He is God, not an infant-man's barbarous dream,
Dreamed out for barbarous man.

Yes, the world is emerging from out its long night,
For, almost the reign of the devil is done,
And we know from foreflashes of sweetness and light
The Millennium is nearly begun.

Pure Food Department.

The Cry of the People for Pure Foods.

By Leon Elbert Landone. Food Expert and Teacher of Dietetics.

The voice of the people is heard. They are demanding that they shall know what they are eating and for what they are spending their money.

Is it not strange that we, the American people, claiming to be free and unfettered, are compelled by civic and commercial conditions to carry on a great contest in our national legislature to secure the passage of law which will make it possible for us to know *what* we are buying when we purchase our food products.

Is it not strange that a score or more of great food and drug corporations have hurried lawyers of insight and power to our national capital to attempt to prevent the passage of the present pure food bill. The purpose of this bill is not to hinder any manufacturer or dealer from making or selling any combination of food products and chemicals he may desire to combine, but simply to make it impossible for combined products to be transferred from one state to another unless the package is so labelled that the purchaser may know just what it contains.

Why have we not the right to know *what* we are buying? If you step to your phone and order "lamb chops" of your market dealer and the delivery brings you "dog meat," do you not feel you have a right to return it? If you order "strawberry jam" and get a mess of mashed apple pulp, glucose, saccharin and grass seed, have you not been swindled? Has not the dealer, or the manufacturer, or some one obtained money under "false pretences?" And yet we must literally fight for a law to prevent such deception. Let the manufacturers prepare apple pulp and grass seed, color it and sweeten it if they desire, but let the people know what it is they are buying. Are not the claims of the food trusts outrageous? Why should special favors be granted them? Are other commercial transactions conducted on the same principle? Are we not allowed to examine the real estate we purchase? Are we not allowed to choose the cloth out of which the tailor makes our clothes?

Imagine for a moment this principle applied to sales of other products than food substances. I desire to purchase a home and go to an agent. He informs me he has one and fitted with all modern improvements, worth \$10,000. I ask how many rooms, what finish, what location, etc. He refuses to

inform me, stating it is none of my business; I have no right to know the plan, the rooms, the finish, the location of the home he desires to sell me.

It is called a "home" and that is all I need to know. If I wish the house, I pay my \$10,000 and find out afterward whether I like it or not.

I need a suit of clothes and go to my tailor. He will make me a good business suit for \$50. I ask to see the goods, to choose the trimmings, the

Watson's Magazine

The leading exponent of Jeffersonian Democracy. Edited by Hon. Thos. E. Watson, of Georgia, the Father of Rural Free Delivery; author of "The Story of France," "Life of Napoleon," "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," "Bethany" and other books. Mr. Watson was the People's Party nominee for Vice-President in 1896, and for President in 1904. He is to-day heading a middle-class reform movement which is bound to sweep the country in a short time.

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The middle class—the home owners, farmers, small business men and property owners—won Jefferson's victory in 1800; won Jackson's victory over Nick Biddle's money power in 1832; won Lincoln's victory in 1860. But each time after the flush of victory had died away, they became careless of their rights and went to sleep. They have slept a good portion of the time since 1865, but—

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SPECIAL CLUBBING RATE.

style, etc; he refuses,—that is none of my business. If I desire a good business suit he will make me one for \$50, but I am not to know of what it is composed and how it is to be made until after I have paid for it. The tailor calls it a "good suit" and certainly that is definite enough.

I desire to purchase a gallon of strawberry jam. I am not allowed to know the contents. It is called "strawberry," just as the real estate was called a "home" and the tailor's product a "good suit," and that should suffice.

The purpose of pure food laws is not to prevent the manufacturer of pure artificial foods but to compel the maker to so label his products that the purchaser may know just what he is buying and for what he is paying his money. Because of our industrial conditions, anything short of this is commercial robbery.

THE ECONOMIC PHASE

This phase is certainly worthy serious consideration. Dr. Adams of the Kentucky State Board of Health finds his investigations seem to indicate that on the average 45c out of every dollar paid for food is spent for adulterants. These if not poisonous and harmful are in most cases valueless as food.

We do not realize that the food trust so prepares and chemicalizes our foods that we pay for almost twice as much real food as we actually get; that some of the chemicals used greatly increases a man's appetite impelling him to demand a greater quantity of food to satisfy his hunger than he really needs; and that of other chemicals used some hinder digestion one-half, thus preventing his organism from even getting the benefit of what real food he has eaten. Hindered or prevented digestion of one-half of the food eaten again induces him to increase the amount so as to maintain his strength. From an economic standpoint certainly most adulterated food manufactures have the American workingman on the hip.

HEALTH VIEW POINT.

We shall never be able to make a reasonable, and probably a large enough estimate of the thousands upon thousands of deaths in the United States caused by use of impure and adulterated food.

Why should we not say that the use of chemicals that stimulate a man's appetite beyond the normal and induce him to overload his system with poisons and waste products, is responsible for millions and millions of dispeptic stomachs and catarrhal and constipated conditions of the intestines. It is well known that we are rapidly becoming a

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race of dispeptics with all the attendant weaknesses and diseases which result directly or indirectly from poor digestion and poisoned blood.

If man is supplied with good wholesome food, his senses of odor, taste and hunger will indicate what and how much to eat, thus preventing dispepsia.

Dr. Harvey Wiley, head of the National Bureau of Chemistry estimates that in the last ten years 2,000,000 people of the United States have died from the effects of adulterated foods. It is without doubt true that thousands of babies die each year from the use of impure milk.

By sanitary conditions and personal hygiene we have decreased the death rate among children, but there is an increased death rate among the workmen—in factory, shop or office. Dr. McKitterick states that in the last ten years the increased death rate during the earning period is 23 per cent from kidney diseases, 20 per cent from heart disease and apoplexy, 13 per cent from cancer and 8 per cent from pneumonia.

Dr. James Egan, Secretary of Illinois State Board of Health writes: "Undoubtedly undrawn poultry, flesh and game has caused many cases of poisoning which have wrongfully been attributed to other causes. The poisoning resulting often resembles that caused by other poisons administered by persons or taken with suicidal intent."

THE LEGAL QUESTION.

The legal question is a difficult one to solve. Whatever is done must be done for the benefit of the great mass of people. Manufacturers must be considered as a secondary factor. Legislators and people must be taught that all foods which are adulterated or artificially made may not be unfit food—*may* actually be more perfect than the natural produce. Certain kinds of chemical colors have no ill effects upon the activity of structure of the human body, while other coloring matters are deadly poisons.

Some adulterated products may have a better proportion of food elements than the so-called pure products, while again many adulterants are without question irritants and violent poisons.

We have a right to know what we are buying—we have a right to know what adulterants are used, what coloring matters are employed, and more than this, we have a right to know in so far as chemistry, toxicology, materia medica and medical therapeutics can tell us, just what are physiological effects of the adulterants used.

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HOME EDUCATION.

Not only do we wish every package or preparation of food labeled so we can tell what its ingredients are but we also demand a campaign of Home Education in regard to Food Products and Adulterants so that the American housewife may know which food adulterants are poisoned and harmful and which are not. Much depends upon the mother and housewife.

In this home educational campaign, let us be just in our demands upon the manufacturers, let us be sane in the requests we make of our representatives in state and national legislation, but let us demand the truth as to what we ourselves eat and as to what food we furnish those who are dear to us.

THE WEB OF LIGHT.

Philip Green Wright.

Methought that once in spirit
I lay within a wood,
And over all the landscape
Brooded the peace of God.
In hazy autumn largeness,
The sun glowed still and bright:
Two angels floated down his beams
Bearing a web of light.

A web of light unbroken
And reaching to the sun;
But I seemed to know the pattern
It should have when all was done.
And lo! the long web trembled,
And a voice that seemed to cleave
My inmost being thrilled its threads
With this one message: "Weave!"

"From the pattern known within thee,
On the peril of thy soul,
Weave, and weave well; thy weaving
May make or mar the whole."
And awe and wonder thrilled me,
For in my fingers lay
A single thread of light
To work with through the day.

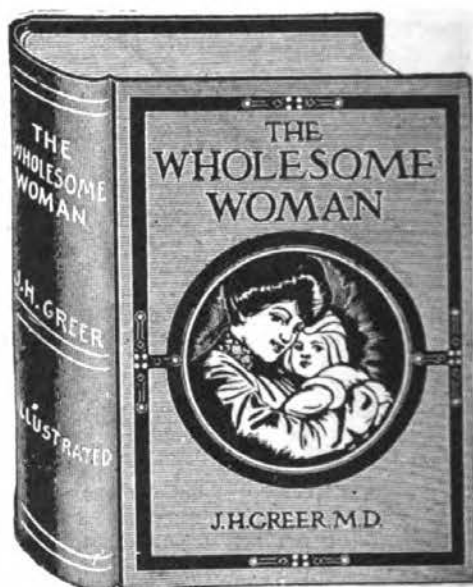
Oh, glory of the vision!
I seemed to rise, upborne
On unseen wings, still weaving,
In the stillness of the morn.
And the sun glowed milder, larger,
Goal of my radiant way;
Till fair and white before my sight
The holy city lay.

Oh, music, soft, celestial!
Oh, minarets and towers,
Flashing unending sunrise
From dawns transcending ours!
In the after glow of vision,
Uplift above the clod,
My soul floats on to greet the sun,
Bathed in the peace of God.
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LOUISE RICE

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The Informal Brotherhood

Conducted by Viola Richardson.

Of these years I sing,
How they pass and have pass'd through convuls'd pains as
through parturitions,
How many hold despairingly yet to the models departed,
caste, myths, obedience, compulsion, and to in-
fidelity.
How few see the arrived models, the athletes, the Western
States, or see freedom or spirituality, or hold any
faith in results.
(But I see the athletes, and I see the results of the war glo-
rious and inevitable, and they again leading to other
results.)

How the great cities appear—how the Democratic masses,
turbulent, willful, as I love them,
How the whirl, the contest, the wrestle of evil with good, the
sounding and resounding, keep on and on,
How society waits unform'd, and is for a while between things
ended and things begun.
And how all people, sights, combinations, the Democratic
masses too, serve—and how every fact, and war
itself, with all its horrors, serves,
And how now or at any time each serves the exquisite transi-
tion of death.
Of mighty inland cities yet unsurvey'd and unsuspected,
Of a free and original life there, of simple diet and clean and
sweet blood,
Of liteness, majestic faces, clear eyes, and perfect physique
there,
O it lurks in me night and day.

—Walt Whitman.

So many letters full of good things
are coming in from so many of our
friends that it is simply impossible to
quote from them all, or to quote as
much as we should like. This respon-
siveness in thought, this reaching out
and clasping hands in the spirit of
brotherhood is one of the indications of
an awakening of the spirit of love, the
realization of our oneness. All who
think and work, who *express* in any way
this reaching after a better and kinder
way of living, are helping to create a
thought wave that shall some day sweep
over all humanity and baptize it into a
new and higher conception of life and
its meaning and its reach.

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We like to get these letters, we read them together here in the office, and they lighten labor, give inspiration, and make the day happier and brighter, and we only wish it were possible to give them all to the whole of the To-MORROW family. It seems as if there ought to be some way of getting these widely scattered members of the To-MORROW family acquainted with one another. I think we will have to get Chicago to loan us one of the parks some fine day and we will have a "To-MORROW Family Reunion.

V. R.

Our dear Mrs. Fannie Dingman has sent her offering for the Book of Life. Below is a part of the poem, but she sent a bunch of violets, too, sweet and fragrant, that you will just have to imagine.

You'll know that I am watching
As the sun sinks out of sight,
When the sunlight kisses twilight,
When the daylight welcomes night.

I shall listen for your love thought,
As you send it sweet to me,
And you will catch the echo
As I waft it back to thee.

And sweeter will we rest, dear,
As the darker shades draw near,
And the god of sleep embraces us
And soothes away the tear.

Lewis W. Eldridge writes:

It seems to me that the supreme need of the hour is the coming into mutual acquaintance, and the forming of definite ties of *Organized Effort* for the actual realizing of our Ideals, among those who have come into the consciousness of this Larger Unity. How shall we plan to bring scattered believers together into an actual outward organization, thus bringing Opportunity to the doors of many whose isolation keeps them far removed from it now?

The fellowship and communion of loving hearts, and that utter forgetting of self that seeks only the good of others, is the one thing that shall eternally endure amid the endless changes of Universal Being. The most magnificent plans for the outer framework of society must come to naught unless this Living spirit is behind and within them all.

Our friend, Dr. C. E. Patterson sends us in a poem from which we have room to quote only the closing stanza:

But my brother man,

You've got something to do,
And only by knowing

The things that are true
Can I cease violating

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The law that's for me,
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The Truth, am I free.

Here are some extracts from a letter
from our friend and brother, James Myers,
who is now in Philadelphia:
Hello Comrades:

Give us yer hand! Let's shake. and
drink another glass full of love and liberty.
Let's repeat with Burns,

"O, happy state when souls each other
draw,

When love is liberty and nature law."

This is written at my looms in the
factory. Two hundred men, women and
children (citizens of the "free American
Republic") have just begun their long,
weary, monotonous day's grind. Half
an hour ago, passing thru a field on my
way to work. I heard the sweet song of
birds and the music of the whispering
wind thru the trees. I saw the light of
the early morning sun rising in the east.
And now, what a difference; what a terrible
transformation. Here I am in the
Factory, two hundred human beings, and
the roaring thundering noise of machinery
round about me. I wish you could
just drop in a moment and see the sal-
low, haggard faces of these "free citi-
zens," as they rush about from morn till
night, from the cradle to the grave, in
their effort to maintain an existence and
enrich their master.

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ever the aspirations of men and women
go out or a higher, freer, fuller life.

WILLIAM HEAFORD,
Surrey, England.

Thank you for the sample copies; I
read until exhausted. Our thoughts are
so similar that I was fascinated. Your
Thirty Five Kinds of Tyranny corres-
pond to my letters which I have been
writing the past few weeks.

BELLE GOODWIN FITCH,
San Francisco, Calif.

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Ottumwa, Iowa.

I like the idea of the possibility of demonstrating the unity of all knowledge and love and the unity of all fallacy and evil. In other words it is a great and manifest need of the times to know the direct relationship of any evil with all other evil and the intimate relation of any good with all other good.

FRANK H. SMITH,

Shippensburg, Pa.

I thought *The Culturist* was fine. There was enough good stuff in the last one for a dozen, and more than we get in some of our magazines in two years.

JAY G. WAIT,

Sturgis, Mich.

Last month we printed a note which was written for the letter given below—and then the letter was accidentally left out. So this month we print the letter and leave out the introductory note—thus do we equalize things and hold the balance true.

V. R.

To-MORROW at hand. I am more than pleased with it. I am seventy-one years old but feel about fifty—and am one who thinks along these progressive lines. I loan my papers so as to get people interested—and to help the good work along.

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LABADIE,

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HERBERT SPENCER CAVE,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

No good. I do not want it.

M. R. CHENY,

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GEORGE B. WILLIAMS,
Frackville, Pa.
Forest Grove, Oregon.

I don't want it. Take my name off your books.

FRANK BURNS, *Geologist*,
Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D. C.

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ADA K. SCHELL,
Ponca, Neb.

I have the greatest pleasure to announce the arrival at my home of the, to my knowledge, greatest twins that ever were born, To-MORROW and THE CULTURIST.

GUSTAF H. ANDER, LL
New York City, N. Y.

Somebody ought to congratulate you on the appearance of your last number of To-MORROW. It certainly is a good one. Just like riding on smooth roads in a moon-lit Summer evening; no ruts.

LOUIS F. GRILL,
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

I send my sincerest thanks for the healthy, wholesome mental and spiritual food you are sending out to us. *You are a success.* I like your independent breaking away from primeval calf paths of tradition and superstition—out into broader, more comfortable and healthful of tradition and superstition—out into fields of thought.

MAY JOY LORIMER,
Des Moines, Iowa.

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D. F. Hannigan, St. Louis, Mo.

Books and Magazines.

"The Grail," by John Milton Scott, is decidedly the most poetic in its expression of any of the prose compositions that we receive. An appreciation by Walter Hurt, of the "To-Morrow" editorial staff, appeared in this magazine for April. ("The Grail," 2034-7" st. N. Y.)

"Liberty," Benj. R. Tucker's bi-monthly magazine (225-4" Av. N. Y.) contains most stirring, thought provoking articles such as only Mr. Tucker knows how to write and publish. Editorially the gentleman is at his best, as the April "Liberty" testifies.

"The Worker" is a strong Socialist recorder and liberal thought provoker. Reliable information as to world conditions politically, industrially and economically are to be obtained in this weekly paper published co-operatively at 184 Williams st., N. Y. at the low price of 50 cts. yearly. Another similar paper at same price is the "Socialist Voice," 405-8th st., Oakland, Cal.

"The Fellowship" of Los Angeles, Cal., "an association for the purpose of encouraging Trustful and Unselfish Living" comes regularly, and is of interest as showing the increasing desire among men, for incentives to more Christ-like relationships with their fellows in all walks of life. (420 W. 6" st.

"The Business Woman's Magazine" (622 Kittridge Building, Denver, Col.) has reached us and contains an essay by Grace Moore, "The Unconscious Need", reprinted from "To-Morrow" and which is now to be had in pamphlet form. "The Business Woman's Magazine" is the official organ of the Colorado Federation of Women's Clubs and of The National Business Woman's League and "the only business woman's periodical in the world." It deserves its success.

"Soundview," which was mentioned in the "Round Table" column of the last "To-Morrow," a fine portrait of its editor, L. E. Rader being included, interests us in the subject of "Uncollared Freedom," a snappy, sensible article under that caption, by Napoleon

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S Hoagland, appearing on first pages of the March issue. "A Sex Symposium" which has been the particular attraction for most readers of "Soundview" for a year past, has this month a contribution from the pen of Nancy Mackay Gordon that will prove delightful to "Nancy's" friends. (Olalla, Washington.)

"The National Magazine" (April) deserves high rank among magazines for the extremely interesting appreciation of Joaquin Miller, by Chas. Warren Stoddard. Nothing could be more welcome to the lover of poetry, nature and life. (Chapple Pub'g Co., Boston.)

A particularly fine portrait of Stuvvesant Fish, and another of Hellen M. Gougar, are the distinctive characteristics of the April "Arena." An editorial sketch of Mrs. Gougar by B. O. Flower and some personal reminiscences by the lady herself, giving impressions of "America in the Philippines" are among the interesting things. (Boston Mass.)

Of great interest indeed are the illustrated continued articles in McClure's Magazine, by Carl Schurz and Clara Morris, but we must confess that the beautiful cover design, including a reproduction of a landscape by Arthur Hoeber in the alluring shades of green suggestive of April, is more inspiring to us than all the good pen pictures listed inside.

The April "Pearson's Magazine" is notable for an article "Who Makes the Spirit of War?" by James Creelman, being accompanied by a peculiarly interesting portrait of Count Tolstoi on horseback, said to have been taken by Tolstoi himself. A fine portrait also of Pope Leo and one of Sam'l J. Tilden are also included in this biography. (20 Astor Pl. N. Y.)

To those who are interested in subjects treating of the fantastical in human conceptions. "When Men Wore Lace," in Bob Taylor's Magazine for April will prove interesting. Pictures of knee flounces, garter rosettes and lace trimmed boots worn by men in the 16th Cen'y sufficiently argue against vanity as a distinctively feminine trait! (Taylor Pub'g Co., Nashville, Tenn.)

The "Cosmopolitan" makes good every possible claim as an all-around interesting, timely, versatile magazine. Unusual descriptive pictures in color, rare articles on subjects of scientific, political, social and domestic interest, with enough good fiction and poetry to balance, make the April issue unique. (1789 Broadway, N. Y.)

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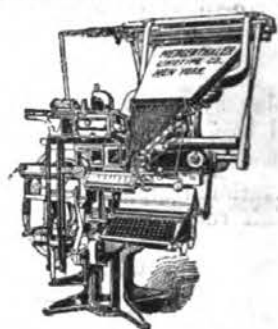
Don't write unless you are in earnest. Ask about me of Hon. C. F. Thayer, Mayor, Norwich, Conn.; F. S. Jerome, Pres. First National Bank, Norwich, Conn.
CHARLES COURTNEY HASKELL, Dept. E, Norwich, Conn., U. S. A.

and scientists, seems to be the notable feature of the April "Review of Reviews." Every woman interested in Suffrage for her sex should read the biography of Susan B. Anthony, by Ida Husted Harper, author of "Life and work of Susan B. Anthony." The portraits of Miss Anthony are gems. "International Aid for Niagara" is not only a remarkable article for scientists, but contains many valuable hints for the student of economics and philosophy. (13 Astor Pl. N. Y.)

Among other periodicals received are:

- "The Ariel," Westwood, Mass.
- "Suggestion," Chicago.
- "Wilshire's," N. Y.
- "Mind," Oscawana on Hudson, N. Y.
- "The Public," Chicago.
- "Watson's Magazine," N. Y.
- "The Dial," Chicago.
- "Literary Digest," N. Y.
- "The Mirror," St. Louis.
- "Talent," Phila., Pa.
- "Everyday Housekeeping," Boston.
- "Business Philosopher," Chicago.
- "American Federationist," Washington, D. C.
- "The Liberator," Chicago.
- "Rocky Mountain Magazine," Denver, Col.
- "Technical World Magazine," Chicago.
- "The Square Deal," Omaha, Neb.
- "Health and Culture," N. Y.
- "Human Nature," San Francisco.
- "The Bibelot," Portland, Me.
- "Hebrew Standard," N. Y.
- "Human Life," Boston.
- "The Raven," Pasadena, Cal.
- "Altruist," St. Louis.
- "Progressive Thinker," Chicago.
- "People's Press," Chicago.
- "Physical Culture," N. Y.
- "New Thought," Chicago.
- "Open Court," Chicago.
- "Eternal Progress," Cincinnati, O.
- "The Idea," Chicago.
- "Reform Advocate," Chicago.
- "The Iron Trail," Minneapolis, Minn.
- "The Naturopath," N. Y.
- "Medical Talk," Columbus O.
- "Out West," San Francisco, Cal.
- "Metropolitan Magazine," N. Y.
- "The Unionist," Green Bay, Wis.
- "The Life," Kansas City, Mo.
- "The Sunflower," Lily Dale, N. Y.
- "Cleveland Citizen," Cleveland, O.
- "The Bulletin," Unity Bldg., Chicago.
- "The Woman's Journal," by Lucy Stone, Boston.
- "The Hesperian," (Quarterly) St. Louis, Mo.
- "Mother Earth," N. Y.
- "Jewish Review and Observer," Cleveland, O.
- "The Light of Truth," Chicago.

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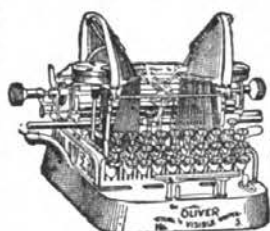
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Mention "**To-Morrow**" Magazine

The Business End.

The Twenty-fourth of June being the anniversary of both Henry Ward Beecher and Sercombe Himself it is fitting that one or the other should have his picture in To-Morrow this month and having cast lots the honor has fallen to Henry Ward, and "Himself" must wait. Beecher lost his mother when he was a mere babe so he early grew into the habit of shifting for himself and thereby developed initiative and originality—perhaps his failure to remain orthodox, and the fact that he was careless about some other things were also due to a lack of proper training and early maternal control. It is an awful handicap to escape being loved and bossed by reactionary parents and is it not a strange coincidence that the other two greatest men America has produced—Lincoln and Ingersoll, both lost their mothers in infancy also.



Mothers should be mighty careful about handicapping and interfering with their children when orphans do so well.

Beecher was not one of the cattle. Like Christ he spoke out plainly against the fools of his epoch and they crucified him.

Somehow humanity continues recruiting hypocrites and throwing them in the way of great men thus converting their lives into continuous obstacle races.

The really great ones always win out however, but not until after the hypocrites are dead and buried for THEY are persistent and always go to their graves thinking "how they did him"—but by and by discriminating FAME seeking jewels for her crown culls out these from the sands of time—Bruno, Burns, Emmet, Paine, Jesus, Roger Bacon, Walt. Whitman, Maxim Gorky, and Beecher.

CHAFFEUR A "THIEF"?

What grotesque creatures men become from the daily exercise of "special privilege" was brought out the other day while I was waiting for a Manager of an Automobile Store whose Chaffeur was preparing his car for a ride. "Don't be impatient," said he, "these drivers are as slow as a muck-rake and independent as Tillman. Why I must pay them thirty-five cents per hour for all the time they are out and last Sunday one of them charged up double time, amount-

ing to Eight Dollars and he would not take a cent less. Not an honest hair in their heads! Drunkards, bums, and they don't care whether they work or not, all of them are that way. No exceptions, not one."

I could not but reflect that the Chaffeur's educational environment was such as to invariably make of him exactly what the Manager stated. In fact the Chaffeur is a fair symbol of what modern business life must make of ninety per cent of those who enter it.

The best buyers of Autos, and those who are "liberal" and do not count the cost are brokers, promoters and "get rich quick" people. Of course they must have a ride or two before they make up their minds to buy and while the Chaffeur is coaching them, lying to them, "boosting" the Manager and the inventor and teaching them to run the rig, they grow confidential and tell how they have just "turned a trick," "fooled the bunch" and "made fifty thousand in one turn." Road-houses are visited in the daytime and Armour Ave. at night and the Driver is expected to be courteous and entertaining to customers. Some purchasers count the cost, insist upon a reduction and not to lose a trade it is often necessary "to throw in as much as three hundred dollars worth of supplies and accessories." Of course the Driver knows that he is expected to help work a "bunco" on the liberal purchaser in which case the Manager's profit is One Thousand Dollars or more. When the President of the factory comes on for a visit he of course goes for a ride through the parks with the Manager, who takes him to a club or elsewhere for a Ten Dollar Dinner while the Driver watches the car and flirts with street-walkers. Dinner being over and the wine having taken effect both talk over business matters voluminously and fabulous salaries and princely profits are discussed. The Chaffeur knows that the factory turns out 2,000 cars per annum at a cost of \$450.00 each. Jointly they bunco the public into paying \$3,000—out of which the agent gets \$1,000—when he obtains the full price and he calls the Chaffeur a thief because he wants \$8.00. Oh! Graft where is thy sting?

The factory profit Two Million per annum.

The Brokers profit Fifty Thousand in a day.

The Agents profit Thirty Thousand a year, but from the view-point of these, their \$8.00 accomplice is the only thief.

OLD TIME MUCK-RAKERS.

Was it not King George III who declared that Jefferson Paine, Washington, Franklin, Randolph and the rest were only muck-rakers?

These good people never did get popular with George. He died with a grouch agin 'em, in fact matters never were just what they should be on the other side until we rose up and sent William Waldorf Astorbilt to live there and put us right.

Now there has grown up a bunch of despots in this country who have a worse grip on us than George III ever had and

according to good authority the people who are working the rakes and stirring up a lot of muck are named Lawson, Tarbell, Steffens, Phillips, Sinclair, Lewis, London, Needham, Russell etc.

Keep the rakes going boys and some day one of you will be asked to write a new Declaration of Independence, for the original at one time was itself thought by certain people to be something of a muck-rake document.

STOP YOUR BABY TALK.

Some of the talk and speeches emanating from socialist and labor leaders practically imply that they consider themselves as helpless as so many ten-pins—that when knocked down by capital they must even lie there until capital sets them up again. Shame on all such. You are seventy millions strong. You are a giant asleep. You are corrupting your energies and diverting your forces in a thousand childish ways. You have the ballot. You have the numbers, yes fifty million more than you need. You are not concentrating your thought and your hope on the new civilization as you should.

The money you squander annually in supporting useless institutions, theatres, saloons, tobacco stores, houses of prostitution and churches, all valueless to you, all controlled by your oppressors would pay the public debt and buy out the trusts. Arouse yourselves—sleep only at night—stand firm for the class struggle and you will come to your own.

ROOSEVELT AND BRYAN.

A careful analysis and comparison of the radicalism, characters and temperment of these great leaders would disclose much of interest, much that has never before appeared in print concerning them.

They are about the same age, they are both men of exceptionally good character and habits, they both attend Christian churches, but are inclined to be liberal rather than orthodox. Stated fairly they both have strong democratic tendencies and a considerable appreciation of the rights and needs of the masses.

The enemies of Roosevelt in his own party call him "anarchist," but his political opponents say "demagogue."

Bryan's political opponents name him "charlatan," his own party enemies call him "fanatic" and yet both of these are good men, far superior in character to 99 per cent of those who talk about them.

Of the two, Bryan no doubt excels as an Orator and Roosevelt as an Author.

From a sociological point of view President Roosevelt's messages and documents have been superior to any that have ever emanated from the White House.

From a purely intellectual plane Bryan is not as close a reasoner as Roosevelt, the dogmatic method of thought hav-

ing taken more complete possession of the former's mind. Bryan is the more imaginative, Roosevelt the more practical and the more cultured. Roosevelt under the same circumstances of belief would never have forced the sixteen to one issue—it took the fanatic Bryan to do that. In the matter of sincerity they are perhaps, as near as human knowledge can express, about equal, but of a different kind.

Success after all is a matter of temperament and the Roosevelt type of sincerity is the kind that works to win. Both are four flushers when the occasion seems to demand. Both are dramatic, magnetic and grand stand artists of no mean ability.

England has never had a King nor the Roman Church a Pope that compares with either one of them for character, manhood, integrity or democratic spirit.

Were these men living under an economic and social system that would permit of a higher humanitarianism, a broader toleration and a more refined equality of opportunity, depend upon it, either one would extend the glad hand to all who should come prepared to meet the new day.

THE UNIVERSITY DIGEST.

By means of a printed announcement now before me I learn that the "Triggs Magazine" has been merged into "The University Digest," Vol. 1, No. 1, of which will appear next September 1.

The publication is to be "A Scholarly Digest of the Significant Ideas of the Day" with Editors—Oscar L. Triggs and E. Milton Jones, the latter having already developed a paying business under the title of The University Research Extension.

We welcome this new child of thought into our midst and extend to it a hearty "wish you well" and to the extent that it is truly "scholarly," accurate and properly philosophical it will receive no criticism from us. However, "To-Morrow" has a mission—stands for something—clear thinking for instance—and right in its very announcement the University Digest, before birth in fact, has made a statement entirely at variance with the law of life and evolution. What is worse, it is a direct contradiction of what has already been written in "To-Morrow," which same must go down the ages undefiled.

To quote from our Scholarly (pretty soon) Contemporary—"As a nation thinketh so it is. If it thinks in terms of materialism, its civilization will be one thing. If it thinks in terms of human culture, its civilization will be another thing."

Now it so happens that in this statement my friends have reversed the real process—see To-Morrow for May pages 6, 9 and 10. "Learn How to Think."

Correctly organized and scientific, my scholarly friends

would have written the sentence thus:—As a Nation is, so it thinks. If it is one thing, it will think in terms of materialism. If it is another thing it will think in terms of human culture.

I do not say that this is the best phrasing to express the thought but it is true to science, education and psychology and the other is not. To quote myself "Thought is a result of life and life (in the evolutionary sense) is not a result of thought."

Is not the thought of the African Bushman limited to the life he lives? Life advances in accordance with the action and interaction of THE UNITS OF LIFE and thought follows after.

If the Scholarly Digest states truly then the old dogmatic system of teaching by rote is correct and the inductive method is wrong. To say that the Digest is right and To-Morrow wrong is to imply that the mountain goat in fleeing from a panther is simply holding the "thought" that it desires exercise—that its alertness of ear, eye, hoof and sinews, its boldness and accuracy in the leap developed through many generations of eluding its foes, were all pre-planned, pre-arranged, which is absurd. No dear Digest, from the amoeba to Marshall Field we only reach in life that to which the life force compels and drives us. And thought is initiated by the force of surrounding conditions even as your contradiction of our published statements, has forced me to write this. Yours is the natural mistake of those who see phenomena in terms of words rather than in terms of LIFE.

Such mental attitudes beget such phrases as "The Inventor first forms the picture of the mechanism in his own brain and then proceeds with his hands to work it out." To a real inventor this is pure romanticism—like a child might write of war, of love, of life at sea or life on the Board of Trade with which it had not developed the powers nor experience to come in contact. To most people who live in books, life only appeals to them in terms of words. The inventor in his first model does not and cannot create anything, he simply combines and employs parts and shapes that he observes elsewhere. Witness the utter crudity and inefficiency of all first models. He tries and changes and fits and adjusts and tests model after model and that is life. Others try and fit and test and that is more life.

The romantic theorist, thinking in terms of words contemplates the completed successful machine or the fortune of the Board of Trade millionaire without realizing the toilsome struggling, painful journey and imagines that each first made a mental picture of his success and feels that surely he can do the same himself—like the ten year old who exclaimed in a quandary: "I am undecided whether to be a poet or a philosopher."

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To - Morrow

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1906.

The Business End.....	Personally Conducted
Henry Ward Beecher Anniversary	
Chaffeur a Thief	
Old Time Muck-Rakers	
Roosevelt and Bryan	
The University Digest	
Stop Your Baby Talk	
Frontispiece	Vital Living
Editorials	
Superman and Superwoman.....	Parker H. Sercombe
Plays and Players	"
Earthquakes and Socialism.....	Walter Thomas Mills
Estelle (Poem)	Walter Hurt
The Muck-Rake Men (Poem).....	Charles A. Sandburg
Views and Reviews	"
Songs from the Gaelic	H. Bedford Jones
A Talk About Death	Grace Moore
Lines on Death	John Howard Moore
The Ethics of Sex.....	J. William Lloyd
Irish Lullaby (Poem)	Alfred Percival Graves
Pun Philosophy	Herman Kuehn
Moral Purpose in Art.....	William Colby Cooper
A Man with a Million Dollars.....	Edgar Maclaren Swan
To Stricken 'Frisco.....	Maxim Gorky
Points of Progress	Dr. J. D. Buck
To-Morrow (Poem)	Charles J. Beattie
Commissioner Leupp and the Indian Bureau.....	Carlos Montezuma
The Ideal (Poem)	Tilden Sempers
More About Triggs	C. A. Sandburg
A Song (Poem)	William Francis Barnard
The History of Human Marriage (V).....	Lida Parce Robinson
The Spencer-Whitman Round Table.....	Grace Moore
David Graham Phillips	Charles A. Sandburg
Revelation (Poem)	R. W. Borrough
Pure Food Department.....	Leon Elbert Landone
The Informal Brotherhood.....	Viola Richardson
Magazines	
Book Reviews	

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If you have poise.

If your guts do not dominate your life.

If you have industry, initiative, originality.

If you can mind your own business, practically and theoretically.

If you are satisfied to exploit, subdue and control yourself alone.

If you do not get booze drunk, sex drunk nor money drunk.

If you regard clothes as incidental to life and not the whole thing.

If you realize that God no longer depends upon you to kill the Devil.

If you realize that the scheme of life left us by our dead ancestors is unfit for the real man—the over-man—the future-man—I will join you.

Write at once to

Sercombe Himself.

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The Editors of *To-Morrow* do not stand sponsor for opinions of contributors nor of each other. We believe in a fair field and no favor. We want clear, clean, intelligent discussion. Please understand that we don't all believe all we print!

To-Morrow

For People who Think

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EDITORIAL STAFF:

WALTER HURT

MARGUERITE WARREN SPRINGER

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD

VIOLA RICHARDSON

PARKER H. SERCOMBE

CHARLES A. SANDBURG

GRACE MOORE

MAUDE JACOBS

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Number 6.

THE SUPERMAN AND SUPERWOMAN.

The man and woman of the future will know how to live and how to think. They will reach equilibrium, mentally, physically, and socially. Their thought and lives and relations with each other will be in harmony with the surrounding world. They will be serene and noble enough not to desire to have more than their fellows. They will go back to nature, to simple living and noble thinking, plus knowledge, experience and organization.

"To-Morrow" being one day ahead of all others—it is a magazine for the **over-man**, the **future man**, the **real man** and woman. It is for those who realize that the fantastic ways of life which we have gradually grown into, like blind troglodytes, is not the real life nor the true life, although it is a life that human kind must necessarily pass through in order to attain its future glory.

What has this long period of competition brought us? ORGANIZATION—EQUILIBRIUM—and in order to attain these we have waded through seas of blood—we have listened to the cries of despair from countless millions—nations have risen and gone into decay through the influence of conscienceless greed. Wars and famine and disease have at times nearly depopulated the earth, all because certain greedy ones were not willing to let go their

power and pelf. Schemes of control, political, ecclesiastical and capitalistic, have come and gone and arisen again, apparently impatient for the new day of mental and social equilibrium.

All this time the seasons have succeeded each other, the sun has smiled upon us, the warm rain has fallen and fecund earth has blossomed on and on and on.

Though man has co-operated, built cities and organized systems, all of his work has been almost entirely on a selfish plane—always with a desire to gain for himself power, riches, reputation—almost invariably through the means of subduing and impoverishing his fellows.

It is not a far cry from the colossal personal fortune of Marshall Field, built up by the toil and fidelity of his thousands of helpers to the Egyptian Pyramids constructed by slaves, all for the glory and egoistic gratification of the Pharaohs.

There are seventy millions of people in this country to whom it is immaterial whether the hundreds of millions belong to Marshall Field the Merchant Prince, or Marshall P. Wilder, the abbreviated and twisted maker of jokes, for to the philosophic mind they are both equally subjects for humor and no small degree of pity.

The superman and superwoman cannot completely rise superior to the influences of kingcraft, priestcraft and capitalism until the majority by their vote are enabled to change conditions and thereby overthrow the tyrannies of greed, superstition and tradition so as to enable them to live again as REAL HUMAN CREATURES.

It is seen that both knowledge and ignorance have become tyrants. On the one hand our ruling classes have attained just enough knowledge to control and not enough knowledge to know how to be fair. On the other hand the masses retain just enough ignorance so that they are still willing to bear the burdens that are thrust upon them. They toil on, hope on, drown their disappointment in drink, stultify their souls, and those who exploit them nod their heads wisely and exclaim "'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

There are already thousands of the controlling class whose joyless days filled with hypocrisy, show and cruel thoughts, they would gladly change to be emancipated from their place as tyrants. Did they but know how, they would gladly live the life of good and true men and women.

There are millions of the world's toilers who, knowing their right to live sweetly and joyously, would gladly tear from their necks the serpents of superstition, oppression, and ancestral tyranny that are despoiling their days and disquieting their nights.

Whence all the unhappiness in the world?

The nun moaning and wringing her hands on the floor of her convent cell, the preacher in fervent frenzy calling

upon The Most High to bless and protect his erring congregation who, returning to their homes raise up their own voices and renew the struggle for what? A STRUGGLE TO ADJUST THEIR THOUGHTS AND LIVES TO AN IMPOSSIBLE, UNNATURAL SYSTEM.

Juliet and her Romeo were driven to despair and death through an unhappy, fantastical attempt to adjust themselves to a wrong scheme of love.

Thermopylae, Waterloo, Gettysburg, Port Arthur, with their blood, their tortures, their cries of despair were all vague and fantastic struggles for wrong systems of life and thought.

Our modern trials for heresy, the burning of witches, the tears of the saints, the lacerations of bodies for penance, brutalities, recriminations and all the countless sorrows, frets and worries, conflagrations and tears are but shibboleths that this suffering world has thrust upon itself in its struggle to maintain and perpetuate wrong, foolish, unnatural systems—and all in vain. The NEW CIVILIZATION will discard all of these fancies for which man has struggled so seriously.

Sorrow-making conceptions of human life are fast disappearing—writhing and struggling to keep alive, the ghosts of greed and superstition are growing weaker day by day.

To be free is to be happy, to grant freedom to others is to make them happy, and the carolling song of freedom, as its voice reaches the ear and the life of the citizen, the soldier the toiler, the church member, the wife, the lover, the child, will bring to many of these new light, new life and new joy of earth.

While recognizing the influence of evolution and the need of developing necessary methods, and systems by means of strife, turmoil and competition, the superman and the superwoman will arise in their beauty and their might and show the waiting world how to think real thoughts and how to live the true life.

People who do their own thinking and refuse to accept a thing as true merely because it comes from the mouth of a "minister of the gospel" have been much amused and a trifle saddened, though only a trifle, by the way some of the preachers have accounted for the 'Frisco holocaust. A number of the gentlemen of the cloth have arisen to say that God wanted to punish the city for its awful wickedness so He stretched forth His right hand, the earth quivered and lo! the most beautiful city in all the western world lay prostrate in ruins, humbled in tears and ashes. This God of theirs is the God of whom they assert, "God is love."

CHICAGO PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Some Anthropologist has said, "If you would know the standard and ideals of any people, study their recreations," and with this idea in view let us withdraw our interest from Babylon and Pompeii and make some excavations in the debris of Chicago amusement enterprises.

If Chicago theatres are always full, if it is a good "play town," if millions of dollars are now being spent in refitting the "White City," "San Souci Park," and hundreds of lesser beer gardens, it all indicates that the population are helpless in the matter of finding pleasure and amusement at home or in the broad acres that lie beyond the confines of the city.

Homes are unhappy because every one, members of families, even lovers are exploiting and trying to outdo each other, or in some way constantly planning to overcome or get the best of one another and the natural outlet for all this inner turmoil and pressure is excitement, amusements, plays, looping-the-loop, bumping-the-bumps, flying through a trestle work called a "scenic railway" or in some other way distracting further the already distracted mind.

At the "Garrick," "La Mexicana" holds forth, a so-called comic opera supposed to be representative of life in Mexico that is purely representative of the hypocrisy of the epoch in constantly presenting untruth, constantly holding up the unreal, the ridiculous, the grotesque, a sorry caricature to those who KNOW, a fantastic piece of artificial insanity, created to catch the coin, of the eager seeker for "entertainment" who having tried everything else imagines that he is going to see something DIFFERENT, but he don't—they are all the same—all untrue, all a pretense contrived to attract the hysterical fancies of the wierd rabble on the home stretch toward paresis and intellectual decay.

As a measure not only of the amusement status of the public but also of the "genius" of the playwright "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway" at the Colonial (Iroquois) Theatre is typical of the mental degeneracy of the dollar age in which we are living.

George M. Cohen, the author, actor, humorist, has been exploited and lionized on account of this precious production; and in what pray, does its success consist?—merely as picturing a young ignoramus and rounder as having come into possession of an uncle's million dollar estate, which he had really bequeathed to his servant girl, the will being found later in the pocket of a suit of clothes which he had given to his butler.

The entire genius of the author and the interest of the play consists in holding this million dollars, as it were, before the eye of the audience for three acts keeping them in doubt as to who would get it, the servant girl or the nephew.

It is a certainty that the audience would never sit through the play except for the absorbing interest attached to the

one-million dollar bill on which the author concentrates the gaze from the first to the last line.

Is George Cohen a psychologist? Has he studied the public mind? No! He is a dollar worshipper himself and writes out of his own heart but in doing so, gives to the student a picture of the sordid and befogged tendency of our epoch, all the more picturesque and convincing because the author in his naive simplicity does not realize that he is completely "giving away" what has come to be the dirty game of life.

Broadway, Bohemia, midnight carousals, self gratification, debauchery, excess are all made the ideals of the befogged hero and his chump of a secretary who makes love to the servant girl and finds the will in the coat pocket that he buys of the butler.

The fact that it is not necessary to search the "Wooley West," but that country Reubes can be found in New Rochelle, forty-five minutes from Broadway, is the joke of the play. "No restaurants in New Rochelle? What do you do nights?" fully reflects the prig of the period as standard and accepts his doctrine of self gratification and gluttony.

A few songs and sentiments "Mary, a good old name" etc., contains nothing but cant and buncombe of the most superficial and unpolished variety but the play is what the people want—it is making a fortune for George Cohen and Fay Templeton and the rabble by their patronage not only show what junk their brains are made of but give to the reformer the most positive assurance that real democracy, socialism or genuine comradeship must always be impossible with such material as seeks this type of recreation.

TO KNOW A PEOPLE STUDY ITS RECREATIONS.

Kings have variously resorted to books, buffoonery, chess, sword practice, arena combats, the chase and dancing girls and it is in the method of their PLAY that you may learn to know them best.

At McVicker's, a melodrama called "The Coward" holds sway and of course by a piece of pretended bravery designed to arouse the egotism of each person in the audience, for each listener always sees himself in the hero, the latter turns out to be no coward at all.

At the Studebaker, George Ade's "College Widow," a most flippant brazen thing who exploits her sex as a bluff and pretends to hoodwink the audience into the notion that she is platonic, gives an opportunity for bringing the foot ball loafer to the fore as a factor in modern civilization.

Of course no one knows better than George Ade not only that the foot ball hero is a myth and that the college widow type is a myth but that he as author is stultifying his splendid powers by creating such trash for a trash loving public.

George Ade has the ability to write a really good and

genuine play but being both a philosopher and a money getter he knows very well that a real play with genuine human being represented with emotions, feelings and tendencies on the square, would not only fail to bring the crowd, but in all probability would be ruled off the stage by the local authorities.

At the Power's, "Man and Superman," by George Bernard Shaw, offers the only glimpse of reality that can be obtained in the Chicago Theatres, and that glimpse is so faint and so obscured by trash and the gymnastics of repartee that the author has introduced, as to make it hardly worth while to those who really wish to learn something about humanity.

Paraphrasing Hamlet, surely modern dramatists themselves, are but "Nature's Journeymen" and their abominable imitation of humanity lies in their being afraid to write for grown up people, as all their pictures of human life, whether portrayed by Belasco, Pinero, Sudermann or Bernard Shaw, are surely meant for children and not for sincere genuine human beings.

Understanding the significant philosophy implied in "Man and Superman" one is much disappointed after squandering an entire evening to have heard nothing more than perhaps a half dozen sentences from Mr. Tanner, brusque, natural, and spontaneous, in which he speaks as a real human creature, but even this little is so surrounded with a net work of pretense, for fear of the conventional frowns and disapproval of the idiotic public that the play at the end stands out almost as barren as the rest.



HOW A SOCIALIST SEES THINGS

BY WALTER THOMAS MILLS OF CHICAGO

AUTHOR OF *THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE*

To create unnecessary chances for the purpose of assuming unnecessary risks, is the work of a gambler. Life is full of chances which cannot be avoided. It is the purpose of society, however, to lessen the number of unnecessary chances. Frost, flood, fire, accident, disease and death are inevitable, and yet every effort is made to prevent or to postpone, or to avoid or at least to alleviate the consequences of these things. Levees along the rivers and forest preserves, at their sources, are undertaken by society in order to make less destructive the chances connected with the floods. Fire regulations in the great cities are simply efforts to lessen the chances of destructive fires. Laws for safeguarding machinery and laws for enforcing the collection of damages for injuries on account of accidents in shops and factories, as well as sanitary regulations, hospital provisions, free medical dispensaries and all public relief are all but so many efforts by the public authority to narrow the range and lessen the consequences of unnecessary chances.

* * *

For an individual or an association to deliberately undertake to increase unnecessary chances rather than to cooperate with this general

movement for lessening them has come to be held to be a serious offense against society, and if undertaken for the private profit of the parties concerned it is forbidden and punished under the law.

* * *

When society was simple in its forms and its industrial equipment limited to rude tools, not involving their collective use, then each single family or communal group assumed its own risks and society at large was held to be practically without responsibility in this matter of unnecessary chances. But the tools have grown to be enormous and all the great industrial processes have come to be great social services and public law has undertaken to safeguard the common interest by ruling out of these great industrial activities all unnecessary chances. It has even gone so far as to enter the market in order to determine the kind of contracts, the sorts of bargains, which shall be permitted, and the kinds of financial institutions which may be organized in order that greed and graft and fraud may not create unnecessary chances and then through secret manipulations on the part of the few, make victims of the many.

* * *

Wherever the element of chance cannot be entirely eliminated, both public and private enterprises have undertaken to lessen the pressure and to alleviate the woe which is in the world, not because of the fault of any but because of unavoidable misfortune. Society forbids the creation of unnecessary chances. It undertakes to provide for the unavoidable. This increasing assumption of public responsibility for the unavoidable chances in life is a part of the industrial and social development which is bringing nearer each day the co-operative commonwealth for which the Socialist contends.

* * *

The recent San Francisco earthquake, the destruction of its shops and markets, the desolation of the homes of the poor and the unutterable suffering which has followed, has emphasized, as no other recent event has done, the wrong of the private ownership and private management of the shops where the people toil and of the markets where they exchange their products. The industries of San Francisco were not local matters. They were a part of the world-wide system of industry and commerce. But while directly related to the industrial and commercial activities of the world they were privately owned by handfuls of men whose interests were largely local and whose ability to give further employment came suddenly to an end with the misfortune which has overwhelmed the city. This misfortune unnecessarily separated the San Francisco workers from the opportunity to be immediately employed and made an end of their power in the market to provide for themselves, and in this way it has unnecessarily made objects of charity of multitudes of people whose industry and personal character are above reproach. Any rational organization of industry could have re-employed the workers elsewhere while the resources of the nation could have been available at once to repair the loss and make good again all shops and homes and markets so far as any of the things involved the common good.

* * *

In San Francisco, where the people had funds of their own, legal holidays were proclaimed, not for the purpose of preventing work, the bankers worked with an industry and an anxiety rarely known. The holiday was not proclaimed for the entertainment of the depositor, but to give the banker opportunity to protect himself from the depositor, while the depositor was given charity and the private banking institution time to save itself from the ruin which had overtaken it. Possibly this was the best that could be done under the circumstances, but modern capitalism is responsible for such circumstances. Surely society can eliminate the chances which place the many at the mercy of private banking institutions and then make a holiday of their

misfortunes in order to withhold from them their own in the hour of their greatest need.

* * *

The destruction of the city was by earthquake and fire. The fire resulted from the earthquake, and most insurance policies carried an earthquake clause which makes the company responsible for the fire, but holds the individual owner responsible for the earthquake. The companies which will pay out on this insurance in San Francisco are increasing their premiums everywhere else, and so while during a long series of years they have been paying themselves dividends with the money collected from San Francisco, they will now settle with San Francisco with additional premiums collected from their victims in other great centers of population.

* * *

The Traders' Insurance Company of Chicago had been doing a large business in San Francisco. It had collected large sums in premiums which it had disbursed in the payment of large dividends to its stockholders in Chicago, and when earthquake and fire destroyed the property it had insured, although the company is composed of millionaires amply able to make good, the very millionaires who had privately pocketed these dividends, instead of doing so, went into bankruptcy. The company will pay only a part of its losses in San Francisco and will return only a part of the sums paid to it in Chicago and elsewhere, in premiums for future insurance. These millionaires will pocket the dividends. They have already done so. The policy holders will pocket their losses. They will have to do so. The millionaires are only doing what the law has authorized. The fault is with the system, not the millionaires.

* * *

Under the co-operative commonwealth no calamity which could come to a shop or market today in one place could make impossible the workers re-employment there or in some other place tomorrow. No loss of what he could have accumulated of the products of other days could postpone for a single hour his opportunity to create more and so provide for himself and those dependent upon him. Under co-operative commonwealth, losses by flood, or fire, or accident, or cyclone, or earthquake, or lightning, or frost, would immediately and with all absolute fairness shift themselves with equal pressure to all other enterprises, undertakings and activities which had escaped the calamity. In fact there is no place where capitalism suffers more in comparison with Socialism than in the unnecessary chances which it forces upon the multitude. There is no place where Socialism can appeal more strongly to the judgment and to the conscience than in the midst of the helplessness of capitalism in the presence of such a calamity.

* * *

The fact is that the necessary chances of the gambler cannot be condemned and capitalism defended. If either must go then the other must follow. If in the presence of great calamities, which come from the fault of no one, society must assume responsibility, then Socialism is inevitable and under Socialism both lockouts and earthquakes will be unable to rob the worker of his opportunity to toil and to possess for himself the values which his toil creates.

My Dear Mr. Sercombe:

By chance the February number of "To-Morrow" was placed into my hands, in which you cry out for a Character Building Institution, and your cry found an answer in our League then one month old. * * * One evening when speaking to the Sanatorium assembled in the Chapel, I read some from it, and made a pleasant impression for "To-Morrow."

Cordially yours,

GRACE CAREW SHELDON (Buffalo, N. Y.)

Estelle.

By Walter Hurt.

Within my soul's estate, Estelle, |
The queen of all my dreams you dwell.
In all fair things I see your face,
And find your gestures in the grace
Of all things sensuous that greet
My sight; and all that seemeth sweet
But serves old pleasures to renew
And bring to me bright thoughts of you—
Recalls those dear impassioned days
When Love found life's forbidden ways.
Ah, Mem'ry pours her mellow wine,
And proffers me a draught divine;
So clearly do our glasses clink

No ballad of the bobolink
Could be more musical to me,
For, mingled with this minstrelsy,
Your sweet laugh like a silver bell
Sings to my soul alway, Estelle.

My thoughts are true to you, Estelle,
As celibate within his cell
Is true unto his virtue's vow.
I see the beauty of your brow
Whenever on a bank of snow
I gaze and catch the fleeting glow
The pink sunrise has painted there.
My fancy fondles your soft hair
And finds the finish of each strand
As fine as silk of Samarcand.
I look upon the starry skies
And see the splendor of your eyes
That sombre are and full of fire
As nights of Love's unquenched desire
That makes the hours with rapture rife—
And limpid as the streams of life
That flow from Faith's unfathomed well,
Yet dusk as shades of death, Estelle.

I know not where you are, Estelle,
But never does my heart rebel,
Or feel the pressure of a pain
That Fate should separate us twain,
For through the months of days, my dear,
My spirit knows that you are near;

I feel your lips upon my own,
Your ardent arms around me thrown;
The tenderness of your caress
Creeps round my consciousness to bless
It with all blisses that are found
When human thought treads holy ground.
While close again I fold your form
And feel your white flesh firm and warm
Till through each fibre of my frame
The blood sweeps like a flood of flame,
And swoon beneath the scented spell
Borne on your tropic breath, Estelle.

They named you for a star, Estelle,
And such in truth you are, *ma belle*,—
A quenchless star that makes my nights
A risen dream of dead delights
And throws a glamour o'er the past
Whose glow will last while life shall last.
I wander far, but where I go
To stay 'neath alien skies I know
The tender touch of hidden hands
Reached out from realms of shadow-lands
Till all my paths are pleasant, and
The roses bloom from desert sand.
For once again you walk with me
Or sail upon a stranger sea
Where never voyager before
Has dared to seek its distant shore.
If love can constancy compel,
Forever you are mine, Estelle.

We never more may meet, Estelle,
Yet life were not complete, Estelle,
Without the joys that we have known,
Without the griefs that we have grown
Together in life's garden made
Of mingled parts of sun and shade,
Of smiles and tears and faiths and fears
In bloom and gloom of other years.
Nor Time's embezzlement effect
May rob us of the retrospect
So rich with Pleasure's plenitude
And bounteous with the finer food
That sates the soul, and leaves at least
Sense of the fullness of the feast.
Whate'er the future life may hold
For me of mercies find my hell
Were you not with me there, Estelle.

The Muck-Rake Man.

By Charles A. Sandburg.

In olden days the knights and honored ones bore clanking
swords and rode in garb of steel;
They gloried in the hell's turmoil wherein men died agasp
and the burnished blades ran red;
The foaming bridles and the blood-wet weapons cheered their
hearts.

To-day 'tis ink has higher homage than the blood of soldiers,
with whatever bravery they fought;
A pencil is a token far surpassing any knife Damascus made
in all her days;
To send a bullet crashing through some Moro skull is naught
beside the strong transmission of a helpful thought into
the brains of men,
And he who speaks the thing that cleanses, sweetens, lifts
up human life, does more by far than he who domineers
and looks, forever looks, and tosses days and nights
for worlds, more worlds to conquer;
As conquerors are understood, to hell with conquerors!

As in a sculptor's soul the unhewn statue lies asleep and
waits the time of wakening and form.
Ideals and dominions lie to-day within the brains of men
awaiting nothing more than to be brought to life and
actuality.

Here's to the men who pause
In the slough, in the muck and the mud,
For a look in the night at a sky of stars.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

By Charles A. Sandburg.

Heroism at San Francisco.

No sooner had the news gone flashing over the wires from 'Frisco that the town was in distress than trains of provisions began to start from all parts of the country for the stricken people. In a few days the cash contributions had amounted to an aggregate of more than twenty-one million dollars. This was the tangible sympathy of the outside world. Within the city itself there were so many acts of bravery and sacrifice that the correspondents say it would bewilder one to try to name them. Jack London says, "An enumeration of the deeds of heroism would stock a library and bankrupt the Carnegie medal fund."

The San Francisco horror has shown that underlying all their hot rivalries and fierce contentions the human race is at the last a brotherhood, a solidarity. The universal brotherhood of man or the solidarity of the human race are hard things for most people to understand, but the smallest child in its first year of geography can understand that if tomorrow the earth should collide with a comet we would all go down together to the death.

* * *

The Book of the Day.

One of the sensations of the day is Upton Sinclair's book, *The Jungle*. The book is a portrayal of conditions in the Chicago stock-yards and the meat-packing industry, and is virtually an accusation that the United States government provisions regulating the meat industry are utterly disregarded and set at naught by the packers. If the book is true to fact then the meat-supply of America has for years been tainted and thousands of people have been eating carrion.

President Roosevelt invited Mr. Sinclair to dine with him and a commission has been sent to make a thorough investigation of Chicago Packingtown. In an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. Ogden Armour, the head of the Beef Combine, stated, "Not one atom of any condemned animal or carcass finds its way, directly or indirectly, from any source, into any food product or food ingredient." Replying to this sweeping and inclusive denial, Mr. Sinclair says in *Everybody's Magazine*, "I know that in the statements quoted above, Mr. Armour willfully and deliberately states what he absolutely and positively knows to be falsehoods." It looks very much as though *The Jungle* marks an epoch, as did Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The public libraries of Chicago and of St. Louis are in possession of copies of *The Jungle*, but the patrons of the libraries are not permitted to draw them. It is another case of mistaken propriety on the part of people who ought to know better. A standing disgrace to American democracy

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was the action of Philadelphia in debarring Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables* from circulation. Boston found that it only advertised and secured a wider reading for Sappho to put it on the blacklist. The foulest blot on America's literary record is the attempted suppression of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. And the boards of directors of the Chicago and St Louis public libraries may profit by these examples.

* * *

The Colorado-Idaho Turmoil.

The leading event of the day holding the eyes of the labor world is the incarceration of the officers of the Western Federation of Miners. On December 30th last ex-Gov. Steunenberg of Idaho was assassinated by a dynamite bomb. A man by the name of Harry Orchard was arrested and confessed to the murder, but in his confession implicated as strongly as possible Moyer and Haywood, President and Secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, and a Mr. Pettibone, another official of the organization, the charge being that these men had directly instigated the crime. On the strength of these confessions the Governor of Idaho negotiating in secret with the Governor of Colorado, secured extradition papers and Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were seized in their homes in Denver at night, denied the right of counsel and of a writ of habeas corpus, and on a train that made no stops at stations they were rushed some eight hundred miles to Idaho. The prisoners were shackled and the train was guarded by militiamen.

Norman Hapgood, commenting on the case in *Collier's* says:

The report of the Department of Commerce and Labor on this case was extremely damaging to the mine owners, practically accusing them not only of lawlessness, but of conspiracy to fasten a crime on labor leaders by perjured testimony . . . The case of the Chicago anarchists is now looked upon rather widely by conservative men as a gross wrong perpetrated to appease a multitude. The Idaho and Colorado situation is notably different, for if the miners are a violent lot nothing better can be said of the mine owners. . . . The case is complicated and remote. But there are circumstances which raise suspicion of collusion between the mine owners and the authorities.

Hugh Pentecost in an address in New York said:

"It is necessary in some way to break up the Western Federation of Miners, and if these men should be imprisoned for life or hanged, that will get out of the way some of the strongest and best men that the labor movement of this country has ever produced. . . . Do you say that it is inconceivable that great and reputable financiers could be guilty of putting up such a plot? We know that in one case they have used this very method of procedure, that they hired men to make accusations against innocent men, charging them with crimes that proven would have sent them to the gallows. . . . I do not say whether Moyer and Haywood are guilty. But we know the strike troubles are over, so what motive could they have had for this savage, cowardly, contemptible assassination? Just bare, bald revenge for something that was past and gone? It is inconceivable! It would be not only an act of insanity but an act of stupidity."

The labor unions over the whole country are aroused over the affair. Hundreds of mass-meetings have been held at which money was raised to assist the accused men in getting a fair trial. Clarence S. Darrow of Chicago and Bourke Cockran of New York have been retained to represent the workingmen. Eugene V. Debs, who himself knows something of the mockery of justice accorded a labor leader, wrote an article for the Appeal to Reason which voiced his sentiments with such flaming vehemence that the Appeal to Reason has on that account been debarred from second class mail privileges by an impulsive post-office censor of Canada. Joseph Wanhope, who is in Idaho representing Wilshire's writes that there is undoubtedly a conspiracy on the part of western capitalists and politicians to discredit and destroy the miner's organization, their chief tool being one James McPartland, an unscrupulous character notorious as a spy upon labor unions during troubles in Pennsylvania in 1873. The New York Sun and the New York Evening Post have recently had articles in which the character of McPartland was shown up as extraordinarily shameless, insidious and brutal.

Altogether the actions of the western mine owners reveal a rather dirty aspect of American democracy.

* * *

The Coming of Gorky.

..

Maxim Gorky has come to America. He openly avows that his purpose is to get money and sympathy for the Russian revolutionists. He is the expressed opponent of the Russian government. The Russian government has millions at its disposal for whatever minions will serve it. Was it strange or might it have been expected that the first week he was in New York, a hotel-keeper should evict him on the unproven charge that he was living with a woman not his wife?

Gorky has already projected himself into American affairs. He sent a telegram of fellowship to the imprisoned union labor leaders out in Idaho. His address To Stricken 'Frisco, printed elsewhere in this magazine, is a touching and vivid expression of sympathy.

* * *

Gorky and Democracy.

James Huneker says of Gorky "He is read more in a day than Kipling is in a year, and, compared to Kipling, he is as flint to chalk, a man carved from the hardest granite." No man has written more sympathetically and forcefully of the common people than has Maxim Gorky. He takes a crowd of printers at a summer picnic and shows them as eloquent, practical and knowing of life, as eager in aspiration and as profound in forensics, as the clubs of "intellectuals" that meet in rooms of plush and cushion. He takes a drunken shoemaker and his wife, or a tramp baker, or an outcast woman,

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and he shows that their lives like of those of a more complete environment, swing in a orbit of hopes and ideals. Maxim Gorky is the greatest living prophet of a truly democratic literature.

And this democrat of democrats, democratic Amreica is going to repress by social ostracism because he chose to marry a second time. There were fifty thousand divorce suits in this country last year and stalking through the land are a hundred thousand American divorcees for any fool who wants to unloose his tongue on the question as to whether it is right for man to put asunder what God hath not joined together. But nay, nay Pauline! we want a big man as target for our slander so we pick a Russian who comes asking help for darkest Russia, one who has languished in prison, one who has stood where unarmed men and women were trampled and shot for presenting a petition. This much may be said: There is iron in this man as well as pity and he whom the tyrants of Russia could not buy or quiet will not be subdued by the slander and pretended horror of American snobs.

* * *

The Panama Canal.

For the man who is not a capitalist the Panama canal doesn't have much interest. America is big enough to live by itself. As long as we have robber tariffs, robber railroad rates, robber trust prices on almost every article of everyday use, six million men out of employment and three million paupers, a half million prostitutes and a half million convicts, well we don't care much whether the ditch goes dug or undug. Till we straighten out these matters, foreign markets and foreign missions may go hang.

* * *

The Passing of Dowie.

Alexander Dowie, otherwise Elijah the Third, seems in a bad way to regain his lost prestige and position in Zion City. A few years ago he was noted as one of the world's masters of organization. He was classed, in point of forceful personality, with Theodore Roosevelt and Kaiser Wilhelm. The city he caused to be built on the shore of Lake Michigan was a portent that held the world's eye. His health began to fail. Intrigue and chicanery, having a partial basis of truth, set in. A coup was planned, and while the old man was a thousands of miles away in search of health, the conspirators set up a new regime. Dowie had many of the marks of the tyrant and fanatic, but there is due him some of the pity we accord broken hearted, old King Lear.

* * *

The Genial Fra Again.

The labor unions are getting after Elbert Hubbard. A number of their journals have been publishing "exposes" and tearing the Fra's reputation into little green ribbons. All presons interested in Hubbard have long ago learned that

he is not to be expected to say anything that casts any material discredit upon the employing class. But of all his arguments in favor of the downtrodden capitalists his preaching on Unionism is the most replete with bias, prejudice and fallacy. Many who had hitherto always seen a thread of consistency in his doctrine, found this too serious a "jolly," savoring too much of a desire to stand in with the purchasers of de luxe books and things.

Yet the critics of Hubbard too often forget that he has written masterly and unanswerable analyses of some of the modern wrongs in society. No one has struck harder for the child-slaves of the southern cotton mills. And his latest book, *Repectability*, is a paraphrase of Thorstein Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*. Thorstein Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class* is according to a writer in the *International Socialist Review* the profoundest revolutionary work subversive of the existing social order that has appeared since Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*.

. . .

JOTTINGS ON JOURNALISM.

The *National Magazine* is developing radical tendencies. An article by John McGovern on *Government by Injunction* in its June number is a worthy argument in behalf of that portion of society which has not the funds wherewith to purchase injunctions. A department called *Note and Comment*, written by Frank Putnam, is essentially socialistic in its view-points. Putnam's ballade on *The Third Revolution* is being widely reprinted. One of the signs of the times worth considering is that some of the few real masterly poems recently produced voice the inequalities of present society and the need of change.

One of the best features of *The Truth Seeker* of New York is its publication weekly of the sermons of Hugh Pentecost.

Collier's is publishing a series of articles by W. J. Ghent on *The Changing Order*. They show the same power of broad generation after keen analysis of details that is seen in *Mass and Class*.

Everybody's continues to be restless, discontented and vigilant, stirring up class against class and arousing the passion and desire of the multitude—alas!

The *Cosmopolitan's* series, *The Treason of the Senate*, by David Graham Phillips, goes deep into the moral muck of the nation. It smells to high heaven like the opening of a pus cavity, and its only redeeming feature is that it is true and necessary.

Probably the best socialist paper in the country, for news, special articles and reprints, is *The Worker* of New York.

There has been a disagreement as to policy among the editors of *McClure's* and in the fall a new magazine is to be launched by Miss Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, and Ray Stannard Baker.

Songs from the Gaelic.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

THE SEER'S WARNING.

Niall! I see thee! Thy arms glitter pale in the moon's pallid
light
And thy bright hair flows fine like the spray, dashing high
on Bo-Caitha's walls;
And a ghastly gleam darts from thy head, shining blue through
the gloom of the night;
And faint on the frost-heavy air, the voice of the spirit-wolf
calls.

Niall, I see thee! A spear flashes swift through the death-
laden air,
And it pierces thy tender white throat and thy breastplate
with crimson blood reeks;
And the weapons have dropped from thy hand, and the swords
through thy eagle-plume tear;
And vainly thy bard sweeps his harp, and vainly his dead
master seeks.

THE LOVE SONG OF FINGAL.

Then I fain would have kissed the broad spears, that glittered
and flashed through the air;
And drank the hot blood of my heroes, and paused not to save
or to spare;
For they seemed like thy teeth when thou smilest, by Laidir's
stream.

Then I loved the sharp dart of the arrows, as, shot with the
swiftness of light,
They left a red stream of my heroes' life-blood at the end of
their flight;
For they seemed like the flash of thine eyes, in the sunlight's
rich gleam.

I embraced the swift flame of the swords, and their sharp-
darting lightnings were sweet;
Then a blade bit deep in my body, and beckoned my spirit so
fleet;
And a second crashed into my helmet, and a third tore into
my shield;
But the touch of the sword-blades was dear, as I sank on the
bloody-red field;—
For they seemed like thy fair white skin, with its dazzling
beam.
And then I awoke—and behold! the sweet fight was a dream!

A TALK ABOUT DEATH.

By Grace Moore.



I am one of those who think that the time to talk about death is when life is most apparent, and the time to die, when one is most anxious to live.

It is when the flower is fullest of beauty and fragrance that it begins to fade and droop. 'Tis in the glory of its Autumn colorings when its ripe fruit is most luscious and satisfying that the tree begins to take on the appearance of death, and the sap to flow downward to enrich the earth.

When man has prepared himself to live he is ready to die.

And why not? If we are immortal as most of us think that we are, what better than to make our debut in another realm, another form and other conditions and other possibilities, than with such an abundance of life and its joys as we never had before? It is in freshness of the springtime that we turn to thoughts of death. When death steps upon the threshold our thoughts are of **Life**. The dying talk more of life and have less fear of death as the hour of transition approaches.

I take it that our early springtime thoughts of the dead and our visits to the cemeteries to place flowers on the graves of our loved ones, are not so much evidences of our grief as of joyousness and the realization that death is life. It is of life we sing our songs and offer our gifts, never to the decaying things of time. The soul in the full vigor of its powers laughs at so-called death, smiles knowingly upon the grief-stricken, heart-weary, pain-fagged creatures of each with whom it feels a closer and more inspiring kinship than in its times of weakness and incompleteness. 'Tis when nature is most beautiful that my arms seem to hold in warmest embrace the defective and incompetent, the erring and distressed; not so much because I pity them as because they are a necessary and glorious part of myself. I turn in the fullness of my emotions and sensations to the grave of one whose earthly remains are now inseparably one with the earth, or to the living near and dear one in a hospital, bonded by disease of body and mind; not from a sense of duty or because I am morbid, not yet in reality because he needs me; but because in my joy I need him.

My joy, did I not say, friends, not my sorrow. For how great is the joy with which we caress the embodiment and source of our griefs! How warm to the touch are the hands cold with approaching disengagement only those know who are themselves so full of life as to be responsive only to life. Life does not countenance or co-operate with death. It recognizes only life and to life only it contributes.

The mind of greatest intelligence most readily finds its

essential unity with the mind deflected and scarred by insanity and disease, not so much because it is more sympathetic or more humane, as because insanity and disease are extreme results of intelligence and only the corresponding extreme of intelligence can respond to it. He with only average understanding cannot reach to the understanding of the intellectually perfect nor bring within his own reach the intellectually imperfect. To understand insanity, disease and death one must be so full of intelligent, health giving Life as to perceive their opposites, and perceiving them accept them, as one accepts the balancing of the scales which tell his own weight. The fully awakened mind, the overflowing heart, the alert consciousness, all products simultaneously of Life, and only of Life, have power to perceive sanity in insanity, health in disease, life in death, joy in sorrow, immortality in mortality as the unawakened mind, unfilled heart and unexpanded consciousness have not.

"They that are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living." Because to the wise there is no cause for grief, no incentive to sorrow, no reality in tears. As children we weep, laugh and do foolish things. As wise men and women we shall smile serenely and walk uprightly without fear or favor. At each new inundation of Cosmic Life we shall find ourselves in possession of more truth and beauty and in proportion as we have understanding of the Truths of Life we shall do away with the appearance and aspects of death.

LINES ON DEATH.

By John Howard Moore.

I expect nothing after death. Birth was the beginning of my existence as an individual and there is every reason for believing that death will be its close. If there is another life somewhere on the other side of the grave, or if this life on the earth is a prefix to something larger and more beautiful and real, I shall be surprised. And if there is no such thing, I shall not be disappointed. There really does not seem to be any more basis for expecting a postmortem existence than for assuming a pre-natal one.

Mortuary theories imported in such variety and profusion from the ancients and elaborated and added to by the imagination of to-day, are for the most part anachronistic and childish. The whole subject of human extinction needs badly the light of intellectual honesty. It is buried beneath mountains of sacred and half-sacred absurdities. The contemplation of death means the contemplation of a conflict between what we prefer, or what we would naturally expect in an ideal arrangement of things, and what is. And it calls for more courage than most mortals have. The human understanding is a feeble thing when it is inhibited by the powerful influence of race instinct.

But it is not going to help matters one particle for us to stick our heads into the sand, like foolish ostriches, and substitute vague dreaming for investigation. Not all the faith of a world nor all the yearning of a universe will create a future life if it is not included in the course of nature. And no amount of skepticism is going to jeopardize it in any way if it really exists.

If we would go to work in a plain straightforward way to revise our estimate of the relative values of life and death and get them more in accordance with the conceptions of common sense and science it would go a long way toward removing the fiction whose age-long luxuriance hides completely the true nature of these things.

Is life a success? Is it a "paying investment?" I mean of course, **terrestrial** life as it is found on the earth to-day, taking the world over, and as it has existed for unknown millions of years in the past. Is death after all, a more tragic event than birth? I do not believe on the whole that it is. Birth means the beginning of a lot of pain and struggle and want and disease and worry and insult and disappointment and sights of suffering and injustice that make the very vitals sick. And in most cases it means a life full of not much else. While death means freedom from all of these things. To die is not to undergo calamity. We do this when we are born. To die is simply to go back to that from which we came into the world. Death is a vast Sleep from whose lethean silences we steal when come into existence and to whose soft and mystic assuagements we return when we leave existence. Oh, life may pay sometime, if, in the unfoldings of time, there is evolved on this sphere a race of beings competent to make the earth a success. But so far, it is not what it is cracked up to be—except to ninnies and knaves.

The mania for life and the unpopularity of death are not due to the intrinsic value of life and the calamitous character of death. They are the result of instinct. Reason does not have anything to do in the matter to amount to anything. This instinct has arisen as a result of the manner in which life has been evolved on the earth. It is nature's insurance for the perpetuity of the life process. It causes men everywhere unconsciously, in spite of their reason, to magnify the value and importance of life and to correspondingly disparage and overlook the advantages of death. Reason would long ago probably have prompted the sterilization of this wretched world if it had not been for the corrupting influences of this instinct. And it has been this instinct, more than anything else that has promoted the manufacture by the human mind of all sorts of post-mortem paradises in whose shining fields the soul, freed from its earthly martyrdom, its journey of tears, its necessity for suffering and imbecility, might go on picking the golden apples of enjoyment in a world without end.

The belief that after-death existence is an after-life affair

where prizes and penalties are awarded according to life we now live here on the earth is a belief designed by olden priests and philosophers to intimidate the wayward into paths of obedience. This belief is perhaps not such a bad thing from the standpoint of actual profit and loss to the world; but thinking beings are debarred from its benefits by the poverty of evidence in its favor. Then, too, men and women are now known not to be the "free moral agents" they were imagined to be by the authors of the damnation-glory scheme—able to do right if they want to and wandering into ways of wickedness only through perversity or devilishness. The wisest man, the most virtuous and the most sinful are all what they are as a result of circumstances as impersonal absolute in the one case as in the other. And while punitive experiences may properly be imposed as deterrents during life, they have no place nor utility after it is all over. No man should be punished or rewarded for what he has done, but for what it may cause him or others to do or to refrain from doing in the future.

The sooner we look all facts squarely in the face and make the emotional adjustments required by a fair-and-square recognition of things as they are, the better.

POLITICAL TRENDS.

It is getting common to hear that there will before many years, probably before the next presidential election, be a break-up and a new alignment of political parties. The Republican party is shrinking into a size too small to hold both "Bob" La Follette and Nelson Aldrich. And can anyone imagine a political platform that can be fixed so full of double-meanings and plattitudes that Hearst and Parker would each consent to back it?

The conservatives are in a bad way and daily are heard expressing regret that the majesty of the law is being mistreated. Mayor Maclellan regrets to report socialistic trends in the democratic party and from several points the gibe of "anarchist" is hurled at Roosevelt. Single-tax doctrine is percolating through the democratic party and among the republicans is a ready acceptance of all sorts of old heresies such as the inheritance-tax and public ownership of monopolies, a few years ago branded as disreputable "populism."

Events have so hurried on that we do not take it as a matter for great surprise when the editor of *Collier's*, a man of serene and equable temperament whose respectability grades "A1", makes a statement as follows: "We are living in a revolution."

The Ethics of Sex.

By J. William Lloyd.

Questions of ethics are questions of human benefit in the largest and most complete sense. For a drunkard to show that his dram benefitted him by making him feel good, and for a thief to show that his robbing benefitted him by putting cash in his pocket, would not be admitted as evidence of the ethical quality of intemperance and theft, because limited to the one. That which is truly ethical must prove benefit in the wide curve and in the full circle.

Free thought on the subject of sex is, to-day, under the ban. We have won free thought in the realm of religion, and men are no longer punished by the state for heresy in religious creed, but the lurking bigotry in human nature is reappearing in the form of moral intolerance and a moral inquisition, and he who differs from the majority on the ethics of sex, no matter how honestly, runs great risk of legal and illegal violence to reputation, property and person. Nevertheless, the man who would really get at the truth of this, as of any other matter, must clear his mind of all predeliction fear, cost what it may, and calmly decide on the actual evidence.

Let us go back: Scientific men, exploring the dim past, find that man in emerging from the animal stage, in which instinct guided his conduct, as among all animals in becoming human, became an experimenter. He felt his way, inch by inch, and by painful experience, and thru innumerable mistakes, arrived at the knowledge of what was beneficial. His sexual life was always the foundation and symbol of his social life.

The first step in social life seems to have been the maternal family—a mother and her children. The father roamed free and had no necessary connection after the initial act of parenthood. But primitive life was full of terror, and the family clung together for mutual co-operation and its members inbred. The beginnings of social life were consanguine and the first family life incestuous. But tho Nature does not object to incest as an occasional relation among the healthy she does condemn it as a system of parenthood because her law is to create variety and then balance opposites. Polarity developed repels those too much alike, and the struggle for existence weeds out those who by inbreeding intensify weaknesses and lopsidedness. In physical creation natural selection favors the mating of opposites. The earliest of all recognition in sexual morality appears to have been the respect of the female by the male and leaving to her the exclusive right to invite and refuse. But this was prehuman, and inherited from the animal, and the first human recognition in sex morals seems to have been a discrimination against incest. First incest between parent and child appears to have been prohibited, and then between brother and sister. This went on thru the ages, till in some cases it reached

the extreme that not only blood kin but legal relatives were prohibited.

As the earliest social relations were communistical, so the earliest forms of marriage were communistic, or "group" marriages. Not polygamy nor monogamy, but mutual wives and mutual husbands in one group.

In the earliest stage men lived upon the wild fruits, upon game and fish, and in this stage lived in tribes of kinsmen, and their first great ethical recognition was that of brotherhood—communism, with all its correlative virtues of liberty, sympathy, honesty, helpfulness, of all to all within the commune. In brief the first social ethical concept was that of the benefit and beauty of unselfishness, and tho they recognized it as applying only to kinsmen, they applied it within these limits with a thoroughness that has never been excelled. The evidence here is overwhelming. Those who would know more of this should study Morgan, Lubbock, Engels, Marx, Kropotkin, et al. And this ethical concept applied to sex also so that one of the very first sexual ethical concept applied to sex so that one of the very first sexual ethical concepts to be accepted and lived up to was that of the sin of jealousy, or selfishness in sex. This alone made group marriage possible. In brief, because monopoly was unbrotherly, monopoly in sex was as much condemned as monopoly in property.

And all this was the time of the matriarchate—womanhood in sex and social life was supreme. Supreme in matchmaking and divorcing, in the possession of children, in the arrangement of home, in social and moral influence. Descent was in the female line and the children bore the mother's name. The prohibition of mating between males and females of the same blood created **gentes** (for full description of the **gens** see Morgan, Engels, Lubbock et al) and in each gens the maternal council practically ruled.

This was the true "Golden Age," to which the memory of man has ever since lovingly reverted. Under the mild reign of motherhood woman was revered and sacred brotherhood was the inclusive virtue, individuals were free, helpful and kind, violence in sex was undreamed of, and the vices of excess and asceticism were equally unknown.

So clearly does it appear that, after all, the essentials of morality, like those of religion, lie practically on the surface, and very simple and ignorant people may easily find them if sincere. Thus in the very beginning of human life among the most primitive people, humanity was able to attain a sexual virtue superior to our own.

It may seem a startling statement but it will be hard to disprove its truth, that all crime results from interference with liberty, is interference with liberty, and all vice results from the attempt of nature to express itself under artificial, that is, unfree conditions.

Probably the beginning of sexual evil began in the matriarchate—in the mother's assuming control of their daughters'

love-life, in the matter of selecting mates, and in a custom growing up, which acquired the pressure of a law, that every wife in the group marriage must submit to the passion of every husband. Here were the roots.

But resistance to evil causes evolution in virtue too, and out of the resistance to unwilling submission grew the selective love-tree in which all the loveliest fruits of our present love-life hang.

And the root of social evil in that stage too, was the limitation of brotherliness to the kinship of the tribe, and the justification of violence toward strangers. War is the negation of liberty and sympathy and cultivates all the passions of selfishness.

Probably in the nearest to the animal stage the males among humans were jealous and had duels for the favor of the female. But when the tribal system arrived, with group marriage and the matriarchate, jealousy disappeared. It had to go because unsocial, and in this close communism the one standard of the ethical was that which conduced to social peace and fraternal harmony. Monopoly of every kind was condemned by the all powerful women. Those who assume therefore that jealousy is a constant and inevitable human and especially feminine passion are clearly wrong. Jealousy is an animal and especially a male passion; and the experience and example of the long dim ages of savage life in which it was practically eliminated show that under proper conditions humanity can easily rise above it. Since the beginning of the historic period we have lived mainly under the regime of war, monopoly of property and monopoly of sex, and under this jealousy has flourished. Both as a vice and as a crime it has grown out of monogamy, or the subjection of the woman to the man.

Under the matriarchate then, there was peace, harmony, brotherhood in the tribe, absence of incest as that was then understood, absence of jealousy, absence of rape or insult to womanhood. Except where custom overruled, the woman was mistress of her own person and controlled all times and seasons of approach and the choice of the father of her children and their number.

The fossil remains, so to speak of that system are to be found among almost all primitive people to-day. Even the matriarchate may be found in actual existence among certain tribes.

All travelers who have found savages living in even an approximation to this state have been amazed at the kindness, liberty, harmony and peace of the inter-tribal life.

Engels finds the origin of the **patriarchate** in the evolution from the hunting to the herding stage. When men tamed animals and grew rich in herds and flocks, and took to the culture of the soil, they began to accumulate wealth and to quarrel over it, and wars grew frequent and fierce, and the strong took the spoil and habits of selfishness and violence subverted the old gentle life.

The desire of the great warrior grown rich in gen, to hand the property down to his fighting son, strong enough to hold it, caused a subversion of the old law of the gens and descent was changed to count in the male line with the man at the head of the house and family. Whether this explanation of origin be sound or no, at any rate about at this stage, the change took place, and all the old ways were reversed. The man took control, violence not peace, individual monopoly not communism, mastership and serfdom or slavery not equality, became the characteristics of human life. Monogamy or its variant forms polygamy, took the place of the group marriages and free pairings of the matriarchate. Woman now was owned by man, was his chattel and slave. Bought, sold, given away, stolen, held in monopolistic ownership and defended by the sword like other property. Selfishness and competition becoming the law of social life, of course became the law of the sexual life, its mirror and symbol. The home, the property, the woman and her children all belonged to the man. Lust supplanted reverence, rape compelled consent and womanhood was either brutally snubbed into shameful humiliation or mocked by a hollow and hypocritical homage. All real respect, influence, independence and initiative was carefully and jealously stripped from her. She who had been pure and proud, free to love or refuse, the owner of her children, the queen of the home, the mother of the community, the center of influence, referee, comrade, councillor and equal of man, and indeed morally his superior was now his slave, his toy, his appendage and his utensil.

What wonder that practically everything non-ethical in sex-life began then; nor that they continue to this day, because to a great extent the same conditions continue to this day. Relations between human beings can only be ethical where they are free and equal. This is fundamental law, the natural condition of social harmony, which is the only true ethics. To this day all sexual and love relations between human beings that are mutually free, equal and natural are absolutely under the ban both of law and custom, and are spoken of with horror and bated breath, and the very study of human sex and the study of such knowledge is a legal and heavily punished crime. The whole matter now is a plexus of artificial virtues and artificial crimes, with vices hideous and unmentionable sprouting from every oozing crevice. It is no exaggeration to say that a sexually healthy human being of either sex and any age is a rarity and the "social evil" is the despair of moralists and courts.

And yet simple savages in the dawn of human life, were able to find the true ethical laws concerned here and live as innocently and healthily as the flowers. Will we never learn?

The remedy is right before our eyes. It has been there for thousands of years and will be there till we use it if it be tens of thousands more.

We must acknowledge our sins and repent; we must

restore to sex the old honor and reverence. We must restore to womanhood the old influence and respect, the old liberty to accept or refuse in even greater absoluteness and sincerity with even greater public approval and support, than even before. We must restore descent in the female line, and so restore to motherhood the ownership of the child, and so legitimize all children. We must make the study and teaching of sexual truth the most honored and universal of all the sciences.

That is all and it is ample:

Free womanhood, free motherhood, will control the whole situation and dissipate the "social evil" as easily, as swiftly, and as certainty as sunshine and fresh air purify a foul room.

For every woman, deep down in her soul, reverences her sex and considers it her most holy possession; no woman left free would either give or receive a caress her heart did not at the moment ratify; no woman free of necessity, would sell her favors for the price of shame. no woman fails to regard motherhood as the ideal joy; no woman would willingly wrong a child, no council of women would under free conditions bastardize the children of love. Or if there be any exceptions they are few enough to be disregarded.

Therefore put woman in control of herself here and we should have what we never have had since man usurped her place, clean sex and sincere love.

But all this requires an economic revolution to correspond and to some extent precede. Woman never has been free under a system of legal privilege and forced competition and never can be. Life must be liberated before love can be free and true.

IRISH LULLABY.

I'd rock my own sweet childie to rest in a cradle of gold on a bough
of the willow,
To the shoheen ho of the wind of the west and the lulla lo of the soft
sea billow,

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear;

Mother is here beside your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet childie to sleep in a silver boat on the beautiful
river.

Where a shoheen whisper the white cascades, and a lulla lo to the green
flags shiver,

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear;

Mother is here with you forever.

Lulla lo! to the rise and fall of mother's bosom 'tis sleep has bound you,
And oh, my child, what cosier nest for rosier rest could have found you?

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear;

Mother's two arms are clasped 'round you.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

Pun Philosophy.

By Herman Kuehn.



There are so many different kinds of philosophy that it would be singular if there were not the Philosophy of the Pun. If such there be I have no present business with it. My concern is with the Pun of Philosophy.

The word r-i-g-h-t is the basis of the pun of philosophy. The philosophers who employ this pun do not mean to be funny. Quite the contrary. They deem themselves supernally profound. But they are funny just the same.

The word "right" is susceptible of several meanings, and each of these several meanings is sub-

ject to submeanings. Nevertheless the wise pun philosophers use the word in a sort of "double entendre" sense.

Let me cite an illustration of the use of the pun in philosophy. It occurs in "Social Problems" by Henry George:

"There are those who, when it suits their purpose, say there are no natural rights, but that all rights spring from the grant of sovereign political power. It were waste of time to argue with such persons. There are some facts so obvious as to be beyond the necessity of argument. And one of these facts, as attested by universal consciousness, is that there are rights as between man and man which existed before the formation of government, and which continue to exist in spite of the abuse of government; that there is a higher law than any human law—to wit, the law of the Creator, impressed upon and revealed through nature, which is before and above human laws, and upon conformity to which all human laws must depend for their validity."

George says his contention is so obvious it does not require argument, but proceeds to argue it, nevertheless, and in a way that properly warrants him in saying that the argument is a waste of time.

His argument is that there is a higher law than human law. But that requires no argument. Nor is it needful to argue that this higher law has been impressed and revealed through nature. This is his argument and his proof that there is a natural instinct wherewith man is endowed that enables him to distinguish between right and wrong. Let us waive the circumstance that all this needs no proof, and let us grant (just for the fun of it) that George is the discoverer that the law of moral righteousness is natural.

Now observe the pun. "Because," says George, "because there is a natural instinct of right revealed and impressed by nature, **therefore** there are natural rights as between man and man."

This play upon the word "right" used in one sense, and the word "rights" employed in a quite different sense, is a pun, but not a funny one. On the contrary it is vicious, for on this pun is based a philosophy that has no little influence in retarding the fraternization of mankind.

"There are some facts so obvious," says George, "as to be beyond the necessity of argument." And he has cited some facts attested by universal consciousness. And having done so he assumes to make those facts prove something which, on the other hand is not only supported by no facts in his argument, but cannot be supported by a single fact in all the domain of nature. Not one. Every fact that nature discloses disputes what George asserts.

Surely, if there were facts at hand so obvious as George says, he might have afforded us one such—just one. But he did not because there is no such fact. Every fact he cited, or could cite, relates to "right" and not one to "rights."

Think of a philosophic system based on a pun!

Nature nowhere is guilty of the charge of such absurdity as George imputes to it. If nature were guilty of so silly a performance as to give to man the instinct of gregariousness and comradeship and then turn right about and establish rights as between man and man, Nature would at least be cunning enough not to impress and reveal as George accuses.

Nature had no need to conceal such a lapse from sanity because nature does not do such silly stunts. Nature is a system. Everything pertaining to a system tends to work in unison. Everything pertaining to a universal system must work in unison. Everything in the universal system is working in unison, even though it may not appear to be so.

Can any one above the grade of punster seriously believe that Nature would give one part of its system rights against some other parts of its system? Fancy the rights of a finger against the hand, the hand against the arm!

Nature grants the mouse life and the instinct to preserve it. Having life, what need has the mouse of a right to life? Nature grants life to the cat plus an appetite for mouse meat. The cat eats the mouse. Has the cat a right to eat the mouse? Not at all. It doesn't need any rights. Nature gave the cat a complete equipment for its place in the system. Pun philosophers arrogate to themselves a wisdom superior to that which underlies the system. They assume to make good what they think was a deficiency in nature, by demanding that nature throw in a chromo along with its gifts of life.

It does not require a great philosopher to find facts so numerous and obvious as to be beyond the need of argument to convince us that there is a law of right, but I challenge

any philosopher to indicate a single fact in all the reservoir of fact—just one—that will support the hypothesis that nature has granted rights as between man and man. Nor does my challenge apply to fact only. I say that no one can formulate anything from imagination that will bear the least semblance to sanity in support of the contention that George declares is so obvious that it requires no proof.

It should be obvious to any one capable of clear thinking that it is not even possible to conceive of a right to life unless first some one asserted the right to take life. It is not a positive concept at all. It is a denial. The only rational basis there can possibly be for the claim that nature has granted the right to life is by way of a resistance to an aggressor who comes against us with the claim that nature gave him the right to take life.

Nature gave man the instinct of gregariousness and love of comrades. It is absurd, therefore, to regard nature as so unwise as to grant him that which thwarts the operation of those instincts. For there is nothing which so can thwart so has thwarted, and so continues to thwart the natural tendency of mankind to fraternize as this pernicious notion that Nature granted natural rights as between man and man.

As the above citation shows, George assumes to make the proof for "right" apply to "rights." Yet instead of these two divergent quantities being susceptible of the same proof, whatsoever is proof for the one is a denial of the other.

No one ever falls back upon the justification of his "rights" unless he does so to excuse some conduct that he does not deem altogether "right."

"Rights" are not pleaded for "right" actions. To take refuge in the doctrine of natural rights implies that there is something in our conduct, our intentions or our philosophies that we feel to excuse, or apologize for, or justify.

Not only is the doctrine of rights a negation, but it is a clumsy one at that. And the clumsiness is intensified by the massive wisdom of the Georgic school. For it requires a great philosopher to dignify clumsy concepts, especially when he needs them to bolster up other philosophic schemes that need support outside of the realm of common-sense.

Suppose some one comes to your house and says: "You must give me some dinner. I have the natural right to life and food is necessary to sustain it. You will not be doing right unless you recognize my rights."

If you are a philosopher of the Georgian school, you will meet his request by a counter-assertion of natural rights to the food on your table. You will meet his error with an error.

But if you are just a plain, common, horse-sense sort of a man you will say: "Nature gave you no such rights as you claim. Nature gave you two arms, one mouth, the capacity to feel hunger and the inclination to appease it. Nature gave you a sense of right and wrong, and the capacity to love which denotes the willingness to serve. But none

of these natural instincts are in consonance with your claim that nature gave you any rights whatever."

"But if there are no natural rights," he may reply, "you have no right to refuse me food."

"I do not need any right either to retain or give away my food," you will probably say. "Nature was kindly in providing a combination of brain, muscle, inclination, elemental forces and opportunities, and through Nature's kindness I have food, and having the food I do not require any rights to it for I know that Nature gave no one else any rights over my product. On the contrary Nature gave all my neighbors an instinctive realization of right on which I can safely rely that they will assert no natural rights to my product."

"But I am hungry," will be your indigent brother's plea.

"That's a different proposition," you will say. "No one who thinks he is right in asking for his neighbor's goods ever requires to set up the claim that he has a right to them. He will rely upon his neighbor's sense of right to supply his needs. Leave your muddy boots and your natural rights out in the woodshed and come on in and eat."

To assert natural rights as between man and man is to show a lack of faith in nature. And it is precisely this lack of faith that has retarded the era of universal brotherhood.

The best plea for natural rights ever made is that of the divine right of kings. Every concept of rights, natural, divine, authoritarian or benevolent is an offshoot of the theory of the divine right of kings. No one ever yet resorted to the plea of natural rights who had not some authoritarian scheme to support.

Louis F. Post, a man of high purpose, with an enthusiastic tendency toward Democracy and Liberty, nullifies much of his efficiency in the cause of Right by his insistence on Rights. In his worth-while book, "Ethics of Democracy," he vitiates the force of much of his argument by undertaking to saddle the spirit of democracy with the pun philosophy inherited from Henry George. On page 53 of his book Post, referring to those who deny the doctrine of natural rights, says:

"They profess inability to apprehend absolute right. That is their misfortune. Though absolute *right* is impossible of comprehension, it is not even difficult of apprehension. We all apprehend it in some degree when we respect another's *title* * * * to be done by as we under similar circumstances would be done by."

Here we have the pun philosophy in exquisite flower. Observe how Post sets out to argue against natural rights and whirls in with an altogether needless justification for moral right. I have rendered the quotation with italics of the words *right* and *title*. He uses the word "right" in its moral sense, and then seeks to distort the word *title* into a correlation with moral right by an absurdity.

For can any one fail to see the absurdity of a claim that we have a *title* **not** to be treated in right fashion? Nonsense. One might as well say that the man in the moon has a nat-

ural right not to be squinted at between 8:40 and 9:57 on Monday nights.

Thus do we juggle with words when we have an authoritarian scheme of taxation to support. Even a pun is a refuge. But think of a pun having to bear the entire weight of a philosophic system!

Let us apply this pun philosophy to the celebrated case of Cain and Abel. It will be remembered that Cain was not jailed or hanged. No one at that time thought of having a natural right to take his life or deprive him of liberty. But he was shunned by the people who knew that he had acted in an unbrotherly way. Now fancy Cain, after years of ostracism happening upon the pun philosophy. What a relief it must have given him! The doctrine of natural rights must have comforted him greatly. I can fancy him going to a lawyer—a natural rights lawyer—and arranging for an appeal. I can imagine the lawyer asserting in his appeal that while he does not deny the fact of Cain killing Abel the crime was theft, and not murder, and that his client has already been sufficiently punished by the obloquy so long attaching to his name. He will argue that Abel, as it now appears from the pun philosophy, had a natural right to life as well as life; that Cain by his action took away from Abel, Abel's natural right to life. He admits stealing the natural right to Abel's life. But, having possessed himself of Abel's right to life he exercised Abel's right by terminating Abel's life.

I think the tribunal of common-sense would throw Cain's case (and his lawyer) out of court. It would be shown that Abel had life and no title to it. The court would argue that if nature had given Abel a title to his life it would have been a warranty title. And as Nature is omnipresent it would have been a witness to the affray, and as Nature is omnipotent it would have exercised its power by preventing the affray having a fatal termination, and that the fact that Abel did not recover from his injuries is positive proof that Nature had not granted him a title to life.

What nonsense it is to assume that life is not sufficient without a title to it, since no one can have a title to take it. Think of nature granting titles that it is certain to annul, sometimes in a day sometimes not till three score years and more—but always annulling its own grant. Nonsense!

Human perception of moral right can never have free play until we get over the absurd notion that nature granted titular rights. Every scheme of compulsion resorts to the doctrine of rights, and these rights will be traced as far back as nature if there appear the slightest warrant for the process. And the only warrant seems to be a measly pun. Righteousness denotes right relationships among men, and right relationships cannot be maintained by any scheme of coercion.

After a recorded experience of centuries we cannot find a single instance—not one—to indicate that coercion has ever contributed to human progression except by arousing pro-

test against authority. Every step in the advance of humanity from barbarism has been by a denial of some claim of rights. Nor is there a single exception to this—not one. The path of progress is ever from despotism toward liberty, and all despotisms justify themselves by the pun philosophy.

“Were you looking to be held together by lawyers,
Or by an agreement on parchment, or by arms?”

Nay, not the world nor any living thing will so cohere.”

A MAN WITH A MILLION DOLLARS.

BY EDGAR MACLAREN SWAN

A man with a million dollars is a menace to the State;
He is arbiter of destiny and inexorable as Fate.
He is stronger than the petty kings who reigned in ages old,
He is absolute commander of his martial hosts of gold.
Everything in human power will respond to his behest,
Of all things of earthly goodness he may have the most and best.
His fellow beings serve him as they serve their lords of old,
They dare not disobey him lest they feel his sword of gold.
So in pride of his dominion he moves his pawns about,
And whoever dares oppose him is roundly put to rout.
How long shall this continue, my brothers, one and all—
Are you bondmen, are you freemen? Will you listen to the call?
Will you now require the guerdon for the labor of your hands—
Will you ask your own just portion of the produce of your lands?
Will you treat the lordly tyrant as our fathers did of old,
Will you take from him his power and break his sword of gold?
Will you save the great Republic from the hand of such as he,
Will you keep our flag unsullied as the emblem of the free?
Our mines are rich with treasure, meant by God for honest men;
Our soil is rich for those who work; why should we yield it then
To those who idly squander wealth in wanton lust and greed,
While thousands of our brothers are in hunger, cold and need?
Have we lost our old ambition to be worthy sons of sires
Who kindled manhood's glory at Freedom's sacred fires?
Have we lost the holy meaning of a thousand battlefields
Where our fathers fought and falling, came homeward on their shields?
Have we now forgot the tenets that have made our nation great,
Have we now no patriotic hearts to suffer for the State?
Behold the Past looks on us as the hope of those to be,
Behold the Martyrs call on us to keep our children free.
No man in this republic is better than the rest.
We all are heirs of what is past and entitled to the best.
No power on earth shall keep us from having of our own,
We'll wrest our priceless birthright back; we yield to God alone.
We want no gifts from those who take what is not theirs to give.
We ask for only what is ours, the right to work and live;
To live as men, not slaves—to live as live the free,
For we have souls and our hopes reach up for better things to be.
In our veins the blood of freemen strengthens heart and arm and hand:
We cannot bide injustice nor suffer wrong to stand.
It is written on the pages of all our glorious past,
It is sung by all our poets from the first unto the last,
It was promised by our fathers and it shall always be;
We say it and we'll stand to it: Our children shall be free.

To Stricken 'Frisco.

By Maxim Gorky.

A rich, blooming city is destroyed, it burns.

A blind elemental power of the underground world of fire has devoured the lives of hundreds with one shock, put out the life light from thousands of eyes, ruined thousands of buildings, destroyed many years of people's labor. Hard is my soul pressed by such crimes where there are no criminals, but only victims. I bow before the misfortune of America.

Every time when in the world vigorously play the powers of nature, destroying life and labor of men, sorrowful thoughts press my heart

There, I think, men are fighting one with another in order to enslave the will of his neighbor for his own profit; here they go one against the other shedding blood on their way, and for authority, for riches, they destroy their souls. But enough is one shake of this blind power of nature, and amid fire and crashing stones fall the strong with the weak, die without fight the rich and poor.

Misfortunes must teach us brotherhood. They must show us how we depend on nature and its mysterious power. Misfortunes must unite us into one family, in a family of fighters with nature, the enemy of man, in a family of obstinate investigators of her secrets. Not for power over each other must we think, not for wealth, but how to be masters of the whole power of the earth, and with it rule for the benefit of life, for happiness of men.

For freedom of men, that they may develop their searching minds, that they may foreknow such misfortunes as those that have occurred in Naples and San Francisco! More knowledge to men, more labor for the progress of science. We on our earth are alone in the spaces of the universe. Let this solitude unite us all in one family against the enigmas of life! Then life will be beautiful, when men will be rich with knowledge; only then will men be masters of nature, then all will be equal. And all will be working for the same aim, for victory over nature, over her power, which is our enemy and which destroys us.

I believe in the mind of man; I believe that he will divine all, and will conquer all. I am certain in time he will beforehand know what is being created in the dark depths of the earth. And he will have power to fortell misfortunes like that of San Francisco. In all the hard moments of life my heart always sings one hymn: Long Live Man!

America is rich; she is filled with power and energy; she will quickly cure the wound that was dealt by the hand of evil fate, by the crafty shock, by the man-hostile element.

There is no evil power of man in this crime, and, truly, such a thought must console Americans. To the land is brought an awful shock, but not by the people.

But I cannot console myself with such a thought. My native land shudders in convulsive suffering by the will of men. In Russia perish thousands by the will of men who wish power and nothing more. Russia suffers from evil and harsh men, and this fills my soul with sadness and horror.

I am overthrown on that side of the ocean by an earthquake which has been caused by the evil power of men, and not by an element which knows not what she is doing. But men know, and knowingly create evil and crime, covering the earth of my native land with the blood of its people. America will heal the open wounds of San Francisco; she will help the city and its people to bear this sorrow which has befallen them.

* * * * *

Who will help my native land, which wants liberty, which has the right to have liberty, which cannot live without it, and which as yet cannot enter the fight for liberty?

Who will help my native land?

Moral Purpose in Art.

By William Colby Cooper.

Moral purpose is physically and spiritually integrative. This is consequent upon the eternal constitution of things. It results that moral purpose, beyond anything else, conserves high idealism. Therefore, those art products whose creation had single reference to the beautiful—otherwise the esthetic—otherwise the good—will endure the longest.

Concrete instances confirm these general deductions. This is seen not less in poetry than in painting and sculpture. To fairly discuss this question, one must be free from the tyranny of institutional religion and have a rational conception of what poetry is. The zealous religious creedist is necessarily controlled by prejudices which unfit him for the discussion of a moral rightness which is not theologically qualified. He construes a **belief** to be a **truth**, and makes this the basis of a logical train of thought. Inescapably, all his reasonings take color from sectarian bias. If he is discussing poetry, he will mistake stately prose for poetry, and its excellence will rise consentaneously with the intensification of a specific form of religion. He can not do otherwise, because he can not exceed himself. He will see the ultimate blossom of poetry in the writings of Solomon, David, and those of the author of Job. There is poetry in them, but they contain more of wisdom and majesty and piety than of poetry. What a common thing it is for religious preterists to cite the following as illustrating the final pitch of poetic possibility:

"And unto man he said, 'Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.'"

The barbaric taint held in the word "fear" in the quoted passage pleases the archaic sense of the independent thinker, even if it does call up an uncomplimentary quality of pity. The ancient is cinctured with the reminiscent—a grateful constituent of the poetic sentiment.

There is a sort of more than prosaic startle in the sudden realization of the practical identity of the ancient (modern?) God and Devil. It must be admitted, I think, that there is a discoverable difference between the modern God and Devil. The orthodox God, however, has always been a merciless and implacable savage, and the passage quoted is in harmony with the method of orthodox religious thought. In elder times the Scriptures were accepted as the authoritative statements of hard, cruel facts, and it is doubtful if their poetry was suspected. But there is a degree of poetry in them, and this depends on peculiarity of diction, not peculiarity of thought. This is true of all poetry. Any **idea** is translatable—poetry, never. Poetry is the outcome of felicitous word-selection and word-placement. Words are symbols of ideas, so that poetry results from peculiarly happy idea relationships. A poem can be depoetized by disturbing its word

relations, notwithstanding its meaning and motive may remain unchanged. Whether a discourse is poetry or not depends on the words used and their relations to each other. Of course this is exactly true of prose, but what of it? That is what I am contending for. The poet, by virtue of a transcendent inventiveness, creates an ideational mosaic which is poetry for the **single** reason that it appeals to the esthetic sense. This is true of music, painting, sculpture, architecture, etc. Every member of the hierarchy of High Art derives its justification from the fact that it calls out the esthetic impulse. High Art is such, then, because it addresses itself to the esthetic sense.

There is no written out philosophy of esthetics. Feeling is too elusive and volatile to be depictible in terms of the rational—it has no clearly perceivable rational equivalents. The esthetic sense may be proximately and grossly defined as that apprehension of gratefulness which results from an integrative process in nerve tissue. Possibly this is all there is of it, but the sensitive soul resents its purely physiological basis. Generally, and metaphysically, I should say that esthetics depends on a responsive interplay between genius and genius. You enjoy the products of genius to the extent that you are a genius. Every person living has more or less genius. The faintly musical note of the tom-tom satisfies the assonant sense of the savage. The jingle of nursery rhymes is poetry to the child. What a saultus from the note of the tom-tom to the divine harmonies of Beethoven—from the nursery lullaby to the majesty and splendor of Shakespeare's genius-bursts! Between these extremes is represented every gradient of genius. Perhaps no man that ever lived has been capable of **completely** appreciating Shakespeare. I mean, of course, no man excepting Shakespeare himself.

There is a large ethical element in esthetics. The chief element of esthetics, beauty, is wholly good. Beauty is goodness, whether goodness is always beauty or not.

A bad woman may be physically beautiful, and her physical beauty is as good as is that of a saint. The esthetic thrill, then, expresses a recognition of goodness. Goodness depends on moral purpose. Beauty depends on goodness. Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Beauty equals goodness; goodness equals moral purpose. Therefore, no art creation which was conceived in either vulgarity or impurity is truly an art product, and it can not endure.

Points of Progress.

The Elements that make it and the Fingerposts that
Reveal it.

By Dr. J. D. Buck.

Much of the so-called "New Thought" is emotion, pure and simple. It is full of gymnastics and mental antics like a child just released from the restraint of school or governess. It satisfies for the present just as did the emotionalism of the old religious revival. It is a new song of joy, of freedom from old superstitions, restraints, or from disease.

Many of the old superstitions are dead. Materialism is dead. Science has rechristened the **Unknowable** as the "quite possible," and 'smuggled in the "subliminal" while endowing the ether with spiritual qualities.

The most popular of the new fads deal in bare assertions, and parade no end of "facts" or individual experiences as though they were final truths.

Here is indeed **change** from the old regime. Fear has loosened its hold and Freedom has indeed increased. The range of consciousness, and the horizon of thought have expanded wonderfully. All these may be the elements of progress; the working tools, the building material, but the real constructive element is generally wanting. A snapshot is not a composite picture. A single view may give us an **idea**, but never a **concept**. The human mind, up to a certain stage of development, has an almost resistless tendency to dogmatism, and hero worship. The borderland between belief and knowledge is very obscure, and one is alternately a victim of credulity and incredulity. To believe without sufficient evidence, and to deny without investigation or any knowledge of a subject, is equally superficial and unwise. To **think** to any real purpose and not to dogmatize is a rare power in man. To find a theorem, a concept, and to hold it steadily in view, and reserve all conclusions, is what very few persons seem able to do. Perhaps fewer still see the need or value of any theorem or concept. One party finds belief, speculation and dogmatism sufficient; the other deems them useless or impossible.

Here lies the reason for the great confusion of beliefs amongst men, and the instability and lack of satisfaction in life with individuals.

Man is a composite being. With his heredity from both God and Nature he reaches the human plane as an Individualized Intelligence. His roots sink deep into nature and his aspirations and inspirations ally him to Divinity.

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star." He has the elements, the foundation of a self conscious individual intelligence and of rational volition. With this free choice comes Personal Responsibility fixed and inalienable. Then begins

the journey of the soul towards knowledge, power and perfection. Both God and nature will help him just so far as he finds the line of least resistance. This he can determine only by experience. The building of character, the growth of intelligence, the expansion of the bounds of consciousness, and the growth of knowledge and power constitute his higher evolution. The clear conception of this purpose, process, possibility and fruition, is man's **theorem of life**, and the first step towards real progress. It is ever an unfoldment, a growth from within. Time, place, events, opportunity, (environment) may facilitate or retard it, but never secure or defeat it. It depends upon the man himself. Anything that on the whole facilitates this growth deserves the name of progress.

The great majority of lives are eventful, full of diversity, but relatively colorless, aimless and therefore bewildered. Few are what the philosophers called "**one pointed**." The materials for the building of the temple are all on the ground, but there is recognized no design on the tracing board. They build to no purpose. They try every source of sense, practice many intellectual gymnastics, seek comfort and satisfaction in Love, Wealth, Fame and Power, only to find a heap of dust and ashes within, and dead sea apples in their nerveless hands as they slip silently into the unseen, and cry of opportunity, "Vanity of vanities." It is pathetic, pitiable, but almost universal.

Nothing deserves the name of real progress that does not carry man nearer his final goal. Nothing else gives any real and lasting satisfaction. Every individual Intelligence recognizes and knows when progress is being made. The craze for possessions always defeats it, no matter what they may be. It is not what we have, but what we are that counts. While man must conquer nature on the one hand, he must gain self control on the other. He must subdue and utilize the elements of his environment as opportunities, and at the same time control his own faculties, capacities and powers as resources of an intelligent will. Just to the extent that he does this is he progressing toward his goal and achieving his destiny.

The world cries, "Lo here; and lo there!" A new religion, new thought, a new fad, each of which is but a galvanized or made over antiquity.

Science Philosophy, Religion may all be helps. facts, theories, speculations on the horizon of man's sphere of consciousness. But it is the clear perception, the intelligent conviction, and the knowledge and control of Self, down deep within the soul of man, that enables him to build that spiritual temple, the human soul, and to work out his own salvation. It may be independent of books, and schools and learning, and philosophers, for real knowledge of self seizes hold of the essence of things, and intuition or direct cognition (apperception) can go to the very **heart** of things by an unerring telepathy. The power to **recognize** truth, to appropriate and utilize it, is a mark of progress unmistakable.

Such an individual is self-poised, full of resources, serene, beneficent, helpful to his fellow men. In other words, he possesses knowledge and power, and is apt to do the right thing at the right time and place, and in the right way.

Up to the present moment the world and man have diversified. On the material plane, in economics, the resources of nature, and the opportunities of life, we have multiplied luxuries, created false standards of character and of life, and increased the dependence of the common people upon the will of the rich. In religion we have multiplied theologies, hardened them into creed and dogma, and after complicating the problems of life organized priestly monopolies even more heartless and exacting than those on the physical plane.

In philosophy, which aims to discern the rational order of things and of the universe, we have laid down the categories, and have no end of personally conducted excursions in dialectics and metaphysics. But after all, **what do we KNOW?** One lifetime is not long enough to go over the diversified speculations and experiments of the human mind, and even if it were, there would be little gain. What can the plain common sense man or woman gain from such an excursion except weariness and often disgust with the cheap distinction of being "very learned,"—possibly only an "educated fool" after all.

None of these things, either in themselves, or all together, constitute real progress. They more often serve as means and opportunities for the learned to exploit the ignorant, the strong to dominate the weak, the rich to enslave the poor.

None of these resources are bad intrinsically; indeed, beneficently and wisely used, they might become the greatest incentives and opportunities to real progress. We must remove barriers, in place of creating them, and recognize the **common good** as the only possible measure of real personal progress or permanent good to man.

We hear a great deal now-a-days of the "Simple Life," and of "getting back to Nature." Yet very few seem to have any clear idea of what it means, or how it is to be done. "To go back to Plato is to make progress," and to go back by introspection, and sincere devotion and aspiration to one's own inner consciousness, and then, with the mind "one-pointed," the passions and desires well controlled, one may get a new idea of progress, and entertain not only the hope of achieving it but the absolute assurance, day by day, that it is ours. No idea of nature or of divinity is so beneficent as the recognition of the fact that the things essential to man's real good, personal progress, and final triumph are few and simple: that they are really independent of time, or place, or circumstance, lying altogether within himself, from which inner kingdom they may unfold. Such normal unfoldment is the only thing at all deserving the name of progress, and such progress of the individual is the only method and assurance of the final perfection of the Social State. Per-

fect Society is simply the association of perfected individuals.

As one advances along these lines the horizon continually recedes. It is not alone the multiplication of details in individual expression, or the accumulation of facts in the physical realm. These things without the constructive element may serve only to bewilder and at last discourage. This is demonstrated in the accumulation of wealth with men like some of our multimillionaires. They are never satisfied, and it is easy to see that they never could be along these lines. No one can really **possess** anything outside their own souls. They merely **control** for a season, and then with nerveless grasp and empty hands **let go**, and sink into the unseen, poorer and more pinched in soul for all the "possessions" that they have so misused and misapplied, dwarfed and degraded for the very opportunity they have so fatally misconstrued. Opportunity is not a negative thing, to be either ignored or misapplied in differently. It is a personal responsibility, as fixed as the law of gravitation and it lifts a man into the light and glory of beneficence or crushes him to powder like a very millstone. The last man on earth to be envied is the man with splendid resources of wealth or power, almost measureless resources for doing good, who ignorantly or willfully disregards or selfishly misuses them. There is no Frankenstein like this. Master it! Keep it busy, or it will devour you. The Law of Equilibrium is also the Law of Compensation. Here alone lies adjustment, and not in that childish subterfuge—forgiveness or atonement.

Whenever the Individual Intelligence recognizes its own personal responsibility and **governs itself accordingly** there is the beginning of real progress, and the slow decay and final destruction of Ignorance, Superstition and Fear. With the expansion of Consciousness, the persistent self-ideality of man will reveal to him Eternal Progress moving on.

"From life to life the spirit walks," and death will have little meaning and no terrors.

TO-MORROW.

By CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Hope for all hearts! To-Morrow comes,
As night clouds fade bright dawns the day.
Not with the rattle of martial drums,
The charging squadron, or the battle fray,
It comes with gladdening smiles in every clime,
In the glowing light of the future time.

To-Morrow will dawn as the clock rings out
The midnight hour with its bell strokes free,
With the army of progress faced about,
Triumphantly marching to victory;
To light and right, chanting freedom's hymn,
Away from the past and the night clouds dim.

Commissioner Leupp and the Indian Bureau.

By Carlos Montezuma



One of the marked features of the human make up, manifested through all the ages, is the readiness with which it accepts error. Correspondingly may be noted the disinclination to free itself from the blighting influences of its misconceptions.

Error seems always to have been arrayed in some sort of fascinating garb—so presentable does it always seem to be, meeting as it does with so welcome a reception. Unlike truth, obstacles do not arise to check its progress. Its success in attaching itself to the hu-

man mind is suggestive of something like an affinity. Truth and justice have ever had to struggle with mighty effort for existence, while error glides easily without opposition to the embrace of that to which it would attach itself; where it remains seemingly a welcome possession.

The great, never ceasing battle of human life along the path of advancement has been only a struggle to sever the chains which bound it to error—to free the slave from its master.

Wherever darkness clouds the mind and envelops the understanding there error sits enthroned.

By joining hands with error, self-esteem becomes vanity. Submissive to the dominion of error man refuses to acknowledge himself in the wrong however great may have been his mistakes. And whatever is true in this respect of individuals is true also with nations.

The great and powerful United States of America remains as clouded and blighted in its method of dealing with the Indian as it was fifty years ago—dominated by error.

With a proper conception of the Indian in his place as one of the races of men among men, in the beginning, together with the possession of a spirit of justice, this nation could have saved itself millions of treasure and countless horrors of war and strife; and at the same time the distinctiveness of the American Indian, as such, would now be a thing of the remote past; but as the ivy clings to the walls

of an ancient ruin, so error, having once been embraced, remains to propagate itself to the exclusion of anything else.

Conditions remaining the same makes it necessary to constantly repeat that it is the city of the Government to rise up and shake off this incubus—this error long ago conceived, regarding who and what the Indian is. First, nothing more or less than an untutored human being, he became the subject of all kinds of abuse, injustice and robbery—then, as a matter of self-preservation a relentless and formidable enemy. At this point was the line distinctly drawn. We on this side are the civilized white race. Over there, the other side of the line are the savages, a bad race of people, unlike ourselves. Unreclaimable, terrible people, called Indians; which, being interpreted, means bad men; who, for the benefit of themselves as well as for civilization (in its high state as represented by white men) must submit either to annihilation or to perpetual restraint; the probability of this Indian being a man not being a matter of consideration.

Thus we behold a highly favored nation in the relentless grasp of the monster error—and, apparently an unresisting victim. And the strange thing about it all is that to-day, with so much parading of deep interest in the welfare of mankind, and in the midst of such acclaims of strenuosity, justice and square dealing, the author, champion and standard bearer of this newly framed message to his people, though wide awake, as he can not help but be, to the situation of the Indian people, blindly refuses to admit his error and to take steps through the Indian Bureau to inaugurate the reform necessary to eliminate the Indian question from the Catalogue of the nation's problems; as he might easily do by bringing about the adoption of a plan to liberate the Indians from their present environments and to bring them into direct association with the people of the country.

The work of getting right after journeying for so long a time hand in hand with error is no small task. The course which the Government has pursued with the Indian has been so directly counter to natural law that the situation now demands radical treatment. And it is the same in all instances where a wrong start has been made. Take, for example, the case of a man about to start on a journey; he thinks he knows the road he ought to take, but not having used the proper methods to ascertain the fact, his ideas in respect to the route he ought to take are, of course, erroneous; but he goes on, nevertheless, for a long time in the wrong direction; so long in fact, that when suggestions are made to him that he is far away out of his course, he regards those who would advise him rightly as being themselves in error. And thus it is that error propagates error. The traveler was in error when he started his journey and is in error when he persists in his refusal to be put right.

President Roosevelt's great error in the Indian matter was in the appointment of Francis E. Leupp as Indian com-

missioner. It was a fatal error because it involved the removal of Gen. Pratt. The only way that Gen. Pratt's removal could be otherwise than error was to appoint as his successor a man with like capabilities and with like ideas on the Indian question, and who had the welfare of the Indian equally at heart. These qualifications in Gen. Pratt's successor, of course, would necessarily involve like experience and knowledge; things which it is needless to say are wanting in the present commissioner. And now, having made this mistake, like the deluded traveler the President refuses to change his course. Refuses even the benefits of Gen. Pratt's advice. In fact, seems satisfied to have the Indian's best friend entirely counted out.

The President's mistake is emphasized in the efforts that the present management is making to appear to be doing something in furtherance of the cause of the Indian people. These efforts take on strange phases. They range all the way from bright buttons and promises of military glory for the Indian boys at Carlisle, to the revival of the tom-tom with the various accompaniments called Indian music, devoted to the work of encouraging the older Indians to keep in mind the fact that they really are Indians and that they should in no wise forget it.

We remember the story of an agreement made among several men that they would play a joke on an acquaintance by arranging themselves in position so that when their friend came along each one he would meet would remark to him that he looked bad, that he must be sick; the result being that by the time the victim had heard the remarks of the last man he was so ill that he had to be carried home. This is about the course that has been pursued with the Indian. He is met on every hand with the reminder that he is still an Indian, until he has about concluded that the Almighty had ordained that the Indian should be and remain a creature separate and apart from the rest of mankind. The idea is not in harmony with his conception of the Great Spirit. And possessed as he is with the thoughts and feelings of a man, the Indian rejects the idea that there is anything in a name that should cause him to be specialized as something different or distinct from those other members of the human family who in form and feature are substantially like himself.

It is true that the White man, after hunting the Indian for centuries, finally brought him to the point of abject helplessness, where, from the standpoint of humanity he had to be taken care of and supplied with the necessaries of life, to a certain extent. This however was evidence of nothing more than what a human being could be brought to by mistreatment. It had nothing to do with the matter of the Indian's place in nature. By force of the whiteman's facilities for making war upon him the Indian was deprived of his native home and country.

And here, after having practically crushed out all the

spirit of manhood in him, was inaugurated the debasing plan of segregating and perpetuating him under the name and style of "The conquered savage." And out of this theory has been wrought all the error and foolishness that has so conspicuously marked the course of the Government in its dealings with the Indians.

How different it all would have been if the Government had come out fairly and squarely and acknowledged its error; saying "yes, we were wrong in the beginning. We invaded his domain, ignored his priority as an inhabitant of the country and trampled upon his rights. Our cry to him was "back," "back," "farther back"; and when, having no place farther to go and moved by the natural instinct of self-preservation, he resisted, we sought to destroy him; and then assayed to make amends for our high handed transgressions by doling out to him something to eat. Let us begin now; and, forsaking the error of our ways, give the Indian his place among us as a man. Let us ignore the name and look only to the man that is in him. Let us open the way of life to him as it is open to the rest of mankind. Let us think of him, do for him and work for him as we do with the rest of our neighbors, realizing as we ought to do, that in this way the Indian will, as men everywhere else have done, be able to work out his own salvation and in time become a part of civilization by the natural process of absorption. And to this end let us take care to avoid these hinderances in this regard that must have come from any kind of fadism or specialization touching the **Indian's development.**"

But where have we seen any such open confession as this on the part of our country? We seek in vain for anything so much in keeping with justice and right. What we have beheld has been rather a stubborn persistence along the old beaten path of error, with the result that we are just as wrong as we always have been, with little prospect of a change for the better in the matter of giving the Indian his place in civilization.

THE IDEAL.

By TILDEN SEMPERS.

Somehow, beyond the ken
Of my imagining,
Thou art more beauteous
Than dreams that fill the hearts
Of poets, or the grace
The soul of painters see.

Thou art, yet we behold
The world dust—soiled and sad,
With ancient wrongs unhealed,
Through Christ be lifted up
And fameless martyrs die.

More About Triggs.

By C. A. S.

The business of a newspaper writer is to get facts that catch and hold the attention of readers. If the facts in a case are not noisy or lurid in some aspect, it is then the duty of a faithful newspaper man to make the facts noisy or lurid. If the reputation or sensibilities of a particular person get in the way so much the worse for the reputation and sensibilities of that person.

The public likes excitement. The public needs new sensations daily, has got accustomed to them and must have them. Therefore, it is natural that the newspapers should occasionally stuff the stomach of the public with shreds of torn reputations, a chop sooy of perverted truth.

These remarks are inspired by a survey of the career and personality of Oscar Lovell Triggs. To the minds of thousands of people Triggs is an irresponsible, hot-headed fanatic, forever flying off on a tangent. Where have these people gotten this idea? From the newspapers.

On every possible occasion when Triggs has said something that could be exaggerated, distorted, twisted into a sensation, the newspapers have fixed it up and rushed it into print. Following are a few instances:

Triggs was an instructor in the department of English Literature in the University of Chicago. He made the statement to one of his classes that many of our hymns are mere doggerel, that God does not care to be praised by the singing of "O to be nothing, O to be nothing." Within a week thousands of people had it from the newspapers that Triggs had said that all hymns are doggerel.

Triggs explained to one of his classes that according to our modern standards, Rockefeller is a greater man than Shakespeare, that in sheer bigness, scope of interest, comprehension, the commercial genius of Rockefeller is equal to the dramatic genius of the bard of Avon. What happened? All over the country people were hearing that a university professor had said that Rockefeller is a greater man than Shakespeare. Tired reformers with sad eyes on the morals of the world denounced Triggs for a worshipper of Mammon.

Meanwhile, the misrepresented professor went on speaking his thought. He ventured again. He said that Longfellow is essentially a house-poet, that he sat in his library and imagined the sting of the rain on his face. He offered it as his opinion that Walt Whitman is the greatest of out-door poets, that The Song of the Open Road is one of the most free and sublime interpretations of Nature ever put into ink. At this, the lovers of Longfellow shed bitter tears and literary editors performed paragraphic horrors of astonishment. S. E. Kiser, a Chicago funny-man, every day for a month ran a

deadly parallel, balderash from Whitman and melody from Longfellow, intended to refute Triggs' aspersion.

* * *

There is a type of man whose brain is a box. The top, sides and bottom of the box are creeds, customs and superstitions that keep new ideas from entering. Other men there are whose brains are tubes and perpetually there flows in new thought to freshen and revivify the old.

Whether the brain of Triggs is a box or a tube may be learned from his latest book, *The Changing Order*. It is a series of essays, studies of society, art, religion, from a democratic standpoint. They make discriminations. They have originality. They are quickening. In them is a statement of ideas that are playing an important part in developing society toward a new regime.

A SONG.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

A Breeze blew over the fields this morn.
 Sing low, my Heart, sing low!
 And toyed and kissed with the fair green corn
 That lately the glistening silk had worn.
 For you know, my Heart,
 How always the hurricanes blow.

The waves came over the sea last night.
 Sing low, my Heart, sing low!
 And softly broke in a foam milk-white;
 Broke, and embraced the land in delight.
 Sing low, my Heart,
 For you know, my Heart,
 How the sea storms overthrow.

He spake sweet words to my ear one day.
 Sing low, my Heart, sing low!
 And wooed me, and kissed me, and bade me obey;
 And won me, and having me tossed me away.
 Sing low, my Heart,
 For you know, my Heart,
 What craft a false love may show.

—From the Moods of Life.

The History of Human Marriage.

Part V.

Christian Marriage.

By Lida Parce Robinson.



It has been universally assumed that with the beginning of the Christian era, the Pagan consciousness became submerged and an entirely new set of concepts took its place. The complete untruth of this assumption can be understood by the investigator who observes that many of the concepts of Paganism survive and dominate thought and the social organism at the present day.

The military foundation of states is an absolute paganism. The predatory conduct of industry and commerce is a pa-

ganism. The idea of domination in marriage is a paganism and an inevitable accompaniment to the others. Formalism in religion is a pagan survival. A priesthood, a pagan institution. Christ it was, who preached only casually, and by way of teaching "the truth"; and lived a life of consistent love and service.

The race mind was full of traditions of Gods and Goddesses, and of all manner of trifling externalities that had attached to pagan religion; and these were mostly assimilated with no more than a change in names, to the new religious idea. Gods and Goddesses easily became "Saints" and continued the performance of their traditional functions in their accustomed haunts. Anniversaries and celebrations, ceremonials and rites that were dear to the pagan heart were magnanimously embraced in the new religion; and so whole populations were adopted, without discomfort to themselves, into the Church. Marriage, being a purely civil institution, remained so for several centuries after the formation of the Church. But the teachings of Paul, in disparagement of woman and marriage, voiced the attitude of the Church from the first.

The race had reached a state of reaction from the debaucheries of phallicism, but its manner of expression varied according to the capacity of the individual. Among those of intellectual life and training, it took the form of revolt against the injustice and illogic of woman's position, and re-

sulted in the sweeping change of those laws that had left her no choice in life except between two forms of degradation. Among that very large majority that had no intellectual life or training, the revolution took the form of hatred against woman herself. The pathological basis of woman-hatred is now a matter of common scientific knowledge. The celibate monasticism of the early Church is recognized as a frenzy of "psychopathia-sexualis." When Paul said: "It is a shame for a woman to speak in the Church," he spoke as pagan, suffering from the debaucheries of phallicism; not as one who teaches "the truth." At that time when the comparative morality of the mothers was all that kept the head of the race above the waters of extinction, this "Saint" said: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands in all things as unto the Lord." It would seem unnecessary to comment on the childish egotism and folly of such an utterance, if it were not for the fact, that the weight of this very teaching in the minds of a large number of people, forms their reason for denying the common right of woman to govern her own conduct.

One can not avoid the conviction that Paul's susceptibility to inspiration was often interrupted by that "carnal mind" to which he alludes. He exhorts: "Whatsoever things are pure***think on these things." But he reserves thoughts on marriage to the province of his "carnal mind." Under the influence of the Pathological condition of the race mind, and of the teachings of the Apostle, the Church adopted a series of historic positions on the subject of marriage. First, it held that marriage was "always a vice." In the ninth century, it was admitted that the Church could purify marriage, but it was published to perform the ceremony within the church edifice because of its sinfulness. In 1563 the Council of Trent declared marriage to be a sacrament, and indissoluble. The theory of the Church is: that woman is joined to man in marriage, thus making him whole; she having, in the first place, been made out of his rib. The argument for monogamy is based on the fact that God made just one man and one woman, in the beginning. And that for indissolubility, on the "mystery" that marriage symbolizes the union between Christ and the Church. (Catholic Gems or Treasures of the Church, by the Very Rev. Francis DeLigney, S. J. The Abbe Orsini, and John Gilmary Shea, L.L.D.) Previous to the Council of Trent, in the tenth century, the Church had really made the religious ceremony compulsory. Mr. Lecky observes, (Hist. of European Morals) that: "It became, in time, a powerful instrument for securing the authority of the priesthood."

By the twelfth century, the civil law had yielded to the canon law in all matters pertaining to marriage. The religious ceremony was necessary to the validity of marriage and it was held indissoluble. Thus all that had been accomplished for the freedom of woman and the dignity of marriage, by the Roman jurisconsults during the Empire,

was lost. And more than was lost. Never before had it been officially held that marriage was a "vice," but the Church held the most extreme view on this subject. Reputable authors who have had access to the writings of the early fathers quote pages of the most fierce denunciations against marriage and woman as "the instrument of the devil." "St." Jerome said: "She who has been twice married, though she be an old, and decrepit and poor woman, is not deemed worthy to receive the charity of the Church." "A woman was regarded as the origin of human ills. The combined influence of the Jewish writings and of that ascetic feeling which treated woman as the chief source of temptation to man, was shown in the fierce invectives, which form so conspicuous and so grotesque a portion of the writings of the Fathers.***Woman was represented as the door of hell. She should be ashamed at the very thought that she is a woman. She should live in constant penance, on account of the curse she has brought upon the world." (Hist. of European Morals).

When the barbarians conquered Rome they embraced her vices, with all a barbarian's enthusiasm. And there was, by the fifth century, little left in the teachings of the True Church to cause a pagan inconvenience in accepting it. To be sure, the German tribes had a habit of respect toward women, and this theory of her depravity presented certain points of difficulty. Also marriage was, to the barbarian, a respectable estate, and the new doctrine required some readjustments here, for its acceptance. But in the sweeping changes that marked the sudden engrafting of civilization upon barbaric life, the respectability of woman and of marriage were speedily engulfed.

Among the Germanic tribes, of the time of Charlemagne, many remains of matriarchal power and the gentile organization still survived. But with the complete decay of gentile power that followed the adoption of civilization and Christianity, the women were left entirely without protection, as the women of Greece and Rome had been before them. The Church had pushed the debasement of woman to that point where she had not one place of refuge, in either gens, family or state. The enormous number of women who committed suicide as the only means of self-protection, became a serious matter of debate. "St. Augustine devoted an elaborate examination to the subject,***and decidedly condemned their act." (Lecky's Hist. of European Morals). Everywhere women were exposed to the greatest violence; and the Church condemned them, with all the weight of its great authority, and all the terrors of threatened punishments for following the one course that offered safety, that of self-destruction. Verily; woman was between the devil and the deep sea. But the Church, with magnanimity, opened to woman a solution when none seemed to exist. She offered to protect women against masculine violence, for and in consideration of the trifling sacrifice of vowing eternal celibacy; and such worldly

goods as the candidate for protection might convey. Thus arose monasticism for women. The theory of monasticism was that the sex relation was wholly bad and infamous. It was now the pious office of the Church to remedy, to the largest possible extent, the blunder of the Creator. There was another advantage in the monastic scheme. Those holding property were, by its operation, prevented from bequeathing it to offspring. And these contumacious and insubordinate German women held much property. Monasticism became the means of diverting enormous amounts of this property to the Church. At first, women taking these vows were not required to take up a special place of residence; but as it was necessary for many to do so in order to make good their vows, such places of residence were provided for them, under the direction of priests, who performed the religious ceremonies, and administered the institutions. But the German women learned the lesson of meekness and obedience with difficulty, and as some of them controlled large resources, they took to themselves the administration of their own establishments, and the performance of their own rites.

The pursuit of learning and the performance of charity offered to the women of these institutions opportunities for a respectable career, that form a very consoling point for the mind to rest upon. The works, both in scholarship and charity, performed in these monasteries, compares in every way favorably, with that of the male orders, and it has the advantage of being free from that "erotophobia" which characterized the latter. "The acute erotophobia of the monks, through sympathetic imitation, was transferred into the masses as an all pervading mysogyny." (Theodore Schroeder, *The Evolution of Marriage Ideals*). When it is remembered how entirely the religious organization dominated every phase of life, it will be understood how completely the public mind was demoralized by this teaching of woman-hatred. No marriage escaped its blight. No woman escaped the deep damnation.

Feudalism succeeded upon the gentile organization of barbarian Europe and of Britain, through the absorption by gentile chiefs of tribal lands, and that entailment of estates which formed the chief motive for changing to the male line of descent. Feudatory government possessed many of the features of the patriarchal institution. The holding of land was its chief function, and the absorption of all the profits of labor was no less sure. But it probably never secured to the dependent class the necessities of life to the extent that patriarchal government did; and the community did not live under the same form of marriage in the former as in the latter.

But the real condition in the matter of marriage was probably much the same in both cases. Under the patriarchate, polygamy was the avowed form of marriage, and the marital rights of the patriarch were paramount at all times. The rights of other men were a more or less necessary and per-

mitted infringement upon the rights of the patriarch, excepting where surviving gentile laws still had some controlling power.

Monogamy was the avowed form of marriage under feudalism; but the absolute control of feudatory chiefs over all grades of the population, together with the *Jus Promae Noctis*, probably secured to the feudatory chiefs, as complete and unrestrained a liberety as the patriarchal chiefs had ever enjoyed.

But while the Church established monogamy it in no way raised the ban against woman. That was not the idea at all. Plural marriage was one degree worse than single marriage, because of the original sin of woman, the man was purified by monogamy; the sin remained. That the ultimate influence of monogamy was beneficial to woman, was purely an inadvertence. Before the steady hostility of the Church the personal rights of the barbarian women declined, till they reached the zero point. Woman was now as completely a chattel as when Solon ruled in Athens. She was sold by her male relations, at their pleasure, and had not one single right before the laws of church or state. "The feudalism of the middle ages was careful not to emancipate woman,***in fact, Christianity has only emancipated woman spiritually, and its real influence on marriage has been injurious. Doubtless the Christian wife might hope to become a seraph in the next world, but in this she was only a servant or a slave." (Letourneau's *Evolution of Marriage*).

While the influence of monogamy, as established by the Church has worked out for the betterment of woman, it was centuries before that betterment could be felt; by reason of the iniquities that sprang from the same root. A celibate priesthood, soon became an organized force of debauchery. The *Jus Primae Noctis* was practiced with equal diligence by the Lords temporal and the Lords spiritual. For centuries "A concubinage tax was exacted from all the clergy without exception. * * * Protests were of no avail. * * The Bishop must have the money, and after paymnet they were at liberty to keep concubines or not." (Gage's *Woman, Church and State*). "Before the Reformation complaints became loud and frequent of the employment of the confessional for purposes of debauchery.***Many lay Catholics were accustomed to insist that their priests should take a concubine for the protection of the families of their parishioners." (*Hist. of European Morals*). Thus an enormous number of unemployed men; debarred from marriage and forced to pay for the privilege of irregular alliances; trained only in a morbid exercise of the emotions, carrying the immense authority of both Church and State, was turned loose upon a world whose population was entirely ignorant and deeply superstitious; and whose women were without protection in family, Church or State. And all evil was charged to the "perfidy of woman."

With the rise of industry as a dignified occupation for

man, the strongest check was put upon sensualism. The development of those trade organizations known to history as the Hansa, did much for social decency. By their federation and organized influence; by their accumulation of large capital and their entry into politics and even into diplomacy, they held a curb upon the presumptions of the Church, and they secured the acknowledgement of rights in the common man that had never before been recognized to exist. These bodies denounced marriage; but at the same time they fostered a rational employment for men, which probably did more than any other thing for the abatement of sensuality. The men of Holland and of the Mediterranean States and England who formed the Hanseatic League, for the first time in history, gave form and power to influence for the enlargement of personality, and the development of character among the common people.

In an earlier chapter, dealing with that state of society which existed before the production of goods for purposes of trade, and before the double exploitation of woman as a breeder and laborer set in; reference was made to the development of the psychic individuality, and its natural authority over matters of sex. There has seemed to be no occasion to refer to that matter since, because, in the midst of opposing forces, generated by man's creative ignorance, if one may use that phrase, it seems impossible to trace any development of the psychic faculties. Doubtless such development was always going on between the lines, as it were, of the tragic history that was being made, according to natural processes; but the sensibilities were being killed off at such a rate by organized tyranny and vice, that at the end of eighteen hundred years, the result was a decidedly minus quantity, compared with the conditions during a part of the Roman Empire.

The extension of consciousness follows upon an enlarged association; and in the order of nature, those activities related to the functions of nutrition furnish the first motive for such enlargement. But beyond a limited point, the economic activities do not furnish a field for the operation of these developed faculties. The result is a surplus of personal energy, that tends to express itself on the social plane; and social activity focuses in reproduction. There is a constant manifestation of the psychic entity, in what we may call the "style" of the individual; a peculiar personal way of responding to nervous and mental stimuli. This "style" is no trifling externality. It is the index of soul-growth, the mode of soul-expression. It measures the capacity for suffering or pleasure. As the sensibilities develop, the social faculties, or those related to reproduction, experience a process of refinement, or elevation in the scale of quality, which quite transforms their nature, from the purely physical faculties, unmarked by affection, which characterize the social life of primitive man. Commercial marriage, and economic and diplomatic marriage, by leaving all considerations of psychic

development and psychic harmony out of account, reduce the relationship to that purely physical plane which it occupied in the days of communal life.

The universal development of industry, has been accompanied by a corresponding decline of sensuality; and the same process will doubtless go on, until the race shall have reached a normal condition. While there are some eddies in the current of these changes, and some black spots both of vice and idleness, in society, these blemishes can not alter the faith of any one who has read history comprehensively, and has marked the immeasurable progress already made.

Nothing is more certain than the continued disintegration of those forces that have made for tyranny and vice. The further development of industry among all classes, is sufficient to assure it. The fact that man has turned his face from war as "the only honorable profession," and is now helping woman to clothe and feed the race, is the beginning of the end, of that marriage which, in the language of "St." Hieronymous "is always a vice."

The remains of that condition of sex-pathology, which always manifests in woman-hatred, can be measured by the legal disabilities with which woman is handicapped; but there is always a subtraction to be made for the force of inertia, which legal changes always have to overcome.

The Common Law, and the Code Napoleon crystalized the conditions which the Church had formed, and they remain in effect to-day in a large part of Europe, in England and in America, excepting where modified by statute. Under these codes woman was every where subject to the most severely antagonistic special legislation. Daughters could not inherit equally with sons, nor wives equally with husbands. Women could not testify in court. Women were bought and sold. A husband owned his wife, and was entitled to her service. She could neither hold property, make a contract nor bequeath even her most personal belongings. She was not held to be related to her children, and had no control over them. The reformation neither made nor attempted any change in these oppressions. Daniel Brinton says: "Marriage laws, it should be remembered have been, in all times framed by the males alone, and they reveal the intention * * * to preserve a right of property in the female."

(Basis of Social Relations.)

The Spencer-Whitman Round Table

Grace Moore Toastmistress.

The Round Table has gone flower picking. And it has gotten its feet and petticoats all wet from walking through a vacant grassy lot by the side of a cottage hotel in a Western Iowa village. It is scribbling its message to you upon scraps of paper fluttering their cheerful unities with the early dandelions and pepper plants upon which the morning sun and wind of the first May days of 1906 are smiling their benedictions. There will be no colds or tuberculosis from wet feet, for they as much as the waving paper and dandelion and pepper grass stalks, are in comradely relationship with old Mr. Sol-shiny and little Miss Wind-storm. It was to feel the soft moist bark from some giant logs in friendly co-operation with each other at the far end of the lot, and to bring the table into closer communion with its fellows of the forests, that we got our feet wet; also to get a fine view of a freshly leaved willow tree courtesying to passers by and to make a closer acquaintance with some white-robed sweet-scented apple trees too modestly shedding their fragrance upon unappreciative, decaying barns and outhouses and rebellious fences.

The willow tree at the front end of the lot will make bearable to the traveller and his host, the long scorching days of midsummer, when the hotel office chairs have been arranged in a set row on the veranda underneath, in expectation of the season's patronage, but I doubt if the "travelling men" occupying them and purchase collecting their wits for the closing of new contracts with the village merchants and grocery men will think to even say "How do you do" or "Goodby" to the willow tree whose leaves and branches have so graciously co-operated with eaves, railings and floorings of the framed inn for their after-dinner snoozes. The tree in its delicate spring garbings and possibilities of restfulness to tired farmer and travelling man of these parts, is far more beautiful to the Round Table, methinks, than it will ever be to those plowmen and "knights of the grip" themselves when the hot days come.

"Why?" Not because the Round Table is any better or more grateful for its blessings than the chance farmer or commercial salesman who may eat pork and apple sauce at the village hostelry, but because for the moment it is a trifle more alive to them. Not because its fellow comrades of the fields and shops are less sensible of natural beauty, but be-

cause to the mind of the evolutionist acquainted with some of the facts and processes of evolution, that beauty is more suggestive, more inspiring and more vital. The dainty olive tints and swaying draperies of the willow, harmoniously contrasted with the blue of the sky, the apple, peach and pear tree blossoms flooding the barnyard and roadway with their fragrance, the gentleness of the wind and sunshine, the exquisite softness and caressing balminess of the air, the joyousness with which all living things respond to the earth's renewed warmth, and partake of its upward tending strength. the love trills in the songs of the birds fashioning their up-to-date cosy corners—all these divine stirrings of Nature's Heart I doubt not, are sources of reflection and enjoyment to the school girls and boys I see passing with their books under their arms, the blacksmith across the way with leather apron on, the liveryman washing buggies to the right of us, and to the drygoods clerk, the mill-hand, the plow-boy and the "drummer" with sample case in hand; but it seems to me that most of their reflections and appreciation must be subconscious, like the leaves on the trees still in the bud. Where among them is the **Thinker** to whom all these manifestations are related phenomena pregnant with human possibilities, not only for the present moment but for generations and centuries to come? The drygoods clerk agrees with me that the morning air is delicious, but he seems not to mind going to the stuffy little "Palace Store" to count the left-over union suits and hang the new gingham high up against the ceiling where one can't possibly tell whether they are pink, yellow or green. I remarked to the hack-driver that I should like to be a hack-driver myself this superb May morning and he says "Yes, there's considerable travel now. I've been twice to the hospital this morning, and the last trip I had **six passengers**." I said to a sweet young girl who I thought had a Kodak, that it might be fun to take a picture of the Round Table on the wood pile, and she said she "had no kodak" but that "there is a **professional** photographer I can get to come and take a picture!"

Well, I have not come across many "People Who Think," since I bade "Goodby" to Himself, Saundy and Miss What-They-Say-Of-Us, but I am impressed with the fact that one can't find a world anywhere, however small, that love does not make go round. Whether one be in the heart of the country or of a great city, whether drying one's feet on a sunkissed woodpile or on the fender of an artistically designed fireplace, one is still where love is all powerful and eternal and where the forces of attraction and repulsion are equally and beneficently operative. I observed when I made my first visit to the inn dinning room, the exquisite whiteness of the linen, the dustless floor and sideboard, and the perfect order, neatness and graciousness with which the faultlessly cooked viands and homemade jellies and jams were placed at my disposal, and I thought I must surely have misunderstood the landlord's reply to my question as to the price for room

and board. I understood him to say "Four dollars a week. Fourteen dollars a week, as compared with Chicago prices would have been nearer right. But the next day was Sunday and I happened to be looking out the window when Mr. Landlord and "his Lady" were taking their evening walk to church. They have grown children and not many servants (never mind the word "servant"—it's all right—I'm one myself) but pride and pleasure were expressed in every line of their faces and in every step that they took together. I knew then that I had not misunderstood the price per week and that I should stay a longer time at the inn than was necessary. I am of the opinion that no woman is joyous because she is going to church. Her joy is in the fact that her husband walks by her side. Any woman whose husband as smilingly accompanies her to church when they have been married twenty years as on the day he procured the license, has "happiness on a working basis." Hats off to her. And the best bouquet to the inn proprietor's wife who poaches the eggs for breakfast and at the same time wears a freshly tied bow of black ribbon in her well groomed hair. I confess that when she leaves her apron on a peg, the other side of the dining room door and comes eagerly to the parlor to discuss with her guests the latest news from San Francisco, I have somehow a peculiar feeling as of being higher up than if I were a guest in that more pretentious inn on Michigan ave. and Congress street. Translated, the bow of ribbon and the apron on the peg read: "She is in love with her husband." If it were in Chicago I should say that it reads: "She was about to get a divorce and marry again."

DRINKING SONG.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
 The plants suck up the earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.
 The sea itself—and one would think
 It had but little need of drink—
 Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
 So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
 The sun himself—and one would guess,
 By his drunk fiery face no less—
 Drinks up the sea; and when he's done,
 The moon and stars drink up the sun.
 They drink and revel all the night;
 They drink and dance by their own light.
 Thus naught in Nature's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.
 So fill your glasses; fill them high;
 Fill all your glasses here,—for why
 Should all creation drink but I?
 Ye man of Morals tell me why?

David Graham Phillips.

By Charles A. Sandburg.

What is known we do not fear. But a thing-in-the-dark, near at hand, of unknown size and force and cunning, is a source of alarm. It was Victor Hugo who stated the case as follows, "The only social peril is darkness." It is out of the fear of this peril, the peril of darkness, that the literature of exposure has arisen.

One of the most active, persistent and resourceful of the men in America who sleep not nor slumber lest the literature of exposure diminish, is David Graham Phillips. Phillips knows the game. He is a seasoned newspaper man and all the manifold ways in which publicity may be used to effect

a purpose are familiar to him. He knows the weapons and the forms of attack and he assails in a new way every time.

One month he uses a novel, the next month a short story, followed by a fusillade of articles wherein figures, facts and deductions are spread out for people who think. He has a force of four stenographers—two for fact and two for fiction. His mornings are given over to novels, while the afternoons is devoted to magazine articles of a controversial nature.



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

He has never been sued for libel, and how the man finds time to acquire and verify the multitudinous facts he deals with, is a mystery.

Phillips is not agitating any remedy. His business is to show up conditions. He believes that when men know and are aware and aroused, the remedy will appear. He is a man suited to his work. He believes in America and asserts our life as big and bold with energies and passions, the most intense life ever lived by any nation on the globe. Phillips is so much a believer in men that he is an idealist, strews purple and crimson, romance and glory, over his pages. He is not the kind of a man Walt Whitman had in mind when he said, "It is profoundly affecting to see great masses of men follow the leadership of men who have no faith in men."

The objective points of Phillips are Plutocracy and Respectability. Plutocracy is the rule of the rich, the dominancy of the men who have over the men who have not. The main proposition of "The Plum Tree," one of Phillips' novels, is

that The Big Business Men contro. the political parties of the country and so dictate legislation and administration that the Workingman, the Farmer, the Small Business Man have really no voice in the government. That is to say, the great American people are so many dupes.

"The Deluge," Phillips' greatest book, has to do with the worlds of finance and society. No other book has struck more truly at our metropolitan snobbery. The fine, throbbing humanity of the writer is revealed in characters and situations that condemn the system and not the people, brave men and good women the victims of a code that has falsified life for them. In "Black Matt" is refuted Mrs. Atherton's dictum that American literature is timid and anaemic. Says Matt, "I am not a bundle of stock certificates or a bag of money. I am here," and he taps his forehead.

A wise newspaper man, William Marion Reedy, of St. Louis has observed that there is scarcely a journalist in the United States but is opposed to the existing social order, seeing as he does every day, the men in "high places" evincing a disregard for law more sinister than that of the criminal, because it is concealed under protestations for order and obedience. How many men there are who resemble one of Phillips' characters, who says, "Like most close-mouthed men, I am extremely talkative. Silence sets people to wondering and prying; he hides his secrets best who hides them at the bottom of a river of words."

REVELATION.

By R. W. Borough.

The thunderous protest of the people now resounds
 O'er the wide world wherever tyrants reign;
 The mad lords startled from their revelry
 Now stand aghast and strick'n with fear,— they see
 Their glittering gold melt into rolling blood
 And those fair palace walls which once fools held
 Sacred should stand through all eternity,
 This hour fall into dust, mere crumbling stones.
 It is the whirlwind hour of "anarchy,"
 The slave is clanking broken chains
 And wrath and vengeance dire are everywhere.
 Yet shall the guilty world be spared,
 The monstrous crimes, of murderous lords forgiv'n,—
 For Labor, last and greatest of the gods,
 Shall come all clean and sweet from toil
 With the immortal light of love within his eyes
 To lead both slave and master unto Life,
 Unto the radiant land of brotherhood.
 There 'mid the ringing laughter and the song
 The city, fair, eternal shall arise.

Pure Food Department.

The Cry of the People for Pure Food.

By LEON ELBERT LANDONE, Food Expert and Teacher of Dietetics.

Because of climate, geographical and commercial conditions the cereals form a very important group of food stuffs. The widespread use of the grains and the consequent multitude of food products manufactured from them as a basis is not due to the fact that these products are in any chemical sense ideal foods. Far from it, their very composition indicates that from the truly scientific dietetic standpoint the proportion of the food elements is decidedly abnormal.

There is without doubt a great excess of the carbohydrate elements, sugar and starch.

The mother's milk comes as near to an ideal combination of food elements as any chemical combination of which we know. In the mother's milk the amount of sugar equals that of the nitrogenous and fatty elements combined.

Wheat contains about 70 parts starch and 13 parts fat and nitrogenous substances; rye 62 starch, 12 fat and nitrogenous elements; barley 6 parts starch, 12 of fat and nitrogenous substances; and corn 64 starch, 13 fat and nitrogenous products.

This great excess of starch has caused many diseases, chief of which is diabetes. It is generally recognized that the best means of remedying the condition of the diabetic is to completely eliminate starch from the diet of the sufferer.

This means that if any cereal products are eaten the product must be especially prepared by separating the starch and sugar from the flour, meal or breakfast food.

To this end several manufacturers placed gluten flours on the market and charged from eleven to fifty cents per pound because the process of eliminating the starch is expensive requiring a great outlay of labor and the use of a large amount of wheat for the manufacture of even one pound of gluten flour.

The flours were advertised to be practically free from starch and were especially recommended by the manufacturers, their chemists and certain physicians as especially valuable to sufferers of diabetes.

Thirteen samples of gluten flours were analyzed by Albert Leach in 1899. Three of these gluten flours were truly gluten flours containing less than one per cent of starch. These three were all the products of one manufacturer.

Watson's Magazine

The leading exponent of Jeffersonian Democracy, Edited by Hon. Thos. E. Watson, of Georgia, the Father of Rural Free Delivery; author of "The Story of France," "Life of Napoleon," "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," "Bethany" and other books. Mr. Watson was the People's Party nominee for Vice-President in 1896, and for President in 1904. He is to-day heading a middle-class reform movement which is bound to sweep the country in a short time.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE is not a Socialist publication. It does not stand for collective ownership of all the means of production. Mr. Watson believes in public or government ownership of railroads, telegraphs and telephones; in municipal ownership of street railways, gas, electric lights, water works, etc.; and he believes in *private* ownership of all industries not natural monopolies.

The middle class—the home owners, farmers, small business men and property owners—won Jefferson's victory in 1800; won Jackson's victory over Nick Biddle's money power in 1832; won Lincoln's victory in 1860. But each time after the flush of victory had died away, they became careless of their rights and went to sleep. They have slept a good portion of the time since 1865, but—

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121 West 42d Street,
New York City.

SPECIAL CLUBBING RATE.

Three others contained from 10 to 20 per cent of starch, while seven flours contained from 56 to 70 per cent of starch.

"Pure Vegetable Gluten" selling for 50 cents per pound was found to contain 3 per cent fat, 14 per cent proteids, 56 per cent starch.

"Cooked Gluten" was found to contain 76 per cent carbohydrates, "Whole Wheat Gluten" 73 per cent, "Glutine" 82 per cent, "Breakfast Cereal Gluten" 44 per cent.

And for these starch foods, which mean nothing less than death to the diabetic, the victimized invalid pays from 11 to 50 cents per pound because of the fraudulent claim that the "gluten" flours are free from starch.

To Life, the force behind the man, intellect is a necessity, because without it he blunders into death. Just as Life, after ages of struggle, evolved that wonderful bodily organ, the eye, so that the living organism could see where it was going and what was coming to help or threaten it, and thus avoid a thousand dangers that formerly slew it, so it is evolving today, a mind's eye that shall see, not the physical world, but the purpose of life, and thereby enable the individual to work for that purpose instead of thwarting and baffling it by setting up shortsighted personal aims as at present. Even as it is only one sort of man has ever been happy, has ever been universally respected amid all the conflicts of interests and illusions . . . I sing, not arms and the hero, but the philosophic man; he who seeks in contemplation to discover the inner will of the world in invention to discover the means of fulfilling that will, and in action to do that will in the so-discovered means.—Bernard Shaw.

If a respectable man see an old woman borne down by her burden in the street, he can run to the charity organization perhaps and get an officer to inquire into her case—but he cannot go straight up to her like a man and take it from her onto his own shoulders, for he is a gentleman and might soil his clothes. It is doubtful even whether—clothes or no clothes, old woman or no old woman—he could face the streets where he is known with a bundle on his shoulders; his dress is a barrier to all human relation with simple people, and his words of sympathy with the poor and suffering are wasted on the wide air, while the flash of his jewelry is in their eyes.—Edward Carpenter.

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The Informal Brotherhood



Conducted by Viola Richardson.

FORBEARANCE.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unharm'd, faced danger with a heart of trust
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.



One of the most striking things which we are forced to admit, if we observe human beings, is that almost all people live wholly in the superficial. Their thoughts, their desires, their happiness and their sorrows—their judgments and their efforts at reform are superficial.

It seems to me that to an enlightened consciousness expression of self, as fully and as honestly as possible, would be the purpose of life, the fulfilling of our highest mission. But we find instead of that, energies bent to acquire certain possessions; happiness hangs upon the kind of clothes we wear and the food we eat, upon the number and character of entertainments we attend, and almost all social intercourse is upon this superficial plane:

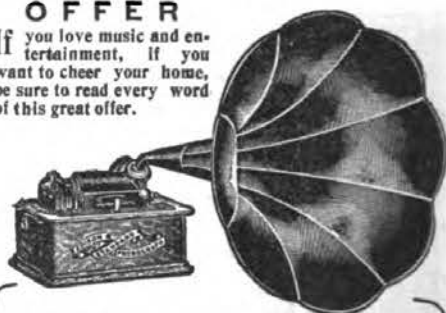
People do not meet together to discuss vital topics, but to discuss the latest scandal, the latest sensation, the latest social function, the latest fashion, etc.

Our judgments of our fellow beings

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and our condemnations upon those judgments, are gone at in the same superficial way. We look at the acts, and not the soul of the man who commits the act, and we base all punishment upon the character of the act, and not on the needs or condition of the soul of the man who commits the act.

As usual many excellent short articles and poems are crowded out that we should like to give to you this month. We are glad to have our friends write in for this department, something short and to the point. Let us hear from a lot of you—only a paragraph or two with some thought that seems vital to you, and by and by we shall find room for all of them, even if we are a little slow about it.

We are in receipt of a post card from Detroit, which informs us that The Labadie Lyceum Bureau, just opened, is the first Lyceum Bureau Detroit has ever had, and that it is now ready to do business.

If you will write to them they will send you literature in regard to their field and their work.

We have a most interesting letter from a member of the "To-Morrow" family who is now in the Navy on a big battle ship. We had hoped to give this letter to you this month, but find that it will have to be held over until another time, but you will enjoy reading it when it does appear. It tells something of the life on board a battleship and also the effect this life has on the average man who lives it.

People are drifting toward the "natural food" diet without hardly realizing it. We are beginning to reach toward Nature for many things that we used to depend on the M. D. to give us—health in mind and body. One of our exchanges describes a banquet in Boston served by Eugene Christian and his wife, which was entirely of uncooked foods—the first of its kind in Boston. From the report those favored Bostonians who was served, thoroughly enjoyed the banquet.

The following is from Belle Goodwin Fitch:

In the ordinary marriage the two strangers promise to love, honor and cherish till death do part. The Catholic Church considers it a sin to break the tie; Protestant Churches discuss divorce but find no remedy.

Theosophists teach that one must not break a promise; if he marry for better or worse and gets hell, he must stand it.

There is one reasonable way out of this trouble. One should not promise in marriage, any more than any other con-



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is made daily from freshly ground selected wheat kernels, the utmost cleanliness being observed. It is therefore a fine and fragrant flavor, while it possesses all of the nutritive constituents required by the human body and is one of the best balanced food materials that man can eat. It has Protein for muscles, brain and nerves, fat and carbohydrates for animal heat, mineral matter for the bones and tissues, and hence comes nearer to being the real "STAFF OF LIFE" than the debilitating white bread.

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tract, impossible things. The marriage ceremony should be, "We will love, honor and cherish *as long as possible*."

It is simply absurd to promise in ignorance of the other's characteristics how long one can love, honor and cherish.

To tie human beings together after love is dead and respect flown, is a terrible torture and humanity in general will not stand for it. The people make a great cry about the "children." Is it not better to separate than live together in hatred and *have more children?*

Why not make a law which all can respect and obey? A mean between the frivolous divorces and the *mock respectable martyrdom*.

If we only promise to love, honor and cherish as long as possible, each would strive to live to the highest to hold the love of the other.

One suggests that we make marriage for a stated term, say ten years. This would not settle the question, for who knows that love will last ten years any more than he can promise for a life time?

There should be no disgrace to the wife in parting and provision for her and the children should be made.

Marriage ought to be a partnership, not a master and slave proposition as now.

Out in Los Angeles they have a Liberal Club organized under the following "Nine Demands of Liberalism":

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from taxation.

2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in congress, in the legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by the public money, shall be discontinued.

3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished, and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship shall be prohibited.

5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States, or by the governors of the various states, of all the religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts in all other department of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under that pains

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Write anyhow and learn how men and women who need work are being organized into useful, self-supporting, co-operative industries; paying for their tools by a light tax upon their work.

and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights and impartial liberty.

9. We demand that not only in the Constitution of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that one entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly and promptly made.

The organ of this club is "Our Monthly Program," edited by Walter Collins, who has prepared with great care a chronological biography of Thomas Paine, and any one wishing a copy can get it by writing to him.

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Any reader of this article who is afflicted with any impairment of his or her eyesight should not fail to address the New York & London Electric Association, Suite 218, 929 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo., for detailed particulars and testimonials regarding the merits, reliability, and efficiency of "Actina," the wonderful discovery which is now attracting the attention of the people, owing to the many cures of afflicted eyesight that it is performing. This method of treatment is used by patients in their own homes and without any trouble or expense beyond the small cost price of "Actina." No cutting or probing is involved in the use of this treatment, nor are any drugs or medicines required. It cures afflictions of the eyes, and cases of cures are reported where the patients had been pronounced by leading oculists as incurable. Our attention has been called to this marvelous treatment for failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids or sore eyes, etc., and we in turn call particular attention to it in order that any or all readers who are troubled with eyesight difficulties may know where to procure immediate relief and a permanent cure without any

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In answer to the question, why did you write the *Jungle*? Uptown Sinclair recently wrote the following explanation:

The *Jungle* may be said to have written itself. There is very little of it that was not conditioned by circumstances beyond my own control. I did not choose to have the experiences in my own life which enabled me to write it; they are hardly experiences such as any man would choose to have. Neither did I have anything to do with the local color of the book. I took the material as I found it. It was my object to describe how economic conditions are making American working men into socialists, as they had already made me into one. I went to Packingtown and lived with the workers, and I saw things from their point of view. I became imbued with their spirit, and wrote with their anguish in my soul. I can not give any idea of the terribleness of it. I used to come to my room at night, sick and trembling in every nerve. I could not sleep for the burden of it. To see this huge case of human misery, hopeless and helpless—to see men and women, like wild things, caught in a trap—to see this whole system of knavery and oppression enthroned and impregnable, contemptuous of all opposition, and to know that in all the world there was no one to heed or to care—to know that these wretched people must suffer forever if I could not succeed in forcing the world to stop and heed—the burden of this almost killed me. I could not finish the book as I really should have done, because I had not the necessary energy left; but I have done my share others must now take up the task.—Upton Sinclair.

"GETTING BACK TO NATURE."

Every one knows that our fathers and grandfathers were not bothered with the bodily ills to which this generation is so generally subject. Nothing ruffles the temper so easily, nothing makes one feel so badly and nothing is so responsible for physical discomfort as the stomach when it is not in proper working order.

One's first care should be his stomach. He should see that proper food goes into it and should see to it especially that nourishing food is taken into this important part of the system.

The body is built up of nine different chemical substances such as water, carbon, lime, salt, phosphorous, albumen, iron and magnesia. All these substan-

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ces come from the food we eat, and if we confine ourselves to foods that contain only some of the necessary chemicals the body requires, the machinery is going to get out of order. White flour is simply starch. The starch goes into the stomach and is converted into sugar and has some nourishing qualities, but if we ate white flour alone, we would soon die of starvation. If, on the other hand, we live on whole wheat, we get all the substances the body requires. A person can live indefinitely on whole wheat, but he would starve to death on plain white flour. EGG-O-SEE—the wonderful food product—is made of whole wheat, which is predigested and easily assimilated. It contains all the chemicals necessary for body building. That's why EGG-O-SEE eaters are so healthy and so strong.

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A LAND OF PROMISE.

Opening of the Great Shoshone Reservation.

It is expected that the rush to the opening of the great Shoshone Reservation, in Wyoming, Aug. 15, 1906, will far surpass anything in our history. Fabulous stories are widely circulated as to agricultural, grazing, timber and mineral wealth—particularly as to the deposits of gold, silver and copper—of the reservation, which has an area of 2,283 square miles, larger than that of Delaware or Rhode Island.

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This is what we are told.

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Thirdly. When the banks resumed, he handed in his stock without reserve saying, "It will increase and multiply."

Fourthly. He made good.

R. P. CHRISTIE.

Editor of To-Morrow,

Enclosed find resolution adopted at a peoples mass meeting at Colorado Springs right under the eyes of the Mine Owners Association.

Yours truly,

H. HANSEN.
Chairman.

Whereas, The treatment meted out to the laboring people in the bull pen is not yet forgotten by the public, and

Whereas, The still later treatment meted out to the working people of Colorado is still fresh in the minds of all lovers of liberty, and

Whereas, We all remember how Governor Peabody hired the State Militia to the Mine Owners Association to terrorize the mining districts of Colorado, and,

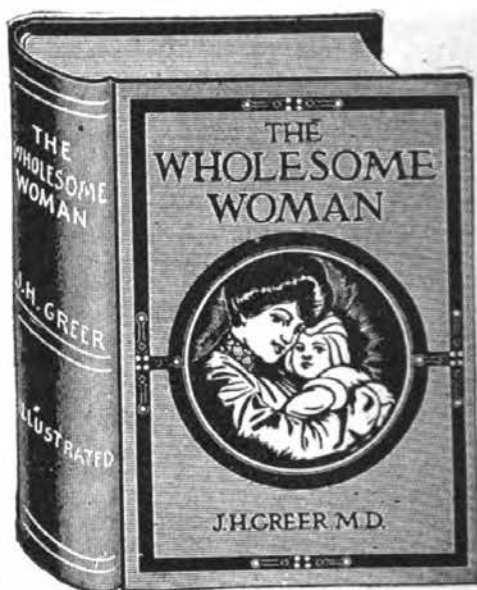
Whereas, We all remember how the people of the terrorized districts appealed for protection to every known authority from President Roosevelt down to Justices of the Peace, only to get an answer by the Supreme Court of the State of Colorado, that working people have no right that the Capitalists are bound to respect, and

Whereas, The Mine Owners acting on the suggestions of the Supreme Court ordered the Militia to tear families asunder, killing some and sending some 200 men into exile, and

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Whereas, None of us have yet forgotten, that the Supreme Court acted upon their own suggestion and by their own actions proved that they meant that the people had no right that the Capitalists should respect, so the Supreme Court proceeded to disfranchise the people by setting aside the majority vote, packed Legislative Hall with Representatives of their own choosing and unseated the choice of the people for Governor and put a man in the chair, that was not even nominated for the office and then fine men for Contempt of Court for telling the truth about it, and

Whereas, We have seen the last crowning act of the Governor of Colorado and the so-called Governor of Colorado conspiring together with some of the most notorious outlaws in the country and in the dead hour of night kidnaping three citizens of Denver to wit:—Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone and spiriting them into Idaho and turning them over to the tender mercy of one of the most unprincipled creatures to torture them to death by inches, now therefore be it

Resolved, By the working people of Colorado Springs that we appeal to the common people of the United States to arouse themselves to the fact that Civil Liberty is a thing of the past for working people.

Resolved further, That we do all in our power to enroll the people under the Banner of Socialism and thereby free themselves from Capitalist oppression, and be it further

Resolved, That we do all in our power both morally and financially to see that these men get a fair trial.

Richmond, Va.

Dear Mr. Sercombe:

Acknowledging receipt of your friendly letter, long before half a century ago, I resolved that if I could not lock step with the advanced front procession of the learned of the world, I'd do the next best thing, I would keep in close sight of those in front.

I believe you agree with me that I am passably well loaded with some of the best literature and also if I inform you that on April 18th last, I was *ninety years of age*, you would be willing to join in voting to place me on the retired list.

I can join in stating with the Irishman that "I've never *enjoyed* a day's serious sickness in my life." I have been wonderfully blessed in immunity from any other than temporary and slight bodily ailments—still, I'll wear out, but *rust* out—never!

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I always have taken and still have a lively interest in the welfare of our country—I never omit being the recipient of the Daily Congressional Record—look it over carefully on its receipt.

I sadly lament our country's drifting—drifting—from a Democratic Republic into some other form rapidly. The form of the government remains but the essence, spirit, virtue, is gone a glimmering like ancient Rome and Athens, and by very similar means.

I mail you two pamphlets that embody my views and which will not corrupt your morals if read. My invariable practice is and ever has been never to let up on any subject in which I felt a decided interest till I had mastered it.

Yours truly,
D. S. BURSON.

I have heard that in the order of nature it has ordinarily taken a hundred generations for man to grow beautiful and now comes Dr. W. A. Pratt who makes an ugly woman beautiful immediately.

I visited Dr. Pratt's office the other day and it is a fact, he takes "common clay" as it were and without the intermediate process of "setting it up agin de fence to dry" he gives the face a beautiful and attractive outline immediately. Wonder of wonders but he does it. Try and see.

I have just learned that \$47.00 will buy a round trip ticket from Chicago to the City of Mexico and being a stockholder in the Morzorongo Co., through the courtesy of Dr. Parkyn who let me in, I have about decided to take my vacation during this summer on that wonderful plantation where the coffee bushes grow and where the thousands of acres of sugar-cane yields the sap that is bringing wealth and success to us all. I can scarcely wait the day to come for me to view those tropical forests and pick my way through the luxurious undergrowths such as are always shown in the photographs of wonderful torrid Mexico.

I hope my readers don't object to enthusiasm for I have it. I am no crank on foods and that sort of thing but my visit to Benhold's pure food store the other day gave me a perfect joy. Not only his unfermented whole wheat bread but the whole atmosphere there is one of real civilization. The most delicious foods and drinks of many kinds and not

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C. S. CARR, M. D., Editor Medical Talk,
Columbus, Ohio.

a dead thing nor a distilled liquor in the place. People sometimes ask "no meat why, what do you eat" and behold.—well visit Benholds—it is a complete education in itself.

Have you heard of that wonderful vegetarian banquet served in Boston the other day by Eugene Christian the food expert? His "uncooked" system is truly wonderful and very practical for people who have stamina enough to live for something else besides their stomachs. Eugene Christian sends his book free to those who send him ever so small an order.

What marvelous things come out of the west now-a-days. Out in Cedar Bluffs, Nebraska, Dr. J. E. Hadley by accident discovered a harmless but effective drug which taken internally gives health and color to the hair and prevents it from growing white. I love white hair myself but this discovery is surely a great boon to those who do not care to be "Oslerized" at least not yet—not yet.

Recent Spencer-Whitman Lectures

Mr. Frederick Rindler read an interesting paper on the subject of "Capital Punishment" which showed much thought and careful study, and in which he presented every conceivable argument in favor of that form of punishment under present conditions.

Francis Mills gave a carefully prepared address on the subject, "Seven Financial Conspiracies," in which he showed the dishonest motives of the government in the passage of seven acts of legislation. Mr. Mills knew his subject well and no one was able to dispute his statements.

W. R. DeBois discussed "Punishment not an Antidote to Crime." Quite an interesting discussion followed and this was one of the most enjoyable evenings. Mr. DeBlois played some selections on the piano which were highly enjoyed by all.

Walter Thomas Mills gave the last lecture in Fraternity Hall, our audiences having grown too big to be accommodated longer in that hall. Mr. Mills'

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subject was, "The Industrial Revolution in Russia and in Idaho."

At the Royal League Hall in Masonic Temple, Jacob LeBosky addressed a crowded house. His subject was "Democracy" and was handled with great fluency and force. The American Lady Quartette furnished the music which was a great addition to the evening's entertainment. A lively discussion followed the lecture.

Again moving to more commodious quarters, the society held its last meeting in Corinthian Hall, Masonic Temple and the room, last Sunday evening was completely packed with earnest seekers for truth. The program was a Symposium on "Crime in Chicago" and the question was presented from as many different view points as there were speakers. Those who spoke were: Rev. Geo. F. Hall, representing the Christian Church. He advocated more strict regulations in the home and a curfew to keep the "kids" off the streets. He also favored prohibition, as a cure for crime.

Mrs. Lida Parce Robinson gave a discussion of the subject from a scientific standpoint, showing how abnormal conditions result from reward not being in proportion to the energy expended in the effort to earn a livelihood. Western Starr, a Single Taxer, showed most crime to have its source in the unemployed class, and stated that saloons and gambling dens are no more the cause of Crime than gray hairs are the cause of old age. Rev. John Roach Straton, Baptist, argued for a more rigorous enforcement of the law and attributed the increase of crime to a decrease of faith in God.

Seymour Stedman, Socialist, was the last speaker and in the brief time allotted him, covered an immense field of thought. He stated that the Socialist party is the only one which has advocated a practical solution of the problem of crime, advocating placing the matter in the hands of pathological experts.

The plan of symposiums will be continued for a time, since great value lies in the fact that they bring together people of such widely different views and great toleration of others opinions must be exercised. For the study of view point they are of extreme interest, thus furnishing mental food not only to the sociologist but to the psychologist as well.

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WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

"To-Morrow"—This new magazine, "For people who think," proves in its May issue that it really is different from its contemporaries. It claims the credit for having converted President Roosevelt to the idea of a progressive inheritance tax by its editorial on that subject in its March number. Advanced thought is given editorial expression by Parker H. Sercombe, Walter Hurt and Grace Moore. A Pure Food Department has been added. At least two of the poems in this number are of exceptional merit. J. G. Frederick's reply to the question, "Are We Immortal?" is one of the most striking articles of the May number.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

We have a letter from our friend, William Heaford of Surrey, England, in which he makes some interesting comment on the general movement throughout the world that is being made towards Democracy and rationalism. A congress of Irreligion is to be held in Buenos Aires next September, and vast preparations are being made in the South American Republics for this event.

Mr. Heaford says, "The Freethought movement in Europe is making great strides forward. Since the great Congress at Rome in 1904 the Italian Freethinkers have formed a national organization with branches in full activity in different parts of the Kingdom. On the 29th and 30th of June their members will meet in Congress at Milan and on July 1st will hold a great public demonstration in that famous city."

Among the foreign publications which are carrying on the work of propaganda for liberal and progressive thought are the following: "L'Ere Nouvelle," E. Armand, Editor, 28 rue des Peupliers, Billancourt, (Seine); "Las Dominicales," Fernando Lozano, Editor, Apartado 109, Madrid, Spain; "La Ragione," Dr. Emilio Bossi Editor, Lugano, Switzerland; "La Conciencia Libre," Belen de Larraga de Ferrero, Editor, Malaga, Spain. All the home contributors of the last named are women.

Through all countries and in all societies the "Change" is going on—a readjustment is taking place in accord with the great law of life. Possibly the great mass of society is unconscious of the fact that a change is taking place—but bonds are being loosed, the democratic consciousness is awakening—all humanity is being lifted—though it knows not how or why.

"To-Morrow" is indeed growing and I am very much pleased with it. I don't

Gray or Faded Hair or Beard

Can now be restored to its natural color by taking medicine internally (10 to 20 drops 3 times a day) that supplies the blood with this particular coloring matter. I discovered this fact some years ago while giving this medicine to a lady 63 years old, whose hair was *White*. She was greatly surprised (but no more so than I was) to see her hair gradually getting darker, and it became a *Nice, Glossy Black*, with not a gray hair on her head. I do not understand what causes the change in color, unless, as stated above, the medicine furnishes the blood with some certain coloring matter that nature has failed to supply. I have this formula printed and will send to anyone for only \$2.50, and will refund your money if it fails to restore the color as it was when young. It is harmless. Can get it in any drug store. I have sold this formula to hundreds and have not been asked to refund the money by to exceed half a dozen. The same medicine will prevent hair from ever turning gray. Address

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know that I swallow all it says, but it is out of the rut and helps to jog me up a bit.

J. E. CRARY,
Prairie du Chien, Wis.

We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of "To-Morrow," "for people who think." It is rational, radical, up-to-date, and a little ahead of time.

OUR MONTHLY PROGRAM,
Los Angeles, Calif.

For five months I have been absorbing the contents of your wonderful magazine and say positively that the May number outclasses them all. Would that I were eloquent enough to tell you how the article "The Socialist Colony" appealed to me.

F. W. MILLER,
Dayton, Ohio.

"To-Morrow" is certainly coming to the front with leaps and bounds, and I want to help push such an exceedingly good thing along.

J. B. WILSON, M. D.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

"To-Morrow" Magazine, published at Chicago, Parker H. Sercombe, editor, ranks among the most progressive, active and vigorous periodicals in America. It has a corps of brilliant writers on its staff which now includes Walter Hurt following its consolidation with The Culturist.

BLUE GRASS BLADE,
Lexington, Ky.

"To-Morrow" is a socialistic Magazine which started out with matter of original and unique character of considerable interest, but has fallen a prey to sensationalism and the most unwholesome doctrines of socialism.

THE FORUM,
Fargo, N. Dak.

I send "To-Morrow" to my boy at the Kansas State University. Of course I read it first.

MARTIN HEINE,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

What is it that makes "To-Morrow" such a vital magazine—what is it in fact that makes any magazine vital? It is the proportion of human interest found within its pages. Does it ring true, are its writers earnest, are they sincere, are they lovers, are they full of the "cream of human kindness," are they friends, are they personally interested in you? These are some of the elements that go to make up the true magazine, and "To-Morrow" possesses these requisites in greater proportion than any other magazine before the American people today.

There are many magazines that have



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All systems of exercising and breathing are merely methods of distributing and purifying the blood. They are of no value until the blood is first made.

If you select the right kinds and combinations of food, the blood will be pure to start with. Your increased vitality will then give you an appetite for your exercise, the same as for your food. This will force deep and increased respiration and the great laws, viz.:

Eating Making blood
Exercising Distributing blood
and Breathing Purifying blood
will be fulfilled, and the elimination of disease and the building of perfect health will be the inevitable result. THIS IS WHAT MY SYSTEM OF DIET INSTRUCTIONS ACCOMPLISH. They cannot fail if obeyed.

I AM NOT A DOCTOR, BUT A FOOD SPECIALIST. I study foods that give life, not drugs that take life.

The wrong combinations of food will make an inferior body, the same as any other poor material will make an inferior product.

My pupils grow into rugged health because I teach them Nature's greatest law of life, viz.: the science of selecting and combining their food.

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greater strength and interest along some one or more lines, but for great, broad, free human interest, for the *personal* equation in its highest form, commend me to "To-Morrow." It has the largest crew of talented and earnest writers, associated in the closest sympathy and most intimate fellowship, of any publication of modern times. It is edited for humanity, not primarily for the dollar.

EDITOR SOUNDVIEW.

Olalla, Wash.

Permit me to express my high appreciation of your publication which stands unique among its radical contemporaries and fills a long felt want.

JOSEPH STEINER

Washington, D. C.

TO-MORROW is without doubt a full thought magazine. The writer has been much interested in some of your pen pictures.

E. W. ALLEN.

San Jose, Calif.

Colorado City, Colo.

April 21, 1906.

There should be no limit fixed to the circulation of TO-MORROW among thinkers. It is wholesome and constructive. Your articles are ever suggestive of ways, means and methods of better conditions.

Parker H. Sercombe and Walter Hurt are each intrepid leaders of the reform that has broken away from authority, tradition, creed and precedent and in a breezy way throw down the gauntlet to the Omnipotent Post Master General, with his ukases and "fraud orders." They are magnetic and inspiring on every subject they touch.

L. W. BILLINGSLEY,

Lincoln, Neb.

I can't resist the desire to raise my small voice in praise of your delightful magazine. I have been an interested reader of it for several months.

T. E. LEAVITT,

Kansas City, Mo.

TO-MORROW which deals with causes instead of effects in its treatment of the vital questions of the day, has Parker H. Sercombe at the throttle. He's a rattling good engineer and his machine being on the line of least resistance makes speed and gets there every month on schedule time.

Sunday TIMES,

Buffalo, N. Y.

The April number of your magazine at hand and contents eagerly and with keen pleasure devoured. Was greatly pleased with Mr. Hurt's "Analysis and Appreciation" of Moses Harman. Of Mr. Sercombe's articles I was much in-

terested in "Cause and Cure" as showing forth a depth and grasp of knowledge of evolution that few writers seem to possess.

KATE A. UNTHANK,
Lawrence, Kan.

My first impression of TO-MORROW was that it was good, second, better, third, best. It is readable. It fits in nicely and interestingly to all who read, think and observe for the purpose of human advancement.

J. N. LEE,
Ponchatoula, La.

I am a reader of your magazine and enjoy it very much, and although you may not always be right, it is frank and fearless, and that is what I like.

MISS ETTA MANNILLE,
Bridgeport, Conn.

I have read with profit and pleasure your April number. It is done up brown and smacks of that kind of "brain food" for which millions of us are hungering.

C. A. STRICKLAND,
Boise, Idaho.

Your magazine certainly sets people to thinking which is more than the majority of the new publications can do.

A. B. ELLIS,

Of Co-Operative Brotherhood.
Burley, Wash.

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To-Morrow—For March gave President Roosevelt his ideas on Progressive Inheritance Tax.

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To-Morrow's Facts are TRUE for it employs as a basis, not man's opinion, but nature's own corroborations.

To-Morrow—Is feared and imitated by Rulers, Statesmen, Preachers and Litterateurs.

To-Morrow—Is unafraid of what people variously call Life, Evolution, Nature, God.

To-Morrow—Is Rational, Practical, Unbiased, and is published by

SERCOMBE, HIMSELF

2238 Calumet Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.



In looking over your magazine I find it does not confine itself entirely to matters which should be put off until "to-morrow" but which should be attended to today.

G. MAJOR TABER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

To-MORROW is certainly growing in interest and value.

J. WILLIAM LLOYD,
Editor Ariel,
Westfield, N. J.

I have received your very interesting magazine and I am delighted with the same. Hope I may continue to enjoy such good reading for many years.

H. ZAHLHAUS,
Pittsburg, Pa.

Received the To-MORROW and they are exceptionally excellent, and show the advance made by the few who really do think.

I. C. CAMERON,
National Soldiers Home, Va.

You are doing a great work. You are enabling hundreds to free their minds from the clutch of authority and fear.

M. A. BOWEN,
Cannon, Texas.

To-MORROW just suits us.

MRS. A. C. BOOTH,
Greenwood, Wis.

As To-MORROW claims the credit for having converted President Roosevelt to the idea of progressive inheritance tax by its editorial on that subject in the March number, its continuance in the same line of thought in the May number will be of interest.

This issue is somewhat of a "Whitman" number in celebration of the Poet's birthday anniversary, May 31.

Besides a number of selections from Walt Whitman this number contains an unusual amount of exceptionally fine poetry.

In the "Business End" Mr. Sercombe discusses such eruptions as "Vesvius," "The Return of Dowie," Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," "Life vs. Programs," "Doing vs. Believing," and "A Think Magazine for Think People."

A Pure Food department has been added which will be conducted by Dr. L. E. Landone, who will publish a list of all the impure foods manufactured in this country.

LOUISVILLE TIMES,
Louisville, Ky.

I do not want to lose sight of Mr. Hurt for he is one of the remarkable men in the reform movement.

L. F. AUSTIN,
Fort Morgan, Colo.

The attention of our readers is directed to the article which appears in another column of this issue of the Blade, announcing the consolidation of two Liberal periodicals, The Culturist and To-MORROW from the pen of Walter Hurt.

Aside from the warm, personal regard expressed towards the Blade by Mr. Hurt, as concerns its policy and appearance, and while regretting the illness of Mr. Hurt which has impelled a suspension of the independent publication of The Culturist, yet it is a pleasure to know his writings are not to be wholly lost to American Rationalists, in that by the business arrangements entered into, Mr. Hurt becomes an associate editor of the consolidated publication—To-MORROW.

Candidly, there are few, if any, more brilliant writers in America than Mr. Hurt. His vocabulary is invariably rich and he is the fortunate possessor of a well stored mind. With the happy faculty of being able to express his thoughts in choice English, whatever he writes can be read with interest. As both The Culturist and To-Morrow were splendid publications individually—combined they should become more than a

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success, financially and a power for good in the land.

BLUE GRASS BLADE,
Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Hurt: In behalf of the Western Federation of Miners, I desire to express to you our sincere thanks for the sentiments contained in your editorial, "Plutocracy's Murderous Plot," and I know that the men who are now confined in a jail in the State of Idaho will feel grateful to you for your effort in their behalf.

Yours fraternally,
JOHN M. O'NEILL,
Editor Miners' Magazine,
Denver, Colo.

In the May To-Morrow Mr. Sercombe in his editorials gives some solar plexus blows to superstition. * * * As people think correctly they gradually come into their own. They find that all people are in the same relations to nature and have the same dependence on nature, whether others know it or not.

Loving co-operation is better than slavish obedience in all things. Obedience through fear cannot draw out the most or the best from any one. It destroys vitality and lessens results.

GEO. B. WILLIAMS,
Frackville, Pa.

I congratulate To-Morrow because Hurt has become one of your Editorial "We." Any gospel depends largely upon the consistency of its promulgators for its effectiveness. And no gospel is useful unless it can be *lived* beneficially—become incarnate—a real working formula. A living example of righteousness is worth infinitely more than barrels of Carter's Best Black. May you be the "example" using the "Best Black" for the diffusion of "the simple truth."

OWEN RAYMO,
Wayne, Mich.

I do not know when I have read a magazine that has pleased me so much as the April issue of To-Morrow and Culturist combined. It is strong, keen, and powerful.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY,
President American Free-Thought Association,
Versailles, Ky.

To-Morrow is improving greatly. I have watched the magazine from the first. I was very much pleased with the last two issues.

O. LEJANDRE,
St. Louis, Mo.

Am much pleased with the combination magazine. Long may it wave.

ELLA KANTZ,
Pomeroy, Ohio.

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ESTA A. REED,
Gibbon, Neb.

I have been a constant reader of your fine magazine and as an "amateur thinker" can not speak too highly of it.

JOHN CONRAD,
St. Paul, Minn.

INTROSPECTION.

If such a thing were possible that all the values known
Should be by deed and lawful claim for one man, all his own,
Among the World's great sinners this man would stand alone.

And such a thing is possible.

'Tis "ownership" makes slaves of us and children yet to come.
It forces evil methods, from the palace to the slum.

We should cleanse our social system of its "private title" scum.

And such a thing is possible.

When Jesus said to Zacheus: "Come down from out that tree!

I represent the workers and your wealth belong to me!"

He gave to all mankind this hint, "Tis easy to be free."

And such a thing is possible.

The great magnates who rule now, like Carnegie with steel,

As Rockefeller handles oil or Morgan makes a deal,

All such would find great pleasure to serve the commonweal.

And such a thing is possible.

C. A. STRICKLAND.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

"Popular Science Monthly" contains among other scientific treatises "Individual Adaptation to Environment," by Prof. J. H. Blair, "A League of Peace," by Andrew Carnegie, and a description of the Finger Lake Region of New York, by Prof. Tarr. (The Science Press, Lancaster, Pa.)

"The Open Court" is this month distinctively Japanese, with picture of Lao Tze for a frontispiece, an article on "Ethnology of Japan," also "Some Characteristics of the Japanese Language," and "The Reflections of a Japanese Sui-

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cide," by H. L. Latham, A. M., S. T. M. (Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago.)

"Human Life shows a fine portrait of Mark Twain and some incidents of his life interestingly told by W. A. Graham. Alfred Henry Lewis continues his series of "Confessions of a Newspaper Man" in his inimitable humorous style. (Human Life Pub. Co., Boston.)

"Watson's Magazine" devotes several pages of editorial matter to a splendid review of Upton Sinclair's "Jungle." He also discusses "Common Sense Education" and writes a sketch of Clark Howell entitled "A Georgia Di-Dapper." (121 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.)

"The Conservator" contains two Whitman articles, "Walt Whitman as reflected in recent French criticism" and "Whitman: the inner light of Quakerism." (1624 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.)

"The Open Road," which traces a direct lineal descent from Whitman's song of that name, is a very artistic little Saunterer's Chronicle, the midsummer number containing "A Word on Forestry" and beautiful frontispiece, "A Forester." (137 Grant Ave., Jersey City, N. J.)

"Suggestion" leading articles this month are "The Origin of Christian Science," by Horatio W. Dresser, and "Constructive Thought," by L. W. Billings. (4020 Drexel Blvd., Chicago.)

"Nautilus" contributors this month are Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Florence M. Kingsley, Eleanor Kirk, Riley M. Fletcher Berry and others. (Holyoke, Mass.)

"The National" special features are Charles Ferguson's article suggesting a way to build scientific cities and useful universities; a sketch of Hayden Jones, Newspaper artist, and a discussion of "Affairs at Washington." (Chapple Pub. Co., Boston.)

"Physical Culture" leading articles are "Tensing Exercises" by Bernarr McFadden and "Home Life of a Modern Champion" by W. P. Franklin (Spootswood, N. J.)

"My Business Friend" leading articles are "First Aid to Commerce," "The Inheritance Tax," "The Metamorphosis of the American Criminal," "The Harvard Student and Business," and articles by Leslie M. Shaw and John F. Lacey. (Miner Pub. Co., 337 Broadway, N. Y.)

"The Busv Man's Magazine" reproduces from leading publications the best articles each month. (McLean Pub. Co., Montreal, Canada.)

"Now"—the first magazine published in San Francisco after the disaster, con-

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SOME PERIODICALS WORTH READING.

Write for a sample copy.

Moody's Magazine, John Moody, New York.

Human Life, Alfred Henry Lewis, Boston.

The Mirror, William Marion Reedy, St. Louis.

Collier's Weekly, Norman Hapgood, New York.

The Cosmopolitan, Bailley Millard, New York.

McClure's Magazine, S. S. McClure, New York.

Metropolitan Magazine, R. H. Russel, New York.

Humanitarian Review, Singleton Davis, Los Angeles, Cal.

Nautilus, Holyoke, Mass.

New Thought, Louise Radford, Wells, Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Suggestion, Elmer Ellsworth Cary, 4020 Drexel Boul., Chicago.

Truth Seeker, E. H. McDonald, 62 Versy St., New York.

Appeal to Reason, J. A. Wayland, Girard, Kansas.

Physical Culture, Bernarr McFadden 337 Spottswood, N. J.

The Worker, Algernon Lee, 184 Williams St., New York.

Blue Grass Blade, James H. Hughes, Lexington, Ky.

The Public, Louis F. Post, First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

International Socialist Review, A. M. Simons, 264 E. Kinzie St.

Talent, Pearson Bros., 29 So. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Watson's Magazine, Tom Watson, 421 W. 42d St., New York, N. Y.

National Magazine, Joe Chapple, Boston, Mass.

Wilshire's, Gaylord Wilshire, New York, N. Y.

The Arena, B. O. Flower, Trenton, N. J.

Social Democratic Herald, Fred Heath Milwaukee, Wis.

Everybody's Magazine, Ridgway & Thayer, New York, N. Y.

tains a very touching letter from the editor expressing renewed faith and strengthened love for humanity. (105 Steiner St., San Francisco.)

"Health Culture" discusses "Unwholesome Mental States, as factors in the production of disease," also "The Art of Body Building," fully illustrated, by the editor, Dr. Latson. "Walking as a Fine Art," and "The Formation of Walking Clubs," are also discussed. (151 West 23rd St., New York.)

Other periodicals received are:

"Single Tax Review," 11 Frankfort St., New York, N. Y.

"The Voice of the Negro," Atlanta, Georgia.

"Dogdom," Battle Creek, Mich.

"Everyday Housekeeping," Clark Pub. Co., Boston, Mass.

"Suggestion," 4020 Drexel Boul., City.

"Health Culture," 151 W. 23d St., New York, N. Y.

"Current Literature," 34 W. 26th St., New York, N. Y.

"Human Culture," 130 Dearborn St., Chicago.

"Jewish Criterion," Pittsburg, Pa.

"The Modern View," St. Louis, Mo.

"The Home Magazine," Bobbs Merrill Pub. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

"The Humanitarian Review," Los Angeles, Cal.

"The New York Magazine of Mysteries," New York, N. Y.

"Good Health Clinic," The Clinic Pub. Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

"The Liberator," Minneapolis, Minn.

"Appeal to Reason," Girard, Kansas.

"The Public," First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

"The Unionist," Green Bay, Wis.

"The Chicago Israelite," Chicago.

"The Search Light," Waco, Texas.

"The Advance," Seattle, Wash.

"The Commoner," Lincoln, Neb.

"The Woman's Journal," Boston, Mass.

"The Union Sentinel," Reading, Pa.

"The Crisis," Salt Lake City.

"Ingersoll Memorial Beacon," Chicago.

"Business and Finance," Hudson Bldg., New York.

"The Jewish Exponent," Philadelphia, Pa.

"The People's Press," Chicago.

"Journal of Agriculture," St. Louis, Mo.

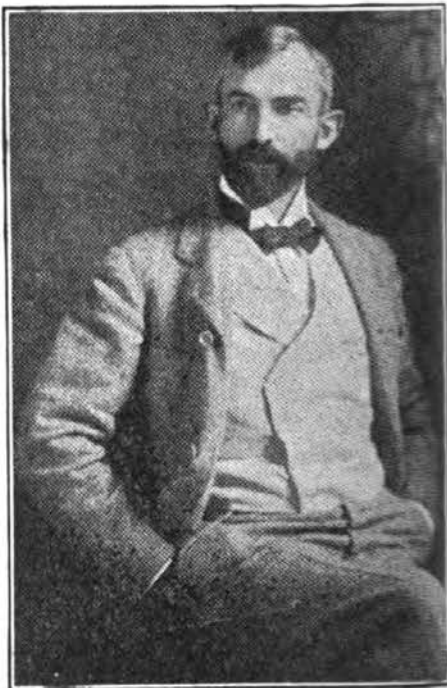
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"The Hebrew Standard," New York, N. Y.

"The Broad Axe," Chicago.

"The Socialist," Toledo, O.

"Progressive Thinker," Chicago.

"Blue Grass Blade," Lexington, Ky.

"The Chicago Socialist," Chicago.

"The Pathfinder," Washington, D. C.

"The Jewish Ledger," New Orleans, La.

"The Light of Truth," Chicago.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A LETTER FROM JACK LONDON.

Glen Ellen, Cal., Apr. 28, 1906

Dear Comrade:

At last, after being thrown out of gear by the earthquake, I am getting around to dropping a line about Mr. Moore's **THE UNIVERSAL KINSHIP**.

I do not know of any book dealing with Evolution that I have read with such keen interest. Mr. Moore has a broad grasp and shows masterly knowledge of the subject. And withal the interest never flags. The book reads like a novel. One is constantly keyed up and expectant. Mr. Moore is to be congratulated upon the magnificent way in which he has made alive the dull, heavy processes of the big books.

And then, there is his style. He uses splendid, virile English and shows a fine appreciation of the values of words. He uses always the right word.

Yours for the Revolution,

JACK LONDON.

The Universal Kinship, By J. Howard Moore; International Library of Social Science, Volume 3. Cloth, 331 pages, \$1.00. Order from To-Morrow Pub. Co. 2238 Calumet av., Chicago.

"Woman's Source of Power," by Lois Waisbrocker, that veteran in the cause of freedom is a booklet of about fifty pages, in which the author has set forth in the spirit of toleration and love her ideas as to the cure for some of the evils which afflict society.

Her plea is for sex freedom for women, and her presentation is broad and rational. (Alliance Publishing Co., Denver, Colo. Price 25 cents).

"The Curse of Race Prejudice," a vigorous pamphlet by James F. Morton, Jr., (244 West 143rd St., New York City. Price 25 cents.) He says, "The question is not one of sections but of principles." The subject is treated under the following chapter headings: "What is Race Prejudice?" "The Lesson of History," "The Fruits of Race

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- 5 "Why Am I a Jew?" II
- 7 "The Inalienable Duties of Man" I
- 8 "The Inalienable Duties of Man" II
- 9 "Myth, Miracle and Midrash"
- 10 "The Bible in the Light of Modern Sciences"
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The book was written for the man who sincerely desires to possess normal strength, health and happiness. It does not interest the well man and will only be sold to the man who, with his order, sends a letter giving all his symptoms and troubles. Write it in your own way, with perfect freedom and confidence. I will understand you. **Tell me just exactly what you desire to be cured of**, and I will tell you on what pages of my book you will find the information. Ask any questions of a medical, surgical or hygienic nature that you are personally interested in and I will dictate a professional opinion. Your letter will be answered fully, just as you would like to have your doctor talk to you, and of course all our correspondence will be confidential. This book was not published for profit, but to give necessary scientific information to men who need it.

One dollar, and your letter to me, secures the book and my professional opinion on your case, mailed in plain sealed package. The dollar also pays for your correspondence consultation. If you wish to return the book, I will refund the dollar.

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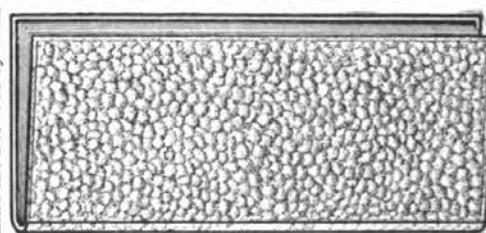
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Prejudice," "The Fanatical Silliness of Race Prejudice," "Some Attempts to Defend Race Prejudice," "The Bugbear of Social Equality," "The Higher Ideal."

The heart hunger of man to get back to the simplicity of naturalness has perhaps never been voiced more clearly than in "The Dwellers in Vale Sunrise," written by J. William Lloyd. While one may not accept as his ideal of simplicity the details of the life pictured, yet the real principle of the thing can not but appeal to men and women everywhere. However, he introduces into the educational scheme for children the element of competition which one can scarcely believe should be encouraged in that Utopia where love for love's sake and freedom for freedom's

sake are the ruling motives of men's lives. The central thought of the book may be summed up in this sentence which is put into the mouth of one of the characters, "The natural life is the *expressed* life, the artificial life is the *repressed* life."

"Songs of the Desert" by the same author, is a unique little booklet and we are informed on the last page that "This little book was printed for her father by Oriole Emerson Llyod in her Out-of-the-Way Print Shop at Out-of-the-Way Home, the address of which is Box 511, Westfield, New Jersey." This little book is numbered and signed by the author, and is a collection of poems that grew up out of the Arizona Desert like cactus blossoms. There is the loving personal touch about it that means



The book is 4x9 1/2 in. just the size for pocket or pigeon-hole in desk. Handsomely and durably bound in plain black leather, 128 pp. illustrated with many halftones.

so much to us in this work-a-day world.

"The Future Life in the Light of Ancient and Modern Science," is the title of a big book translated from the French, written by Louis Elbe. The author has treated the subject very fully in both its historical and scientific aspects. We may question whether it is worth while to spend much time on conjecture or study regarding a future life when we know so very little about the life here and now. But notwithstanding the "notworthwhileness" of it, in all ages and among all people this question, "If a man die shall he live again?" has received a great deal of man's thought and he is forever seeking to find a final and satisfactory answer to it. To those interested in this subject the book will no doubt be of great interest. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.)

"Use Natural Law," by H. E. Sawdon, San Francisco, Calif., which is advertised on another page, is a quite worth while little pamphlet, filled with good strong food for thinking minds. His plea is for us to conform our lives to natural law, and the end which he points out is life full of health, happiness, beauty, love, *life*.

A strong movement is being made for woman suffrage here in Chicago. We are in receipt of a little booklet, put out by the agitators of the movement, in which the reasons why woman's suffrage should be granted are set forth, together with the opinion on the subject of the principal mayors of Illinois. Send ten cents to Miss Ellen E. Foster, Treas., Ill. Equal Suffrage Association, 1101 Davis St., Evanston, Ill., and get three of these booklets, one for yourself and two to give away.

There is no better way to set before our readers the nature and purpose of

James Allen's beautiful and helpful book, "As A Man Thinketh" than by quoting the preface of the book:

"The heart of humanity is hungry. Its needs are many because of the dimness of vision that produces false conceptions of truth.

"Mankind has become bewildered in its weary search for the 'bread of life' owing to its siren voices which ever call, 'Lo here, Lo there.'

The hour is at hand, however, in which the Heart has ceased its wanderings and is listening intently to the 'still small voice' within which leads it back to homeland.

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How's Your Memory?

Your memory can be trained and cultivated so that your best friend wouldn't know it. Memory culture is a most fascinating study to those who would make the most of life. You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Memory is the tool by which you carve your way to success. Why not have a first class, bright, sharp tool? Now, if this makes the least bit of impression on you why not write something like this:

"Dear Prof. Dickson, 1001 Kimball Hall, Chicago:

"The editor of this paper says you will give me some information about developing my memory. I should be pleased to receive your booklet. Very truly yours (Miss) James James.

"Anywhere P. O., any State."

Prof. Dickson will send out 1,000 booklets to 1000 readers of this paper. Why not get one of these booklets? It is sent free.

THE SECRET OF VOICE-PLACING.

In reality there is no such thing as "placing the voice." Voice is invisible and inevitably infinite quantity, so such expressions as "voice-building," "voice-development," etc., are misleading. "Voice-placing" is the most nearly correct because there is only one place within the human anatomy where the voice can be revibrated in order to secure brilliancy. The place is the vocal chambers of the head. When one learns to revibrate tone in this place, his voice takes on timbre; and when he recognizes that he has attained this brilliancy of tone, because he has succeeded in revibrating sound in this definite place, then, naturally, he says that his voice has been placed. But the term, "voice-placing" is far from adequate and is used in this article simply for the want of something better.

The secret of "Voice-placing" lies in the *What* and the *How*.

If the instructor can present in a skillful manner the *What*, the learner will experience very little difficulty with the *How*. The *What* cannot be pointed out by illustrated talks on anatomical vocal structure, lectures on bones, registers, muscles, etc. It cannot be done by kneading the diaphragm, consciously lifting the chest, touching the tip of the tongue to the front teeth, placing a belt closely about the waist, hollowing and curving the tongue, idiotic smiling, etc., etc.

It can be pointed out by teaching the pupil to *think* a tone correctly. He must be taught to recognize the *What* and the *How*. The *What* is the vibration which sings, the *How* to make it sing results from discrimination and concentration. Discrimination of the vibration which sings and concentration on the thing discriminated focus the voice, having for its objective point the teeth and the reverberatory or bony part of the face and head without spoken reference to them.

Voice is the result of the involuntary vibration of the vocal cords, together with the air, within the walls of the head and the throat. By revibration in the vocal chambers of the head, timbre-brilliancy known as head-resonance is attained. By learning to recognize the vibrating of the vocal cords, and the revibration of sound above them in the head and trachea and chest below them, one becomes conscious of how he produces tone; and by learning to recognize the velvety, musical quality of a tone, produced through such consciousness, he learns to *think* a tone that is pleasing. Thus it is that the thought-tone is the real tone; the audible one is a reproduction. With this discrimination, "voice-placing" and the art of singing and speaking become as simple, positive and exact as a formula for compounding chemicals.

Voice, like thought, is invisible. Thought cannot be moulded or builded. Thought is unfoldment. Thought is infinite. Thought is the molder and builder of the physical being. Thought inspires and compels the development of the physical, and in turn the physical reproduces the thought through the psychic. The thought-tone is unfoldment. It is the molder and developer of the vocal organ. A tone correctly thought is the psychical motor of the vocal dynamo—it absolutely compels the development of every particle of vocal structure. Correct breathing becomes habit. The muscles of the head and face, like the muscles of the head and abdomen, obey the law, vibrating in infinite harmony; and the entire being finally becomes the resonator.

The secret of "voice-placing" then, lies in correct discrimination. When one learns to think a tone correctly, he has but to breathe the thought into audible consciousness.

Every atom of his physical being responds in harmony with reproducing, and concentration naturally results. With such discrimination and concentration, relaxation becomes compulsory, and the throat is opened, leaving the vocal cords free to vibrate, resulting in sympathetic quality and breadth of tone and *subconscious breath-control*.

Recognition of the vibration which sings, then, is mental unfoldment. Thus it is that voice is placed by discriminating the invisible, inevitable, immutable law of vibration—Infinite force.

CARL YOUNG.

63 Auditorium Building, Chicago, Illinois.

A FARM FOR YOU

ONE CROP MAY PAY FOR IT

The Eastern tenant (and you who read may be one) rents his farm, and, by getting up early and working late, succeeds at the end of the year in having made a fair living, with the bulk of the farm products belonging to the landlord. He can keep this up, year after year, and, at the end of any term of years, he is about where he started, with this difference—both he and the farm have perceptibly run down. The longer he keeps at it, the poorer he is. There's a better way. There's nothing new or strange about it. Thousands have tried it and "won out." Why not you? Let us tell you how.

There are ways and ways—one of them is to sell out, gather up all the money you can, and go West and homestead. This can be done, but there is this fact to remember: Nearly all the best places are taken. One can find any amount of raw land remote from railroads, schools, and churches, out of the world and away back, where, in the course of time, civilization may penetrate. But there's a better way than all that. It is to buy a farm in the Southwest, along the Santa Fe, and start in with all the advantages you left behind, and more.

You can buy that sort of a place at from \$10 an acre to many times that amount. The difference in price depends on nearness to towns, railroads, the state of cultivation, and all that sort of thing. But a better farm, so far as fertility of the soil and productiveness are concerned, may be had for \$10 an acre, than you could get anywhere back East for \$50 an acre.

Here's a further fact: It may seem remarkable, but it is a fact, that the first crop will often pay for the land. It has occurred in thousands of instances, and will occur again.

Where is this to be done? That's where we come in, willing and ready to help you. You ought to have detailed information, and we will send it to you for the asking. Down in Southern and Southwestern Kansas a \$10-an-acre farm is waiting for you, and it is probably better than the one you leave behind, owned by the landlord.

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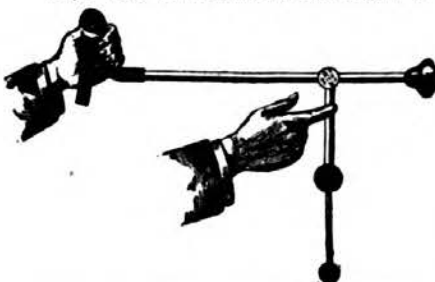
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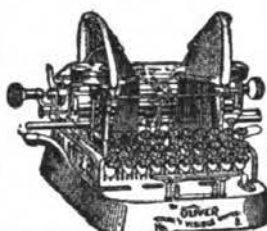
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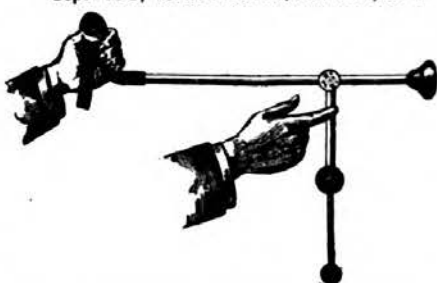
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The book was written for the man who sincerely desires to possess normal strength, health and happiness. It does not interest the well man and will only be sold to the man who, with his order, sends a letter giving all his symptoms and troubles. Write it in your own way, with perfect freedom and confidence. I will understand you. **Tell me just exactly what you desire to be cured of, and I will tell you on what pages of my book you will find the information.** Ask any questions of a medical, surgical or hygienic nature that you are personally interested in and I will dictate a professional opinion. Your letter will be answered fully, just as you would like to have your doctor talk to you, and of course all our correspondence will be confidential. This book was not published for profit, but to give necessary scientific information to men who need it.

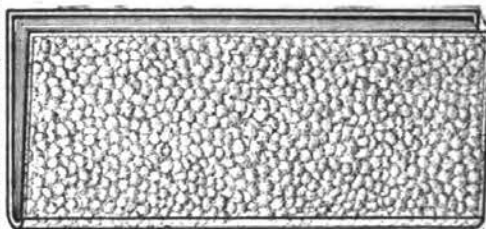
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IS THIS A MAD WORLD?

One of our appreciative readers having declared that "To-Morrow" had simply "GONE SANE IN A MAD WORLD," we have decided to devote a page each month to recording proofs of the world's madness.

Ernest Crosby in "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable" insists the World is Mad, and gives several strong reasons for his belief. We ask our readers to do the same, viz.: Send in ten or twenty reasons why you think the World is Mad, and we shall be glad to print them in this department.

TRIGGS AND THE PRESS.

I deplore the fact that the "Press" has again undertaken to "Gorkyize" Oscar Lovell Triggs. While professor in the Chicago University, also at the time of his losing suit against the New York Sun and now again on new lines, poor Triggs is being scorched by the reporter's poker and prodded by his pencil. The thought arises, how much can this sensitive man stand without being driven to distraction? He does not feel any more kindly toward me than he does toward the Kerosene Kollege and others, but the microbe of publicity bothers him. Why not let him alone?

Triggs is a quiet, harmless man who would injure nobody—he has done some good work—he has written at least one good book, "The Changing Order." Why can he not be left to live his life and pursue his work? Publicity stabs him, stultifies him, starves him. Did he have a rugged personality that could shake off the incubus and enable him to strike back effectively, were he strong enough in this philosophy of Whitman,

"I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood

If no other in the world be aware I sit content

And if each and all be aware I sit content."

it would not then be so rank an act to toss his bruised body to the wolves of scandal.

Now in preparation; "Chicago's Cave Dwellers" by Parker H. Sercombe. Price, post paid, One Dollar. Send remittance with order. The only true story of vice and crime. the responsibility being placed upon the real culprits and NOT on the victims.

Read "A Preachment to Preachers" in this number and then send for petition blanks and funds to help on the campaign of common sense.

TO-MORROW.

WOMAN AND WORK.

The prevailing method of dress is surely a godsend to the modern woman who lives without work. Air-cushions, bustles, coiffeurs, waist-forms, busts etc., all, all designed to make good deficiencies which two or three generations of useful living would naturally supply.

No wonder that "excessive modesty" is forced to the front as a pretense for keeping glaring physical defects well covered. Woman's form divine? Yes, when it is permitted to assume the contour that several generations of useful, active work will impart. But the average woman? Banish the thought of dress reform. Keep her hid. Keep her covered.

It is easily seen that wherever man has interposed his laws in place of nature's, degeneracy has followed.

Why still must blundering nature set the pace,
And astute man be laggard in the race.

Woman may one day control man but it will not be until all her fancied RIGHTS to do so have passed.

Say lady—why not realize that the sex relations of other women are just as clean as your own. Quit jumping on the OTHER woman.

Do not think the above is for the OTHER woman either. It is for YOU.

There are still women extant so genteel that they do not think it nice or proper to perpetuate their kind.

They are right so far as they are concerned, but a perversion of the whole sex principle.

Read "A Preachment to Preachers" in this number and then send for petition blanks and funds to help on the campaign of common sense.

Now in preparation; "Chicago's Cave Dwellers" by Parker H. Sercombe. Price, post paid, One Dollar. Send remittance with order. The only true story of vice and crime, the responsibility being placed upon the **real** culprits and NOT on the victims.

To-Morrow Talk.

To-Morrow is one of the few magazines in this country that has not been captured by the money oligarchy. A number of periodicals that a year ago were fighting the fight of the people against Special Privilege have withdrawn from the contest reversed their policy, and now smile blandly with a purchased optimism. Not long ago Pearson's magazine was running articles by Henry George, Jr., in which monopolies that today threaten to strangle our prospects for a real democracy were logically shown up for what they are. The June and July numbers of Pearson's this year leer and simper in an attempt to be cheerful that would dishearten us did we feel it sincere. McClure's magazine, once the implacable Nemesis of the Standard Oil Company and the grasping railroad rebaters, is emasculated of its former virility and now gives us scarcely any more information on the pressing problems of the time than a children's story book or a dust-eaten cyclopedia. The Saturday Evening Post denounces an imaginary alderman now and then but in fact and interpretation is as uncommunicative as a lamp-post; a single copy of The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin has more insight and wisdom than a whole decade of the Post. Munsey's, of course, has always been known among thinking people as a panderer to royalistic instincts, monthly chattering of princes and dukes and blooded bull-dogs. The Atlantic Monthly, the Century, Harper's and Scribner's practically repeat themselves from year to year and an appropriate cover design for any of them would be a shining, immaculate shroud, —they are dead ones.

There are a few left, however, that have stood out against all offers made them. The Cosmopolitan is bold and frank, alive to the hour, a moving force for good. The National Magazine of Boston, is alive to the needs of democracy and strikes fair for the New Republic. Everybody's is still in the ring and gives a hurrah of hope for every sham and shame it uncovers. Collier's Weekly is quite judicial and gives a pretty fair shake to all sides. Not least of all is the St. Louis Mirror, edited by William Marion Reedy, who bends not the knee nor smiles for pay. Last of all and first of all (may be) is To-Morrow, free and untrammelled, with its columns open to all schools of thought, and its smiles, such as they are, free and pure as the joy of life. Observe that the color of the To-Morrow cover is very much like that of a paper dollar. To-Morrow is fighting your fight. Do the right thing by it and send in your subscription to-day. If we're not always nice and pleasant, remember that civilization is pretty much an old back yard and we're trying to clear out the tin cans, rags, lumber, and carcasses. We are pioneers, working for you, for your children and for your children's children. Your hand! brother.

The Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago—A
RATIONAL WORLD MOVEMENT, devoted to the intensified process of
CHARACTER CULTURE through the medium of right association and
environment. Dues \$12.00 a year, \$3.00 a quarter.

To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1906.

The Business End	Personally Conducted.
Is this a Mad World.	
Triggs and the Press.	
Woman and Work	
Frontispiece (Poem)	Charles A. Sandburg.
Editorials	
Address to Chicago Clergymen.	
Universal Experimentation.	
The Daily Press.	
About Food and Drink	
The Master Workman (Poem)	Stacy E. Baker.
One New Thing Under the Sun.....	Lida Parce Robinson.
To-Morrow (Poem)	Edwin Arnold Brenholz.
Genius of America	Herman Kuehn.
A Prayer	Voltaire.
Let Us Free Love	Marguerite Warren Springer.
Views and Reviews	Charles A. Sandburg.
National Business Woman's League	Grace Moore.
Yellow News (Poem)	Bertrand Shadwell.
A Fragment	W. H. Sanders.
A Preachment to Preachers	Parker H. Sercombe.
The History of Human Marriage	Lida Parce Robinson.
Spirit of the Wind (Poem)	Maude Jacobs.
In Hay Time (Poem)	Reuben W. Borough.
The Repression of the Indian	Carlos Montezuma.
The Dreamer (Poem)	Phillip Green Wright.
Hubbard's Idea of Suffering	Valdemar Blad.
Another Perplexed Philosopher	C. F. Hunt.
Concerning Loss and Gain	Anna Coleman.
Misfit Art Parlors	
My Wealth (Poem)	Laurie J. Quinby.
A Fable for Workingmen	Bolton Hall.
Paradoxes	Dr. Geo. W. Carey.
The Bowl (Poem)	H. Bedford Jones.
Friendship (Poem)	Charles Henry Chesley.
The S—W. Round Table	Grace Moore.
The Informal Brotherhood	Viola Richardson.
What They Say of Us.....	

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

DEPARTURES.

By Charles A. Sandburg.

Strolling along
By the teeming docks,
I watch the ships put out,
Black ships that heave and lunge
And move like mastodons
Arising from lethargic sleep.

The fathomed harbor
Calls them not nor dares
Them to a strain of action,
But outward, on and outward,
Sounding low-reverberating calls,
Shaggy in the half-lit distance,
They pass the pointed headland,
View the wide, far-lifting wilderness
And leap with cumulative speed
To test the challenge of the sea.

Plunging,
Doggedly onward plunging,
Into salt and mist and foam and sun.

The Editors of *To-Morrow* do not stand sponsor for opinions of contributors nor of each other. We believe in a fair field and no favor. We want clear, clean, intelligent discussion. Please understand that we don't all believe all we print!

To-Morrow

For People who Think

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EDITORIAL STAFF:

WALTER HURT

MARGUERITE WARREN SPRINGER

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD

VIOLA RICHARDSON

PARKER H. SERCOMBE

CHARLES A. SANDBURG

GRACE MOORE

MAUDE JACOBS

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JULY, 1906.

No. 7.

Address to Chicago Clergymen.

The following invitation having been sent out to one hundred and eight Chicago clergymen, the address which we print in full will be of interest to our readers as all those invited who did not attend have received copies by mail:

INVITATION FOR YOURSELF AND WHOM YOU INVITE.

Dear Sir—In my forthcoming book, "Chicago's Cave Dwellers", I shall prove in a way that it need never be told again, that the present system of teaching morality is a failure—that commandments and maxims formerly effective on dominated races are of no force with a free people—that to stem the tide of rowdyism, laziness and vice, we must employ methods in harmony with contemporary ideals of democracy and equality.

There never was a time more calculated to try men's souls than now. You are to be called upon to let perish dogma and doctrine that human morality may survive.

The principle of monogamy, the bulwark and vitality of every land and people is being ignored and trampled in the dust by a large proportion of leading citizens. If you do not know to what extent polygamous practices (sex drunkenness) is being carried on in Chicago, I will tell you.

The time has come for the parents, preachers and teachers of our country to place their faith and COMPLETE TRUST

in the method of the power that has painted the lily, made of us a perpetuating race and sent the countless stars whirling in their orbits.

Our millionaires are money drunk, our clubmen hypocrites, our newspapers scandalmongers, our saloons vampires.

The future of all children and the race is at stake. It is impossible to rear children in Chicago to be moral or honest.

If their characters are worth while for you to spend an hour of your time to confer on this subject, kindly be at 2238 Calumet avenue, Friday, June 15th at 4 p. m., sharp, at which time I will speak for thirty minutes to ministers and educators and try to answer such questions as may be asked.

I feel it my duty to call this meeting before placing "Chicago's Cave Dwellers" in the hands of the public.

Trusting that you will be with us on the above date, I am,
Yours truly,

PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

N. B.—If you cannot arrange to attend the above meeting, I will gladly meet you and any other clergymen and educators at any time and place of your selection. P. H. S.

The parlor of the Spencer-Whitman Center having been duly prepared for the reception of the clergymen, at the appointed time the speaker, disregarding form and precedent, came in from the shop in his overalls, his sleeves rolled to the elbows, and spoke as follows:

Fellow Parasites, Realizing that no preacher can speak with independence and truth unless he has a side line that sustains him, I have taken to useful work, and behold it is good.

In view of the advancing tendencies of rowdyism, adultery, gratt, and every form of vice, it is timely that Conservators of Public Morals should be called to account for their failure to secure better results.

Your Bible says, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and judging by the results which your methods obtain, surely it is high time that new ideals, new standards and new methods should be employed.

You, the preachers of Chicago, are in the position of the parent who continually says "don't" to the child, fears to give the child its proper degree of liberty, prevents development of its initiative and independence and holding it closely under parental control blights its life, destroys its individuality and lets perish its usefulness as a being and a citizen.

The parent is fettered through fear of the child's gaining experience and so blights its power of independent action. You are fettered through fear that your flock will gain so much experience that they will not need YOU, and the fetters of doctrine and dogma originated for the control of enslaved and dominated races, hang about your neck like serpents which you can not shake off and you will not shake them off until through "like experimentation" the people

themselves prove the utter whimsical worthlessness of such ideals and impudent regulations.

I use the term "impudent" advisedly, for surely it is impudent to attempt to regulate a free people by means of commandments and codes not only for the childhood of our race.

The Declaration of Independence, a really inspired document, in declaring men free and equal not only implied the doctrine of Christ, "The brotherhood of man," but we find it now in harmony with the entire system of inductive method of education as seen in the teachings of Froebel, Pestalozzi, Herbert Spencer, and thousands of educators, and proven in every kindergarten and scientific educational institution in the world.

When Walt Whitman declared, "I decline to accept anything which all others can not have the counterpart of on the same terms", he pronounced against special privilege, upheld freedom and equality and showed the way to universal brotherhood and comradeship.

It is the mother who fears to permit her child to play in the street that runs the greater risk of her offspring being eventually killed by a vehicle. It is the parent who keeps the knife entirely out of the hands of the child that may look forward to the eventual catastrophe of seeing its fingers cut off.

It is the preacher, the judge, the statesman and the editor who fear human experimentation, who forget humanity's needs while holding to doctrine and dogma, who stick to commandments and regulations hardly fit for children and slaves, who cling to ancient, threadbare creeds and restrictions entirely unfit for a free people that are the real detriment to human progress, the real causes of crime, the real criminals, the real "Chicago Cave Dwellers."

I dare say to you that the grafter, the drunkard, the prostitute and the conscienceless millionaire are your product—they are your work—they are victims and not culprits.

Years ago Froebel demanded a freedom in the kindergarten for infants which you in your devotion to creed even now refuse to extend to grown men and women.

You imagine that preaching, advice, criticism, commandments, ostracism and other relics of ancient despotic rule are still efficient agencies for the uplift of the race and you believe this because you are in the preaching business, because it is to your interest and because you make your living in that way.

Every young man who attends a theological school with the view of becoming a clergyman is just as much concerned to assure himself economic independence as any dentist, lawyer, journalist or engineer.

I recall the jaunty tone of voice as the Rev. John Roach Straton of the Second Baptist church informed me that he would reach our meeting at Corinthian Hall a little late, but would jump into his automobile and come lively immediate-

ly after the close of his own services. It was very easy to detect that the reverend brother took great pride in being able to state **that he owned an automobile**, not less so than if he had been one of the owners of Packingtown.

Let those who believe in preaching, advice and ostracism as efficient aids by which to control society's morality contemplate for a moment the utter failure of arousing conscience among even the very best of people when their own interests are at stake.

Did you ever talk prohibition to a brewer, abolition to a slave holding church member in anti-bellum days, common sense to a Presbyterian, co-operation to a millionaire, "inductive method" to a Priest, honesty to a grafter, vegetarianism to a wolf; and realize that conscience is not awakened by preaching, except when you talk in the interest of the preacher or in accordance with his nature?

It was comparatively easy to arouse the "conscience" of the people of Massachusetts against human slavery for the reason that African slavery could not be made profitable in Massachusetts. Do you see that this implies a law which carried into the detail of life proves all forms of preaching a waste of time?

Every one knows that to preach to boys against fishing on Sunday—against whittling—against whistling—against lying—or to slap a baby's hand that reaches for the fire or to scare him with threats of the bogie man, all tend to whet the appetite for the thing preached against.

Not only then is preaching and all the allied relics of despotism entirely without effect upon free American manhood and babyhood from its psychological aspect, but when we come to examine into the forces that **really are concerned** in human progress we find not only that they are of an entirely different order than formerly supposed, but to deal with them a complete revolution of ideals and methods is absolutely necessary.

To demonstrate one phase of the principle involved suppose a hundred six year old children from the best classes as they run be placed in fifty or a hundred families in the worst slum districts, say of Chicago, New York or London, and in ten or fifteen years you will to a certainty have developed ninety to a hundred thieves, thugs and prostitutes.

On the other hand take a hundred children of the same class and age and place them in a village or settlement inhabited only by selected people of high character, industrious habits, broad sympathies and kindly, uncritical minds and as sure as the spots on the sun, in ten or fifteen years you will have developed from ninety to a hundred kindly, gentle, industrious men and women fit for the brotherhood of man described by Jesus, fit for a high class inter-dependent and inter-related human society as outlined by Herbert Spencer, fit and prepared to decline special privilege as suggested by Walt Whitman and finally equipped to live as citizens in a

country with a Declaration of Independence that guarantees freedom and equality to all.

Though these examples duly extended imply the whole process of civilization and decay, what have we in contrast—Chicago with its preachers, its courts and police still working along despotic lines organized for the cattle of a thousand years ago—an unfit place in which to bring up children, for coming in contact with mixed conditions, good and bad, they naturally assume the good and bad which their environment offers, some receiving a momentum towards ultra-wickedness and disrespectability, landing them in Joliet, others moving into the channel of respectability enabling them to enjoy honorable careers as Presidents of Life Insurance Companies, Railroads and Beef Trusts.

So I repeat that children can not be reared in Chicago to be honest or moral, it being LIFE CONDITIONS that mould character, not criticism, advice or preaching.

Our characters are moulded by what we DO, not by what we hear.

If we learn by doing we must also teach by doing.

Only to the extent that you can segregate people of good character for children to grow up with, can you expect the results that your profession has been dreaming of for two thousand years.

Chicago is ruined as a center for Character Culture.

True education need develop little more than initiative, originality, industry, and good nature, and it will be seen that we hold within ourselves the Divine power to move into proper relationship with each other, the fit units in the social organism surviving and the unfit perishing for lack of stamina and equilibrium.

All parentalism tends toward perpetuating the unfit which is a detriment to the race while despotism not only kills off automatism and self regulation but by special privilege, lust and self gratification finally destroys itself and leaves the mass without a head and without the power to sustain self.

Nothing is more manifest throughout all fields of inquiry than that the law of life, the tendency of all forces, is toward equilibration.

The automatism by which each returning day and each season comes and goes with equal regularity, the sap encouraged by swaying boughs, rising in trees to be converted into leaves and flowers, the automatic breathing, circulation and perpetuation of animal forms are sufficient proof that the law of nature ever tends towards developing automatic, self-balanced organisms, systems and forms, and human society like all other organisms being destined to grow into automatic equilibrium methods of education should tend towards the realization of that ideal.

Searching nature for method in all her ramifications we find experimentation, constant adjustment of means to ends, is invariably the order of progress.

It is LIFE EXPERIMENTATION that moulds races and nations—every phase of our existence is now and must ever be in experimental stage—it is as ridiculous to discriminate against experimentation in manners, customs, forms and ceremonies as to decide which philosophers, which creeds, which inventors shall have all the rights in preference to others.

If you lack in faith, if your trust falters, if you believe that God can not handle these affairs, notwithstanding the marvelous things that experimentation has done in other fields without your interference, you will but cling to your dear falsehood until you go down to your graves as millions have gone before, still clinging.

The fact that throughout nature progress has ever been by the law of experimentation without a single exception—not one—should be sufficient ground for belief in its power and your failure to reach any degree of morality by the despotic and regulative human methods of ancient days should be sufficient to make you willing and anxious to inspect and adopt some other plan.

According to the prevailing exhibit of human morality in the matter of intrinsic honor there is little choice as between society's victims, whether they be drunken wife beaters, lazy agitators, scheming grafters or conscienceless millionaires.

The chief difference between the prostitute and the banker, preacher, lawyer and trust magnate is that she has thrown off her hypocrisy and stands before the world in her own colors just as she is, not pretending to be better or worse.

If some day I shall want a design to commemorate the glory of sincerity and my disgust for hypocrisy, you may guess what kind of a figure I shall be tempted to use for my statue.

There are twenty thousand professional prostitutes in Chicago, twenty four thousand couples living in adultery without the form of marriage, more than twenty thousand women employed in down town stores and offices who have been deserted by their husbands. According to the Health Department there are more than forty thousand abortions a year performed in Chicago, but all of these irregularities are but a small percentage of the extent to which commandments, preachers, judges and law makers are completely ignored.

In order to really measure the utter failure of the present system in preserving monogamy the following facts are astounding:

There are more than fifty hotels in Chicago ranging from twenty five to three hundred rooms each, the entire income of which is derived from renting rooms to illicit couples, at prices ranging from fifty cents to twenty-five dollars; besides this, every other hotel in Chicago accepts its proportion of this class of patronage, when properly veiled, to the extent of from ten per cent to ninety per cent of their total receipts.

Every department store and every down town drug store are daily and nightly to the knowledge of owners and man-

agers made rendezvous of clandestine couples, some of the best located drug stores averaging as high as one hundred and twenty five meetings per night, all with full knowledge of the proprietor who reaps his reward for silence by selling them toilet articles, drops, apparatus, etc.

More than three fourths of all the business of all the night restaurants which are continually being augmented in numbers and increased in size, consists of the patronage of these couples who make the supper and the dollar tip for the waiter a part of the night's "lark."

Visiting a fashionable down town restaurant recently I fell into conversation with the affable manager, and together we made a careful survey of the fifty or more couples seated at tables, and knowing his patrons and all the "signs" and "ear marks" he freely stated that among all those present there were not more than three what he called "straight couples;" and the orchestra played on and the flowers and potted plants gave forth their perfume and the laughter, repartee and warm glances shot right and left and the waiter with exaggerated obeisance and understanding gathered in his tip and the proprietor is building an addition to his establishment.

If it were not for this same class of theater patronage Chicago would not be known as the best show town in the country and those who are informed, especially club men, are best aware of the very high proportion of married men out with other women and married women out with their "friends."

The several horse whippings after theater in the vicinity of the Wellington Hotel during last spring by irate wives are but a few of thousands of instances well known to the countless number of rounders and professional polygamists with which Chicago abounds.

The divorce of ex-President Haywood of the Athletic Club recently brought out a table conversation in another prominent city club, and in discussing the extent to which adultery was common among club men, and there are more than a dozen prominent clubs with four and five thousand members each, it was admitted by the score of gay widows present that more than ninety per cent were in the habit of ignoring the Seventh Commandment, and most of these daily think of but little else than who should be the next woman to fall into their toils.

A short time since, with the aid of three "experts" I made a careful investigation into the lives of some three hundred prominent professional and business men, as their doings are currently known and understood among their associates in the various Chicago clubs, with most interesting results. Among those whose "records" were thoroughly sifted were found a few among lawyers, physicians, bankers, business men, commission men, and hotel keepers who apparently lived monogamic lives, but of all the railroad men and newspaper

men investigated, not one was found who did not break the Seventh Commandment.

So complete has been the failure of commandments and despotic regulations of church and state in controlling adultery that a careful estimate by trained observers actually places the figure at eighty five per cent of men, who, if they do not break the commandment frequently, are willing to do so at the first opportunity; and while the percentage of women is of course very much less, I refrain, perhaps on account of gallantry, from stating the estimated figure, but suffice to say, the weekly offences of this kind in Chicago run up into the hundred thousand.

If the foregoing were not enough to completely rout all those claiming efficiency of the old system, one more citation will be sufficient; in the Eighteenth Ward on the West Side (no worse than several other wards in Chicago) there are not less than five hundred professional p—s who make their living by collecting a percentage on the shame of women. So brazen have these conscienceless creatures become that prior to a recent election a candidate for alderman was called upon by a committee of their group stating that the candidate could not have their vote until he should declare his intentions relative to the profession of themselves and their principles.

The candidate hinting that the influence of such characters could not amount to much, was promptly informed that every dry goods, hardware, grocery, drug store, meat market and saloon in the district drew their incomes and main support from the prostitutes also; they explained that this class of women are "good spenders" and that all these other "respectable" influences would also be thrown against him if he should oppose this **controlling industry** in the Eighteenth Ward; and all this in the face of the fact that every sociologist knows under what system humanity might live entirely immune from theft, prostitution and hypocrisy.

I declare to you, "By their fruits ye shall know them", and this, Clergymen of Chicago, is the fruit of the system that you are trying to impose upon the people of Chicago.

These are not culprits, but instead they are the victims of your despotic, iniquitous system and but for creed and dogma would have been abolished before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

It would seem that enough has been said in regard to the failure of Christian theology as an aid to morality but "the half is never told."

The unhappiness of family life in Chicago and throughout the world as a result of domestic tyranny of various kinds, the lack of comradeship and sincerity at home, is well known, and all of this also finds its cause in dogmatic theological methods.

Under the present system every child becomes a hypocrite and a pretender before it knows how to walk and if the mother is in "society" these traits become the most important part of his education, in fact, hypocrisy is the main thought

and scheme of human life and it is only wrong to be "found out."

In recent years the masses and all the working people particularly have been taught to believe in the ultra honesty and reliability of bankers, officials, railway presidents and the wealthy class in general, but now we know that the most miserable felons eking out their horrid lives in jail, the keys being in control of capitalism, differ from the millionaire thieves in two respects only: first that they did not steal so much, and second that they steal with some degree of bravery and risk, something that the wholesale thief is sneak enough to avoid.

So, Clergymen of Chicago, with your respectable classes honeycombed with adultery, greed and dishonesty and your middle class drifting in their footsteps to the full extent that their purses will permit, and the lower class living also in hypocrisy, dishonesty, greed and vanity, all under the win of your precious system of commandments and control. I charge you, blush, repent, and take on more trust in God and less in your own preaching.

UNIVERSAL EXPERIMENTATION.

When will educators, parents, preachers, statesmen, judges, and rulers learn that universal experimentation is the law of progress, that all interference with experimentation tends toward decay?

Take an easy example—the invention of the printing press, typewriter, locomotive, sewing machine, automobile—suppose our "Blue Laws" had gone so far as to permit only certain ones to do the experimenting necessary to develop these various inventions—every one agrees that so fine and delicate is the spark of genius that no external discrimination could possibly cull out those best equipped and those least equipped to bring about the final results, hence any interference could be nothing else than a detriment to progress.

It requires but a step to realize that all human activities, institutions and methods have ever been in a condition of experimentation.

The making of new laws and the repealing of old ones amounts to the same thing as testing out models of typewriters and reaping machines before constructing an improvement to overcome the deficiencies in the last.

The coming into the world of new religions and new philosophies, Christian Science, Socialism, Theosophy, Communism, are all crude models presented for test and experimentation out of which the future more rational and more perfect philosophies must grow.

Even as the first models of every invention have been found crude and imperfect after the original test was made so must all creeds, philosophies, religions and institutions be considered nothing more than crude models until through

test and experimentation they are brought to an efficient working basis.

It seems strange that while every one would acknowledge that the first model of a comparatively simple washing machine or a sulky plow can never be thoroughly efficient at first, that a complex philosophy involving the millions of varying effects in human society can be thought out by some ancient person sitting in a cave or under a tree or working at the carpenter's trade and be correct and complete in its first theoretical model.

The Presbyterian, the Buddhist, the Socialist, the Christian Scientist, these have all been cock-sure people and believed that their "working model" was the whole thing, the beginning and the end of perfection.

That the Christian clergy can still proclaim the working model of two thousand years ago better fit for operation under present complex conditions in a free country is the most colossal monument to human idiocy now pressing its blight upon a disorganized world.

Were business systems, architecture, mechanical invention, music, art, literature, agriculture, etc., all placed under the blight of creed, all made to fear experimentation as has been done in the field of forms, ceremonies, manners and customs, we should still be struggling in the dark ages with one-handed plows and scribbling our messages to humanity in hieroglyphics on the rocks.

Thanks to the daring of a few we have already attained progress in many fields through experimentation and so much have we attained by this method that we know that there can be no progress without experimentation—that those who have thought and theorized are now gradually being dislodged from every position by the life force of humanity which is gradually breaking them down and driving them snarling and protesting back to their caves of ignorance.

We now know that creed and dogma is nothing more than an attempt of the ignorant to enforce the crude first models of philosophy, government and religion, such as man in his childhood was only able to invent.

The pressure which political, economic and ecclesiastical grafters have been permitted to exert upon the masses for thousands of years by the use of their "first models" is now being thrown off by the modern demands for experimentation and this experimentation must be individual and social, down to the last detail of human life.

To live under free institutions under a guarantee of freedom and equality, under an ideal system known as the "brotherhood of man" under the educational system called "inductive" intended to stimulate and vitalize individuality means that all affairs of our personal existence, our food, clothing, shelter, and relations with each other, so long as we do not invade the rights of others and prevent them from having the same liberty as ourselves, is the one true rule of

life, the one sure road to happiness, the one philosophy that can insure the highest human, physical and social progress.

Astronomy has demonstrated that during countless millions of years the law of experimentation has been the means by which the stars have found their places and examination into the various phases of plant, animal and human life indicates that no other system has ever maintained in the organization of the mass of wondrous complex varieties and forms—and as this same force stands ready at all times to teach and vitalize every phase of human existence as it has already brought many phases of our lives to a point of marvelous beauty and perfection, those who think may no longer hesitate, but may place their full trust and their complete faith in that same power to construct through human experimentation a human society that will outrival in its beauty the fondest dreams of saints, seers and prophets.

THE DAILY PRESS.

An institution is educational only to the extent that it adopts educational methods, and then its educational effects, may be toward either good or evil or both.

It is clear that any newspaper, responding to the stress and demands of this dollar age must naturally gauge its forces rather for existence, for money getting, than with high motives of leading the thought of the people to purer ideals.

The modern daily newspaper like the modern financier, preacher, prostitute and lawyer is but a product of the present system and it is seen that all of these are very much alike for they all sell themselves for so much per.

Those who understand how closely interwoven and inter-related are the lives of all human beings, that one can not be completely moral until all are so, will understand that among the classes just enumerated not much more can be said in favor of one than the others, with perhaps the exception of she to whom additional credit is due on account of the stress and tortures of her life having driven her to be what she is.

She having discarded hypocrisy and pretense at least deserves the credit of standing before the world for what she really is, in her own colors, which the rest do not.

A reporter recently sent out to look up a news item phoned back to the city editor declaring that the incident related and the parties concerned were unknown whereupon the city editor replied with speed and warmth, "Never mind, fake up something, news is scarce and we must have a story."

The City Editor is the maelstrom, the hired swill barrel, and he must provide a given amount of filth in order that the circulation may be kept up to a point that will enable the publisher to collect his regular advertising rates from the department stores.

You must see it all, dear reader.—the banker and the directors who elect him are share holders in the newspapers,

railroads and department stores.—They all work together with the common craze of accumulating dollars—the public is their prey.

The public deposits its dollars in the bank, the money is loaned out to newspapers and business houses in which the banker and his directors are interested—the banker must pay his dividends and grinds the public to the limit—the department stores must pay their dividends and grind the purchasers—the newspaper must pay its dividends and becomes a professional scandalmonger in big headlines, and jollies the same public into buying its papers that indirectly furnishes the capital for his complete undoing both as to character and finances.

A wondrous wheel of fortune this! The displays of the rich—the displays in department store windows, competition in dress and mannerisms, all these develop vanity, hypocrisy and ill will between man and man, and result in a craze for gossip and scandal of which the daily newspaper takes advantage under pretense of educating the masses and furnishing the “news.”

A reporter for a leading daily of Chicago (not a Hearst paper) in a confiding moment, recently related to me with much pride, how he had “faked up” the entire story of Alexander Dowie’s polygamous teachings and his improper relations with Ruth Hofer, telling me that while there was not a word of truth in the report he had done his work so skillfully that the other papers had fallen into line and reported his story, and by his deftness in details, he had “squared himself” in every way, and become a hero with the city editor.

The question will probably arise in the minds of some, “How this terrible evil can be cured? How can these newspaper crimes be punished?” but the answer is, “It is only one of the forms of evil of the present system and the publisher is no worse and no better than the Life Insurance President, the Banker, the Saloon Keeper, or any other slum product.”

Good character would cure all of these things, but as there are no institutions of character culture in the country, and as the development of good character in a city like Chicago is an impossibility, and as those who teach morality do not know their business, it will be some time yet before the public conscience is sufficiently awakened to demand decency all around.

ABOUT FOOD AND DRINK.

Let us be sensible—solid food is the fuel of the body and supplies the material for worn out parts—drink is necessary as a vehicle to carry this material through the alimentary canal, veins, arteries, capillaries, etc.

Great variety of dishes and fantastic preparations are only manifestations of the childishness, self indulgence and characterless condition of our race.

Horses exceed a mile in two minutes on a diet of hay and oats.

Wild rabbits outrun trained and highly bred meat eating hounds.

Elephants attain enormous size and strength and live to great age on grass and leaves.

Meat eating tigers are mean, useless and unclean and their length of life is not one fifth that of the elephant.

Why should any one risk eating the unclean and dangerous products of Packingtown when the world abounds in simple, clean and wholesome foods?

Why seek ridiculous variety when all the materials of the body, delicate brain cells, the lens of the eye, the enamel of the tooth, and the chemical secretions of the stomach are all found in abundance in two or three varieties of natural food?

Get to work and think less of your stomach. Take normal exercise and you will have no time to fret and pamper your appetite.

Why bother with coffee or tea when hot water performs the function of flushing just a little better than either one?

Why use stimulants and narcotics when the best mental and physical stimulation arises out of useful work, deep breathing and normal sleep?

Humanity is indulging and analyzing itself into degeneracy.

To hell with Packington and all murdering enterprises!
 "23" for Potted Ham! Skiddeo!

THE MASTER WORKMAN.

By Stacey E. Baker.

Doing the skilled things he understands,
 He blithely sings the speeding hours away,
 And with him Peace and sweet Contentment stay;
 His muscles rise and fall like iron bands,
 And weave, to cunning of his willing hands,
 A fabric from the loom of work to-day:
 A master, none shall rise to cry him nay,
 When Fame shall encore with applauding hands.

His coronet no tawdry thing of gold,
 Beat from the metal of a father's hoard,
 But, knowledge—won, he wears the crown **Success**,
 And wins the gifts his Fortune's horn may hold
 By strength of brawn and brain; Ambition-spurred,
 He asks no more—nor is content with less!

One New Thing Under the Sun.

By Lida Parce Robinson.

Those who aver that "There is nothing new under the sun," have overlooked one thing. That is, the woman's club movement. Neither history nor tradition records any phenomenon similar to this gathering of the clans, among women, from the corners of the earth, and the islands of the sea, and every place where a few are "gathered together."

Not so long ago, conventions of woman's clubs were treated with a sort of airy persiflage, a patronizing good nature; a condescending kind of levity as it were. And there were those who reproached woman bitterly for thus overstepping the bounds of that sphere to which God, in his infinite wisdom, was said to have called her.

But Woman was busy, and she heeded not. She studied her topics in her housewifely little way, and she read her papers, though to tell the truth, she was almost scared to death at her temerity, when she did it. It was such a reckless thing for her to be doing. She learned how to address "The Chair," and how to elect officers, and to serve on committees, and finally, even how to preside, *her very self*. She was so absorbed in doing what she was doing, that she really couldn't pay much attention to what people said about it. In fact, she was responding to a great natural urge; the urge to concerted action, following upon individual action.

And when she had learned to be a club woman, a purposeful, business-like club-woman, a self-poised, jolly good club-woman, she learned to be a delegate,—to represent her club in her state convention; and finally, to represent her state in the world's gathering of clubs.

Many have asked, "What for?" And, indeed, if the inquirer ask for "tangible" results, if he demand to see "the goods," it may be difficult to satisfy him. They have not established any business upon a "paying" basis. They have not imposed any theory of government upon any people, nor carried "the flag" of civilization and commerce into protesting communities. They have not practiced aggression, or constructed any material thing; and so to some minds, they seem to be not worth while. But if you ask a club-woman the question, and if she be the best type of club-woman, she will answer you, that she has so enlarged her experience that life is to her a new heaven and a new earth, that whereas, she once lived and thought in small material and personal things she now lives and thinks in large problems, and the things of the intellect and the soul. Whereas, she was once a member of a family, she is now a member of the race. Whereas, her own children were always dear to her, now all children are the objects of her dear solicitude. Whereas once all women were her competitors, they are now all her coadjutors. Therefore.

she is resolved to continue the good work, according to her abilities; to receive the blessing according to her capacity.

So much for the club-woman and what she has gotten out of the club. But if the community where she lives, all over the round world, be asked the question; the answer must take account of mothers whose attitude toward their children is not less loving, but more judicial; whose outlook is broader and their perspective more true, so that they can give to their children a more worthy training for the world in which they must live and have their being. It must take account of a closer relation between parents and teachers, of better sanitation; and public improvements, in parks, roadways and school-grounds, of libraries and collections of good pictures circulating where none ever circulated before; of betterment of industrial conditions in many places, and laws for the protection of children and homes.

And what of the "attitude" towards woman's clubs, nowadays? Why, there isn't any to speak of. It is just the same as with schools and churches, and theatres. They have their friends and their enemies; but no one remembers when they were not. Only a few belated ones still cherish an "attitude" in the matter, and it is invariably stern and ponderous and absurd, and disapproving and wholly unimportant.

One charming product of the club movement is the club-husband. Usually, he is a nice man, with one more attraction added to the list of his endearments. His generous encouragement of his wife, in her earlier efforts, and his no less generous applause of her later achievements, has added a very definite note of enjoyment to club life. And it is not too much to say that his own character has been enlarged, and his manly graces enhanced by the way in which he has responded to this new demand upon his sympathies and his generosity; for in the beginning, there were many men who feared that the club movement was a direct menace to their domestic arrangements.

The Eighth Biennial, recently held in St. Paul, showed no decline in the business-like and efficient management that marks these gatherings. The organization of facilities, and provision for every need which any delegate may experience, is probably carried to a greater perfection in connection with these conventions than with any other similar meetings ever held. Probably the greatest good that women have received, so far, from these conventions, lies in the learning of the lesson of organization.

The latest developments in the child labor situation, in Juvenile Court and educational matters; in household economics, sanitation and civic improvement; and interesting matter in ethics and aesthetics, are presented at the sessions of the General Federation meetings. Delegates bear these messages to their state conventions, and to their home clubs; and so the general meeting is an effective means of disseminating information and culture. But justice compels the admission, that while the clubs have been making their strongest pro-

test and using their best influence against child labor, that evil has increased much faster than the increase in population. That while the federated clubs have been working diligently for pure foods, the bill for securing that object has not passed Congress; and that industrial and Juvenile Court legislation, wherever obtained has been, with the main exception of Colorado, almost entirely the fruit of other labors than those of the woman's clubs.

TO-MORROW.

By Edwin Arnold Brenholz.

Slaves today, subdued, we sit.
 Lo! To-morrow I am brave.
 For the cruel curb and bit
 Fret the soul God fain would save.

Curb of custom, creed, or pay,
 Bit of blind obedience,
 No to-morrow **mine** shall sway:
 I secure a sure defense.

Memories of the morrows gone.
 Ah! the groveling, goaded hours.
 Free, to-morrow, I press on
 To my prequisites and powers.

Come, O fair To-morrow, come!—
 Fair in feature as in fact.
 Let To-day no longer numb
 Priceless purpose in the act.

Cruel curb, constraining bit,
 This To-day is all thine own.
 But To-morrow's Man shall sit
 On a mandatory throne.

Hark! 'Tis **Banish bit and curb.**
 Hark! 'Tis **Utter Truth's last word.**
 Swayed by destinies superb
 Such To-morrows us shall gird.

Hail To-morrow! triumph thou.
 Hail presaging pangs of thee!
 Curb and bit obsess us now—
 Ah! To-morrow we are **FREE.**

Genius of America.

By Herman Kuehn.



America has but one great poet distinctively American. Other great poets than Whitman, namely Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell of last century, and all the more recent poets, were inspired by transatlantic ideals. Their methods, their themes, their morals, their ethics and purposes are inspired by European models. Poe's muse, though virile, and his forms of expression graceful, forceful and weirdly phantastic, fight as well have been imported from a Parisian studio. Nathaniel P. Willis sang

us narrative and episode of Oriental mould. Whitman alone was, and is, American.

Whitman saw in "these states" something more than geographical area, or aggregations of subject-people. The genius of Liberty was to him the great cohesive power destined to make "Columbia victorious."

His was no narrow and narrowing "flag patriotism"—absorbed in the symbol and indifferent to the substance, such as the newspaper patriotism with which our weaklings are imbued. His was the patriotism of heroic measure that could not be satisfied with less than that America should lead the world in love of liberty and reliance upon "the dear love of comrades" for social tranquility and industrial progress.

Whitman was a prophet of the coming era of the brotherhood of Man. It is coming. And America will lead the way. Not yet, not soon, but whenever it comes at all it will have been ushered in by the genius of America.

One requires no little faith in this genius of America to trust in its approach and ultimate advent. For, truly, there seems upon the surface of things little warrant for the hope. Turn where we may, in every movement and design for social betterment, we appear to be dominated by European modes of thought. The Republic is based upon European pattern. Our laws are avowedly Roman and British, and their interpretation becoming more and more reactionary. Our public officials seek and find popularity by aping European

standards of rulership. "The never-ending audacity of elected persons" is applauded and acclaimed.

"Yet the genius of America lives and will yet prevail.

Be not disheartened, affection shall solve the problems of freedom yet.

Those who love each other shall become invincible,

They shall yet make Columbia victorious.

(Were you looking to be held together by lawyers?

Or by an agreement on paper? or by arms?

Nay, not the world nor any living thing will so cohere.)

The spirit of the Declaration of Independence appears to be dormant in our day. In that declaration spoke awakening America. Our republic was born of Insurgency. Our victory of Liberty against Authority made us prosperous. And in the days of our prosperity we became ashamed of the heroic insurgency of the fathers.

"Long, too long, America,

Traveling roads all even and peaceful you learn'd from joys and prosperity only,

But now, ah now, to learn from cries of anguish, advancing, grappling with dire fate and recoiling not,

And now to conceive and show to the world what your children en masse really are!"

The seed sown by Thomas Paine and Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson and Samuel Adams and their kind, will never run out.

"O latent right of insurrection! O quenchless, indispensable fire,

Revolt I leave in him I sing, and dedicate to Nationality."

The spirit of sturdy America is dormant now. Even our so-called libertarians have reverted to European models. Socialism, which will be a power for the new era of brotherhood is still in its European swaddling clothes, and therefore inefficient, inept, illogical. American socialism is not yet due. When its time arrives it will awaken and reach full Manhood in a day. We hear much, indeed of Socialism, but it is a hybrid German-Russian exotic. Good enough, perhaps for Germany and Russia, as an authoritarian protest against autocracy, but authoritarian still. American socialism, when its time shall come, will appear full-fledged from the heart of Liberty, unsullied with any vestige of Authority.

Liberty alone solves all problems. The evils of liberty are to be remedied only by greater liberty. Authoritarianism never yet has served mankind, but has ever "held the word of promise to the ear to break it to the hope." And still the servile instinct looks to Authority for help. And still the

doctrines of "protectionism" take shelter under the guise of patriotism, and that sickly mummery holds vast masses of our people supine. And so it will be until we throw off the domination of European modes of thought, and European snobbery, and European acquiescence in Authority. With Whitman we may hope, and sing as no other American has sung,

"Liberty, let others despair of you, I will never despair of you."

A PRAYER.

No longer then do I address myself to men, but to Thee, God of all beings, of all worlds and of all ages; if it may be permitted weak creatures lost in immensity, and imperceptible to the rest of the universe, to presume to petition Thee for aught, who hast given plenty of all things, whose decrees are immutable as eternal. Deign to look with an eye of pity upon the errors annexed to our natures! Thou hast not given us hearts to hate, nor hands to kill each other; grant then that we may mutually aid and assist each other to support the burden of this painful and transitory life! May the trifling differences in the garments that cover our frail bodies, in the mode of expressing our insignificant thoughts, in a word, may the slight variations that are found among the atoms called men, not be made use of by us as signals of mutual hatred and persecution! May those who worship Thee by the lights of tapers at noon-day bear charitably with those who content themselves with the light of the glorious planet Thou hast placed in the midst of the heavens! May those who dress themselves in robes of white linen to teach their warriors that Thou art to be loved and feared, not detest those who teach the same doctrine in long cloaks of black wool! May those who, clothed in vestments, of crimson or violet color, rule over a little parcel of that heap of dirt we call the world, and are possessed of a few round fragments of a certain metal, enjoy without pride or insolence what they call grandeur and riches, and may others look on them without envy; for Thou knowest, O God, that there is nothing in these events proper to inspire envy or pride. May all men remember that they are brothers!

—VOLTAIRE.

Dear Editor To-Morrow:

Bought your magazine enroute and sat down to read it in hotel opposite depot while I waited for the train. When I "came to" the train had come and gone thirty minutes. Now a magazine that treats its readers that way ought to be suppressed.

Yours,
T. J. Brooks.

Let Us FREE Love.

By Marguerite Warren Springer.



The Golden Rule as given by Hillel, the teacher of Jesus, "What is hate to you do not to thy neighbor," and the Golden Rule as found in the New Testament given by Jesus in his Sermon on the Mount, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them" is to my mind what they thought the solution of the social problem.

Seeing how man treats with his brother, how men kill other men, how man robs his neighbor, how he enslaves his fel-

lowmen, it was reasoned that the cause was a lack of love in the human family. And that man's action was the effect of his unlovable nature.

Reasoning further they concluded that if the cause was removed, the effect must necessarily be changed. The problem to solve was what to do to make men love one another. So we, for the last four thousand years have directed all effort along the line of teaching, threatening, and torturing the other fellow to make him change his heart and love his neighbors. With the result that we are each actively engaged in organizations, associations, institutions, leagues and what not to make the other fellow better or kill him in the attempt. What have we accomplished?

Do men kill other men, does man rob his neighbor to-day, and do men continue to enslave other men? And is the excuse the same? The excuse for killing, robbing and torturing that the other fellow wouldn't, and that pain and misery was the only reward in this world, that was the old way of thinking.

To-day we know that love is the motive power of the universe. The lack of love displayed by man is only apparent. In reality man is hungry to love and the apparent lack is due to economic causes that prohibit the expression of his love. That all-powerful thing standing guard—that awful something in the way.

Look at the men and women around you—deep in their hearts is buried alive, love in abundance seeking outlet,

and I must write, friends, that this is to me the great tragedy of our time: "Love, the captive, fighting for Freedom, Life." The problem to-day is how to free love and not how to inject it into human beings.

If I have a boil in my throat, cannot swallow food, and am thus starving to death, the problem is not how to get me an appetite. I have that, but I am prevented from satisfying it. The real problem is how to get rid of the boil.

Notwithstanding the wisdomites, this is a fundamental truth, that no greater pleasure hath a man than love, and to give if need be life for that he loves. The real problem is not how to inject love into the heart of men; it is there in plenty but cannot get away because it is fearfully guarded. The changed problem in the new philosophy is how to free love.

What is the something standing in the way of humanity's love and happiness? What is it that is making hypocrites of men and women? What is that something making thieves and robbers of the Sons of God? What is that something standing in the way of this world's paradise? Regardless of all your bragging about progress, and civilization with all its pretty labels, we are just little infants crying for the toys we want. And we have them in our tiny fists, **but we don't know it!**

The key to the situation is that man in his ignorance has accepted love as an acquired thing. Man has made a scheme of life taking love for an effect when love is a cause and you cannot reason a first cause.

There is no reason for a natural phenomenon. The phenomenon of mutual aid love, if you please, like the phenomenon of gravity has no reason.

It is the foundation, we can reason from it, but we cannot give a reason for it. You cannot give reasons for the first cause of a natural phenomenon. Can you tell me the reason of gravity? Can you tell me the reason of love?

Why does the lily bloom and die? Why does the mother give up her life blood and die? Why do people give their lives to save others from danger? Why does it make you sad when others cry? The answer to it all is love, love, love, the secret of the Universe.

IN THE COUNTRY.

By Charles A. Sandburg.

'Tis time the cows are standing
Knee-deep in the cool, slow-running creek.
Their hoofs down in the slushing mud.
Their heads just touched and kissed
By bending willows, as a net
Of flashing sunshine flickers
On the moving creek.

I'm going out of town.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

By Charles Sandburg.

Respectability is the deadliest gag and wet blanket that can be laid on a man. To instruct him to blindly obey public opinion is to discredit in his eyes the one authoritative voice of his own soul. He may be a docile citizen; he will never be a man.

STEVENSON.

* * *

ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

Yellow journalism is founded upon expediency, not upon right. It makes its appeal to snobbery and not to manhood. Every condemnation of yellow journalism is a condemnation of the civilization in which we live. The reporters for yellow journals have as much integrity of character, as that quality is known, as the members of any other profession. The newspaper man has his own code of ethics and can justify his actions as reasonably as the members of any other profession or business.

Logically there can be no blame laid upon the journalist. He is merely rendering service that people are willing to pay for and as such is no more to be condemned than an ordinary business man. The line of guilt is to be very finely drawn between those who purchase what is low, dirty and vicious, and those who produce the same. If the "yellows" did not have a prurient, perverted, itching public to which to sell their goods, they would not sell goods that are distinctly prurient, perverted and itchy.

It was that staid old conservative, Charles Dana, who said: "If you see a dog biting a man, that is not news, but if your eyes happen upon a man biting a dog, why that is news—hurry it into print!" And because it appeals to a public whose tastes are for what is morbid, mawkish, serpentine, canine, if an event can possibly be construed into a case of the man biting the dog instead of vice-versa, no personal consideration to the effect that if you degrade another you degrade yourself, can be entertained. It is hurried into print that the man bit the dog.

The bloody murders and the ripped-out bowels spread over the pages of the average newspaper is for the benefit of the gentle reader—the writers do not dip their pens in swill for joy—they do it for the money that is in it and a little tinsel and glamor that is thrown in gratis. Most newspaper writers are like the waiter at the ten-cent restaurant. A friend happening in for a meal exclaimed in astonishment,

"What, do you work here?" "Yes," was the answer, "but I don't eat here!"

* * *

The Reporter's Prayer.

The day returns and brings to us the round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play up everything in red ink and muck. Help us to play both ends against the middle. Give us to go boldly about our business all this day, and create in us the spirit of imagination, that if no scandals arise we may devise the lurid from the common. And after the nightly round bring us at last to our resting beds weary and dusty and rum-soaked, disgusted with a world of fools and cowards. Amen.

* * *

About Hell.

In the smooth, gliding rythm of a poem in this magazine last month, I deplored the fact that there are slaves of ambition in the world and deliberately cried aloud, "To hell with conquerors". This has led some people to the supposition that I believe in a place of everlasting punishment, a place where the fires are never banked and daylong and nightlong the yells and groans of the damned resound through grim, lurid corridors and caverns.

I am herewith as formally, explicitly and positively as possible, denying any participation in such a concept of hell. I do believe in hell, but the hell I believe in is a mere figure of speech. Hell, with me, is a synonym for Nowhere, Oblivion, Nothingness. If, in a desire to be emphatic I tell a man to take a header into hell, I merely mean that he should absent himself from my presence. My desire might be indicated by saying, "Get out," or "Skiddoo," but such vulgarisms are often vague in their purport, whereas the word "hell" has the dignity of long ages of usage, and behind it is a glorious array of traditions.

It is pitiful that a pet expression that has been used for centuries as a bogie for frightening women and little children into submission and obedience to authority, should in the relentless process of time become used not for terror but for derision.

Hell has become a figure of speech. As a geographical locality it is meaningless and to tell a man to go to hell is merely a brief and direct way of saying, "I'm sorry, but you and I have nothing in common. Good day."

* * *

A Preacher's Slip.

Dr. Frank Gunsaulus is a great preacher and the fine cadences of his voice ringing from gallery to gallery of the Chicago Auditorium on Sunday mornings have doubtless brought consolation and refreshment to thousands of hearts worn with the week's perplexities. Generally, he confines himself

to things of the spirit. He is a poet and an art lover and a passionate devotee of music, and occasionally he gives utterance to profoundly beautiful ideas, fruit and flowers for heart and intellect.

Last Sunday, however, the good pastor made a slip. He was delivering the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of Armour Institute and in his audience were a number of people who have of late been harried more or less by one Upton Sinclair and a story he wrote called *The Jungle*. The doctor drew an analogy to the effect that the leveling down process proposed by socialists is as untrue to nature as a mechanical combination in chemistry. Rising to a grave climax he exclaimed, "The great God is not a socialist! The great God is not a communist!"

There were a number of thinking men in the audience and as they left the Auditorium they were wondering why the preacher, having such close acquaintance with God and having authority to speak for the Supreme Being, did not announce what God's politics are, whether Jehovah is a Republican, a Democrat, or a bewhiskered and disreputable Populist. If Dr. Gunsaulus is sure that Him who planned the stars and shut up the sea with doors is not a socialist, will he kindly inform a waiting world what God's politics really are?

* * *

How to Read and What to Read.

This is an age of concentration. The man who does things is generally a specialist, and an all around man who attains distinction in any one field is rare. Men who are alive to the intensities and rapidities of our own day have less time for books and the subtleties and esoterics of life than they have for out-door activities and the turbulent current of events that are giving civilization new shape.

Mr. Sherwin Cody is an apostle of concentration in literature. He has just sent us a little book that fits snugly into a coat pocket and the title it bears is, *How to Read and What to Read*. It is an excellent summary of the "first principles" of literature and is in a way an epitome of the history of English literature. It's a book worth while to one who doesn't care to throw away time on books and yet is desirous of acquaintance with the classics of English (50c. Sherwin Cody, Opera House Bldg., Chicago.)

* * *

Score One for St. Louis.

William Marion Reedy of the *St. Louis Mirror*, a weekly newspaper, is the first American to receive the Red Ribbon of Honor from the International Language Association. The Red Ribbon is awarded by the association to the person who uses with aptitude the greatest number of words of different meaning from one year's end to the other. The award has hitherto been made to French and Italian journalists, but

in the past year Mr. Reedy's activities assumed such extraordinary intensity and proportion that the Committee of Awards assigned him the Ribbon without a dissenting vote.

It is well known in St. Louis that Mr. Reedy is a rhodomontade and indulges in the parallelogram, parodied on the square by the tohubohu. He has also a fine flair for the flinging and careless and dips deep into the alliterative.

In his turgid, impetuous and propulsive account of San Francisco, *The City That Has Fallen*, he stated that to have perished in the fall of 'Frisco was like being brought home on a Spartan shield. What he meant was that to have fallen as 'Frisco fell was worth while because it meant being celebrated by the pen of W. M. R.

* * *

A Little Sermon.

Cultivate the glad heart. Don't be too serious. Remember that it's for your own good to be generous in your judgments of men, that if there is a hell on earth it lies in being stingy and incredulous in estimating the motives of those you meet with. The courage of hope is worth as much as the courage of despair. Lock up your melancholy, get out into God's big out-of-doors and suck in the sunlight. Every man who is accomplishing anything for the Better Day of the race is willing to look like a fool occasionally and has time for a joke or a play of wit even if he is the butt. The Persians say that kissed lips renew themselves with the moon and if that is true, then by the same process of nature, a generous impulse does no one more good than you yourself. As the waters of rising mist and descending shower play back and forth between earth and sky incessantly and the rain makes pure and beautifies its own origin so does the shock of the glad hand and the good word return to its source, and bless him who first gave it. Lord, give us to be careless rather than solemn. Thou hast made but one Atlas and we know one to be enough. Give us to be careless. Every blunder behind us is giving a cheer for us. As we grope down the dusk and guess at the way, let us laugh once or twice.

* * *

THE EPIC OF THE LAMP-POST.

One day last week I walked up to a lamp-post standing on a street-corner and as I placed my hand on its impassive surface, I mused as follows: "Hapless dumb thing, you in this age of steal, are but cast-iron. Yet I see! there is a recompense. Filched tho you have been from your home in the dark deeps of the earth and set arbitrarily here into strange surroundings, yet you alone amid these whirling streams of vice, you alone amid these loud days of sin keep the old virtue that is a memory from the time of fauns and nymphs. You alone, with the possible exception of Charles Eugene Banks,

keep such a hold on rectitude no man reproaches you, nor dare cast one insinuation with your name.

Never in your days have you so far lost yourself as to be swept into the lures of wine, women and song, that hoary trio which has spelt the doom of countless millions of fair youths. The crimes and misdemeanors of the children of men have left you unshaken and unpolluted. Not even a tender youth from the Chicago Inter-Ocean throws a lingering glance at you in hope of fruit for scandal.

The fears of hell and the hopes of heaven you know not, and fornication, manslaughter, and brooding infamy, cast no long shadows on your fair name. You are as free from slander as Professor Charles R. Henderson..

O lamp-post! you are perfect! O lamp-post! could you only come to life and breathe and move as men do breathe and move, how would we adore you! How would we say to peoples passing, 'Gaze on this, not even a woman detective from the Chicago Journal can erect a slander that will stand here. Gaze on this, ye mortals! ye sons of men!'"

* * *

Anyone desiring a live, dynamic Fourth of July speaker should at once write to A. M. Simons of Chicago and arrange for a chalk-talk on Class Struggles in America. Mr. Simons is the editor of the International Socialist Review and looks on ordinary patriotism as a business proposition. When he gets through with the statement of his case the American Eagle looks like a captured performing bird with its wings clipped and its beak and talons filed.

* * *

The way in which the New Thought writer tangles his truth into vagary, and chases after the Real Meaning brandishing a lot of words, is one of the relieving gayeties of modern life. What do you think of this one? "Imprint the kiss of reconciliation upon the brow of thine offending virtues and the angel of thy strength will set thee at liberty." The New Thought is a good thing and deserves better than this. And for empty talk can anything pass by this easy pronunciation of Floyd Wilson? "The whole universe is going forward to greater advancement." Poof! And likewise pish! Also tush!

* * *

In a recent paragraph in this magazine I spoke of God whereas I meant Nature. What I meant by God was Nature. I said that every time God puts a star in the southeast he puts another in the northwest and the two pulling in opposite directions keep each other from dashing into nothingness. What I meant by God was Nature.

The National Business Woman's League.

By Grace Moore.



The club woman is full of high hopes and impresses you with the importance and unusualness of what she is going to do. The business woman does not care what you think of her. She has proven that she can do it and that is all there is about it. The club woman is endeavoring to think for herself. The business woman has thought it all out.

If you get your ear to the key-hole of a room exclusively occupied by members of the National Business Woman's League, you will not hear discussions as you did at the Federation in St. Paul, about the need of scholarships for American women in English Universities, the Increase in Child labor in Proportion to the increase in Population, or as to Whether Woman has the Right to Work and to Choose Her Work, worthy and vital as those subjects are. The business woman absolutely knows that she has the right to work and has chosen the work that she is best able to do. As to English scholarships and Child Labor she has decided opinions. "But of what use to agitate them?" she will say to you. "All problems are in the last analysis problems in economics, and until the club woman becomes a business woman and is economically free she cannot arrive at strictly rational conclusions. Any woman who is dependent for bread and a roof over her head, upon the good will of another, man or woman, is in no position to think independently or to discuss what she thinks."

The club woman smiles when asked for her views. The business woman frowns. The club woman talked to us for two hours and a half. The business woman did not talk at all. But this is what I heard through the key-hole while the National Business Woman's League was holding its second annual convention in Chicago..

"The Juvenile Department of the Business Woman's League is a revelation! The number of very young women in business and their skill and aptitude, the matter-of-factness, the quickness and effectiveness of their decisions and their wonderful initiative powers will astonish and revolutionize the business world. I tell you, girls, it's a race from now on to keep up with the juveniles. They are organizing so rapidly and proving their capabilities in such wonderful and unexpected ways that they will accomplish as much in a month as we older ones in the field are likely to bring about in a year. Society would better put down its afternoon teacups

and get a taste of juvenile industrialism. It will be obliged to get busy itself when it wakes up to the fact of the tremendous hold upon the economic situation obtaining among the juveniles. It's all nonsense about experience being the only thing in business and industry. Children are born nowadays with more business acumen and more effective industrial insight and application than the sharpest and most studious and devoted adult can acquire in an entire lifetime. I heard Louise Hardin say that her greatest ambition now is to provide as quickly as possible a fund by means of which the increasing number of youthful candidates for opportunities in business may be assisted and the terrible responsibility of their first efforts be minimized. Louise herself walked the streets penniless, in search of a job, because parents don't believe in helping the girls as they do boys, to get a start in life—if Sally want a trosseau and a home for herself **and a man**, all well and good, but money to set up in business—that's ridiculous!"

The next speaker was a physician from a far Western city, with a national reputation as a successful practitioner. "My experience since I graduated," she said, has proven to me that not one dependent woman is socially efficient or truly satisfied with her lot. No married woman without a bank account of her own, who thinks for herself, dares to speak her inmost thoughts or strenuously assert her individuality. The thing is impossible. Ninety-nine per cent of the women I have treated owed their condition to the fact of their economic inefficiency and dependence. A woman has no direct or authoritative influence over her environment while that environment is financially beyond her control. Until she is an equal and active partner financially and is permitted and encouraged equally with men, to discharge the responsibilities of citizenship, she cannot realize or assert her equality and independence. It is money that talks, not women who haven't got it. For physical robustness, keenness of intellect, personal charm and the highest social and moral efficiency, there is not anywhere among dependent women a match for the woman who has her own bank account and can eat, sleep, and clothe herself as conveniently one place as another."

The low, confident voice of a liberal woman preacher was the next to be heard. "And preachers, like women," she said, "are suffering for economic freedom. While they have not sufficient income for personal and domestic support, other than that provided by the church, they are obliged to preach only as the people who maintain the church wish them to. They cannot advance in their thoughts or give voice to them, except the church miraculously advances with them, and there isn't the church on record that has so advanced. Either the church expels the preacher or the preacher lets go the church. They cannot grow and keep apace. No one should presume to preach who has not an occupation outside of preaching and ample provision

made for material necessities for themselves and such dependents as they may have. The preacher who tells the people how to be spiritual, for a consideration, and fails to satisfy them, is both financially and morally worse off than the merchant whose goods were sent out on trial and returned to him. The preacher's goods cannot be returned and the remainder of his stock is worthless because sampled and declared valueless by the only persons who have any use for them. Ethical truths are only ethically discerned. They are not procurable by material means or returnable when procured."

The woman preacher was not only a liberal preacher but she was herself financially independent of the church as she claimed all preachers should be. "I say exactly what I think," she said, "and because I am not dependent upon my people they respect what I say and give fruitful thought to it. Of course if one stands for a prearranged system of thought they need not have opinions, but I prefer to have opinions and to change them as often as I see fit. The minute that anything interferes with the free exercise of my thought, or with its free expression, I shall cease preaching. I believe that one of the most promising organizations for a broader and higher morality that Chicago has ever had, is losing its ethical force and sacrificing all opportunities for further advancement because of the great amount of property it has assumed, and its dependence upon the finances and good will of certain conservative liberals for its support. The preacher thought, and to the people expressed his thought, while there were no great financial interests at stake, but now it is different. The wealthy, conservative men of the congregation, neither grow themselves or permit the organization or its leader to grow."

It was a well known actress who in deep, contralto tones said, "You know, friends, that it's only women of the stage who as yet have succeeded in commanding the same and even better salaries than men for the same service. No other profession or occupation is so flattering to women as compared to men. We have brought about economic freedom for women of the stage as it has nowhere else been secured. In no profession in the world are men so deferential and considerate of women as are theatrical managers. Of course in their early struggles to obtain this recognition and security for themselves, women were sorely tempted and much reproach cast upon them, but as they become more accustomed to the freedom they enjoy and more and more lose themselves in their work (a result which will follow in all cases of acquired freedom, by the way) they become stronger and finer, and more genuine and wholesome in their social and love relations. A weak, vacillating church member gets no sympathy from his or her theatrical associates, but there is the sincerest admiration and friendship on the part of stage people for the man or woman of integrity, stamina, uncompromising devotion and unflinching

gentleness and sweetness of character. Character is a sure drawing-card and is absolutely independent of any form, belief or condition outside of itself."

There was a chorus of exclamations at this point in the conversation of the business women, for an afternoon paper thrown through the transom by the hall boy was immediately pounced upon and the utterances of the President of the League in regard to marriage being "properly incidental rather than the be-all and end-all of life," found to be not the least of the day's sensations. "Why should love that with man is a thing apart," be "woman's whole existence?" was asked. "Absurd," declared the woman lawyer. "Men put work before love, where it belongs, but women think to get more satisfaction out of love by putting it first, and the result is, they aren't fitted to either love or be loved. No wonder a man tires of a woman whose whole existence is to love him and whose only other thought is whether or not he loves her. Being expected to love her he naturally doesn't succeed very well. Ninety per cent of the divorces I have handled have been as the result of some form of coercion or suggestion. The mental attitude alone of a woman to whom love and marriage is the one, real, complete and essentially permanent thing in life, and work a secondary, unpleasant thing to be avoided if possible, is destructive of all the qualifications that go to make a lovable woman. One who requires to be loved is not truly fitted to be loved. Only that person whose joy is in his work and whose ambition and delight is to **serve**, is prepared to love and be loved in the complete and perfect sense. Work first and love afterward, because love first has nothing to feed on and will speedily flap its wings in the direction of the open window."

In love affairs it is the business woman who laughs last. If she is disappointed or deserted, her life work goes on just the same. She is a stable, progressive creature, not a mere sounding board for the exhaustion of masculine fancies and propensities.

Further conversation was in relation to illegitimate children. "I would have every child legitimized," said one of the most prominent members of the League. It is a shame and disgrace to **society** that any God-created child should be stigmatized as immoral, unwelcome or unworthy the love and respect of its human fellows. To so brand it is to place **society's** burden of responsibility upon the shoulders of the child. Social and racial conditions of the present day and for centuries past, are the real law breakers in the case of the child improperly born. Once the child is here, let us be decent to it. **Give every child its mother's name.** Place it in such an environment as will develop it to the highest possible degree of social efficiency. The child is society's product and society should care for it. If society persists in its attitude of indifference toward the units of its structure that it fancies are unfit for it, it will at last find

itself minus its own human possibilities and like Iago "without an occupation."

"But that is socialism," was heard through the key-hole. "Well, what of it?" was the quick response. "If it were Calvinism, Anarchy or Yellow Journalism it would be the same. Socialism or not, it is common sense. At this there was a general laugh at the expense of the business woman whose signature as member of the League was scarcely dry on the paper. It was explained to her that socialistic sentiments were not necessarily the sentiments of a Socialist, and that to be anarchistic did not at all imply that one was in sympathy or co-operation with bomb-throwing Anarchists. "Love, not law" was seen to suggest only the fact that "Love is the Law" and if applied to every problem confronting human society, will reveal the way out, independently of sects, politics or institutions.

The conversation reverted to the subject of childrens' names. "How should we know single women from married ones?" was asked by the new member of the League. "If women should keep their maiden names and give them to their children, single women with children would have the same social standing as married women. It would also be embarrassing for a married woman to be taken for a Miss" Boldly and unhesitatingly the prominent member replied. "I see no reason why a woman should be labeled Miss or Mrs. at all. Men are not so labeled. We have no way to tell whether a man is married or not except by inquiry into his personal affairs. We are not under obligations to know anything about his personal relations in order to do business with him, and if you please, is there the slightest reason that you can think of why a woman should be subject to any more scrutiny than a man? Isn't a woman as capable of preserving her dignity without a specific title as a man? And pray, is she not as virtuous by one name as another? Need her bitter experiences be given to the world and her heart sorrows and sufferings be the property of the idle, curious and revengeful, simply because she is a woman? Perish the thought. But putting entirely out of consideration the woman who has a child, protection is needed for the woman in business who has no children and is not likely to have. Progressive business women constantly complain of the fact that they are compelled to waste valuable time in explanations as to their personal and domestic affairs. It is an every day occurrence for a woman in business to be asked if she is married or single. If married, whether she has children, and if so, how many? If she is married she is expected to give her husband's address and tell what business he is engaged in, etc. etc. If not married, why not? etc. etc. Think of the indignity of such a cross-examination as that—it's maddening!"

The National Business Woman's League stands foremost among movements for the promulgation of 20th Century

ideals. Louise Lee Hardin, its President and originator, is a woman whom to come in contact with is to realize that there is no limitation that can possibly stand against the intelligence, energy and progressiveness of women organized for economic freedom. The crowning of the efforts of business women will not alone be in the increased volume and strength of business as conducted by them, and in the revolution of sentiment and of conditions and methods in the world of industry, but it heralds the debut of a new social order in which men and women will not contend against each other but will work together. A solid phalanx of women in the business world marching steadily forward, means sooner or later the complete union of economic forces in which will be complete strength. The placing of labor before love and social efficiency as against social limitations will usher in a flood-tide of power for the entire human race as compared with which the story of Atlantean achievement is a passing dream.

YELLOW NEWS.

A CHICAGO SONG.

They're piping hot from the pictured Press,
 In blathering blue and red,
 A simpering, smirking murderess,
 Her dupe and victim dead,
 Some "bandit-boys" and a Beast or two;
 (A sickener sure to sell:)
 All Vice and Villainy's Vile Review,
 With the yellowest yell to yell.

Chorus (Yelled):

'Ere y'aw!

Paper-aw!

Extree three o'clock murdaw!

Dreadful 'oldups!

Bloody suicides!

Many lives lost!

The scarlet sunset steeps the sky,
 And smears the smoke with blood;
 Now, swift the yellow newsboys fly
 Through the suggestive mud:
 They flip the fleeting cable car:
 They dive among the throng;
 While, shrieked above the roar and jar,
 Soars their seductive song.

Chorus (Shrieked):

'Ere y'arr!

Paper-arr!

Extree five o'clock big double family-
 murder and suicide!

Dreadful pictures! !

Bloody supplement! ! !

Many lives lost! ! ! !

—Bertrand Shadwell, in the *New Age*, of London.

A Fragment.

By W. H. Sanders.

* * * There are rhythmic changes in every life, in the life of every individual and in the life of every nation. There are times when the ship is in the trough between the billows; but staunchly built and rightly directed, she comes safe into port just the same.

Take the world for it, I believe that each day is better than the day preceding; that yesterday was better than the day before and that today is better than yesterday; that today in all the world is the most glorious day in 1900 years.

I am glad that when I came into this world nature had already touched me with something that pointed to a light beyond, a light in the distance, it is true, and a light, you may say, that "never was on land or sea," but a light nevertheless that then fixed my gaze and has held it ever since; a light that has been with me every moment of every hour from that hour to this; with me in pain and in sorrow, in forebodings and in solicitude. * * *

I know there is something in the heart of man that sings and dreams while he works and that he works all the more and all the better because he dreams. I know there is something that turns indifference into interest and listlessness into life, something that winds up the coiled springs of endeavor, quickens and strengthens determination and takes up the tools of toil to turn them into toys.

I know that there is something that levels the hill and bridges the stream and tunnels the mountain and climbs the bleak and barren peaks of difficulty and moves the world.

I know there is something that finds the beauty and not the flaw in every statute, the strength and not the weakness in every friend and the quality of good in every man.

I know there is something that with noiseless step comes tripping down to where weakness and weariness and worry and care sit moping and brooding in the sunless and cheerless caverns of gloom; something that lights up the spirit lamps of cheer, turns morbid imaginings into airy fancy and the monstrous shapes of darkness into creatures of lightsomeness and love; something that fills the timid soul with eager fire and turns the dark begotten fantasies of midnight into day-dream visions of beauty; something that floods the dismal walls with the glory of sunrise and turns the deeps of despair into sunlit palaces of the gods.

Hope? Very well; call it hope. Then I shall think of hope, not as a fairy of the imagination, but as a living reality. Futile hope, do you say? Nevertheless, I say that when nature touched me in this way she gave me more than riches, made me more than a Croesus and gave me that that I would rather have than all her mountains of gold. * * *

A Preachment to Preachers.

By Sercombe Himself.



I am a carpenter. I am a maker of new things. I do not bring you a story of babbling childhood nor a babbling preachment of old age, but in the flower of my strength and intellect I offer a sure and natural method of character building which ere long is sure to come into general use.

The world misjudges me at present but not more than you misjudge and misinterpret the world.

The regime of preaching, commandments, ostracism and gunpowder having now been pursued by the church for a thousand years, and having produced nothing better than universal graft, dishonesty, hypocrisy, with a very high percentage of adultery, rowdyism and open theft it is high time that the Conservators of Public Morals should look about them for a more encouraging system and set of ideals.

Judged by results, the prevailing method of teaching honesty and morality is a failure; and having decided under the title of "Chicago's Cave Dwellers" to place the record of this failure in the hands of the public with full and convincing proof, I deem it expedient, before doing so, to address you as follows:—

Advice, persuasion, criticism, and all forms of preaching have in no way been aids to human progress for the reason that all advancement, all evolution, is due entirely to another set of forces.

Primitive man with no attempt at self guidance made more rapid progress than we, in fact, our soicitude has ever been a detriment and hindrance to progress.

Those who have been able to completely direct themselves under the guidance of the most expert teachers, viz., the royalty and nobility of Europe, have invariably become degenerates.

It is the LIFE FORCE that makes civilization.

While a docile and enslaved race may be controlled and exploited by preaching to them a set of commandments, rules and regulations, this naive form of despotism is entirely out of harmony with contemporary ideals of democracy and equality. Therefore, I declare:—

That despotism has never been a force for good.

That the Declaration of Independence is an inspired document.

That brotherhood as taught by Jesus implies individual freedom, equality and pure democracy.

That the inter-relationship and inter-dependence of all mankind as taught by Herbert Spencer implies freedom, independence and pure democracy.

That the inductive method of bringing out the individuality of the child as taught by Froebel and Pestalozzi is a movement toward freedom, equality and pure democracy.

That all the ideals of kingcraft and priestcraft were initiated to control slaves, are only fit for slaves and must ever be without effect upon a free people.

That the present reign of crime and vice in this country is accounted for by the effort of the Conservators of Public Morals to enforce impossible systems only fit for dominated races.

That criminals and wrongdoers are victims and not culprits.

That all efforts to stop graft by despotic methods will be a failure.

That all effort to stop drunkenness by despotic methods will be a failure.

That all efforts to prevent adultery by preaching or any other form of despotism will be a failure.

That Industry is EVERYTHING as a counter influence away from crime.

That while monogamy may be maintained among docile and enslaved races by the despotism of the present marriage system, a free people will not and do not submit to the dictation of tyrannical authorities in their love and sex relations.

That proper institutions of character culture should take the place of all the forms of despotic attempts to control the private affairs of individuals.

That GOOD CHARACTER is all that is needed in order to do away with all the crimes of our epoch.

That good character is the result of good environment and not the result of preaching or talking.

That Lincoln, Ingersoll and Beecher all "grew" not even having mothers in their childhood to say "don't."

That all the preachers in the world are wasting their time and should go to work shoulder to shoulder with their followers and acquire industry initiative and originality and the Lord of Hosts will take care of the rest as he did long before preachers were invented.

That my mission on earth shall be to teach Preachers to place more faith and trust in God and less in their own preaching.

That our race depends upon the monogamic system in order to preserve its energy, vitality and cleanliness.

That if it is necessary to let go dogma and doctrine in order to preserve the institution of monogamy it is our duty to do so.

That under right conditions we would become monogamic as completely as sheep are vegetarians.

That under the Declaration of Independence this vital principle can only be preserved in the form of VOLUNTARY MONOGAMY without external despotism, coercion or ostracism.

That a free people cannot be forced into monogamy by decree of Church or State.

That the word "illegitimate" applied to a child is a disgrace to our race.

That a CREED whether Christian Science or Socialism is an eternal detriment to progress and prevents its devotees from making use of the latest acquired knowledge.

That all knowledge is the result of experimentation and he who stands in the way of experimentation is an enemy to progress.

That rowdyism, adultery, graft, drunkenness and every form of vice is on the rapid increase.

That it is impossible to bring up a child to be honest or moral in Chicago.

That those who are interested will start immediately forming groups and settlements made up of high minded, industrious people away from cities, where those who really have an interest in their children may let them grow up to manhood and womanhood fit for the "brotherhood of man" as described by Jesus and as outlined by Herbert Spencer, Kropotkin, Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter.

To Parker H. Sercombe, Editor:

How rare a thing and how delightful a surprise to find a magazine whose pen and purpose is an embodiment of one's dreams and ideals from youth—this is my experience since by accident "To-Morrow" fell into my hands. You ring true. May the sun's fairest shining gladden your fine endeavor.

Ida Ellis Lightbodie.

Dear To-Morrow Magazine:

I have received your June number also the Fountain Pen and am surprised; it is so much better than I expected.

I never thought you could give so good a premium, besides To-Morrow is the greatest magazine in the world.

Yours truly, Nealy Adams

Now in preparation; "Chicago's Cave Dwellers" by Parker H. Sercombe. Price, post paid, One Dollar. Send remittance with order. The only true story of vice and crime, the responsibility being placed upon the real culprits and NOT on the victims.

The History of Human Marriage.

By Lida Parce Robinson.

Part VI.

Modern Civil Marriage.



With the decline of the power of the Church, the state took over the office of marriage but it in no way changed the conditions of it. The identity of the woman was absorbed and lost in that of the man. They became one, before the law, and the man was the one. The wife occupied a most confusing position. If she violated the law she was liable to penalties, in the personal capacity,—often to severer penalty than a man incurred for the same offense. If she suffered injury at the hands of another, either in person or in such property as was to her of the most intimate personal

concern, she could not take action in self-defense; because, for purposes of defense, she was not a person in the eyes of the law. As a woman she could not inherit equally with brothers. As a wife she could not inherit equally with her husband. Unmarried, she was an asset in the hands of the family; married, she was a chattel in the hands of her husband. If her conduct involved a possible doubt of the legitimacy of heirs to her Lord's estate, the severest penalties were provided; but corresponding penalties were not inflicted upon him for a similar offense. And right here it is interesting to trace the identity of monogamy, as it exists under present civil law, with marriage as it developed under the patriarchal institution.

The bequeathing of estates was the sole reason for establishing a difference of status between one wife, and the numerous other wives. Moral considerations were not active in the case. Man could practice communal marriage in the same old way; and all women, excepting the mother of heirs could do likewise. As the legitimacy of heirs was the essential thing, the heaviest punishment fell upon the wife for endangering it. This view and practice became customary, and finally, moral. The sensibilities, perverted by the supremacy of property, did not greatly rebel against the com-

bination of communalism on the one side, with monogamy on the other. The point of similarity lies here; that the bequeathing of property is still the central purpose of monogamy and the proof of this statement is in the fact, that the wife is still held to monogamy, while the husband still continues his communal relations. The proof that the moral ideas which are held in this connection are superficial and not fundamental, lies in the fact that they are only applied to one side of the case. And by the same token we know that the supremacy of the property idea still contravenes and destroys fundamental moral ideas in regard to marriage.

Within the decline of feudalism, as the private ownership of property spread among the people, the monogamic idea spread responsively; and the gentile ideas declined until monogamy became the rule, and old customs became first unpopular, and then immoral. This was not so revolutionary as it sounds; for under gentile law the choice in marriage was constantly restricted, under ever increasing exclusions, till the pairing family was reached, during barbarism. The difference existed more in theory than in fact. The gentile theory was that all were, by nature, mutually included in the marriage relation. Artificial restrictions were instituted, and increased, from age to age, until choice became rather limited; but the theory remained the same; that universal inclusion was natural, and that restrictions were artificial. The theory of monogamy is, that all are, by nature, mutually excluded from marriage, and that inclusion is artificial. The irresponsible power of the feudal and the patriarchal chief probably increased the real practice of communalism, by breaking down the gentile exclusions and indefinitely multiplying the inclusions.

Theoretical monogamy spread and became universal, as the private ownership of property became theoretically open to all. The possibility of private ownership is on the decline, among all but the possessors of special privileges. And it has been noted with much alarm, by a class of observers, that marriage is also on the decline. The number of men who have property to bequeath, or are able to feed a chattel-wife steadily diminishes.

The Patriarchal control over members of the family no longer extends to the death penalty, and his power is otherwise abridged. He can only hold one adult chattel, the wife; and his power over her has been limited in diverse ways in different places. But in only a very small portion of the territory which acknowledges the common law, has the personal status been established, for the wife and individual marriage superseded possessory marriage.

The modifications of the law in respect to married women, in the different states, have differed so widely that a woman must be very nimble witted indeed to keep track of her status: to know whether she is a person, whether she is entitled to the enjoyment of her wages, whether she is a guardian of

her children, whether she owns her clothing. A man may travel to every part of the country, and his status and his rights remain a fixed quantity. They are his by nature, and hence are uniform; but those of a woman change in the most disconcerting fashion, as often as she crosses a state boundary, where the whims of legislators differ. In return for sustaining these whimsical disabilities woman is said to receive "protection" and "support." The law insures the disabilities. It does not practically insure the "protection" theory and "support." But it is difficult to see how the "protection" theory could be applied. The individual woman is not subject to any invasion against which the individual man can possibly protect her. As to the theory of support, there has probably never been a time when the general woman received in support any considerable part of the value that she contributed to the resources of her husband. In writing of the historical woman and her recompense for toil, Theodore Schroeder says: "There can be little doubt that, except in rare cases, the balance was so much in her favor that more often it could be said that her husband was living on her labor than that she was an idle dependent upon his." (*The Evolution of Marriage Ideals*).

The husband's power over his wife rested from the beginning, on his individual possession of the tools of her industry. His ability to hold her in servitude depends upon his power to absorb the proceeds of her labor, and so control her food supply. As long as a man owns the field his wife tills, or the tools with which she works, and can sell the product, giving her food out of the proceeds, he can make good his limited ownership of the woman. But when he can not do these things his ownership loses the last leg it had to stand upon. A slave that feeds itself by working for someone else besides its owner is not doomed to perpetual slavery.

Man has contrived an industrial system wherein the uncumbered man theoretically establishes the wage level; and the result is working out in practice more fully all the time. If a man has a family, they must live on the wage that is just sufficient for the needs of one man; or they must earn money themselves. The inevitable result is, women must enter organized industry. Five millions of them have already done so in America.

The effect of this condition of affairs upon marriage is already profoundly felt. It has become absurd for the industrial woman to marry. From the standpoint of reason, marriage is only feasible now, to that class of women who are so situated socially, that they are eligible for wives to those men who have property to convey to heirs. To women not so situated, "society" is no longer a will-o-the-wisp. It is so far off as to be completely out of sight. And one of the results of this impassible distance between the average woman and "society" is, that the latter loses all power over her life. She no longer cares for the approval of any woman or any set of

women. If the industrial woman is efficient and diligent, her employer doesn't bother himself about her personal affairs. If she maintains a courteous and pleasant exterior, her landlady asks no questions. She is not a candidate for "queen of the home." She doesn't meet men who can support "the home." Neither does she recruit the brothel. She doesn't die of a broken heart, for she has something to do that gives her dignity and importance. Her life is worth while for its own sake. She is not a personal servant, but a servant of the race. This is the more thoughtful type of industrial woman. The less thoughtful type still marry, and still recruit the brothel. When they marry, the result is two people trying to live on a one-man wage. Then children coming to still farther divide the wage. Then the mother returning to work; and neglected children. The fathers of these families desert, in armies, every year. In Chicago alone, five thousand pitiful little beings are thus left, with their mothers for their sole support, each year. It is a serious question among betterment workers, how to take care of the families of those men who desert their wives at time of child-birth. It is well recognized that the birth of a child places a strain on the moral fiber of the wage earning man and that many give way under it. The birth of twins ends fatally for the father's nerve, in a large percentage of cases; and as for triplets, the proportion of working fathers who withstand their birth is small. The large number and regularity of these desertions is a very important matter in all industrial centers. It can not but have a deterring effect upon marriage among industrial people. I requote from a recent economic writer: "The institution of the family cannot be a very long time preserved in a state, country or world, where the economic motto is 'every fellow for himself.' When the logical result of the system is reached, when its ideal is attained, disintegration and individualization will be complete—each will be for himself or herself."

Every normal woman covets motherhood; but to contract for an unlimited motherhood, under circumstances which do not secure reasonable support and opportunities to the family, and at the expense of legal disabilities which limit or exclude the mother's guardianship, and which enable the father to divert the earnings of both mother and children to his own pleasure, no longer appeals to the thoughtful woman.

A theory is held by some who discuss the divorce question, that the state is the party of the first part, and the man and woman constitute party of the second part in marriage. That divorce is therefore a dissolving of a contract with the state, and not lightly to be permitted. The claim for the state is placed on the ground that it is an interested party; that the offspring of the union are future citizens, and they must be protected. Now, of what does this protection consist? What is that ideal condition in which the state thus secures the child? Does it protect him from degrading surroundings; or provide the necessary environment for developing his use-

fulness and efficiency? No, it does none of these things. What it does do is to secure to the father legitimate heirs to his estate. The father can then allow the claims of his heirs, more or less, according to his pleasure. As pointed out before, the civil marriage of the present has for its object, the holding and bequeathing of property. And the part of the state in the contract is solely directed toward that end. Social custom secures the sanction of society to those united under the marriage contract, and to their offspring.

But economic conditions are fast pushing the race into a state wherein social sanction is of only minor importance. As a matter of fact, the part of the state, in marriage, is destructive and not constructive. So far as the material welfare of the child is concerned, the state is simply a prying busy-body. It demands of a woman to know who is the father of her child; but it does not practically compel him to support the child. Few men now-a-days have any property worth bequeathing, excepting those who enjoy social privileges. But all children have capacities worth developing. The state interests itself not with the latter; but with the former object. The state secures an unnatural immunity from responsibility to the father if the mother has not compelled him to a compliance with the marriage law; and it does not secure the mother and child properly, in any material need, in case of such compliance. A premium is placed upon unmarried paternity, and the mother and child pay the premium. This undermines the character of the man, ruins the life of the mother, and prevents the development of the abilities and usefulness of the child. It secures irresponsible license to the man, makes the woman pay the price of it, and leaves the child to survive or perish. The unmarried mother is the guardian of her child. Her wages can be used without dispute, for its maintenance. She can protect herself from further incidental and unwarranted maternity. Statistics kept by the agencies for human betterment show that the unmarried mother is the least of all classes of deserting parents.

Conditions now make marriage unwarrantable and unsafe for any but the property-holding class; and man and woman alike fall under this condemnation. But those facts that make marriage peculiarly unfeasible for woman, result from taking from under her feet the common ground of humanity; and substituting therefor, sundry bits of scaffolding; which are juggled about and readjusted from time to time, according to masculine whim.

The question naturally asks itself: What is the race trying to do; is it responding, blindly, to evolutionary law, in putting this poignant test upon his members? Is it not time for the race to act less blindly, and with less suffering?

There should be no confusion of aims in the mind of a person studying this subject. It is not the task of the present to announce what will, or must or ought to be in the future; but to recognize wherein present conditions are sound and

wholesome, and to secure the fullest efficiency at these points, and to locate the weak points in our present system, and modify or eradicate them.

In my opinion, the experience of the race probably furnishes no other means of well being and happiness, equal to a harmonious and appreciative companionship, between persons of opposite sex, continuing throughout a lifetime. The higher the psychic development, the more refined the sensibilities, the larger the measure of profit and delight to be derived from such a union. If all were agreed on this proposition, the means for attaining this beatific state here below must be allowed to be still open to debate at nearly every point.

(To be concluded in next number.)

SPIRIT OF THE WIND.

BY MAUDE JACOBS.

Restless roaming spirit, ever unconfined and free,
Forever in thy wandering, what impulse urges thee?
What great unuttered longing, what desire unsatisfied,
Impels thee in a constant search to wander far and wide?
Spirit thou of changeful mood, yet ever of unrest,
What is it that thou seekest in thy never ending quest?
Wild restless roaming spirit, forever in thy flight,
Sleeping not, nor resting, journeying onward through the night;
Sweeping through the valley and braving mountain's snow,
Touching tenderly each blossom, bending each tall tree top low;
Lashing now the waves to fury, in impatience at delay,
Ling'ring lovingly to whisper to the children in their play,
Knocking at the door of mansions, peering in through prison bars;
Howling through the wilderness and calling to the stars;
Spirit in the gentle zephyr—spirit in the fiercest gale—
Tell me who or what thou callest in thy sad and plaintive wail
What the phantom thou pursuest, in an ever baffled race,
What the charms that so entice thee and for aye elude thy chase?



IN HAY TIME,

BY REUBEN W. BOROUGH.

Slap! on round flanks fall the end of the lines
Down the green lanes we're off for the hay,
With rattle of rack and din of the tines.
Heigh ho! Heigh! breathe the fresh of the day,
Heigh ho! Heigh! O sweet is the hay!

Between the round hay-cocks draw up jauntily!
Grasp the long forks while blood leaps through veins,
Shout "Whoa" to the steeds, shout out merrily,
Then slip to the earth while Dan fastens the reins.
Heigh ho! Heigh! O sweet is the hay!

Swift to the heart of the pile flashes steel
And Ben and I grip on the long handles low,
Together we brace and we strain till we feel
The hay poised in air weight our shoulders below.
Heigh ho! Heigh! O sweet is the hay!

Sings through the air and then swish! on the racks!
And Dan tramples down while he taunts us for "More!"
Then gather the stray wisps, call tauntingly back,
"Drive on! Now drive on and we'll cover you o'er".
Heigh ho! Heigh! O sweet is the hay!

Call ye this "work"? Work! this is play.
Knotting of muscle and gay ribaldry,
Snatches of song in the sunlight! O say!
Call ye this "work"? Well, "play" call it we.
Heigh ho! Heigh! O sweet is the hay!

The Repression of the Indian.

By Carlos Montezuma.



In the work of getting right where the country has gone so far wrong as it has in the matter of its relations with the Indians, it is necessary to view the subject from all sides. Thus we have to consider the Indian's present status as it is affected by what is known in the Government's Executive Department as the Indian Bureau. This branch of the Government service came into existence when it became necessary for the Government to protect the outnumbered Indians from the ravages of the

pale faces who had come into possession of and dominated that portion of the western country that had formerly constituted the Indian's domain; and where the Indians did not exist in such numbers as to make them secure against the aggression of the civilized pale face.

At first, the reservations were established as a temporary means of fixing a locality for the Indians where they would be protected from the marauding wild westerner of the plains, with whom might was the only right and who, as a matter of diversion, in the absence of other material as a target for his marksmanship was ready to draw his gun on the Indian. The tendency to perpetuate an institution which was established by the Government for a special purpose made necessary by the conditions then existing, but which would, as a matter of course, cease to be, within a generation, is characteristic of the dead calm which often overtakes the national intelligence.

It is the same slothfulness of mental action that manifests itself in the individual. Nothing in the natural order of things warrants the keeping up of the Indian Bureau at Washington. It has now no place as a branch of the Government itself. It was in its inception, and is to-day a mere attachment to the regular Government machinery; yet the fact that it was established seems to be sufficient reason for continuing it when the exercise of a little thought would demonstrate that it is a hindrance to the Indian's advancement.

All that is necessary to do is to accept the fact that the Indian is a man, a citizen of the United States and that there

is nothing about him now that requires the special attention of the Government. Let him assume the place to which he is entitled as a member of the national household and his affairs will be managed and his rights maintained by the same laws and regulations that control in the case of other persons.

The Indian is ready to adapt himself to the pursuits in which the people of the country are generally engaged. Give him these opportunities and the Indian Bureau will naturally fall into its proper condition of uselessness and cease to exist.

Crutches for the lame have no curative properties; and so long as nothing is done to cure the man's lameness he will cling to them. But the moment he is brought to the point where he does not need crutches he lays them aside as a useless incumbrance to locomotion.

The Indian Bureau will never do away with itself. It has become so extended in the matter of office holding that it exists now more for the purpose of aiding the politician than for any good to the Indian.

It has become a formidable branch of the Government and it is going to be a difficult thing to get it out of the way. It furnishes a living to such a large number of persons that it would be useless to attempt to legislate it out of existence. We realize that it would be about as easy to remove a mountain as it would be to get a bill through Congress abolishing the Indian Bureau. It therefore becomes absolutely necessary to terminate its existence by getting the Indians out of its control; and like a mill without grist to grind, it would soon be out of business. It is a stumbling block in the road which the Indian is compelled to travel.

Those connected with the Bureau in an administrative capacity well know if the course we suggest is pursued the Bureau would be put out of business; and therefore, the plan which must be adhered to is to keep the Indian where he is and thus provide an excuse for continuing the Bureau.

This is what keeps the Indian where he is to-day, neither in nor out of civilization. He is neither independent of the Government nor yet a part of it. On the reservation there is nothing to stimulate him to action. Nothing for him to look forward to. Nothing to excite in him a hope of bettering his condition.

A human being cannot be stationary. By virtue of his construction he is either going forward or backward. This is the situation of the Indian on the reservation.

Withdrawn as he is from those influences which surround men in the midst of civilization he leads a mere negative existence. He is doing nothing to improve himself or those around him. He is without even the pleasure of entertaining bright hopes for his children. There is nothing to encourage him in any direction. He does, however, entertain hope which, though not so realized by him, is an exceedingly vain and scheme. In Mr. Leupp's Indian vocabulary we do not find the word *man*, yet he holds the Government office once so ably filled by Gen. Pratt.

foolish one, namely, a hope that through the Indian Agent there will come to him, in some way, at some time, a relief from his degrading environments and that he will be brought into the life which he sees the pale face enjoying; that he will become a man among men with all the rights that men generally have. The Indian is a thinking, reasoning being, endowed with like faculties as are given to other men. And though untutored he is not unmindful of himself as to what he is; and his sense of pride and his spirit of independence are wounded by the attitude which the Government assumes toward him. He is not reconciled to his situation and it cannot be expected that he should be. His condition is at variance with nature's laws. The Indian has been for many years ready and willing to recognize the restraints incident to civilization. He desires to be a part of this civilized people and is willing to do what is required of him. He therefore feels that he ought to have the privileges that are given to others to make as much as he can out of the few years which are given him to live. He does not desire to preserve his distinctiveness as an Indian and his pride moves him to revolt at the suggestion that there is anything about him that should excite particular comment, or that should be made the subject of particular notice. He feels a resentment against anything of that character the same as a German, a Frenchman, a Bohemian or a Japanese would feel were the Lummisses, the Leupps, the Garlands, the Remingtons and the Curtises to promulgate the theory that it is the duty of the Government to not only put forth an effort but to expend money to preserve the German as a German, the Frenchman as a Frenchman, the Bohemian as a Bohemian, and the Japanese as a Japanese, in all his native qualities and to save him from losing his distinctiveness and prevent him from so becoming Americanized that he would not attract attention by his nationality. But it is characteristic of the narrowness of Lummis, Leupp, et al. to limit their suggestions in this direction to the Indian because his position in the country is not such, we regret to say, as to make the authors of such suggestions as ridiculous in the public eye as they deserve to be.

If the Indians who are now in this country had come here within the last fifty years as emigrants, no matter what their condition as to ignorance or appearance might have been, they would nevertheless have escaped the eye of Lummis, Leupp et al. and their suggestions as to what ought to be done with them. The fatal mistake which the Indian made was in not being an emigrant instead of being an original American.

It is not likley that any other administration will keep in public office a man who has nothing to suggest as to the Indian but that he should be preserved as a kind of memento, kept as a mysterious being for future generations to read about—as something not quite human, Yet Commissioner Luepp's stock of ideas concerning the Government's duties toward the Indian do not take him far beyond this memento scheme.

The Dreamer.

By Philip Green Wright.

I mould and press the daily tale of brick,
The world, my foreign taskmaster, requires;
Receive in silence the contemptuous kick
And cuff it gives to whomsoever it hires;
Indifferent to all the world admires,
I take my dole of bread and oil and go
Into a world of beauty that I know.

A world so near that even mid the roar
Of earth's contending voices I can hear
The music of the breakers on its shore,
The chiming of its bells come pure and clear;
And, for a space, forgetting what is near,
I smile and drop my work and listen, while
My fellow toilers wonder that I smile.

But when my daily task is ended, when
With leave to be alone in sunset's glow,
I slip off from my jostling fellow men
And let the river of my spirit flow;
Floating adown its singing waves I go
Back to the dreamy country of my birth
Some fragrant, far Arabian shore of earth.

Back from this world of solid fixity,
Where I am but an atom mid the rest;
Back to a world of purest phantasy,
Ethereal as the rosy tinted west,
Where the great sun hath wrought the loveliest
Of evanescent clouds with might divine;
So do I dominate that world of mine.

In this my country is no angry strife,
My citizens are ever fair and strong,
And wise and cheerful in their work, their life
Doth glide in mutual helpfulness along,
Their busy minds and hands devise no wrong,
But all the gifts of nature they impress
With Protean shapes of use and loveliness.

On through her hills and vales my spirit roves,
Where youths and maidens unabashed and free,

Wander at twilight mid the quiet groves,
Fair as the white-limbed dryads whom we see
In artists' dreams of golden Arcadee:
And all is glad with many an ardent glance,
And strains of melting music and the dance.

Sometimes, about the real world, it seems,
My country like a subtle aura clings;
I feel it in the sound of woodland streams
And in the liquid note the redwing sings
And in the hush of God that morning brings,
But most, when, after wrangling, I have heard
The sweet assuaging of a gentle word.

And sometimes, too, I fancy, in the world,
The real world, I have the self-same might:
I will; and lo! all tyranny is hurled
With war and hate to everlasting night;
And ugliness and misery take flight;
And every dwarfed, brute-hinting form and face
Becomes the perfect promise of our race.

I stand in parliaments and congresses,
Where only venom'd cruelty is heard,
Disguised in fairest spoken sentences,
And see them quail before my flaming word:
I dominate them all, and, long deferred,
The golden age of man I see begun
When all the nations of the earth are one.

And so among my fellow men I go,
As slips a little sphere of mercury
Among the dust and pebbles, taking no
Least impress from them all: they seem to be
Only reflected images in me.
And I in turn to them forever seem
Aloof, the idle dreamer of a dream.

O man, O man, I only dream and dream.
But is my dream for that less glorious?
Doth not my torch ignite a friendly gleam
In you to exorcise this incubus—
This brutal nature that disfigures us?
Oh, put your stronger hand upon the beam,
And we will lift the real world to the dream!

Elbert Hubbard's Idea of the Value of Human Suffering.

By Valdemar Blad.

In a recent gathering of intelligent men and women at Elbert Hubbard's "Roycroft Shops", he gave it as his conviction, deducted from his eight and forty years of experience and thought, that of all experiences, tending toward human progress and unfoldment, the bitterest—if outlived—are best of all.

The deeper you have been down—the more intense and prolonged your suffering has been—the higher you are capable of rising in the scale of true human development, the brighter are your prospects for future achievement and usefulness.

The whole process of human evolution, from brute to man, leads through a veritable hell-fire of pain; but this the only road there is.

Thought, Sympathy, our Humane Consideration for each other and our interest in our struggling fellow-being, may be measured in exact ratio to what we ourselves have endured in the past. There is really nothing in the wide world but suffering which is capable of creating thought and sympathy.

We often have occasion to admire men and women of superb physique, men and women whose evenly rounded, smooth and beautiful features, have never been marred by any struggle going on within, never been rent by mental disquietude, anguish and sorrow. They are good to look at, such men and women, but the admiration incited by that first impression invariably disappears when you have made their acquaintance, for then they will betray to you the shallow-minded, coarse-fibered being, as it unmistakably stamps itself in their every glance and word. To be sure, they are superb animals; but this, remember, is a world of Thought, and in the process of evolution the animal had to go.

It is a fine thing to be a Perfect Animal, but Thought is the greatest thing in the world; and the greatest thinker that ever lived is him who had suffered the longest and the deepest. The brutal man of all the ages which have gone before us is in his grave, but the thoughts of the man who suffered are making themselves heard through the tumult of centuries; and if ever the deeds of the other fellow were recorded on the annals of time, it was not his own work, but that of his thinking brother.

The greatest thinker that ever lived is him who had suffered the longest and the deepest. This is a fact which should be put away as a truism. If ever it be possible to devise a scale, which will measure accurately the balance held between Thought and Pain, it will be found to be so.

"Get rid of your regrets. You are what you are, on account of what you have experienced. And, rightly understood and appreciated, all experiences are good, and the bitterest best of all. I feel sorry for the souls who have not suffered," is a quotation from a man who, with all his many faults, is one of the ablest and noblest thinkers of today.

Another Perplexed Philosopher.

A Reply to Herman Kuehn "On Rights."

I regret that our philosopher, Herman Kuehn, is so often wrong. He says we are endowed by Nature with a sense of "right", but not "rights." "Rights" rest upon compulsion, and he would do away with both. It would be convenient when doing away with a word that expresses a conception, to get rid of the conception also. Has a man a right to do unto other men what he knows, by Nature's instinct, is wrong? No, says Kuehn, he has no right to do either right or wrong, but like Squeer's school boys, he just "goes and does it."

The cat eats the mouse, but has no right to nor has the mouse a right to life. It is supposed that man has developed faculties that animals do not have, and that life is better because of them, and they include equality, love, justice, sense of the rights of others, the value of truth, logic, etc. Let us abolish all these and go to the cat for inspiration.

If Nature gave every man an "instinctive realization of right," why is it that not a wrong act can be named that has not been committed conscientiously, nor a right act that has not been refrained from conscientiously? I think Nature gives only a faculty to learn. It does not furnish ethical knowledge nor a knowledge of music or algebra. The race began with no moral sense. A child does likewise. Experience only has disciplined the mind morally.

Speaking of puns, Mr. K. can excel Henry George. Cain pleads that he is not guilty of murder; that he "took" Abel's right to life and is therefore guilty only of theft. Now, what we take we may possess. Cain could not possess Abel's life, as he had destroyed it. If we do not permit Mr. K. to use "Take" in the sense of "Destroy," then the whole Cain and Abel paragraph is useless, and the typesetter's time wasted.

If Bro. Kuehn is endowed with an instinctive realization of right, why did he, in a former "Tomorrow" write a letter to J. M. Patterson, imputing to him a doctrine of compulsion, without quoting one word from any declaration to which that gentleman has subscribed? If I charge that the Baptist creed denies the Atonement, shall I not be required to produce the creed in proof? Would it be 'right'? Let Kuehn produce the National Platform of the party Mr. Patterson has joined, and show in what way compulsion is advocated. He must also show that compulsion is never justified. Resist not evil is a pretty theory, but does not fit at present. Only when all men have the "instinctive realization of right" and desire and ability to fulfil it, can compulsion be eliminated. I judge that only Christ, Tolstoy and Kuehn are now fitted for such a republic.

Different sentiments have governed the race at various periods. When the proper sentiment was: Let him take who has the power and let him keep who can, certain barons lived by "voluntarily" taking what the common people produced. Compulsion was also involved. Now extortion and profit are considered "right," and considerable compulsion used, yet less than formerly. It may be that a new sentiment: To the producer belongs the product, may become popular, and much progress made under it, while compulsion continues to diminish. Compulsion used to promote right and oppose wrong will be advocated for some time to come.

Mr. K. says: "Everything in the universal system is working in unison, even though it may not appear to be so." Let us now hear in what way compulsion and Kuehn are working in unison.

"No one ever yet resorted to the plea of natural rights who had not some authoritarian scheme to support." Explain the scheme of those deprived of land, and assert their natural right to it.

None of the absurd charges of unjust compulsion in the former letter to Mr. Patterson need be noticed until it is shown that Mr. P. advocates them, but other errors require attention. Mr. K. says (brushing aside the thin veil of irony): "The Voluntarian will say that Science is even

escent, that today's science is simply the correction of the mistakes of the science of yesterday."

Name a science that is evanescent. If all Nature is in unison, all its laws (or processes) are unchangeable, as we all believe, then an exact knowledge of these laws (science) must be just as unchangeable. The powers of the wheel have been applied in many ways, yet the first wheel made did all that a wheel can do now—turn and carry a load. Real science can be added to, but not corrected; whatever needs correction is not science.

Mr. K. shows some contempt for "Social Science." Whatever is persistently revealed as cause and effect in society may be deemed science, just as in mechanics; for instance, if people lack land and other means, there will be poverty, crime, suffering, etc. To supply what is lacking is remedial. When we discover the best method of possession, the science will be fairly complete. The method that will allow the most voluntary action of each individual, will be the best method. The real Voluntary School then is that which advocates voluntary action limited by Natural Necessity. This is the largest school and includes single taxers, social democrats, etc. Take an example: We may all pass along the street, but we cannot pass in two directions on the same side. Some voluntarian may voluntarily push his vehicle to the left and demolish some smaller vehicle, but if he can escape he need bear his own loss only, and this he calls Freedom at His Own Cost. In this age he is stopped and compelled to make good the other person's loss, and he then complains that he is compelled, coerced, etc. What can be done? Is not the law to pass to the right based upon Natural Necessity? And shall men violate it at will?

It is good, no doubt, to voluntarily combine or compete. The ice men are now working at this idea, and they all choose to combine. The Chicago Tribune says that the uniform price charged proves a combination. If the people collectively wish to produce and distribute ice, as they do water, without paying interest and dividends, they should be encouraged to do so; but we should not prevent others doing the same. We do forbid them to compete as regards water supply. Why? Because competition in this field would mean tearing up the public streets by any one desiring to compete or combine. Should the streets be filled with pipes, and all owners choose to combine, then what becomes of competition, there being no more room for pipes for those wishing to compete (or combine)?

It is therefore proved, I think, that there is an essentially collective sphere, if not yet well defined, still sufficiently so to permit of a great deal more collective property than now exists.

No, Mr. Kuehn, the post office does not suit collectivists in all respects; nor is the refusal of mail privilege to certain people a necessary feature of a collective mail system. The city distributes water to the moral and immoral alike.

Your ironical objections to free use of credit as money are not the real objections. Let a voluntarian devise a unit of value entirely distinct from the collective unit now used, the dollar, and let the size, shape and color be so different that no one will be deceived into accepting the credit of an individual when he prefers a note based on the collective credit. After he does this and is then not permitted to issue his currency, it will be time to complain.

All your statements about the collectivity being infallible; that executives are the same as despots who both make and enforce laws, etc., are ancient, and have been refuted.

C. F. HUNT.

Concerning Loss and Gain.

By Anna Coleman.

Since history writing seems to be the correct thing just now, we chose, after careful consideration, the subject, "Religion: From Muhammad to Samuel Jones," for Monday's Daily Theme. That might be able to make a page out of it, and had made a list of notes ranging from A—ANA to FOL-FYZ, when the 'phone rang.

Come to think of it, what a great age this is anyway. We daily boast of our rapid progress and nightly wish the whole thing would stop stock still, long enough for us to get the buzz out of our heads.

Progress whither? Towards greatness, somebody asserts. Concerning this, we feel just a little as Thomas did concerning some other things.

Leaving out the space of time from the days of the rack, down to our present privilege of worshipping whomsoever and whatsoever we please, from a pug dog to a genuine blown-in-the-bottle, gilt edged creed, and considering only the line of march covered by this generation, there is considerable room for argument on the direction of progress.

We very piously lift our eyes skyward and with clasped hands and quivering chins, thank heaven that we've grown away from that system of slavery engineered by auction blocks and cat-o'-nine-tails, and keep discreetly silent concerning the present bondage of men and women who barter their life blood for the privilege of wearing out body and soul in the treadmill of our great industrial system, receiving in compensation a black crust barely sufficient to sustain their miserable lives.

Progress toward greatness. Greatness of what? Greatness of State—some hero-worshipper shouts through his megaphone. For fear we might become personal in our remarks, we would simply advise him to help his wife get the children ready for Sunday School, and then read the story of a man who held together the sundered parts of a nation by the force of his honesty, cemented the break with the simplicity of his purpose, and preserved the vessel whole.

Another hand goes up and—Greatness of Individual, goes on the blackboard. Undoubtedly, the men of today, the instructor, author, actor, physician, clergyman, lawyer, or business man in short, the men who promote and control the gigantic interests of this age, have established a sort of a loss and gain account on the ledger of their lives, and are daily debiting and crediting that account, but who of us is capable of drawing off a balance and declaring a dividend?

Every achievement of genius or skill, drive to its highest attainment by unceasing, conscientious work, represents a certain amount of earthly paradise lost forever. A man of

affairs, manipulating a stupendous deal in Wall Street, is in one sense an improvement on the barefooted boy, ploughing a bob-tailed mule and sorrel mare in a new-ground field, and in another sense, the boy has the man at a decided disadvantage. The boy is minus nothing; plus a child-like simplicity and good principles. The man is minus simplicity and principles, plus skepticism and processes. The successful operation of his business affairs will never bring him the satisfaction he felt when he luxuriated in trousers with big windows in their gable, hitched up by one bed-ticking gallus, about the same time that he sported the sorest boil and the biggest stone bruise in school. The horse show and elaborate club banquets become a bore when compared with the Sunday recreation of shearing the thoroughbred colt, "so's he'd look like a mule," yoking and riding calves, and roasting stolen eggs down back of the orchard. The pride of the golf championship does not approach that which he felt when he wore the belt for the greatest number of kittens drowned, hornets' nests burned, deepest wading for minnows, and the longest run of a terrapin under a live coal.

It is hardly probable that the stereotyped caress of his fashionably gowned wife ever arouses in him the feeling he experienced when his downy lips pressed the warm red ones of a rosy cheeked girl in a blue sash, nor is it likely that the pressure of her well-groomed, jeweled, sparkling fingers would send little electric thrills thru his nerves, like those that zigzagged all over him when he held for an hour without saying a word, a stubby brown hand, ornamented with hang nails and a few warts, in his own toil-hardened, calloused ones. No business reverse nor social scandal involving the name of the woman to whom he has given the highest gift in man's power to bestow—an honorable name—will ever bring to his mind and heart that exquisite pain and keen sense of desolation that swept over him like a burning syroco, when as a boy he stod beside the cold, stiff body of his dog. Possibly it was a mangy cur, shot by a neighbor for killing sheep, but representing to his childish mind all that was best and highest in the race; companion in many a ramble through the woods, bloody victor in forty coon fights, and source of howling delight when a yellow jacket's nest was unearthed.

And so the account goes on. Feeling giving way to fact, and joys diminishing as the years grow, until not a shadow of their image remains. But let us trust when the night of death approaches, that "hope will see a star, and listening love hear the rustle of a wing;" and when we have crossed the narrow boundaries of Time into Eternity's shoreless sea, when the Great Auditor examines our books, when his blue pencil of Justice and Mercy sets in the balance, let us trust that it may be on the credit side of our loss and gain account.

For the Misfit Art Parlors.

Paris, June 4.—J. Pierpont Morgan has purchased the great Rodophe Kann art collection for \$5,500,000.

The collection includes eight paintings by Rembrandt, four by Rubens and six by Van Dyck.

By Scripps-McRae Press Assn.

One day's sweat of 5,500,000 American workmen, gathered by process of finance, bottled, rectified, perfumed and shipped to be sprinkled over the boulevards and boudoirs of Paris!

It is not really the sweat part of it that makes me feel creepy. If people would rather sweat than think, let them sweat! The chances are that they are much more capable of sweating than of anything else. I am not a socialist, because in reform the sequence is to me essential. I care nothing for a theory which may fit the facts in a million years. In reform I like the order which would be most painless, and I am not be painless to me to have my life and work subject to the judgment of a majority composed mostly, as near as I can see, of unlovable and notion-bound creatures—though all hail and love to the exceptions.

No, what makes me indignant is the stupidity of the proceeding.

As David Graham Phillips, that young giant in intelligent production who some day, I hope, will begin to digest and coordinate his own work—as he has shown, our matadors in profit skinning are like babes in the woods when they go art-buying in Europe.

Now you may think I am indignant because these people, our countrymen and not the worst among us, pay fabulous sums for spurious master-pieces and get laughed at in the bargain.

That is really immaterial. The laugh pays the world for that blunder, and the money kings will learn better; they are already learning; soon they will get the best there is, and will be in high glee. So will Europe; she will laugh a little deeper in her sleeve, for fear of depreciating the values; hypocritically she will deplore her loss. Within herself, she knows that her modern artists can produce better work any day for one-hundredth part of the money value. Genuine and spurious masterpieces are almost alike to her. She has looked at the old junk for hundreds of years, and all the inspiration for new work there is in it she has gotten out of it long ago. Her art views have changed, have become modernized; the snobbery is falling out of them—just as fast as many considerations will permit. When American millionaires shall have succeeded in snatching away the last salable masterpiece, European art will unfold its wings in all the glory of fresh colors and will shed its illuminating rays over the intense life of to-day and to-morrow, as virile art has always done when it

was at its height—in Greece, in Italy, in Holland—caring little or nothing for the past.

But those old fictitious values must be gotten out of the way first. Modern art is not blind to economics. If the sale of the spurious may serve to enhance the ransom for the genuine, so much the better; but let it all go.

That is the pity, that those keen money-masters are saddling upon America—by their example and to the best of their ability—the dead weight of traditions from whose blighting influence living European art is laboriously shaking itself free.

Not that those dead treasures were always a blight. They were art in the days which they portrayed, and thereafter they bore a message of technique and the more important message that future art should paint its own day and the aspirations of its own day. They were the ballast of the art ship in stormy days that followed. But now they are only history. Any good copy can take the place of the original, with a difference that spells many thousands of dollars, but not an iota of art sense or art sentiment; not a twitch of the thrill which is art's justification.

What matters it that official Europe continues to pay homage to the old idols, only half aware of her own conversion? She pays homage so that America may pay tribute, but the vanguard of her art army never turn their heads back, except to smile at those who gather the leavings with such costly conscientious reverence; they pace forward inhaling deep drafts of the atmosphere in which their life is cast, they steep their minds in the facts, the intelligence, the hopes and dreams of the 20th century, and breathe back life or hope or dream interpreted anew, not upon the canvas alone, or the modeled clay, or into the strains of the opera or the pregnant repiques of a problem drama, but they form leagues with science and industry and invention and place the imprint of struggling conceptions or new revelations of placid repose, as the case may be, upon the works of the architect, the engineer, upon the products of the furniture maker, the automobile builder, the plumber. They are everywhere where life is, interpreting and ennobling its manifestations—exactly where those men were whose handiwork fills the museums and collections of Europe and now draw the American gold with such irresistible force as were it a fact unknown that there are produced every year dozens of posters, cigar labels and decalcomama transfer prints which speak with more poetic and puissant voice to this and any coming generation.

And of all the men to fail to recognize that art is swinging boldly away from subserviency to the little past—the whole past is little compared to this age of doings—the money masters of America should be the last, for they are what they are some of them at least, because their minds early grasped big tendencies in human living with clear and bold conception of the essentials.

For \$5,500,000 John Pierpont Morgan might have scattered

one thousand living artists over the United States, creating as many centers for artistic activity, might have bound over American industries the art element now so conspicuously absent from their productions, might in brief have sown a seed from which great shady trees would have sprung in short time in this young fertile soil, rich in artistic receptivity but lamentably untutored. But he preferred to buy a dead non-germinating collection.

MY WEALTH.

BY LAURIE J. QUINBY.

Thou art to me a radiant smile
 At dewy morn and star-lit night;
 'Tis thou who dost my heart beguile
 With rapture and supernal light.

Oft at the quiet hour of night,
 While stars serene in peace look down,
 I gaze upon your face alight
 With love's full radiance brightest shown.

At this calm hour when I am free
 From thoughts unquiet—soul serene—
 I feel the highest joy in me
 To name you still Beloved Queen.

I know not if in times to be
 Your dear soul shall be linked with mine,
 Or whether larger-winged and free,
 Its lustrous light shall mine outshine.

But this I know as know my life:
 My full and boundless joy thou art,
 And rich I am to call you wife—
 Sweet consort and most loving heart.

I do not seek to hold you now
 From other hearts more strong and true,
 By law's decree or formal vow—
 For such light bonds can hold not you.

I have than these a bond more strong,
 More tender and for aye more true—
 A heart of love that would not wrong
 Nor feel an ill toward such as you.

I give you up that I may own
 The highest love your heart bestows:
 For love not free too soon is flown
 From cramping bonds and binding vows.

Our highest title best we prove
 By meek surrender—giving up—
 By such bond would I hold your love—
 Sweet filler of my loving cup.

A FABLE FOR WORKINGMEN.

By Bolton Hall.

A workingman had a bit of ground on which he lived. It seemed to be worth very little, so, after a while he gave it to the Thinkingman.

Nevertheless the Workingman had to live on the land, so the Thinkingman charged him rent. Then the Workingman called the Thinkingman a Monopologist. The Thinkingman thought and made a law: then he nominated lawmakers and the Workingman voted for them—the lawmakers adopted a constitution to prevent any change.

The Workingman worked and made a gun, then he gave it to the Thinkingman for the rent. The Thinkingman said, "What good is a gun to me unless I have a man to use it? I can't risk my own life." So the Workingman voted an appropriation out of his wages to the Thinkingman to hire a man to use the gun. Then the Workingman called the Thinkingman an Aristocrat.

The appropriation set the Workingman behind in his rent, so the Thinkingman sent the hired man (with the gun) to turn the Workingman out of his tenement. The Workingman called the Thinkingman an Oppressor.

Now the question is, Who really disposed the Workingman?

PARADOXES.

BY DR. GEO. W. CAREY.

This is an age of keen investigation, of truth-finding and idol-breaking.

He who is afraid to investigate for fear some cherished idol will be broken is not a true Scientist and not true to himself.

No length of time ever sanctified anything, and the truth alone sets free. But how shall we explain the seeming contradictions that confront us at every turn?

The seeming inconsistencies and paradoxes in the thoughts and actions of man can be explained only on the hypothesis that one power, principle or cause does all and is all and that so-called paradoxes are but steps in the operation of wisdom moving in orderly procedure to the completion of certain phases of expression.

But in material thought there appear to be many inconsistencies.

Man lays his scepter on the stars, analyzes their substances and then dies from the effect of acid in his blood because he does not know what to eat.

He foretells the return of a comet to an hour, but cannot tell if he himself will have la grippe next week. He can tell you the hour in the day one hundred years hence that there will be high tide at Bombay or along the coast of Norway, but he doesn't know the cause of smallpox and foolishly thinks the decaying organic matter or pus from a sick calf injected into his blood may somehow prevent it.

He can clothe himself in armor and dive to the ocean's floor, or travel three thousand leagues under the sea in a submarine boat and then be killed by a street car or automobile in broad daylight on the level road. He knows how to keep the chemicals properly balanced in the storage battery of his automobile, but puts alcohol, morphine and tobacco in his own body and wrecks it. He can foretell the coming of the storm, but cannot foretell the burning of his own house or if the bank will fail in which his money is deposited.

He can tell all about the moons of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, the transit of Venus, the canals of Mars and talk with the man in the moon, but knows no more about the real composition of his own blood, or nerve fluid or the mysteries of digestion and assimilation or the chemical formation of bile than a politician knows of the true science of government.

He can vibrate the air at Boston at a rate that will record the same dots and dashes on a receiver in Liverpool, but cannot receive and correctly translate a dispatch from his solar plexus to his brain.

Why is man forever a paradox? Why does he always want to level down a hill or fill up a hollow? Get married if single, or get a divorce if married? Why does he want cold weather when it is warm and warm weather when it is cold? Why does he lock a man up in jail for begging for food and then give him three meals a day?

Man declares that he is mortised and based in the statement "Thou shalt not kill" and attuned to the music of "Peace on Earth and Good Will toward Men," and yet the ironclads do not rust, nor are the battle flags furled. He loads his muskets with the sermon on the Mount of Olives—emblems of peace—and his cannons with the laws of Moses and bombards alike the Dutch farmer in South Africa and the brown men on the Thousand Isles of the Filipinos. He prays for the time to come quickly when "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks," but he keeps the seas covered with war ships, shakes the solid earth with the tread of soldiers while the smoke from his arsenals and manufactories of implements of war and murder darken the noonday sun.

Man mutilates his fellow man and then establishes the Red Cross Society and Hospitals to care for him and bind his wounds. He condemns cruelty to animals, but the slaughter house disgraces civilization and man expects beefsteak for breakfast. He preaches Humanitarianism,

but the sweat shops still remains a bloody blotch on the face of humanity. He preaches kindness and gentleness to children, but dresses them in military toggery—gives them tin swords, toy pistols and cannons, drills them in the manly art of self defence and tells them to be "strenuous" all under the auspices and sanction of churches whose walls resound with songs and sermons of "Peace on Earth."

Patriots, real statesmen, humanitarians, seers, prophets, the far seeing self-sacrificing lovers of humanity are derided, abused, persecuted, maligned, imprisoned, tortured, crucified, and then monuments are erected with cold chiseled marble to mark their burial place, and the poet and historian vie in singing their praises, while their features are preserved on innumerable canvasses and their sightless eyes stare out from bronze and plaster of Paris in every library, or stand sullen and silent on a niche in the Hall of Fame.

Men and women teach the everlasting truth that we are all children of one common mother and father—the Eternal Positive-Negative Energy from which all things proceed—and therefore members of one family—brothers and sisters in every truth—but they insist on an introduction before speaking to each other as they pass. Sons of God: and yet they must not greet each other without an introduction. O, the pity of it! Oh, the shame! Man asserts that God is love and then writes in a book, "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom."

Love is altogether lovely and no one can fear it.

A woman has been known to ride wild horses, shoot deer, panther and bears, drive six horses hitched to a stage coach, pilot a steamboat on the Mississippi, and then faint dead away when a mouse ran across the floor.

Women are peaceable and kind hearted, but they do so adore soldiers and warships. They detest tobacco and liquor, but marry men who use both. A woman will express pity and sorrow for the poor and needy and then put a ten-dollar collar on a fat, pudgy, disgusting dog and let it follow her along the street while five orphan children are ragged and hungry on her block. Women love birds—especially on toast—they love the beautiful plumage of birds—especially on their hats.

Man declares the laws enacted by legislatures and congresses are sacred. He then violates these laws, carries his case to the court of last resort and gets the sacred laws repealed. Man declares majorities should rule, but bitterly opposes the majority when contrary to his opinion.

The automobile driver may scorch his wagon along the street at a 40 mile clip if he will toot a horn to warn pedestrians to flee from the wrath coming, but the man on foot is locked up in jail if he runs amuck in the street shouting "Get out of my way!" Men believe in socialism when the principle is applied to the distribution of seeds by the government to the farmers, but they bitterly oppose socialism when it comes to planting, harvesting and distributing the product of those seeds to the people. Men are in favor of co-operation (or government control) in war, but opposed to it in time of peace. Some men apparently sane on most questions really think it is right for capital to combine and rob the laborers, but sinful for laborers to combine and rob the capitalist. Some men say that God is everywhere and that the devil is everywhere, too, and then prove mathematically that two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time. Man has been known to say, "The truth shall set you free" and then declare that the devil and hell and evil are truths. Some men say the race is constantly progressing; but we didn't know how far the sun is from Earth until the pyramids, built 6,000 years ago, revealed it. Stoutly maintaining that the race is progressing, we send our children to the land of Raphael to study the old masters, excavate for buried civilizations, decipher hieroglyphics and symbols of the ancients of days only to find that man of Earth knew all we know, and more, before the temples of Karnack were reared above the Yellow Nile or the walls of Balbeck cast a shade for the arab and his camel.

What is now has been and will be again, and there is no "New thing under the Sun."

All these paradoxes can be explained. They arise from the fact that man has turned the mighty Power he possesses to every object and

principle in the universe except himself. When he once focuses his thinker upon himself and realizes that he is truly an epitome of the universe, the heavens will be gathered together as a scroll and he will behold in himself the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

Draw aside the curtains of Maya, O, thou Angel of Reality, that we may behold the celestial city of Truth. Lift up the gates of limitation, and be ye lifted up, ye hills of ignorance and doubt that the imprisoned soul may be free. Let divine intuition—Woman—put on the crown of rulership and ascend the throne. Let divine reason—Man—also crowned, stand by her side and together issue a mandate to all sleeping souls. "Arise! Take up thy bed and walk. Thy sins be forgiven thee."

THE BOWL.

FROM THE PERSIAN.—BY H. BEDFORD-JONES.

A traveller, parched with thirst, unto a spring
Of water came; and stooping, from the brim
He drank, and found the water cool and sweet.
Here resting, in a little space there came
Another traveller, who took a bowl
Of earthenware from out his pack; and when
He drank his fill, departed, leaving there
The cup. But he who first had come, again
Desiring, took the bowl, and, filling, drank;
But dropped the cup—the water, once so sweet,
Now tasted bitter. Then a Voice was heard
In accents soft: "Oh, Son, that bowl was clay,
And that same clay of old was man; and naught
May lose the bitter flavor of this life,
The acrid odor of mortality."
And so the traveller, thinking on his soul,
Departed.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY CHARLES HENRY CHESLEY.

The force which moves the tiny flower to swing
Its face always to meet the mother sun,
Is not more potent than this mystic thing;
The spell of joy when wood birds wake to sing
Is not a sweeter theme, by love begun;
No weaver with his cunning ever spun
A fabric rarer in its patterning.

That man who knows his friends as David knew
His Jonathan, and feels the warm hand clasp,
Fares forth to meet an army, fortified;
Knowing that even in defeat a few
Will dare to give the fugitive their grasp
And welcome him again, whate'er betide.

The Spencer-Whitman Round Table

Grace Moore, Toastmistress.



Self expression! What magic in it! To give form, color, beauty and life to the mental conceptions and inner longings that have taken possession of us! To transform natural objects and conditions to our hand that the thought yet vague in the mind may somehow become objectivized and endowed with a personal value all our own; to vivify the work of the hand and brain with the consciousness of our Higher Spirit-Will, and greatest of all to witness in the changed countenances and conduct of our fellows for whose especial benefit our work was a voluntary service,

proofs of the powers we scarcely dared presume were within call, and to feel that the hour, the conditions and the possibilities before us have been fully utilized,—this is happiness!

A dear friend of earlier days whom to recall is to entertain memories altogether lovely, was to my mind a striking example of the potency and charm of self expression and individual adaptability. But a scant portion of the material things of life were hers, few advantages she had had, and many sorrows, but she seemed to have no end of joys. Friends, "like the poor" she "had always with her," each of whom "wished she would live with them." She had so many offers of a home that "like the old woman who lived in a shoe she didn't know what to do." Children flocked around her like flies to a puddle of spilled syrup. If there was a picnic or a church sociable, she was certain to be the attraction and delight of the crowd for the original entertainment she would manage to provide for old and young alike.

On one occasion that I remember, upon the ground occupied by a crowd of picnickers, were a few hundred hickory nuts that seemed in no fair way to distinguish themselves, but an alert eye for the very least of Nature's byproducts and a loving discernment of possibilities not to be neglected, moved the hand and brain of this distinctively Adaptable Lady in the direction of a higher evolution for the as yet unsocialized hickory nuts. In a twinkling she had pans of clean water ready and some fifty children rivaling with one another for

the privilege of washing and drying the nuts. The nuts cleaned and shining in a pile on the white dining cloth still spread upon the green grass, the next scene was of the happy children loving the hickory nuts into the most unique of baby forms and faces and so cleverly dressing them with scraps of paper napkins from the otherwise exhausted lunch baskets that peals of laughter and exclamations of wonder blended inspiringly with the songs of birds in the trees overhead. I never saw a merrier picnic crowd or ever felt a more fascinatingly wholesouled, democratic spirit than prevailed at this summer gathering, due entirely to the creative genius of a woman endowed with the divine gift of individual adaptability; such adaptability as only unselfish love for others ever inspires.

On another occasion in the woods when the sultry heat of a July day in the inland seemed to preclude any possibilities of social pleasure or any expectations of enjoyment beyond mere relaxation and bodily restfulness, our extremely Adaptable Lady suddenly aroused and vitalized the crowd of lazies and good-for-nothings about her by the exhibition of some funny and interesting little forms and figures modelled from clay that she had brought to the scene in an obscure petticoat pocket. A Froebel demonstration followed, making it possible to forget the insufferable heat, conversation upon every conceivable subject was suggested, the dullest and most indolent were stimulated and children and adults together formed quite unconsciously an ideal modelling match that might not be inappropriately compared, in respect to enthusiasm at least, with the spelling match of ye good olden tyme.

Lady Adaptable was an enchanting companion on a forage tour. I remember a find of dandelions that we made one night in April when we were on a hunt for some "grass" with which to make a salad for a company luncheon the day following. The Adaptable Lady "heard" the early approach of the dandelions on a notable front lawn several blocks from where she kept what she called her "hen-house" and suggested that it would be an act of charity to clean them all out under cover of the late night hours. Somehow or other she taught me the trick of discriminating in the dark between dent de lion and pepperworth, and our modest luncheon table next day was gorgeous with a salad in which every April dandelion in the village took part. We didn't tell the banker's wife, who was helped to three supplies of the salad that there were a lot of gashes in the lawn in front of her house that her gardener would better attend to right away, nor did we include her compliments with our own when we sent flattering little dishes of the delicious stuff to all the sick folks that we knew.

I could tell the Round Table readers more stories of adaptability that fond memories of this ingenious friend and companion of days past and gone recall, but the purpose of those already told would utterly fail were sufficient space not

reserved for a communication from Mrs. Flora McPhillips of San Mateo, California, who writes us of this same Adaptable Lady's ingeniousness in the far away Western land where she is now visiting, and whose interesting story suggested to the Round Table toastmistress, the happy expediency of including "stories of adaptability" that she herself could tell. I would that we might all be Adaptable Ladies, and why not?

A POEM IN STONE.

By Flora McPhillips.

In the heart of beautiful Carmel by the Sea, California, in Monte Verde (Green Mountain) street there nestles a little cottage, at present the transitory abode of Nannie J. Hysham. The cottage is owned by a friend of hers. A longing to beautify it in some way and leave her friend a loving token of her presence there, took hold of her artistic soul and found a fitting and lasting expression in the building of a fireplace. It is a gem. As one enters the cosy living room it catches the eye and holds it. Following is a very inadequate description of this miniature monument:

It is forty-six inches wide and the same in height. Five solid pieces of chalk, rough hewn, form the support of the shelf. In the center, half the distance from the top to the opening, pieces of tile from an old Mission roof, of irregular shapes, are set in applique. Around them are imbedded small pebbles of a darker red than the tile, forming a zigzag border. Below, a stone in the shape of a lamb (also a natural find) rests on a bed of the same pebbles. Lower still, along the edge of the opening another stone shaped as a large shoe (also a natural find) invites one to sit in comfort by the fireside and watch the shifting panorama of the blazing manzanita. On the left column is seen a small niche in the form of a nest a product of the coral from Wonderland, in which repose some tiny stone eggs true to nature. On the right column is another niche, made of a cluster of barnacle, the great sea parasite, serving as a match holder. Underneath is another niche of the same material in which two little Japanese babies seem to be longing for the return of their fathers to the home hearth. The substantial portion of the fireplace is built of crystallized granite stone from the moss beds in pools; lava also enters into it. On the hearth, the foundation of which is cement, with stones and pebbles inlaid, are marked out the figures '06, all of which forms an exquisite design. The harmony of detail and ensemble is simply marvellous. I was lost in admiration of such creative thought. Love inspired the accomplishment. Not only was all the work done by Mrs. Hysham's own hands, but all the material used was collected by herself in long rambles in search of the beautiful, and carried to the cottage.

NOTES.

President, Nat'l Business Woman's League, Louis Lee Hardin.

State Presidents: Mary Fairbrother, Calif.; Helen Byington, M.D., Colorado; Minnie E. Hogan, Georgia; Mary E. Miller, Illinois and Indiana; Adelaide Smith, M. D., Kansas; Rosa Overstreet, Kentucky; Catherine C. Van Meter, Louisiana, Mass. Minn.; Adelaide W. Torrey, New Jersey and New Mexico; Harriette M. Johnson—Wood, New York City and State, Pennsylvania and Tennessee.

Directors: May Wright Sewall, Indianapolis; Elizabeth owne, Holyoke, Bass.; Elizabeth Richey, Plattsmouth, Nebr.; Cynthia Westover, Allen, N. Y.; Frances Dickinson, Chicago; Mollie M. Claiborne, Nashville, Tenn.; Mary Wood Swift, San Francisco; Grace G. Watts, New Orleans, La.

We beg to acknowledge a number of boxes of flowers received from out of town friends, among them one from our delightful poet contributor, Mr. George E. Bowen of Elgin, Ill. Another offering that we would especially mention is that of some unique specimens of "Kentucky Wildness" brought from the state now famous for its "Home Coming," by Nancy McKay Gordon. "Nancy's" Chicago friends are indeed glad of her return to the lake city.

June 17 in Corinthian Hall, Masonic Temple, the last evening of our Sunday evening lectures for the Season of 1905-6 was given by Mr. Sercombe, the subject being "Chicago's Cave Dwellers." Portions of Mr. Sercombe's forthcoming book under this title were read, a free discussion following and marked interest shown. Liberal thinkers vitally interested in the march of ideas and events toward practical democracy and human fellowship and co-operation will be especially interested in the Spencer-Whitman Movement in the autumn when lectures and classes are resumed.

THE CHILD THAT ONCE YOU WERE.

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.

O hopeless face of middle-age,
O disappointed eyes,
And lips of thin finality!
What sad soul stalks behind that cage,
Those stern bars of mortality?

I saw the child that once you were
Flit to your look one day,
A tender boyhood just beginning.
And my quick throat rose sharp with tears
To think of all the sodden years

Since then, and all the sinning.
The trusting child that once you were,
Not wholly drugged to sleep,
And all those dreadful spades of earth,
To bury you more deep!

THE WAGE SLAVE.

BY JOHN BYERS WILSON.

It was a frequent remark of Robert Burns that he could conceive of no condition so mortifying as that of a strong man hunting and begging for work.

If there's ought in life I fain would shirk,
 'Twould be to beg and grovel for work;
 Tramp from shop to shop and store to store,
 Or fall in line at an alley door,
 Like starvelings come for a hungry bite
 Of the only charity in sight;;
 Thus join the wan faces down the line,
 Some almost void of the spark divine,
 Some stamped with high ideals and pride,
 And some with the shame they cannot hide,
 That they must beg some master to give
 Them, the poor bare privilege to live;
 Be subject to his command and rule,
 Of his machine be a part and tool;
 Bondaged in body, debased in mind
 To the lowest level of human-kind;
 Of all the riches which Nature gave,
 Possessor of naught—a poor Wage Slave:
 Employed today, tomorrow cast out,
 To beg for work, or to roam about
 With ever the thoughts and haunting dread
 Of wife and children waiting for bread.
 Humbled, despairing, naught else in view,—
 Oh, heart-sick toiler! I pity you.
 And you, ye women over the tub,
 Whose lives are one continual rub,
 And ye in sweat-shop and garret dim,
 Whose cup of sorrow overflows the rim;
 And ye dragged down to poverty's brink,
 By the woe of want and the curse of drink;
 And ye who stitch mid squalor and dirt
 Maintaining life at three pence a shirt—
 Maintaining only, of all the flood
 Of youth's bright dreams, a few drops of blood—
 Stitching, because you have found a friend
 Who'll keep you stitching until the end;
 Wearing out fingers, wearing out eyes,
 And the look and light that glorifies;
 Wearing out bodies, wearing out brains,
 Till but the longing for death remains;
 And you, ye maidens, modest and meek,
 With flush of childhood still in your cheek,
 Drudging in factory, drudging in store,
 Your mother's sad lives repeating o'er,—
 Wife of a Wage Slave—widow and scrub,
 Tub and needle and needle and tub,
 Humbled, despairing, naught else in view.
 Oh, life-wearied women! I pity you.
 Hail! to the poet whose heart-strings were torn
 At sight of men who were made to mourn;
 Hail to all others who fight today
 The human beasts who of men make prey:
 The laws which from gun and cannon frown:

The creeds which join them to keep men down;
 The powers which rob by legal decree,
 And soothe with the sop of charity;
 That feed on the woes of human lives,
 On souls of children and famished wives;
 On widows doomed to stitch and to scrub,
 Tub and needle and needle and tub,—
 Driving to drink and driving to street,
 Crushing each ideal pure and sweet,
 Breeding despair and the crime and woe
 That from disease and poverty flow,—
 Oh, men of courage! Oh, men of heart!
 Rise in your man-hood and do your part;
 Til the powers that blight be overthrow'd;
 Till each Wage Slave come unto his own;
 Till each to earth's bounties be equal heir;
 Till each to her product have rightful share;
 Till each shall be given all that he earns,
 And hearts beat just, like the great heart of Burns.

BELOVED.

(AN ANSWER TO "ESTELLE").

"We never more may meet"?
 Oh, say not so; all incomplete
 Were life, and not worth while,
 Robbed of the sunshine of your smile.

Master of my soul, my mate,
 I seek thee early, seek thee late;
 Within my heart an empty throne,
 On which the fires of love once shone.

"King of my heart" I've named thee, love,
 On Earth, in Hell, or Heaven above,
 No other sovereign will I own,
 But thee—and only thee—alone.

"If love can constancy compel,"
 Do you not know, but all too well,
 That body, mind and soul, I'm thine,
 By the right of love divine?

Useless as a harp unstrung,
 Voiceless as a song, unsung,
 Worthless as a broken toy,
 Is my life, robbed of the joy

Thy presence gives. Life is but pain
 Until you come again to reign,
 Upon the throne within my heart
 Until we meet no more to part.

ESTELLE METZGER HAMSLEY.

The Informal Brotherhood



Conducted by Viola Richardson.

Dear Comrades:

We are requested to come together in the spirit of fellowship and helpfulness. Have we the power to help others as well as the desire to do so? The true spirit of helpfulness consists of intelligence and love in our own individual souls, accompanied by the requisite strength and energy to give it suitable expression in words and deeds. We can touch other lives for good, when we have a message worth delivering, and are able to express it in words and deeds that cannot be misunderstood.

"We can always do good, where we often do ill;
There is always the way, if there be but the will;
Though it be but a word, kindly breathed or suppressed,
It may ward off some pain, or give peace to some breast."

A man cannot be greatly helpful to others unless he is helpful to himself. As he helps himself aright he unceasingly presses forward towards the fullest development of nature's wonderful powers within himself, by means of which alone he can utilize for good the great powers and resources of nature without himself. Out of the abundance of his soul growth and development his mouth speaketh, and good deeds are manifested.

In order to make desired progress in improvement of himself a man must know exactly what he is, what goal it is desirable he should press forward towards, and how he can best develop and utilize his own powers for the purpose of getting there. He must learn how he can, by natural and progressive growth live a life which constantly becomes more worth living. As he lives such a life he becomes more helpful to others.

The right spirit of helpfulness is a deep, real and natural spirituality. This spirituality is the result of blended right thought, right feeling and right action.

Men's soul needs to breathe a natural genuine atmosphere of intelligence and love. It needs an environment in which it can be nourished by such right thought and right feeling in others as will promote its rapid growth.

We help others only by introducing them to nature, the great life and health giver. We notice that certain causes produce certain effects, not only on material things but also in our thoughts and feelings. We ask others for their own sakes to open their eyes and see and understand life as it really is, both within and without themselves. They must learn their own powers before they can understand how to use them aright.

No one can be eminently helpful to himself or others who does not understand the sources of his strength and capacity for helpfulness as they exist in his own subconscious mind. Man's subconscious powers of thought, feeling and action are really super-conscious. They are above and beyond mere consciousness. They build up the child from conception till birth. They alone can promote his bodily and spiritual growth so long as he remains on this earth. They will do so if helped and not hindered. But the moment a child is born he becomes a slave to the unenlightened

ego of consciousness of his parents, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters. He is raised artificially instad of naturally, and is taught chiefly things that are not so, and that are unproved and unprovable. He is compelled to live according to conventional rules, made in defiance of nature's law.

The growth of intelligence and love in an individual furnishes his soul with an Inward Light which is sufficient for all his needs. Intelligence and love in unification form Conscience, which is the sum total of all that an individual knows, feels, and does aright. It is his view of things as derived from continuous progress in thinking, feeling and acting aright. Intelligence and love both go astray when they separate. When they act together they become sane and safe guides.

One can be helpful only in proportion in his ability to be so. Any attempt to do more is caused by ignorance and vanity. It then degenerates into tyrannical hinderfulness and hurtfulness.

Yours helpfulness,
GEORGE B. WILLIAMS.

"WISDOMS."

By B. T. CALVERT.

Love is the Alchemist that transmutes the little leaden affairs of every day life into the purest gems of joy.

* * *

Notwithstanding the complex and unnatural system society has built up, there are only two classes of people that have any valid excuse for existence. The first is WORKERS (useful), the second is WORKERS and THINKERS. Observe both classes *work*. THE WORKERS AND THINKERS represent the highest possibilities of the human species. The WORKERS are the foundation of the social system; they may become the THINKERS thus combining the vitalizing power of thought with useful work, which makes the perfect man. Thinkers alone have no place in the economic scale.

* * *

Medical practice has 50,000 drugs to cure (?) diseases, but as an able and efficient decimeter of the genus homo, just plain *overeating* and *underbreathing* would seem to be holding up their end without the 50,000.

* * *

It may be hard to forgive our enemies, but the real badge of greatness belongs to him who can forgive those whom he has injured.

* * *

Heredity, the Bogie Man of the weak and ignorant, the cloak of the vicious. Many a mouldering ancestor gets the blame for the self-indulgence and criminal weaknesses of his posterity.

My dear Friends:

I am very glad to have your Magazine. It is getting stronger all the time. It is brilliant with thoughts and ideas fresh from the horizon of human progress and freedom. When I glance at its pages they seem to drag me from the narrow routine of college life out to the limb of the soul's vision where the imagination plays with fantastic glee and the zephyrs from the land of Infinitude beyond drive away the petty cares of life and makes one feel at home with the Universal. They continually beckon one on to a broader, freer life—to an increased effort. The world needs such bold, daring, aggressive souls to open the road and point the way to a more beautiful life. God speed you in your work.

People in the small cities of this western land know nothing of the "pure stufh" that bubbles from the souls of those who, in the front ranks, are living their best, pouring forth their thought, like living waters from

the fountain of life, to enrich the world. They would have little or no respect for a man who does not follow in the old beaten path of the ages. For a man to announce himself in any unusual way by a few sketches from the "Boss Evergreen," or as an "Epoch Maker" or as an exponent of Whitman Democracy would mean ostracism for him. People are capitalistic in thought and politics, and come-to-Jesus-like in religion. A few, however, who are scattered here and there and who are liberal, make it a rule of their lives to remain quiet in order to live at peace with their neighbors and hold their jobs.

I am very anxious, indeed, for this school routine to close so that I can anchor myself again at that promontory where the billows of life lull one to pleasant dreams. These confined, narrow, conventional ways are not to my liking. I love to view the world from the mountain peaks pointed out by Sage Brush Philosophy and "To-Morrow"—peaks over which the Songs of Vagabondia ring with such pleasing melody.

Wishing you much pleasure and success in your work. Fraternally yours.

R. G. HAFLING.

Greeley, Colo.

"WISDOM."

How presumptuous we are! We approach the mystery of life with unthinking mind, observe individual manifestations and isolated phenomena with unseeing eye, and in the stupendous ignorance of our own conceit construct a ponderous structure of theories, analyses, classifications, nomenclatures—label all signs and form and forces of life and file them away with complacency as though externally disposed of.

We even develop an aristocracy in the matter of knowledge, and distinguish it and guard it by the trappings of a nomenclature borrowed from a dead and dry language—dress the daily facts and phenomena and principles of life in words unpronounceable, non-understandable, so that only the favored and leisure few may have the time to commit them to memory.

He who by the outward circumstances of life has been denied the opportunity for committing to memory this nomenclature is apt to feel himself shut away from Nature, as though he cannot come into her presence except he bear as an offering these words that have been said about her.

My friend and I walk forth into this naked nature—through fields and groves and by the river.

I see the tremulous grasses and nodding flowers, cool green moss and delicate ferns, murmuring leaves and floating cloud, light and shadow, and all the free and happy wild life of field and forest and stream.

The consciousness of self melts away, and the soul without me and the soul with me fuse until I feel the deep calm of the Infinite flowing through me—until I am a part of that calm.

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My heart-beats set to the time of the heartbeats of the Universal, and I know a language that has no words and a love which needs no caresses.

My friend plucks up the plant at our feet. He pulls apart the blossom, naming to me in learned terms the various parts and their functions, shows me the veining and arrangement of its leaves; tells me its class and order and its place in the economy of nature.

He snares a bird and with delicate skill slits open the wonderful throat that a moment before filled the air with rippling song—lays in my palm the little heart that is yet warm with the joy of life and love—names for me each delicate organ and its use.

He reads rocks as I read books. The stars, even as he analyses and weighs and measures, and the winds and waves he speaks of with the familiarity and commonplaceness with which I speak of the product of three times three.

I feel myself drawn back into myself, humbled, shamed by my ignorance; my eyes turn from the world about me and above me to the friend at my side, and my ears are deafened to the hum and murmur and rythm of nature's voices that I may hear his learned words about her.

I want to grow wise, too. I shut myself up in my room with the books in which this wisdom has been written, and while the light dawns and widens and fades, and the petals of the flowers open and fold up again, and leaves tremble and whisper, and birds sing, and the stars shine out, and the clouds are wafted by, I mark them not. I commit to memory long names and difficult classifications and analyses and theories—that I may enter into the real presence of Nature and lay my ear against her naked, pulsing heart. I am growing wise! I am learning the great secrets of eternity! I am partaking of the real substance and essence of life. My tongue can now speak a thousand strange names where before it was dumb!

O vain imaginings of man! what empty wisdom and what darkness! We play at marbles and imagine we are rolling the planets on their courses; we light a candle and imagine we have struck fire into sun and moon and stars; we eat too much, and dream dreams, and imagine we have received through a divine visitation the interpretation to all life's mysteries.

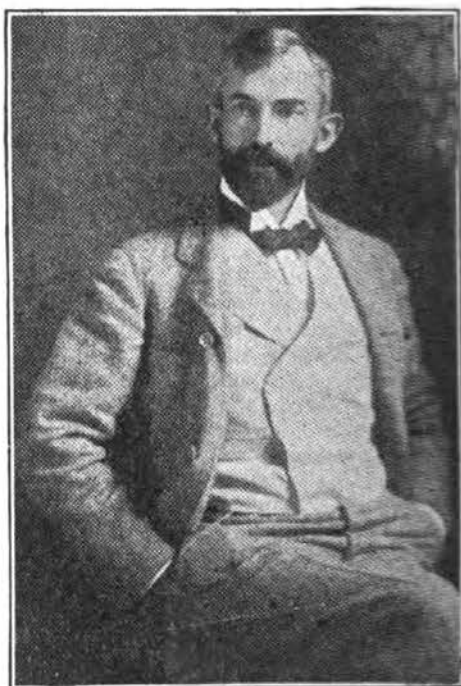
That which we sometimes call the progress of man may be fittingly symbolized by the picture of the donkey reaching forward after the wisp of hay depending from the end of a stick which is fastened to its own head.

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Must I know the composition of light and the constituents of our atmosphere and their properties, and the laws of reflection and refraction, before I can watch the day-dawn paint the sky with the radiance of its light?

Must I understand chemical laws before I can see the glory of autumn when it crowns the hills and fields?

Must I be learned in the terms and science of music before I can hear the songs of birds or feel the waves of harmony wrought from grasses and leaves and waters and winds by the touch of the master hand?

When the first spring flower pushes through the brown earth into a world barren and leafless, and lifts its face to the sun, do I need to know its order and species, or the name of a single part, to read its message of that germ of the beautiful divine in the heart of man that years forever towards the light in which it shall at last unfold—as pure and sweet and perfect as the first spring flower?

Must I pierce into the heart of being through the slow torture of vivisection, before I can sense the inner life principle that binds all being into one?

We cannot bottle the essence of life nor tell how many horse-power its force may be, nor define its meaning in words.

And though we follow empty wisdom and bow down before symbols and worship idols, the ocean of life bears us gently on its bosom, and the God within us shall at last prevail. *V. R.*

Below we give a most interesting letter from our friend, D. C. Millican, who is serving on the battleship Indiana.

Dear Comrade:—The question What life aboard a man-o'-war means to me, is one that is not easily answered. To me, personally, it may be different from what it is to the rank and file of the men generally.

The man who enters the service, either army or navy, must surrender all individual liberty of action and speech, and would not be allowed liberty of thought if his thinking apparatus was not noiseless. He must be dominated by others in every detail of life; he rises to a bugle call in the morning, eats to the call of the bugle, goes to his work by the call, and at night the bugle tells him when he must go to sleep. There is no reason why he should bother his brain about any thing, and if he means to stay in the service he is foolish if he does. We are often told that we are not paid for thinking, as men in Washington do that for us.

The life that he is compelled to lead

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kills all but the worthless part of his nature, it leaves him without that manly spirit of independence and confidence in his own abilities. This life works admirably well at completely ruining, and virtually compelling him to remain in the army or navy for life.

After a man spends a few years in the service under these conditions he becomes a machine in almost the truest sense of the word, and like a machine, to be a success he must be run by an operator. After being discharged he soon loses all self confidence, becomes discouraged, and generally hunts up a recruiting office as a "haven of rest."

No man reenlists in the service because he likes the life or because he feels that it is a duty he owes to his country; patriotism will not last one term without disappearing like water through sand, and a normal man loves freedom too well to sell it so cheaply, so I conclude that the man who reenlists "is not all there." (I am now on my third term of service, two served in the army).

Some men enter the navy to "see the world," but fail to see it on account of having no long distance lens, for it is like studying astronomy—all long range work. The men of the Atlantic (battleship) squadron "see the world" from the coast of Maine to the West India Islands, nothing but water. It may be approaching the truth to say that we are continually under way but never go any place.

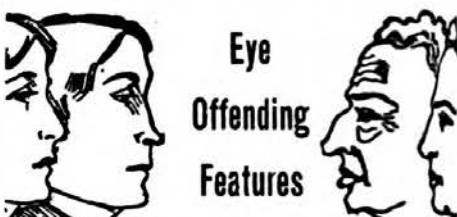
So far as the treatment of the men is concerned I will say that it is mostly the contrary to what it should be; no judgment is used in rewarding good conduct or in punishing bad conduct. A great mistake is made by confining the men "in irons, single or double" as it reads in the articles of war.

When a man is confined "in the brig," another man must perform the duties of the offender, and consequently, is punished in his place. This has the bad effect of breeding discontent and causing many "a good man" to become an offender in order to get out of doing his work.

Confinement in double irons is simply an outrage; it is the ruination of the man so confined, for it in no way tends to reform a man to chain him as though he were a dangerous criminal, but it generally drags a man down to the lowest form of worthlessness. And after being confined in irons a few times a man becomes so utterly worthless that he prefers his chains to his work.

The greatest reward I have ever received for keeping in the "first conduct class" is being able to keep my wrists

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and armies free, and getting detailed to do the work of another man who is breaking liberty, which is about the only reward that any man get for "behaving himself."

While I have not answered the question, What does life on a battleship mean to me, I have given a few of the conditions under which the unlisted man must serve, and which affects different men in different ways.

From the way I now see myself I am a parasite, living from the labor of the common people, but protecting the interests of a class who once ruled by "right divine." I am a protector of Morgan's ships, Rockefeller's oil and Armour's beef, and it is my duty to help sink any ship loaded with my fellow men that happens to cross their will; of course, armies and navies must be kept up under our present civilization, in order to repel any foreign thief who comes around to steal from our American thieves; it would not do to leave them unprotected.

Yes, when the men who compose the rank and file of the service wake up and think for themselves, changes may be looked for. When we become civilized enough to refuse to serve in either army or navy, and when the masses demand that every man must earn the bread he eats, the military man will become the unknown quantity.

Spencer-Whitman Lectures.

(Every Thursday evening at our headquarters, 2238 Calumet Ave., and on Sunday evenings at Corinthian Hall, Masonic Temple.)

Thursday evening, May 17th, Dr. F. Emory Lyon gave a talk on "The Cure or Crime" in which he dwelt on the idea that the only way to reform the criminal is by reaching his heart and appealing to him as a man and a brother. The speaker emphasized the fact that prisoners should be aided in educating themselves and thus be prepared to fill their place in life when release from prison comes. The general decision brought out in discussion was that society is to blame for its criminals and that any real cure must begin by changing economic conditions.

* * *

The problem of crime in its relation to society was discussed last night by the Spencer-Whitman Center and various panaceas were suggested which if properly applied will cure the ills of society, it was asserted.

The cures ranged from higher liquor licenses and the consequent limiting of undesirable places to the removal of all strictions and the reconstruction of

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society upon a basis which would render crime unnecessary.

The first view was expressed by Rev. Fred Alban Weil, who declared that the prevalence of cheap saloons and cheap theatres is accountable for much of the vice which affects Chicago today. He held that the true panacea for vice is the elimination of those objectionable features and their closer supervision by the police.

Herman Kuehn on the other hand declared that vice is the result of too close a paternal interest on the part of the authorities and that to eliminate it absolute liberty must be accorded the individual. He must first be made a free agent responsible primarily to himself and not directly accountable to courts or juries.

Walter Thomas Mills took the view that the constitution of society and the survival of laws formed under an obsolete order are responsible for the prevalence of vice in the great centers. He held that the breakers of the laws are no more criminal than the laws themselves which are in accord with an obsolete conception of the property right.

—CHICAGO CHRONICLE.

THE REPUBLIC.

Others take finish, but the Republic is
ever constructive, and ever keeps
vista;

Others adorn the past — but you, O
days of the present, I adorn you!

O days of the future, I believe in you!
I isolate myself for your sake;

America, because you build for man-
kind, I build for you!

Bravas to all impulses sending sane
children to the next age!

But damn that which spends itself,
with no thought of the stain, pains,
dismay, feebleness it is bequeathing.

—WALT WHITMAN.

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under which rebirths are carried on, the law according to which a man reaps what he sows, so that the thoughts, desires and acts of one life go toward the building of the character with which the man finds himself endowed in the next life and toward producing the environment in this life and in that which is to follow; his mental, emotional and physical equipment in each new life being in the beginning what he has made it in the past, but yet being capable of constant improvement or of deterioration, according to the way he lives his life.

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It teaches that we should kill out all desires of a selfish nature; that we should desire Truth, Love, Harmony, and spiritual knowledge; that we should do good without thought of reward or care for consequences; that we should be indifferent to the world's opinion; that we should train the "self" so that it will not be swayed by pleasure or pain, that it will be well balanced; that we should feel charity for all, but indifference for our own suffering; that we should help the animals, who are our younger brothers, for it is through our aid that they are finally to begin the human stage of their evolution.

It teaches a definite scheme of evolution through a chain of globes, some of them physical, some superphysical, which the advancing lifewave visits successively; there being several such chains of globes in the Solar System, each occupied by one great scheme of evolution; the Solar System itself being the manifestation of a Great Being, the Logos, God, so that, in Him, He, however, great as He is, being but one of many millions in the vast life of the Supreme Lord of the Great Universe; and He, the Solar Logos too, constantly evolving toward a life even greater than His, just as we are evolving toward the richness and fullness of His Life. It teaches that at the end of our evolution we are perfect—one with God and can enter Nirvana or receive the bliss we have earned and work for Humanity as did Buddha or Christ.

Nirvana does not mean annihilation as some people have interpreted, but as the Master (Christ) taught when he said, "The Father and I are 'ONE'." It teaches the Brotherhood of Man and lays emphasis upon that as being the next immediate stage of development for mankind.

If we are to, advance spiritually we must realize this essential, real brother-



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hood, and theosophy leads us to understand the significance of this.

BELLE GOODWIN FITCH.

DIGNITY OF WORK.

I, "dignify work?"
Work dignifies me,
For what am I? A nonentity
Until I have accomplished something
Or produced something of use.
The divineness of life works,
Works through me,
It is that which prompts me to work,
And to work orderly:
Work demands order
For its issue is truth expressed.
Tulsa, I. T.

EFFIE F. KINGSBURY.

No heresy remains a heresy in history; either it is forgotten, or the heresy turns into orthodoxy and finally is succeeded by another heresy which it proceeds to persecute in its turn. That is the story of the religious progress of the world.

The only thing that is the matter with "Liberalism" is that it is sometimes illiberalism; and it is only when Liberalism becomes illiberal that it fails in any respect. Yet there have been substitutes for Liberalism—wolves in sheep's clothing—masquerading under a name that they do not really own.

The essence of exclusiveness is directly opposed to the essence of liberalism. And I must confess it—even if I should be electrocuted tomorrow on account of it—that I think there is as much of this spirit of Phariseism and exclusiveness—pride of birth and pride of culture and so forth—as much or more among the so-called Religious Liberals as among the Orthodox themselves: "If ye salute your brethren only what do ye more than others?"

BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

Is there any religion but this, to know that wherever in the wide desert of being the holy sentiment we cherish has opened into a flower it blooms for me? If none sees it, I see it, I am aware, if I alone, of the greatness of the fact . . . I will suspend my gloom and my folly and my jokes. There are many eyes that can detect and honor the prudent and household virtues; there are many who can discern Genius on his starry track, though the mob is incapable; but when that love which has vowed to itself that it will be a wretch and also a fool in this world sooner than soil its hands with compliances, comes into our streets and houses—only the pure and aspiring

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EMERSON.

A TACTLESS MAN.

BY NAPOLEON S. HOAGLAND.

Honest he was and true
Seeking some god to do.
But 'tis said he lacked
The skillful art of tact.
Earnest he was and brave
Others he sought to save
But a tactless man was he
So they hung him on a tree.

Unflinching, unafraid,
He called a spade a spade.
The Scribe and Pharisee
With him did not agree.
He never learned to trim,
They had no use for him.
In speech at times uncouth,
Yet he spoke the naked truth.

Time honored wrong defied,
So him they crucified.
A visionary man,
Too liberal his plan.
Impractical they said,
And so he lost his head.
The wise and circumspect
Who ranked themselves elect,
Counted him but dross.
So they hung him on a cross.

The haughty and the proud,
The blind unthinking crowd
Against him raised a cry,
And said that he must die.
And yet his heart was kind,
His love was unconfined
By creed or party clan.
To serve his fellow man
And to the truth be true,
The highest joy he knew.

Hard was his earthly lot
Hated but hating not—
A man of tact and sense
Would have given no offense
A more practical man
Would not have felt the ban.
But when he passed away
There came a better day
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CHAS. R. LONG,
Bedias, Texas.

* * *

I enjoy reading "To-Morrow" very much and I believe you have entered a very promising field.

CHAS. ALMA BYERS,
Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Manana! Manana! Always tomorrow. It is said that the Spaniard wants everything put off till tomorrow. This can not be true of him in his love affairs for he is represented in history as a very ardent lover. But it is not to the Spaniard nor his Manana that I wish to call the reader's attention but to a "To-Morrow" that comes but once a month. Once a month "To-Morrow" becomes today, and when the day-after "To-Morrow" comes, "To-Morrow" remains the same, with no apologies to yesterday which insists that "To-Morrow" should have been today.

A STUFFED CLUB,
Denver, Colo.

* * *

I have always admired the sentiment expressed in the line of the poet, Terence, "I am a human being; nothing that affects the interests of humanity is a matter of indifference to me," hence my inexpressible abhorrence of the devilish treatment of the Filipinos by the Republican Administration, but which wickedness is coming home to roost, rapidly, but not yet in its fullness.

The requisitions of humanity cannot be violated with impunity, and without a compensating retribution, slow sometimes, but sure.

The pure unadulterated cussedness that has characterized the last administration is unparalleled in the political history of our country.

D. S. BURSON,
Richmond, Ind.

* * *

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tion that has come into my hands for years. For free expression and independent view you have no equal.

THADDENS V. JAKIMOWICZ.

* * *

Permit me to tell you that I think To-Morrow is a gem that grows brighter with every issue. ANNA B. FISH.

* * *

We are greatly interested in To-Morrow and rejoice in the favor and success that it is receiving.

EFFIE F. KINGSBURY.

* * *

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—

I am not surprised that you have been made a target by the very ones for whom you labor. Have courage Brother, it is the way of the world. Those who curse you now are bringing children into the world who will bless your memory.

A. V. LA BOYTEAUX.

* * *

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—

Enclosed find remittance for two more copies of the June number as I want some of my friends to read your excellent articles, your "Superman and Superwoman" suits me to a tee. Though 50 years old, I am learning to think more and more in harmony with nature, life and evolution. Yours truly,

LEVI BELL.

* * *

Editor To-Morrow:—

I like that Magazine of yours. The man or woman who reads a copy of To-Morrow never forgets it. Success to you all.

NEAL BARTELSON.

* * *

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—

We have just received the June number of To-Morrow. As usual it is full of splendid articles, that show that somebody is thinking. Yours,

EVELYN PICKENS.

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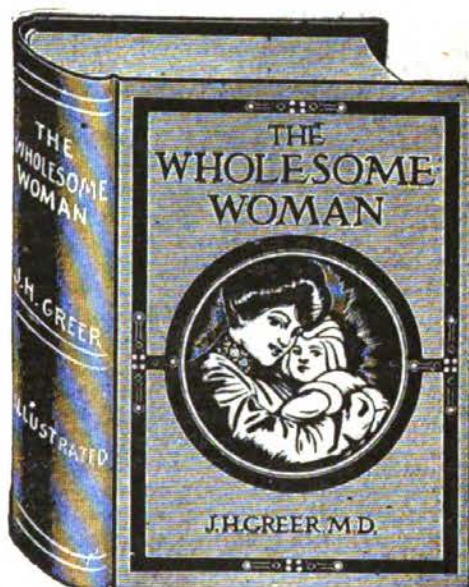
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There are ways and ways—one of them is to sell out, gather up all the money you can, and go West and homestead. This can be done, but there is this fact to remember: Nearly all the best places are taken. One can find any amount of raw land remote from railroads, schools, and churches, out of the world and away back, where, in the course of time, civilization may penetrate. But there's a better way than all that. It is to buy a farm in the Southwest, along the Santa Fe, and start in with all the advantages you left behind, and more.

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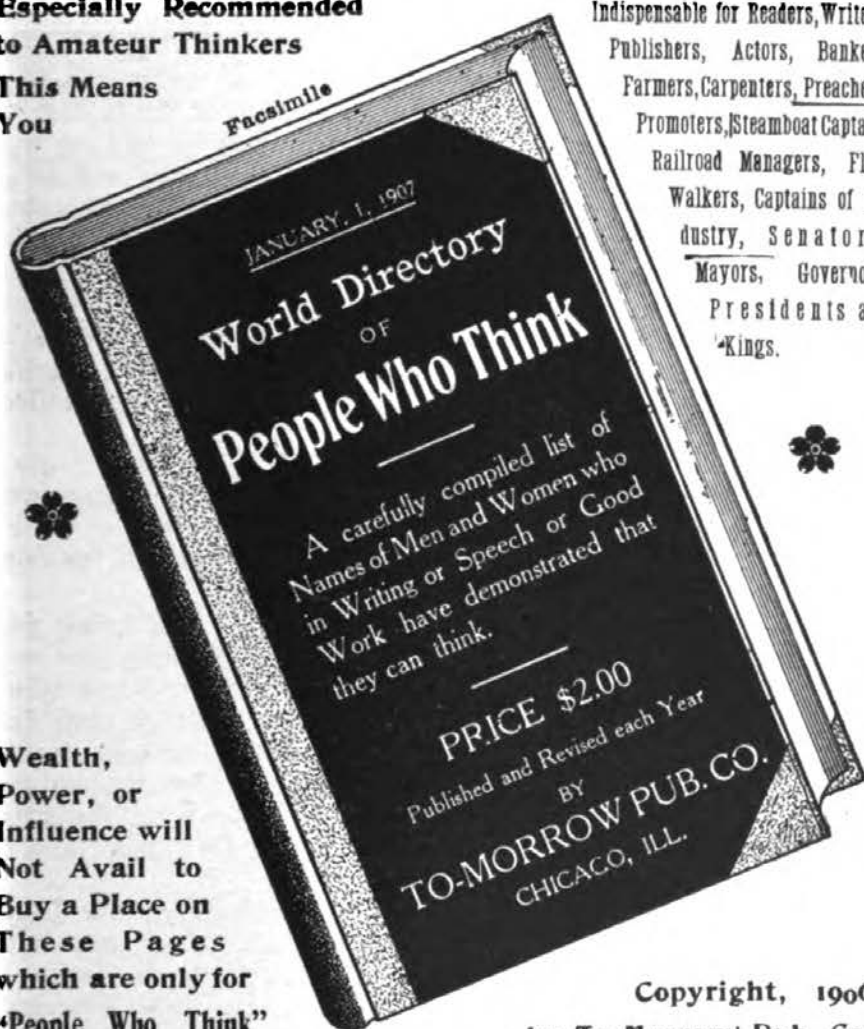
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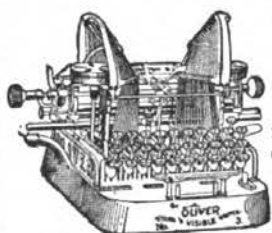
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There are ways and ways—one of them is to sell out, gather up all the money you can, and go West and homestead. This can be done, but there is this fact to remember: Nearly all the best places are taken. One can find any amount of raw land remote from railroads, schools, and churches, out of the world and away back, where, in the course of time, civilization may penetrate. But there's a better way than all that. It is to buy a farm in the Southwest, along the Santa Fe, and start in with all the advantages you left behind, and more.

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It is not for us to discriminate between sections, but this is undoubtedly true of Southwestern Kansas. Over the line in Oklahoma and Texas the same thing can be done, with the stock-raising idea more prominent. Down in the Pecos Valley, in New Mexico, it is an irrigation proposition—and people are going there by the carloads. While land is high priced there, you don't need much of it. You couldn't farm a hundred acres, not if somebody gave it to you. Forty acres would be plenty. In Southwest Kansas, with a good team you can farm 160 acres, but in an irrigation country you can not do this. Everything is intensive and concentrated where water is required. In Arizona the conditions are much the same, and so all along the Santa Fe until you come to California, where everything is different.

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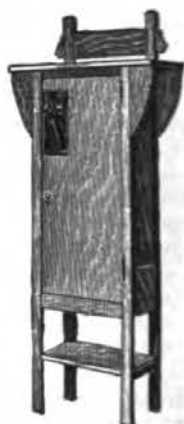
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THE INDEPENDENT LITERATURE ASSOCIATION

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The Business End.

Is This a Mad World?

A correspondent writes from Vermont as follows: I wish to comply with your request in the matter of sending in reasons why the World Is Mad and will simply quote from the decalogue, "Honor thy father and thy mother," etc. The seeming disrespect of the youth of our land for their elders is the direct cause, to my mind, of all social and moral disorder.

Respectfully,

J. Arthur Stacy.

Mr. Stacy does not seem to realize that the age of despotism of parent toward child has passed and that now it is seen that better results follow where the "elders" make comrades and playmates of their children. I am inclined to quite concur in the ideas of many modern children who "disrespect" their parents, their keen, unimpaired insight into character having enabled the little ones to arrive at the same conclusions as myself.

Editor.

The world is mad because it sets up a state of society with conflicting interests and then sets about trying to harmonize that conflicting interest, ~~a la~~ labor and capital.

I say it is mad because it recognizes that two wrongs make a right—in that as it is as fair for you to rob me as for me to rob you robbery is right!

I say the world is made for the reason that it cannot decide whether to go on robbing the robbed or whether to turn about and rob the robber.

I say it is mad because it recognizes that a thing or principle while legally right is morally wrong. Wm. P. Neeld.

Another.

Socially the world is as bad as the descriptive "bloody Macbeth." Mad because our demands in all matters have for many centuries exceeded all visible supply.

Mad because we pretend to marvel at this inadequate supply, knowing all too well that society has all this time placed a stop lock on its own needs.

Mad because we prate and pray to an "orthodox God" for guidance when a simple acknowledgment of the real God in the world's majestic movements would open wide the windows of reason, and the light of comprehension would flood humanity like a deluge.

Mad because we idiotically refuse to recognize the two

TO-MORROW.

fundamental laws, which immutably rule the universe, e. g., hunger and love.

Mad because of our definition of prostitution.

Mad because of our definition of Law, Order, Restraint, Duty, Legitimacy, Life.

Charlotte Wandell Christopher.

WHITMAN FELLOWSHIP (?)

Following the failure of our local Whitman Fellowship to get together on Walt's birthday for the annual dinner on May 31, I thought of preparing some interesting comments for our last month's issue, but finally decided to let another month go by, in order that time with gentle hand and convenient softening power might mellow into greater kindness those influences which prevented our coming together.

The delightful accounts that have come in to us from several sources, in relation to the annual New York dinner which came off on time, as scheduled, had enough of inspiration in it to remind all of us here in Chicago of how much we missed.

Surely if there is any day in the year when lovers of the broad comradeship of Whitman should desire to sit shoulder to shoulder with each other, forgiving and forgetting all differences within the aura of influence of the master, it should be on May 31. Personally, as I have no capacity for resenting or remembering wrongs, I am ready and willing to clasp hands with any and every so-called enemy every day in the year, for all days are Whitman days to me.

But I now write these few words with the hope that they will come under the eye of every Whitman reader in Chicago, and I urge that in 1907, you permit all the greatness and grandness of your spirits to receive the urge of fellowship during the year, to the end that on next May 31, we may meet in brotherhood without dissention, distrust or fear of one another, and that there be no "exclusion" visited upon any one who reads and loves Whitman.

Clean stockyards? Impossible! **The new civilization** will evolve beyond the carnivora stage and require no establishments for murdering and canning our fellow-beings.

TO-MORROW does not believe in thought or emotion put up in cans. What you find in this magazine is fresh and vital.

What a huge amount of machinery and what giant effort humanity employs to keep up a mere pretense that is already an 85 per cent failure and growing worse.

TO-MORROW.

These pages are intended to nourish thinkers. To-MORROW is not a substitute for the circus or the vaudeville. We cannot fill the place of a cigar or a beer.

THE WORLD IS MINE.

BY IVAN SWIFT.

This shall purge all meanness, aggravation, rivalry, exaction, hunger for the unattainable!

All is attained—attained by all!

No gold shall add to its richness—

No world-comfort shall add to its delight!

You who sleep awake!

You in the sick-ward, you in the world-war,

Surrender! Capitulate!

Sell that thou hast and give to the poor!

It's giving waste—

Surrender to sky and wave and wind!

Out! Out to God's remedies!

And live!

The New Civilization will have no need to support Saloons, Churches, Tobacco Stores, Pawn Shops, Jails, Houses of Prostitution or Slaughter Houses. Hail the Day.

The following letter from one of my sweet girl friends only 76 years young, is one of hundreds of appreciations daily arriving:

Soundview Heights,

Olalla, Wash., July 11, 1906.

Dear Parker Sercombe, A "Soundview" of things is great and good as pointing to and leading the way—great and good because unfolding an estimate of changes possible for our generation to make in order to live a **Soundlife!** I say "OUR generation," because (altho' 76 as earth's almanacs toll off the years I have passed) I am conscious of belonging less to the past and passing than to the incoming one in which young men, women and children are going to work out the beautiful problems of **Life.** I salute you with my All Hail! as one of the Group Teachers of that New Life Unfoldment! In what Travail of Soul I have watched and waited with other Love-Mothers-of-the-World, the birth and unfoldment of **Men With the Mother Heart**, men who are able and earnest to hold, with us, the **sex forces evenly balanced**, without which condition no institution, "Government" or Social arrangement can endure! One morning in beautiful June I laid down my hoe to take up my pen and send a love greeting to you and the dear workers connected with your center of Thinking and Doing, and much wondered why I sat idly on a stump, simply enjoying you all and unable to make a pen scratch! Now all is plain! The springs of hope and joyous anticipation which had so often in past

TO-MORROW.

years bounded me up as on pinions of light in the belief that **now the better movement** had really come for the relief of earth's suffering only to fall back in disappointment (tho' never despairing), until they had grown a little rusty, and the thought that you people had really unfolded to a clear understanding of justice, seemed "too good to be true!" Yesterday while the wonderful great Mother-Souled Companion "Boss Evergreen," busily folded the pages of forthcoming "Soundview," I read to her your soul-stirring utterances from July No. "To-Morrow," the word "Illegitimate" is a disgrace to our race!"

I feel this morning that I am **swimming in an ocean of joy** that a man still in the prime of life and with a sustaining circle of women and men with him, and a publishing avenue to the ear of the public is right here with us. I am confident that your earnest sincerity of purpose will call out the needed people and financial means to "start immediately forming groups and settlements made up of high-minded, industrious people away from cities, where those who really have an interest in children may let them grow up to manhood and womanhood fit for the 'brotherhood of man.'" Such a group is the "Evergreen" Rader group, and it is in an ideal location, combining as it does the very best conditions of seaside and mountain resorts in air so pure that breathing is joy and yet sufficiently near two cities to secure what few benefits a city can yield.

Hastily yours,
Oliva Freelove Shepard,
Of the Universal Motherhood.

THE OLD GUARD OF FREE THOUGHT.

We want to hear from more of the "Old Guard," especially those who are 70 years young or more.

So large a portion of our subscribers are 70 years or more that it leads me to believe that the younger generation have been so busy struggling for the almighty dollar that few have had time to learn to **think**.

Nothing pleases us more than to hear from men and women of sturdy age and experience and know that they appreciate "To-Morrow."

You who have spent much of your lives uplifting humanity instead of yourselves are often not rich in worldly goods but you leave a larger heritage than all the Trusts and Money Kings.

We want to print biographical sketches of our Free Thought Friends, 70 years young or over, so send them along.

The following is a characteristic letter:

Parker H. Sercombe, Editor:

Dear Sir—My name is on your subscription list. It was transferred from *The Culturist* of Cincinnati. I am highly pleased with your maga-

TO-MORROW.

zine and cannot refrain from advocating it among my liberal friends. Find money order for \$1.00 for which send a copy for one year to A. Soderling, our Chemist. I have been a Free-Thinker for the past 46 years. I am in my 80th year and take more liberal literature than all the rest of the men in Bodie.

Fraternally yours,
G. W. HAMMER.

WHISKEY AND WISDOM.

When Whiskey's in, it's proof that Wisdom's out;
These two know nothing of a friendly bout.

The greatest Wisdom gets the hardest fall.
Much Whiskey makes an abject wreck of all.

When Wisdom's in, its proof that Whiskey's out;
For Whiskey in makes many a man a lout.

Men's greatest curse is liquor; yet they call,
For spirits plenty, Wisdom none at all.

—R. P. CHRYSTIE.

THE ANTI-PREACHER PREACHES.

By Samuel Blodgett.

It is with much pleasure that I publish the above. A thorough understanding of two propositions, viz.: Natural selection in all fields and the application of the Inductive method of Education to human society would practically answer all queries. In Evolution or "Experimentation" the greatest benefit lies in the perishing of the unfit elements and nature has made full pervision in this direction. As to *preaching* itself, mine or thine accomplishes nothing except to the extent that it gets people to doing things, then all the benefits accrue in the *doing* but not in the preaching.—Editor.

There is so much of cross purpose manifested in what you have to say concerning rowdyism, adultery, graft, and every form of vice, that what you really intend to accomplish is a puzzle, unless I accept the heading of your remarks. "Fellow Parasites," as serious. You are as much of a preacher as others that you call to time for exercising the same function.

While insisting that preaching is useless you preach, because you do not know any other way to accomplish your purpose. Other people are in the same fix, and so the preaching goes on, and will go on till a substitute is found. You will continue to be as "impudent" as others. I mean to be consistent enough to not declaim against preaching while I am in the business myself.

You advocate experimentation, and that is just what these irregulars are doing. The condition you object to is nothing more or less than that. There is hypocrisy to be sure, but is it not better that we should experiment under cover than not to experiment?

TO-MORROW.

This point seems to be left a little in the dark. From what you write I might infer that the main difference between you and others is that you think it would be better to make a public exhibition of unpopular experiments. (The inductive method of education covers this point.—Ed.)

Suppose I conclude you desire to stop vice, I have to further conclude that your way of stopping it is to not oppose, but to rather encourage it. This means that your method of preventing a crop of wild oats is to encourage the sowing.

You say "LIFE CONDITIONS" mould character, and life conditions are simply environments. What are the life conditions in the slums that make for the bad? It is simply that life there is more suggestive of vice and crime than in higher life. It simply means that seeing others in vice and crime, and hearing it spoken of in enticing ways it incites to experiments in that direction, and these experiments are naturally followed by habit. What is your method of cure? To scatter broadcast in the higher circles the same suggestions that are so ruinous in the slums. You propose to tell all that there are many millions among those who pass as pure who are ravishing in delicious irregularities. There can be no surer way of spreading the social contagion.

If modern science has demonstrated anything, it has demonstrated this.

All the great changes that have taken place in the world have been preceded by preaching. All the great religions have been founded in this way, from Braminism to Mormonism. Preaching inaugurated the Crusades; it started the move for American independence, and it was the means of extinguishing slavery.

It has enlarged the sphere of woman's responsibility and usefulness; has given her increased rights and independence, and promises more in her interest, and in the interest of the race.

I certainly believe there is far too much Church and State interference with personal rights, and perhaps I should have considerable sympathy for your work if I could get a clear view of what you have in mind; but you have left your position very confusing to me. Suppose you publish this and then proceed to rip it up; do as badly by it as I have tried to do by your talk to the preachers.

THE OLD GUARD OF FREE THOUGHT.

Beginning in September we will print a list of the names and addresses of old time **Free Thought Advocates**.

We want to know where they are and we want them to keep track of each other to facilitate correspondence between themselves.

Only those who are **65 years young** or more are eligible to this list.

We shall also print each month a biographical sketch with portrait of one or more members of "**The Old Guard**."

Everybody is requested to send in the names and addresses of those entitled to be listed on this **Roll of Honor**.

The Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago—A
RATIONAL WORLD MOVEMENT, devoted to the intensified process of
CHARACTER CULTURE through the medium of right association and
environment. Dues \$12.00 a year, \$3.00 a quarter.

To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE,

MANAGING EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1906.

The Business End	Personally Conducted.
This a Mad World.	
Whitman Fellowship Dinner.	
The Old Guard of Free Thought.	
The Anti-Preacher Preaches.	
Frontispiece—Faith Has Come	Parker H. Sercombe.
Editorials—The Universal Bunco.	
I Do Not Participate.	
The Thaw-White Murder	
A Caged Bird's Song (Poem).....	William Francis Barnard.
Now Therefore	Herman Kuehn.
Still in the Ditch	William J. Mullen.
Death (Poem)	Frank Honeywell.
The Barrel-Dosser	John F. Valter.
Universal Kinship (A Review)	Parker H. Sercombe.
The Enemy of the People (Illustrated) ..	Margaret Warren Springer.
Evening (Poem)	H. Bedford Jones.
The History of Human Marriage (Concluded)	Lyda Parce Robinson.
A Gaelic Lullaby (Poem)	H. Bedford Jones.
Elmer Ellsworth Carey (With portrait) ..	Parker H. Sercombe.
Insolence (Poem)	Lee Fairchild.
Abas, Mrs. and Miss	Grace Moore.
Traubel and Self-Consciousness	Parker H. Sercombe.
Some People Who think	
The New Civilization	Dr. Jane Donaldson Davis.
San Francisco (Poem)	Henry Frank.
Justice to the Indian	Carlos Montezuma.
The Bequeathing Heir (Poem).....	Maurice Smiley.
The Old Pasture Field (Poem).....	Lois Walsbrooker.
The Old Guard on the Firing Line	Lois Walsbrooker.
Modern Mysticism	Parker H. Sercombe.
To Edwin Markham	R. W. Borough.
The Spencer Whitman Round Table	Grace Moore.
The Informal Brotherhood	Viola Richardson.
What they Say of Us	
Magazine Reviews	

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

Faith Has Come.

You have awaited me long and long; these thousands of years you have spoken my name but I am only to come to you to-day.

To-morrow I will hold my reception and see who of you are prepared to receive me—a very few I know, but there are some and that is why I am here.

Long ages ago people were bid by their teachers to have me, but I eluded them—I did not come—they were not prepared, but they helped to prepare the way for me.

Many, oh, so many, sometimes under torture, sometimes with the flames encircling their beautiful bodies, have cried aloud to each other "Have Faith, Have Faith," but they never *knew* in what, they were groping for me.

Why did I tarry, my dear ones? You could not use me, you could not receive me sooner and so there has been no Faith in the world until now.

YOU MAY NOT RECEIVE ME WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

The knowledge you require in order to receive me is not of the ordinary kind, for indeed, you need all the knowledge of the great round world. The knowledge that can come to one alone; whether prophet, saint or seer, is naught to me, therefore my coming was delayed until millions of eyes were turned to look upon the universe, each from its own place, and all able to report at once all that they saw.

In the light of knowledge, thus obtained, base fantastic miracles have disappeared, gorgons and hydra have been driven from your unknown seas, forces and calculations have been tested in all climates and in all altitudes. Rational ideas have displaced the vague dreams of your race's childhood and now that you are prepared to meet me unafraid, with never ending trust in the profound unchanging forces by which you are surrounded, I come to you, and those with understanding, may at last have me.

Henceforth, fear, uncertainty, restrictions, regulations, may all depart forever.

Faith based upon the knowledge of never failing law, must conquer all.

Away with your childish rules, don'ts and ostracisms.

Away with the awful tortures of tyranny. Away, I tell you with control of others. Faith has come to abide with us.

Need you hesitate? Does not Ceres shine as of yore? Are not our Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune, completely dependable and under law? Are not the coming and going of our seasons well understood and assured?

Do we not now know that we are brothers to the grass, to the mountains, to the stars and that we are a part of the unchanging plan? Do we not know that the development of the wondrous sunset, the flowers, the trees, the twittering swallows and the mastodon has all been without balk or urge of criticism?

Do we not know that all these forms have become beautiful in accordance as unrestricted, they have come in touch with nature's law?

The laws which touch every phase of human life are not one whit different from those which have brought brilliancy to the orchid, swiftness to the deer, boldness to the lion, and stillness to the night. If we can trust Providence for these, we can trust her for all.

Stop your gossiping, I say! Withdraw your desire to control others. Never mind your ignorant schemes of salvation, FAITH has come among you, at last and is ready to dwell in the hearts, in the homes, in the schools, in the courts, in the churches, and in the legislative halls of those who are ready to receive her.

The Editors of *To-Morrow* do not stand sponsor for opinions of contributors nor of each other. We believe in a fair field and no favor. We want clear, clean, intelligent discussion. Please understand that we don't all believe all we print!

To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

WALTER HURT
MARGUERITE WARREN SPRINGER
WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD
VIOLA RICHARDSON

PARKER H. SERCOMBE
CHARLES A. SANDBURG
GRACE MOORE
MAUDE JACOBS

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AUGUST 1906.

No. 8.

In response to numerous inquiries concerning the physical condition of Walter Hurt, and in explanation of the absence of his work from the pages of *To-Morrow*, we have to say that Mr. Hurt is so seriously sick that he is doing no writing for the present. For a considerable time he neither wrote nor received letters, having ordered that no mail of whatever character be forwarded to him. Now, however, he is receiving letters once more; but friends are requested not to write him letters that require reply, unless it is quite necessary to do so. His address, temporarily, is Box 27, Girard, Kans.

THE UNIVERSAL BUNCO.

It is significant of modern thought that we have learned to discuss such subjects as honor, morality and the like, not as phenomena of the individual but of the mass, not as mental disorders but as diseases of society, for to such an extent do we act and react upon each other that each in one form or another naturally assumes the type of his age and race.

From a wrong mental attitude inherited from the childhood of our race, we have grown into the habit of forming judgments of various individuals and deciding in accordance with prevailing criterions, that one person is good and another bad, when in reality they are all very much alike, the same as good wolves and bad wolves.

Further, close impersonal analysis invariably reveals the fact that in the finality we pronounce those good who contribute either directly to our own gratification and well be-

ing, or indirectly to the system that perpetuates that which gives us pleasure, power and special privilege.

Viewed from its sociological aspect, lying and credulity have always existed together in about equal proportion. Each subsists upon the other, as also fear and danger, timidity and boldness, wealth and poverty, despotism and servility.

As we approach the apex of the pyramid of modern commercialism before passing down the other side to the plane of comradeship and social democracy, it is interesting to note to what extremes the constantly stimulated tendencies toward graft, greed and profit making has led us—the gradual manner in which every living soul about us has become engaged in the Universal Bunco game.

Even as the good natured King George buncoed our patient forefathers just as long as they would let him, even as the traders who profited by our Civil War were the ones who in conspiracy by common consent stimulated fratricidal contest in order that they might make their "war profits" in the name of patriotism, even so have we discovered in our banks, insurance companies, railroads and wherever men occupy positions of trust, great or small, that the competitive play of life has become a Bunco throughout all its ramifications.

J. P. Morgan forms a company capitalized at \$50,000,000 based on properties costing \$20,000,000, sells \$49,000,000 worth of stock for cash, he and his associates pocket \$29,000,000—Promotion Bunco.

President McCurdy by way of salaries to self and family, together with commissions, perquisites and juggling of the company's funds, steals a million dollars per annum and for years poses as the soul of honor and integrity with all of the bankers, trust companies and railroad companies in the country in possession of full knowledge and participation in his graft and upholding it on account of its being a part of their own system of robbery—Insurance Bunco.

Walsh, Bigelow and every other bank president in the United States forming corporations with depositors' money, reaping salaries and dividends from such corporations, loaning money to them, controlling stores, newspapers, colleges and houses of prostitution through which they under the prevailing system insure their continuance in office and reap their direct and indirect profits—Banking Bunco.

Railroad officials everywhere in conspiracy with oil, beef and steel trusts conniving always for special legislation and special privilege subdividing companies to which they elect themselves officials and open up avenues for multi-income graft—Railroad Bunco.

Political leaders and spellbinders marshaling the voters and in the name of good legislation crying, "Turn the rascals out!" and once elected proceed to legislate in the interest of those who pay the most—Political Bunco.

The society of physicians and surgeons formed into a league and raising funds to distroy operations of patent medicine grafters—*Materia Medica Bunco*.

Breakfast food manufacturers who buy wheat and other grains at from fifty cents to one dollar a bushel and sell it out under lithograph labels at from sixteen dollars to twenty dollars a bushel, to those who could in a few moments supply themselves with a better and purer food at the first cost—*Food Mixers' Bunco*.

Cereal coffee manufacturers who buy up corncobs, bran, sawdust and stale malt, mix them, roast them, grind them and put them into the hands of the people at 1,000 per cent profit as the cure-all—the only non-stimulating, non-debilitating beverage—*Corncob Bunco*.

Attorneys who plead for and against poor struggling fools who are always victims and not culprits. Judges who pompously decide the destinies of their fellow creatures just as though these individuals instead of human society were responsible for shortcomings, and legislators who think they can make the world grow better by law, and jailors who now hold in confinement 270,000 of their fellow beings in the jails of this country—*Legislative Bunco*.

Preachers with their schemes of salvation dating back to the despotism, animalism and infancy of our race—*Religious Bunco*.

Teachers and educators everywhere, the building of vast institutions wherein it is impossible to inculcate democratic home ideals, and under the label of education supplying to children a ten years' course in laziness, vanity, graft and hypocrisy instead of teaching industry, originality and initiative and leaving out the ornaments—*Educational Bunco*.

Brewers and whiskey makers everywhere supplying, aging, testing at great expense liquors that when prepared are a poison and under the best circumstances not to be compared with pure cold water for quenching the thirst or flushing the human system—*Booze Bunco*.

Cigar and tobacco makers everywhere concocting a smudge product not fit to fumigate old clothes and much less available as nourishment to the body, being neither food nor drink—*Internal Fire Bunco*.

Is marriage a failure! a scheme contrary to all the rest of nature's laws to bind together the incompatible. To make people suffer unnecessary—like war initiated purely in the interest of profits and property—*Matrimonial Bunco*.

The clothing that men and women wear, with their padding, their cushions, feathers, and studied effects in order to form, deform and transform—*Dress Bunco*.

Studied poses, affectations, phrases, imitations, and the thousands of conventional customs and mannerisms—*Hypocrisy Bunco*.

Thousands of palatial homes throughout the land, elabor-

ately furnished with mementos from all parts of the world, left to stand idle years at a time, their owners in foreign lands, while millions of the poor are dying for food and shelter—Home Making Bunco.

Prosperous business men with wives and families sufficiently interesting to attract all except those who have a diseased imagination, who in their fifties become enamoured with actresses in their teens, especially painted and decorated to turn the heads of the unbalanced—Sex Bunco.

The thousands of bawdy house "landlords" and "women peddlers" who make fabulous profits and become wealthy on the shame of woman by first getting her in debt for clothes and finery charged up to her at a fabulous sum, taking all her receipts and by debasing her in every way, making her constantly a petitioner for gratuities resulting in an enslavement more effective and more horrible than negro slavery ever could be—Bawdy House Bunco.

As stated in the beginning, inasmuch as human society is organized in mass with a system by which each must continue to bunco all the rest individually and collectively, it is seen that after all, whether in business, in politics, in the fetish of the sacred American home or in conducting houses of prostitution, church societies and insurance companies the same spirit pervades all and in the final round up good and bad human beings are just about as much alike as good and bad wolves.

I DO NOT PARTICIPATE.

I do not participate in this world of yours.

I walk your streets, jamb elbows on your crowded sidewalks, breathe in your dust, swallow your smoke and get whiffs of some of your breaths as you go reeling by but I do not live in your world.

On your trains, in your hotels and theaters, at your functions, dinners and balls, I ponder and dream and look on as one apart, for I am not of you. Your interests are not my interests.

Nearing your cities, passing huts, palaces, warehouses and vacant lots at a mile a minute, I find much joy that I have no part in your affairs.

There must be some generous ones in these cities, say I, that you seem willing to let a few persons own so much.

You are strange and fantastic in your goings, doings and holdings.

You have no rules, you are complex, irresistible, diversified; now showing unlimited selfishness and again unlimited resignation, yet your methods are easy to understand.

Some of you take the fashion of the majority and are listless and non-aggressive. others ape the minority and are alert, grim and sordid in their efforts to control others.

No need of words or histories in order to learn the story

of your souls and of your institutions, for your accomplishments, your monuments, your tools and your remnants tell all the blood besmeared, ignorant, zigzag way of your slow climbing.

You make loud claims for humanitarianism, and are so foolish as to still permit five per cent of your population to absorb all the resources of your country, thus forcing seventy-five per cent into disease, jails, adultery and actual need in a land of plenty.

You hail **education**, spend annually ten times as much on liquor, tobacco and trash, and even then only those who escape your teachers acquire understanding.

You shout the glories of party and patriotism only for the chance of continuing the regular old time murder and pillage under a respectable label.

No, I do not participate in your unnatural systems.

Your churches do not teach what they pretend, and I do not participate.

Your saloons do not supply good drink so I must quench my thirst by the brook or at the well.

Your tobacco stores give forth vile odors, and I must therefore seek the country for pure air.

Your family life teaches hypocrisy and supplies the material that supports millions of bawdy houses.

Your schools develop laziness and artificiality instead of industry and real worth.

Your so-called courts of justice are simply institutions that decide who are stealing according to law and I want none of it.

Your business men are tyrants and oppressors and heartless as hell and I refuse to participate.

Your closed palaces on your great boulevards are merely monuments to pride and are prophetic of the same arrogance and special privilege that caused the downfall of Rome and Babylon.

Your food, your clothing, your slaughter houses wherein you murder your fellow creatures who are not human are all obnoxious and unnecessary to me.

Your houses of prostitution are for brutalized characters and I do not participate.

Your tenures of unoccupied land by private individuals, the control of public utilities by private vampires, the evasion and lying about taxes by living and dead millionaires, all are a part of a world and of methods that are not for me.

In What Do I Participate? In a life that permits me to have and enjoy my share and no more.

In a poise that enables me to be satisfied with enough.

In a common sense that enables me to see that life is for all and not for a few.

That progress is collective and not individual.

That character is collective and not individual.

That education must be collective and not individual.

That legislation must be collective and not individual.

That in school, in trade, in forests and in the mountains. we progress by what we do and not by what we hear, that only as we are reared among great and noble people may we hope to become great and noble.

That when the world advances sufficiently to permit a few who are prepared to live in proper relation with each other to do so, in that I will participate.

Until then you may have your old world to yourselves to live in, in your own way. Count me out.

THE THAW-WHITE MURDER.

The daily press is ever giving forth the data to prove that man in the development of his social relationships, as well as in the evolution of his individual character, is still in a primitive state.

In his lack of human brotherhood, in his willingness to oppress and control those who are weaker and who cannot help themselves, in his lack of the spirit of equality and economic fairness, in his unbalanced and imperfect institutions and ideals, as well as in the fantastic exhibitions of animalism, as in the shooting of Stanford White, by Thaw. we have constant profound proofs of man's sordid commonness and imperfection.

Considering the make-up of human society, what it has evolved out of, and what are man's motives, recreations, appetites and passions, it is not surprising that many come forward to justify the contemptible outrage perpetrated by Thaw, the rounder, the hoodlum, the spoiled baby.

It is, however, with a feeling of personal injury that I read the declaration of a woman whom I have personally known and admired since childhood, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, that Thaw was justified in getting rid of so base a wretch as White, as if any man or any collection of men or any nation or any organization of people could ever be justified in taking the life of a poor wretch who is already himself a victim.

Surely, if we are to think at all, if we are to write at all. we should do so, not in response to a demand of the fashion, not in response to a popular clamor, but with poise and discretion, our statements should be so gauged as to be in

harmony, with the thoughts and lives of all people of all time.

If Mrs. Wilcox is right, if the killing of White was the proper thing, then the killing of at least two million more men, at once, in the United States, is the proper thing.

I venture to say that if Stanford White, had been brought up and was still living on the quiet farm up near Madison, Wis., where Mrs. Wilcox was born, he would never have been the victim of Thaw's pistol and he never would have attained a character so bad, as to make it desirable to do away with him.

The above shows conclusively that White like millions of other men who have gone wrong is a victim of environment, that he is a product of human society—that human society is the real culprit and as long as we furnish the surroundings that produce such men, just so long we as a whole are to blame, and from this point of view, no kind of killing by the individual or by the state is in any way justifiable.

Again, those who advocate the killing of bad men by individuals, fail completely to grasp the horror of that which they recommend. It is by the subtle operations of the human soul that character is gradually formed. It seems to me that with a woman whose pen has such influence and touches so many lives as Mrs. Wilcox's, it is a terrible responsibility to let her statement go out to millions of young men in this country to the effect that she justifies an act of this character when her justification may implant a spirit and a passion in a million growing minds that will sow the seeds for a thousand more murders in the future.

A study of the tenderloin districts of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and all the other large and small cities of the United States will disclose the fact that there are many millions of men who, as far as their finances will permit, are in every way the equal of Stanford White in meanness, dissipation, adultery and every form of perversion and excess, and logic would suggest that the good rise up and shoot them down, and now logic also suggests, if this should take place, "who would be left to tell the story?"

Commenting on the Thaw-White murder in the St. Louis Mirror, William Marion Reedy, writes as follows:

"If Stanford White was of evil life, that gave Harry Kendall Thaw no right to kill him. If Evelyn Nesbit still coquetted with White after her marriage to Thaw, that did not license Thaw to murder the architect. If the woman through vanity, played on Thaw's jealousy with intimations of White's infatuation, she is a double murderess.

"The big murder case offers very little on which to hang sympathy for any of the parties to the tragedy, although Thaw, the weakling of the trio was most the victim of Fate. He was destroyed as to character by too much money, inducing idleness. It was money accursed in that it was

grafted out of the people by protection. Society wrought a grievous wrong against young Thaw and he terribly avenged it. Society, too, with its false ideals, ruined the woman and corrupted the abilities of White. We are our brothers' keepers and our sisters' too. So, coming squarely down to first principles, who are we that we should punish any of the sinners that we help to make?"

The "To -Morrow" point of view is thus wise: This is an age of graft, oppression, impudence. Special privilege and tyranny over the weak abounds everywhere. Women are as tyrannical as men. They bring graft, greed, exploitation, freely into the affairs of the heart. Thaw, White and Nesbit have all been colossal grafters. All of them have lived for self-gratification and exploitation of others without limitation in the matter of cruelty or greed. Perhaps every affair of love since the beginning of time has had in it more or less of competition. Brutal, cruel, contemptible men when beaten out in a straight love affair have resorted to stillettos, guns and poison. People who are not sex maniacs do not want love that is not theirs—they will not attempt to enforce love which they cannot attract. Therefore there can never be under any circumstances any justification for one man shooting another on account of a woman. Even in the case of a man ravishing a child it is plain to see that such a man can only result under a wrong condition of society and the man as well as the child, is a victim rather than culprit.

Nesbit is no doubt the arch criminal of the bunch, a tattler, a vicious gossip, a grafter, "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair." Through her vanity, she no doubt raised issues that kept the very worst elements in the natures of these two men at the boiling point.

No doubt all these three persons concerned are sexual perverts, they are the natural product of our present economic and social system and the affair emphasizes strongly the need of a rearrangement on the basis of a **new civilization**.

THE GEORGE MITCHELL MURDER.

Far more interesting and of deeper social significance is the murder of George Mitchell by his sister Esther, at Seattle, Wash. In the Seattle episode there is entirely absent, the features of rowdyism, excess and unreasoning passion, which on account of the prominence of the eastern parties is claiming so much more of the public's attention. All those connected with the Mitchell-Creffield double murder seem to have been quiet, serious minded people. Creffield was a religious fanatic, regarded by his associates as a "Holy Man." As near as can be ascertained he became the accepted lover of Esther Mitchell, a woman of sufficient age and discretion to know what she was about, for in these

times even among benighted people, the right of every young person to choose their own lovers has become duly recognized.

In most cases where obsequious brothers butt in it is more in a spirit of bluster and buncomb than in the spirit of magnanimity and fraternal protection that is generally assumed.

Very few sisters will ever be satisfied to leave the direction of their sex and love affairs to the tender mercies of the average roust-a-bout brother.

The reason why the Mitchell murder is so much more interesting than the Thaw affair is that it was done by a woman, premeditated, and the victim was her own brother, who she claims is a "defiled man," who destroyed the life of her lover, a "holy angel." In point of interest there is no comparison between the two cases.

While "To-Morrow" has no sympathy with any one who commits a murder, least of all with a jealous, dissipated, leisure class Thaw type, we must admit of a considerable degree of feeling in behalf of the woman who justly outraged by contemptible interference as though she were a slave, obtained her revenge on the slayer of her lover in so pre-emptory a fashion.

In the final analysis both the Thaw and the Mitchell murders were committed by the women in the case.

A CAGED BIRD'S SONG.

I sit and I sing with unmoved wing;
But though these be golden prison bars,
Oft I am sad when you think me glad,
With thoughts of the sky and the sun and stars.

I long to be free; and your love for me
Is stained with the wish to hold me here.
When I dream I could stay, still I must obey,
For you trust me not, and your heart is fear.

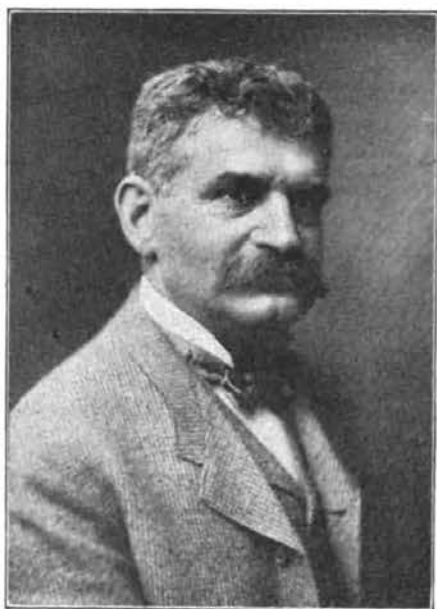
I cannot forget if I would; and yet,
I know I could love you if you loved more.
Now I sit and I wait for an unlocked gate,
Then out into sunshine to sing and to soar!

If you cage me and hold till my hope grows old,
I shall not be yours whatever your art.
With this longing of mine I shall pine and pine:
You will have my body, but never my heart.

—WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

Now Therefore.

By Herman Kuehn.



There are so many kindly, benevolent people who indulge the notion that their standards of philanthropy can be reached only through tyranny, that it is worth while occasionally to jolt them a little. In July To Morrow Mr. C. F. Hunt ventures some criticisms to which I advert, not in the hope of convincing Mr. Hunt of his errors, but because there may be, here or there, some readers of To Morrow who may be spared falling into the absurdities to which Mr. Hunt commits himself.

I declare that whatsoever liberty cannot accomplish authority cannot achieve. All human experience shows this to be true. All human experience shows that nothing has ever been attained for human progression by coercion. Nowhere do the data of experience show a single instance to the contrary of my position. Pseudo-scientists have sought to establish a "science" of social relations based on the assumption that human nature is vile and that some mystic power has revealed to the "scientists" certain compulsive processes whereby human nature may become purified. The doctrine of Natural Rights—than which no greater absurdity was ever advanced by the most superstitious savage—is relied upon by the social members as a prime factor in their so-called philosophy.

Now comes Mr. Hunt with his "scientific" non sequitur, and a naive air of conclusiveness. I stated that Nature had given the cat a mouse-eating instinct. This proves to Mr. Hunt and his large and interesting school that Nature THEREFORE gave the mouse a right to life.

Nature is diverse in her manifestations. She gives the cat some instincts in common with man, and some quite different. Mr. Hunt will not have it so. He would say: "Kuehn shows that the mouse has no natural right to life as against the cat, NOW THEREFORE Kuehn has not wit enough to understand that man nature is different in some respects from cat nature." Thus do I stand convicted by a "Now Therefore." Well, I can afford it. Indeed, I am used to it.

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When I declare that I deem it just that a negro should be treated with equity the Now Therefore school of philosophy immediately convicts me of an ardent, uncontrollable desire for negro husbands for each of my daughters.

When I declare that the State is not the most efficacious schoolmaster, comes the Nowthereforian with his conclusive showing that I am in favor of ignorance.

When I declare that human association is best conserved by reliance upon the natural instinct of human gregariousness, and that authority always hinders and never furthers right relationships among men, comes the authoritarian philosopher with his: "Now, therefore, Kuehn does not think it best for human beings to associate."

When I show that Nature has bestowed no rights, and cite the case of the cat and the mouse as natural illustrations, Mr. Hunt comes along with his "Now therefore, I have proved that Kuehn wants human society to be patterned after the cat nature."

I charge that the political scheme we know as protectionism is fraught with the germs of robbery. Mr. Hunt cites me to the republican platform to convince me that the republican party has never declared its intention to abet robbery.

I declare that the state socialist desires to secure a majority in order to coerce the minority. Mr. Hunt does not only charge me with maligning that party, but he proves it to his own satisfaction by demanding that I point out the clause in the socialist platform in which the design to coerce the minority is expressed. And having denied that the authoritarian bug is in the platform he turns about and asks me whether authority isn't justified.

"Go back and tell your mamma that I never borrowed her old washtub, and it was a leaky old thing, and besides I returned it the day after I borrowed it."

Mr. Hunt asks me two questions. One of them is the nature of the scheme of those deprived of land who resort to the doctrine of natural rights. The scheme is a tyrannical system of compulsive taxation.

And I am asked to adduce a science that has proved transitory. Well, how will astronomy do for a start? The ancient astrologers were as cock-sure of their "science" as Mr. Hunt is of his'n. And Copernicus evolved a new science, which must, in due course, give way to a still more cogent one.

Mr. Hunt avers that whatever is persistently revealed as cause and effect may be deemed a science. A very common mistake. Recurring phenomena do not constitute a science. Science consists of right conclusions deduced from recurring phenomena. But the "scientists" of the Hunt school deduce from recurring phenomena a scheme of social relationships which they dub "scientific" and which belies every social phenomena without a single exception. For never yet has

authority achieved its avowed purposes, and never yet has liberty failed to fulfil its promises.

Human nature is inherently kindly, decent, generous, neighborly, brotherly. The manifestations we see to be contrary are all perversions wrought by the authoritarian principle. The "scientists" nevertheless are so well assured that human nature is vile that instead of looking to the withdrawal of hindrances they offer more obstructions to the free interplay of man's natural instinct of gregariousness.

Mr. Hunt says that single taxers, state socialists and the like advocate voluntary action limited by natural necessity. This would be important, if true. They do not believe in voluntary action at all—except so much as the State cannot very well control. They are all of them obsessed by the absurdity that anything desirable to be encompassed by a social body cannot possibly be accomplished except by compelling the dissenters to join in the enterprise. The philosophers of the Hunt school have been challenged repeatedly to name a combination of circumstances that could ever arise in practicality, or that could even be conceived by the liveliest imagination, in which the success of any desirable social experiment depends upon compulsion. No one has yet appeared in the lists. It is impossible to conceive of such a condition. Any purpose to which a majority is committed can be carried out by that majority without requiring the help of an unwilling minority. One must be under the spell of the authoritarian delusion beyond awakening who is blind to this patent fact.

I do not like to think Mr. Hunt to be altogether devoid of a sense of humor. But what are we to think of a man who cites as a manifestation of the principle of voluntarism the voluntary combination of rapacious monopolists to control the prices of commodities? Can he not see that because of hindrances to free trade oppressive monopolies are rendered possible? Does he mean to say that Free Trade is in effect now? Does he mean to imply that the victims of monopoly actually volunteer to be fleeced?

Mr. Hunt's bewilderment is probably due to the fact that he has no comprehension of Free Trade. Perhaps he shares the delusion of the Henry George school that free trade means abstention from customs tariffs. No, Free Trade means freedom to exchange products. Such freedom does not exist, and never can, so long as the medium whereby exchanges are affected is shackled in any way.

Mr. Hunt, lacking though he seems to be in a sense of humor, becomes positively funny when he undertakes to discuss Mutual Banking. He seems to think that mutual credit tokens are representatives of individual credits. Verily he has much to learn. But he is funnier still when he adverts to governmental money as representing the collective credit. Perhaps some day he will learn that the collect-credit is taken by government from the collectivity without any

recompense, and then sold back to those who supplied the credit, at an enormous ransom that amounts to no less (in its various ramifications) than one half of the total product of the toilers of our country.

For the benefit of those who do not scorn enlightenment will say that the abolition of the ten per centum circulation tax embodied in the National Banking Act of 1862 will do more for the benefit of the people of America than all of the laws that could be enacted in the next thousand years, no matter how wise nor how benevolent the draughtsmen. And so Mr. Hunt, and others of his class, will find at length that if recourse be had to legislation at all, it must take the form of repeal. Nullification will suit me better. But that is merely a personal bias, perhaps.

Mr. Hunt may be right in asserting that there is a law in some localities whereby it becomes incumbent on drivers of vehicles to keep to the right. I think he is mistaken. But I know of communities that have no such silly laws, and yet people do normally, naturally and voluntarily all the decent things that neighborliness prompts. But since Mr. Hunt is committed to the doctrine that mankind is naturally vile, of course he may take what comfort he can from believing that laws are necessary to make people decent. My contention is that nothing but authoritarian hindrances ever keep men from being decent, for that is the natural state of all men with whom I have ever had dealings. I never knew a man yet to do a mean thing who was not urged thereunto by conditions made by some fool law. And I doubt whether any person in all the world ever did a mean thing under any other conditions.

But the funniest of Mr. Hunt's performances is his undertaking to prove to me—a voluntarian collectivist—that "there is an essentially collective sphere." Why, bless your heart dear brother, of course there is an essentially collectivist spirit, and nothing hinders its spontaneous and wholesome and practical and constant operation except the absurd notion that men are to be held together in right relationship by force of arms, or by an agreement on paper, by lawyers' parchments and the like. *Laissez faire*, and watch them co-operate!

And because I am for voluntary association of free men Mr. Hunt will probably be more than ever convinced that NOW THEREFORE I am not for co-operation.

CERTAINTY.

A paradox guards all this wondrous land
Of "certain truth," hung like a cloudy curtain;
A certainty which will all doubt withstand,
The certainty that all things are uncertain.

—W. F. BARNARD.

THE WORKINGMAN.

BY EDWARD CARPENTER.

There was a time when the sympathies and ideals of men gathered around other figures;
When the crowned king or the priests in procession, or the knight-errant or the man of letters in his study, were the imaginative forms to which men clung;
But now before the easy, homely garb and appearance of this man as he sweeps past in the evening all these others fade and grow dim. They come back after all and cling to him.

Still in the Ditch.

By William J. Mullen.

The freshly-dug, wet clay glistened in the sunlight as it lay upturned on the green grass by the side of a ditch. It was made straight as an arrow and about four feet and a half deep for the laying of the water pipes. The writer could see from the distance that the work was still being carried forward; therefore, he drew nearer and as he did so observed the surroundings. The sky was clear; the fields were of a delightful green; the songs of birds were on every side; children in various colored garments, adding to the beauty of the scene, were scampering hither and thither; while in the ditch the black-eyed, sunburnt, swarthy Italians, with perspiration plowing its way down their soiled cheeks, as they lifted the heavy, water-soaked clay to the surface, lent to the surroundings a striking contrast.

They were little men, with thin faces, but how strong and physically sound they must have been to raise those big, full shovels of clay and pile it like a fortress on either side! And they worked so fast; fairly lashed by a large, corpulent Irishman who, no doubt, was only obeying higher orders. They nearly all wore caps, and I wondered why—they came from a sunny land. I imagined I found the answer in the one word—militarism. That is, their country forced them as a people to be soldiers—an occupation which required a uniform including a cap which was given them free. They clung to the cap, poverty controlling with such relentlessness that they never could afford a change, and, therefore, the habit was descended from grandfather to grandson, through storm and sunshine, until now it has become a sort of an inheritance which they, seemingly, cannot give up and which they wear on all occasions, even in the ditch under the broiling sun. As they toiled on, with their little bodies and

their feet fast in the mud, I thought how patient mankind is; and yet history teaches that all the abuse given shall be returned; that is, if the wealthy abuse the poor, there will be a time when French Revolutions will gather and burst, and thereby return to the wealthy, with compound interest, all the abuses received from them.

I drew closer and asked one: "What do you get for this labor?" He didn't understand. I asked another and another, "Dollar seventy-five," at last came the answer, and pointing to a companion, he said: "He get two and a quarter." The man indicated belonged to the group that made the bottom of the ditch level and that stood in water ankle deep. The man in charge would order them about harshly and drive them fiercely. "Here you get out of there," he would say, pointing; "and you get in there, quick; stay there you." The numerous orders that came were occasioned by the necessity of breaking the sod at right angle to continue the water-way. As they hurried, labored and sweated I thought: "And you left Italy and never heard of Caesar, born of your native land; you passed through the Mediterranean and by Gibraltar and never heard of Shakespeare; you landed in America and trod its soil and close to New England and never heard of Emerson, but you heard of Christ, and I say it reverently, for his followers, who instruct, make the mistake of trying to impart His teachings at the exclusion of everything else, but you are still in the ditch."

How shall we worship? There is no objection to the labor of digging, the objections are to those helplessly appealing ignorant facial expressions; to the way the men were driven, and to the lack of considering them above cattle. It mattered not whether this ditch was digged in two days or four; no one was perishing; man should be superior to a jingling purse. The object of life is not to contract a dyspeptic stomach and horde millions, but to secure happiness by noble thinking and by studying nature. The history of Thoreau breathes such a life. These driven Italians had beauty all around them; in the gayety of youth; in the song of birds; in the fresh fields and clear sky, and furthermore, they came from a land natural to song and where once a great nation flourished. If they knew the history of their country; if they knew the great three minds we have mentioned; if they knew of the great achievements of the many strong minds of the world; if they knew something of the sciences, then one could imagine that their countenances would shine in a bright, independent smile, instead of wearing a sullen, dark, depressed expression. With a higher intellectual standard our modern economic conditions would not grip us so tightly; our hearts would be made mellow and our minds sweet; and our Italian workers would be permitted to stop their heavy labor for a brief few minutes, and, as they ate their lunch, to contemplate their surroundings. We

might even then have a snatch of a song from their sunny Italian throats, or a word on some of the great men of their native land, or probably a little humor bubbling from the good health they would enjoy.

But the only words they spoke were, "What time?" "Eleven o'clock;" again later; "fifteen minutes past eleven," and again, to another inquiry, "half past eleven." I was asked several times as if they were all anxious for noon.

But you may say that if they had such an intellectual development as I have described, they would be in the ditch. I mean that every one is to be highly developed intellectually, and I believe that Nature creates a genius for each kind of work, and therefore that no calling will be slighted, for each kind of labor has its neatness and perfectness, as the flower, in developing, which makes it fascinating to that one who has a talent, as Nature intended. If the laborer had the knowledge that we have mentioned and the health required to do his work, wherein would a Rockefeller have the better of him? If he is able to discuss Shakespeare what care he whether the lady in the victoria bows to him or not? He knows greater minds, greater things, and something more worthy of his notice. But if the woman in her carriage is his equal mentally she will bow. When all men are of a high intellectual standard, they will be too intelligent to allow the kind of work to make the estimation they shall have of the man who pursues it; but rather they will realize that all such work is educational in itself and they, like Peter the Great, will visit their neighbor to learn something of his work. The Italian suffers because he has not heard of Caesar, Shakespeare and Emerson, and we and the whole world suffer too, because we don't know more of these great men.

DEATH.

By FRANK HONEYWELL.

What is this thing, this suffocating thing,
That comes in silent, stealthy-moving flight?
A shadow after dusk, whose hovering wing
Is one shade darker than the sable night.

Like that fell genie, bottle-prisoned, whence
The fabled fisherman once set him free,
He rises up a cloud of blackness dense,
Reminding man of his mortality.

'Tis said that man this being holds in fear
As little children dread the nightly shade;
Yet, men I've known, who, when the end drew near,
Welcomed the monster, ceased to be afraid.

~~Like that~~
O Doubt, that quick'nest apprehension's breath,
Thou art the conjured image of the mind,
Thee I must conquer, lest I see in death
A shadow monster in my path behind.

The Barrel-Dosser.

By John F. Valter.

We publish the following strange and thrilling outline of a life, more for the point of view that it does not present than for the one it does. The writer eloquently offers it as "a mute challenge to all Nature-Worshippers" and "All is right with the world" culturists, and ends up by asking the question, "Why?"

As above suggested there are two points of view, the *Personal* assumed by the writer, which looks upon the world as if it were made for the unit of society, which would give us the right to scold when the world does not happen to adjust itself to our own comfort and convenience, and;—

The *Impersonal* that realizes that each is only a unit of the mass with no more right to special consideration than one of the cells of the human arm that might object to being annihilated by vaccination in order to save the whole body.

The difference is, the destruction of certain cell units by vaccination is *artificial selection* whereas the destruction of the human social unit as outlined in this story is *natural selection*.

While ultimate progress seems to be always attained by free natural selection, it is manifest that in order to insure the destruction of the unfit, a large number of those we call fit invariably perish also, and conversely in order to secure the survival of the fit large numbers of those units we call unfit are also preserved to life.

Whether among ideas, plants, birds, beasts, stars or human beings, this law is always seen to work throughout nature for all time with perfect regularity or irregularity as the case may be.

The reconciliation then is obvious:—

While the individual units of every organism and mass including human society must continue to struggle on in the interest of self, the philosopher who seeks to know the "why" must take the impersonal viewpoint and realize:—

That progress is to the mass and takes no account of individuals.

That progress is by free natural selection and depends upon infinite variety and infinite differentiation.

That any influence that prevents variation and differentiation is a detriment to progress.

That human differentiation implies that we must have with us the weak and the strong, the wise and the foolish, the sick and the well, the horrid and the angelic, and that those only can reach happiness who learn to have profound *faith* in all forces, realizing that *all* work for the ultimate good of the mass, one instance being the destruction of The Barrel-Dosser while trying to save the life of a cur dog.

EDITOR.

His name? It does not matter; he had no legitimate title to any, nor use for one. Status in Society? Well among other things he was a barrel-dosser.* Perhaps you do not know what that means? If so, go down on your knees and fervently thank your God—providing you believe in one—for sparing you such unholy knowledge.

What little I gleaned of history you shall have as far as possible:

He was born in a rear-tenement, facing a court the size of a pocket handkerchief, egress from which was through the hall of a house facing the street: a hall of awful stench, one whiff of which would nauseate the unaccustomed.

His unwelcome preceded his birth. Unwelcome the idea of him to his grandparents, for his coming meant abstinence

*A barrel-dosser is a person who obtains sustenance by ransacking garbage-barrels.

from the little indulgence so dear to their waning sensuality. Unwelcome the idea of him to his mother, because of the reviling heaped on her by her greedy parents for her enforced idleness.

No suave, pragmatic physician—no calm white-capped nurse officiated at his birth. No anxious father awaited with bated breath for his first wail. He was an accident—with unpleasant consequences—due to his mother's reprehensible lack of caution, and as such was helped into the world by a disreputable old midwife with as little ceremony and expense as possible.

For some reason—perhaps the unclean ministrations of the midwife; perhaps from an excess of her own spleen—his mother died the day after his birth, leaving him to the care of his grandparents, and, as legacy—the assurance from uncountable sources, past, present and to be, that he was born free, and the equal of any puling infant in the land.

Unconscious of all this—in spite of neglect and grudging service he fretted himself into growth—and citizenship in the fetid courtyard, and later into that wider sphere—the "Street."

After that, what opportunities he had, and neglected, I could never learn. I must believe they were many, for have not men with such a very beginning won influence and respect—power and fortune? It may be, he even dared to play with love.

That he had an education after a sort, nay that his was even a high order of intellect before it was bewryed by—by—I don't know what—I have evidence: At times when fortified by warm food and a supply of the vile tipple he thirsted for—he grew eloquent—fascinating—ellusive and strange as a beautiful poem.

The dominant theme of his life was Fear; a further reason I have for regarding his, a high order of intellect. He was obsessed by an Incubus of Fear, that accompanied him decorously by day, and rampaged through his miserable dreams by night. So it was a long, long time before I was enough in his confidence to learn the little I know of him, and of that little, alas, I dare give you only a fragment.

Out of the chaos into which his past resolved, one episode alone was clear, and it stood aloof and insistent as a cameo: Years ago he was arrested—suspected of knowing something of interest to the police. A predicament, believe me, fiendishly subtle to a friendless man. While imprisoned he became ill, wretchedly ill. Day and night, so he said, a legion of demons fought in his entrails. Finally, when it was concluded he knew nothing, he was returned, weak and emaciated to the streets and—Freedom.

Criminal he was Not, nor Could be, tho he had been arrested many times, and bore all the eloquent marks that brand the class abandoned body and soul to the mercies of the police.

When he saw some beautiful, exotic Princess of Millions

enter her carriage, I doubt he ever dreamed they might be cousins; that a few paltry centuries ago their forefathers drank wassail from the same skull, until overcome by their potations they fell asleep in maudlin embrace.

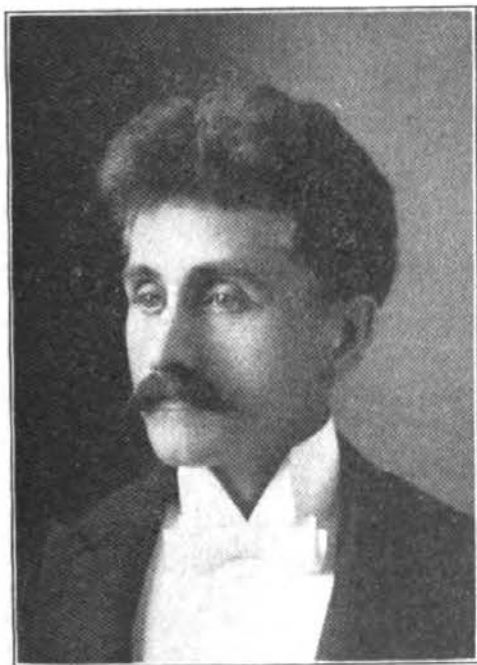
Witless, obscene thing that he was—he skulked through life, a blot on the Picture—a mute challenge to all Nature-Worshippers—to “All is right with the world” culturists.

Now for the climateric—the reason, the apology if you choose, for all this; for there should be a reason—an object in anything written—should there not?

Not long ago he was killed in an attempt to save the life of a miserable cur-dog; and I ask you, as I have asked myself a thousand times—Why?

Universal Kinship.

By Parker H. Sercombe.



J. HOWARD MOORE.

One of the most remarkable literary productions of our epoch is this sweetly told humanitarian book by John Howard Moore.

“Universal Kinship” is essentially a book for the super-man and super-woman; it does not descend to the frivolity of romance, its stage setting is not for the vulgar mind, its sweetness and erudition are not marred by party, creed or program, but it is a simple statement of what man’s natural feelings and emotions should be and will be after the fantastic relics of ignorance and despotism have faded out in

the gradual evolution of mankind.

Could I have lived two thousand years ago with the same knowledge as now, I would have wished that some day humanity could evolve a spirit capable of writing “Universal Kinship.”

In relation to Physical Kinship Mr. Moore says:

“Every being—and not only every being, but every species, the whole organic world—has come to be what it is as a

result of the incessant hammerings of its surroundings, the hammerings, not only of the present, but of the long-stretching past."

The quotations following are from the part dealing with The Psychical Kinship:

"Man, according to himself, has had great difficulty many times in the history of the world in escaping the divine. According to the facts, he has only in recent biological times and after great labor and uncertainty abandoned his tail and his all-fours. According to himself, man was made 'in the image of his maker' and has been endowed with powers and properties peculiarly his own. According to the facts, he has come into the world in a manner identical with that of all other animals, and has been endowed with like nature and destiny.

Man has never manifested a warmer or more indelicate enthusiasm than the enthusiasm with which he has appreciated himself.

Man is not a fallen god, but a promoted reptile. The beings around him are not conveniences but cousins. Instead of stretching away to the stars, man's pedigree slinks down into the sea. Horrible revelation! Frightful antithesis! Instead of celestial genesis and a 'fall'—long and doleful promotion.

The ancient gulf scooped by human conceit between man and other animals has been effectually and forever filled up.

The human species constitutes but one branch in the gigantic arbor of life.

From the section devoted to "The Ethical Kinship" we take the following:

Everything has been evolved—**everything**—from daffodils to states and from ticks to religion. Every organic thing is the result of long and incessant survival of the advantageous—advantageous from the standpoint of the organism itself or from the standpoint of its kind, not necessarily so from the standpoint of the universe. That which is true of everything is true also of egoism and altruism.

There is just as definite an explanation for the existence of egoism and altruism in this world, and for their existence in the particular form and ratio in which they do exist, as there is for the fact that the human hand has five fingers, the rose odor, and the eggs of the kildeer the mottled markings of the clods among which they lie.

All beings are **ends**; no creatures are **means**.

The **Life Process** is the **End**—not man, nor any other animal temporarily privileged to weave a world's philosophy. Non-human beings were not made for human beings any more than human beings were made for non-human beings.

The complete clearness and profound honesty of Mr. Moore in unifying all life including man is unique and worthy the perusal of our most intelligent readers.

The Enemy of the People.

By Margaret Warren Springer.

My welfare must be your welfare, that I in the pursuit of my wellfaring may include yours.



The well being of a part of society must be the welfare of all society in order that any one member of society in the pursuit of his happiness shall

include all society.

If my welfare means your destruction and my destruction then I in the pursuit of my wellbeing must seek your undoing.

The whole specie is found as one. We can pull together when that bond becomes one of love and harmony, life, or we may pull in opposite directions when the same bond becomes one of discord and death.

You and I are bound for the same destination, traveling on same road, same train, that train is attacked by bandits.

No one need preach brotherly love to us or "talk the talk"; we would be natural, and no ethical teacher would need explain to us the ethics of mutual aid.

My welfare would be your welfare, then would I fight for your well being in the pursuit of mine.

Let us take the case of some Chicago people finding themselves shipwrecked on a deserted island, without food. How long would it be before one of the party would have to be eaten to sustain the lives of the others.

Suppose you and I, graduate of a theological seminary, filled with brotherly love, anxious to go to the savages to teach the beauties of civilization and Christian fellowship, are drowning at sea, when we discern a log floating toward us and realize that only one can be saved.

There is war for life between you and me, for my well being is your destruction and in the pursuit of my welfare I must destroy your last chance.

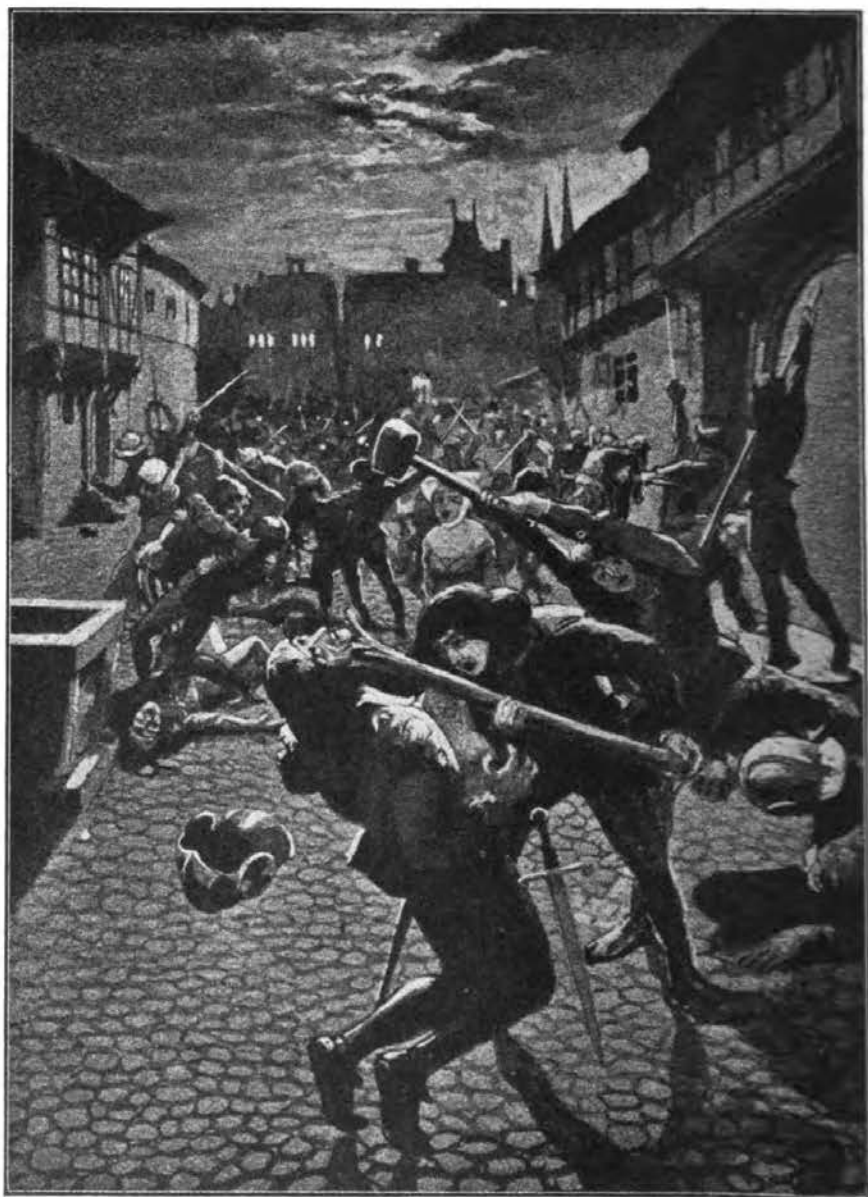
To make it plainer I wish to write that friends or enemies is a condition not to be accounted for by good or bad hearts or by good or bad training, but good people or bad people is the difference between good or bad organization of society.

If the welfare of one man is the welfare of all men they are friends. If the welfare of a part of society is not the welfare of the other parts there must be enemies.

Society has not as yet been organized for the well being of all.

That is, the well being of a part is not the interest of the whole.

You have heard it said that there is room at the top of humanity—that is true, but you only reach the top at the expense of others. I have a mental picture of human beings struggling for that goal where there is only room for one.



You can reach the top only by crushing, climbing, and walking over the necks, heads and bleeding hearts of the rest of humanity—the humor of the situation is that society enjoys this warfare. It is called peace—high civilization.

When one arises and asks society to reorganize itself on a more rational basis—we call him the Enemy of the People. We stone him—hang him or crucify him.

Evening.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

From the Gaelic.

I stood in my galley's prow and gazed over the waters.
The sky was flecked with red and gold, and the clouds,
Silver-edged, floated as light as my beloved's hair
Swims on the summer breezes.
All the lonely seas were wrapped and blazoned in color,
And slowly faded; and heavy was my heart,
Thinking of a dark-haired maiden in Fermeagh.
Soon the day was gone, and the silent-voiced stars appeared,
And the weary rowers rested, giving themselves to the hands
of Sleep.
Naught could I hear but the sound of the waves
Kissing the vessel's bow; and the soft breeze of evening
Sang tenderly through the ropes,
And whispered to me "Courage! Be comforted!"
And my heart was soothed as an infant by its mother's voice.
And I slept.

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS.

What men lack is not sympathy for the suffering they see, but the imagination to realize the suffering they do not see. I was on a street car, that was going down hill at a rapid rate when a boy, pushing a baby in a baby carriage, started to cross the street. The boy gave no heed to the frantic alarms of the motorman. It was too late to stop the car. The passengers held their breath. Some started to jump. Others stood up and clutched the seats. When the crash came a murmur went up from that car as if so many fathers' and mothers' hearts had been crushed. When, by some miracle, it was evident that the children had escaped unharmed, I saw strong men sink back in their seats, pale and limp, and with great beads of sweat standing on their brows. There was not a person on that car who would not have taken his own life in his hands to save those children. Such is the sympathy of the human heart for the misfortune that is near enough to stamp itself upon the imagination. Yet, strangely enough, there were people in that car who, if an angel from heaven were to come and tell them that little children were freezing and starving because of cruel laws that are passed in the interests of the few, would not believe, but would go right on voting like blind partisans, as though they had hearts of stone.

—HERBERT S. BIGELOW,

The History of Human Marriage.

By Lyda Parce Robinson.

Part VII.

Summary.

Mrs. Robinson's work has expanded, in the later chapters, beyond the scope of her original intention. It will appear later, in book form; and for the sake of symetry and a fuller understanding, she has made some additions to the earlier chapters. This summary, presents a brief review of all the chapters, as prepared for the book.

Mrs. Robinson makes no claim to have brought forward any new facts, in her book. Other writers have presented all the facts and theories here used, in various connections. But Mrs. Robinson is the first one to bring all these facts and theories together, and construct an interpretation that interprets. She has indicated the nature of the forces at work in the solution of this problem in a sane and scientific way; has shown how the future of marriage is involved in the past, and how the forces of nature have been working better than man knew, to cure the diseases of his childhood. The writing of this book is one of the proofs that Man is now cutting his wisdom teeth.—Editor.



In going back to social origins we find that the marriage institution has been a growth. That its first cause is instinctive, and its first regulating factor is economic. The marriage tie is of longer duration among carnivorous than among herbivorous animals. The lion, with his protracted devotion to his mate and offspring, is a good example of the former; the rabbit, with his complete paternal unconcern, of the latter.

It may be assumed that the conjugal habits of man-in-the-making varied in response to changes in the food element of his environment. The result would have been an easy adaptability to conditions, and some variability in habits, such as the quadrumana now exhibit. The quadrumana, in a state of nature are mostly frugivorous, and their conjugal attachments temporary. It is agreed that man became human in a tropical climate, surrounded by all the materials for a frugivorous diet. That later migrations or a changing climate compelled him to adopt a carnivorous diet. His social

habits would have changed in response to this economic change. At the time of man's emergence, his consciousness and his morality were those of the animal plane. He had no customs or conscious ideals, no formal relationships. Instinct was his guide and his impelling force. Individuals lived together in hordes, without marriage restrictions. The horde developed into the tribe. The domestication of fire tended toward the division of tribes into groups; and the development of burial rites and ancestor worship tended to form a tie between fathers and their children. Later, industrial development and the value of woman as a laborer and mother of laborers, strengthened the marriage tie, and finally made it suppositiously permanent.

With the enlargement of human experience comes an extension of consciousness; the development of sensibilities, the evolution of the psychic entity; and this makes itself felt as a selective tendency in affairs of sex. To the extent that the psychic quality in the individual is permanent, those relationships that rest upon it will be permanent, if not acted upon by other causes. Human beings are instinctively all alike; but psychically, they are all different. The instinctive reproductive urge is, normally, temporary in its manifestation; but those psychic qualities which make for selective attraction are comparatively permanent.

Later gentile society gives proof of a very considerable development of the selective tendency between individuals. In those tribes of American Indians that form the best-observed examples of gentile society, a monogamous form of union, more or less permanent prevailed, in which the woman was held to strict fidelity, while the man reserved the right to wander. This sensualization of the males had its sufficient cause in the unequal distribution of labor between the sexes. It was customary for the women to do all the productive labor. Thus, the psychic individuality and the disease of sensuality grew up side by side.

Throughout the periods of savagery and early and middle barbarism, the woman was the head of the family and descent was traced in the female line. Property was held in common by the tribe; and men and women had an equal voice in government. The chiefs were always men, but they were eligible to office only as related to female members of the gentes that selected them.

At length the development of commodities, and the power which could be derived from their personal ownership, led to a revolution in the organization of the family. The women would have become exhausted and deteriorated by their overburdened state; and the men would have been brutalized by their lives of alternate warfare and idleness. When the men discovered that they wanted to personally own the products of labor, the case would have presented no difficulty. The women were deprived of a voice in government, and descent was transferred to the male line. This confirmed monogamy for women, because it was necessary to guaran-

tee the legitimacy of heirs to property; and it confirmed polygamy for men also, because a man of respectable enterprise would require many women and their children to care for his flocks, to till his fields, to spin and weave and sew, to carry water and to cook, and otherwise secure his prosperity and pleasure.

Men secured their wives by purchase from the male relations of the latter or by capture; and their commercial value gave the presumption of permanence to the transaction. Thus the free, individual character of earlier marriage was entirely lost. It will be seen that the growing selective tendency between individuals would have been submerged, or made quite secondary to commercial considerations. The permanent and possessory features of this new kind of marriage constituted a powerful means of sensualization, and the early Aryan and Semitic writings give evidence that they produced their legitimate result.

It should be noted that the patriarchal family, human slavery, private property in land, and the degradation of woman all came simultaneously and inter-dependently, into being. In fact, the patriarchal institution rested upon the holding of land by means of holding slaves. There was no limit upon the power of the Patriarch. He exercised the authority of life and death over his children, his wives and other slaves. Constant warfare for the possession of land and slaves resulted. Weak tribes would have been destroyed, their land appropriated by the stronger chiefs, and their people killed or captured and enslaved.

Early writings disclose a picture of the transition period: of the slow and laborious process of the formation of civil governments, upon the ruins of the social government of the matriarchal period. Unlimited patriarchal power served a purpose in bringing together the elements out of which civil governments were formed; but its end was involved in the establishment of those governments.

That sensualization which had been progressing insidiously, under the unequal distribution of labor, and possessory marriage, now came into the open and became the special care of law and of organized religion. The surplus of females that resulted from the perpetual warfare of the males, was dedicated by the conquerors, to the service of debauchery, in the disguise of religion or under the auspices of law. Even the women who were chosen as the mothers of heirs were shut off from all but the most menial of human experiences, and from all opportunity. In Athens the captured women were divided into four classes of slaves, one of which had a degree of liberty to follow their own choice in the manner of their lives. These Hetairai were debarred from becoming the mothers of Greek citizens, but otherwise, were practically free. From among these women arose a class of scholars, teachers, orators and writers, who exercised a powerful influence upon the thought of their time: and were conspicuous in the establishment of those schools

of philosophy and culture that arose to combat sensuality and vice.

When Greece fell, Rome adopted her culture; and the Roman laws yielded to the principles of the Greek philosophy so far as to restore woman to her human heritage, and to place marriage on the same basis as any other contract between individuals. Woman and marriage subsequently lost this footing of respectability, and various reasons have been assigned for this, chief among which is the alleged natural inability of woman to sustain the part. But just a little thought discloses quite a different reason.

An unequal division of labor; which involved not only too much work for woman, but too little work for man, brought on woman's degradation, in the first instance. This downfall was in lockstep with the sensualization of the males. During the period when woman was temporarily freed, work was still considered fit only for women and slaves. And sensuality was at such a pitch that, had it not been for the special moral standard to which wives were held, the race must have gone the way of other races that have yielded unreservedly to sensualization. This pathological condition, together with perpetual warfare and the industrial conditions referred to, caused the decay and downfall of Rome, and of the estate of woman.

At the beginning of the Christian era, the teachings of the apostle Paul became the instrument of reaction, to reduce woman to a status in harmony with the degraded and undeveloped condition of society that prevailed at that time.

The permanent freedom of woman awaited, and still awaits, a normal adjustment of industry, and a normal state of health in the race.

The race was in a state of reaction from its excesses; and the force of that reaction was easily directed against the person of woman, and the institution of marriage. A process of retrogressive development is to be observed, beginning with the teachings of Paul, and manipulated for centuries by the True Church. By the fourth century, the Church was able to establish the theory that "Marriage is always a vice," and to exact the celibacy of the priesthood, on that ground. Another stage is marked by the affirmation that the Church can validate this "vice;" another, by the invalidation of divorce; and the final stage, by the acceptance of the dictates of the canon law, on the part of the civil law. The theory of the church is, that man is restored to wholeness in marriage, woman having been made out of his rib, that monogamy is the true form, because God made just one woman and one man, in the beginning; and that divorce is not allowable because marriage symbolizes the union between Christ and the Church. While the Church so vigorously denounced marriage it maintained a countless number of idle, unmarried men, whose business it was to control the people through their ignorance and superstition. It is matter

of history that these men constituted an agency of appalling debauchery.

The common law disabilities of women, as citizens, as wives and as mothers have remained practically unchanged, until within a very short time. Their disabilities are still so diverse, in the different states acknowledging the common law, and so illogical as to be, to the last degree, confusing. They constitute a serious handicap in the pursuit of many aims that are humanly legitimate and necessary.

The Church, in its various denominations, still maintains such a network of illogic and disparagement toward woman and the relation of the sexes, that it probably hurts much more than it helps the forces that are at work for betterment.

During these later centuries, industry has quietly become respectable, for men as well as women. And so a rationalizing, healing force has come to be almost universal in its action. War no longer operates to destroy the rewards of toil and to create female slaves. The improvement resulting from these changed conditions can only be realized by comparing the small minority of degraded women of to-day with their vast majority during the period of early civilization.

To be sure, the wife to-day bears, to some extent, the burdens of all the classes of slaves of that earlier time; but this condition must expire with the rapidly approaching economic independence of woman. Nothing is more certain than that possessory marriage can not survive under this independence. If any one resent this fact, he should remember that man has forced such independence, not with a purpose on his own part; but that evolution has used him to her own ends.

Economic conditions now make it unsafe for the average man or woman to marry and incur the obligations that follow. The possibility of economic and social freedom leads many women to prefer a single life rather than assume the burdens of all kinds of slaves combined. And so we find large numbers of professional, business and industrial women whose possible maternity is lost to the race. But this is the class of women whose enlarged experience has pushed far out the boundaries of intelligence and developed the sensibilities to a high point. The capacity for intense personal affection, which naturally tends to culminate in a refined and beautiful sex love, is strongest in this class of women. In the presence of these facts, a thoughtful person may well question what will follow.

Is a marriage form, based on the theory previously set forth, calculated to stand in the presence of present conditions? There is a natural bond between the sexes, but society is now competent to know that it does not rest upon the "rib" hypothesis. The attachment between two persons is permanent in so far as it is based upon the harmony existing by natural law, in the constitutions of those persons; and the force of habit will act to reinforce such an original

attachment. Monogamy will develop in proportion to the development of the sensibilities. Some modification of communal marriage will suit those who respond to the animal urge degenerated by the debaucheries of the past. But those whose sensibilities are developed, to whom the sex relation must come as the culmination of an intense personal affection, monogamy will be the rule of life.

Such an attachment must rest upon minds that understand in the same way, hearts that feel in the same way, and physical organizations of the same degree of refinement. When such a union occurs, it may be reasonably assumed that God has "joined together" the parties thereto. The only evidence now required, as to whether God has "joined together" two candidates for the matrimonial tie, consists in the possession of the money to pay the fee.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court has further disturbed conditions by declaring that no state can grant a divorce that other states are bound to recognize, because of the wide differences in the divorce laws of the different states. The provisions concerning marriage are even more widely different in the different states. It only remains now for the Supreme Court to decide that no state can validate a marriage that other states are bound to recognize, because the requirements in one state may not cover the requirements in all states.

The fact is that society is now about to enter the damaged remains of the patriarchal institution. Those who pin their faith to externalities will be much discouraged at the breaking up of forms, under economic pressure. But those who rely considerably on true inwardness, will find much in the healing power of industry and the development of the sensibilities to sustain their faith during the period of confusion that is descending upon society.

But the reformer should go slowly; remembering that he is not dealing with a normal race, but with one still suffering from the disease of "psychopathia-sexualis." The patient's condition is not critical, but it is still serious. The idle rich and the idle poor constitute a menace of relapse. The ownership of individual women by individual men is, as always, a contributing cause of the disease. It is not possible or necessary to announce what will follow; but it is not too hopeful to believe that the institution of marriage will come to be adjusted to the real constitution of human beings and the real needs of society.

A cheerful writer in a popular encyclopedia, classifies marriage into three periods which he designates as the physical, the possessory and the individual. But plainly, this classification will not do. He affirms that the marriage of savagery and early barbarism was physical, that the period of later barbarism and early civilization was quite different, in that the man owned the woman; and that the marriage of modern civilization is different still, in that the ownership

feature has disappeared and that marriage is now a contract in which two individuals live happy ever after. This writer is much too sanguine. Marriage is not less physical for being possessory, and the possessory features is still a very active one.

The history of marriage is classifiable into two periods; that in which the physical predominates, and that in which the psychic element rules. The instinctive and the perceptive. The psychic element had made considerable progress before the introduction of the possessory feature; but the latter would have effectually blotted out all occasion for the exercises of the psychic qualities between the husband-owner and his slave-wife. To claim that the feature of ownership has disappeared is to defy simple fact. The instinctive period should be divided into two sub-periods, free and possessory. The later, or perceptive period should also be divided into two sub-periods, the possessory and the free. The latter has not yet been attained. The natural tendency of free instinctive marriage was toward impermanence. The natural tendency of free, perceptive, attractive marriage will be toward permanence.

(Concluded.)

A GAELIC LULLABY.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

Hush, little heart of mine! The birds are sleeping.
 And all the world sad Heaven's tears are steeping;
 The close-laid thatch is o'er thee,
 The long sleep lies before thee,
 And sighing, through the night the wind is creeping:
 Hush, hush, dear little love of mine, ah, hush thee!
 The Little People o'er the land are stealing;
 The fairy chimes from Creagh's hill are pealing;
 And dreams of love, on silver wings,
 To thee alone sweet slumber brings,
 All cares and troubles of the day concealing;
 So hush, dear little soul of mine, ah, hush thee!

Elmer Ellsworth Carey.

By Sercombe Himself.

I would like to form a permanent house party, a sort of Diogenes Simple Life Club with a bunch of real emancipated men like J. Howard Moore, Elmer Ellsworth Carey, B. T. Calvert, G. E. Short and William who was not thrown in the well.

No need to ask about the habits of these men; Do they drink, smoke, over dress, over feed or bat around nights?

These are normal men who have conquered appetite of every variety.

These are Supermen spiritually and industrially equipped for the New Civilization.

No need of expensive government slaughter-house inspectors to see that pious millionaires do not poison the people if all men were like these, for the whole murderous graft of killing would be done away with.

Returning to the subject of my story Elmer Ellsworth Carey is from the West,



ELMER ELLSWORTH CAREY.

being a native of the Web-foot State, Oregon. He has been engaged in educational and newspaper work in California, Havana and the Phillipines, and was one of the officials in the Department of Public Instruction in Manila when Gov. Otis was in command. Mr. Carey for seven years has taken a deep interest in practical psychology as applied to the every day affairs of life; he also is one of the advocates of the Naturopathic System of living, believing that nature has a cure for

all ills, social, industrial, mental, physical and psychological. He says if he has any hobby it could be expressed in the words: "Back to Nature." Mr. Carey has written numerous articles for the secular press, calling attention to the necessity for reform in the mental and physical habits of the American people. On dietetics he is regarded as an authority, and has given particular attention to the question of pure water and natural foods, believing that all diseases will disappear when the body is properly nourished as nature intended it to be nourished.

For the past three and a half years Mr. Carey has been

connected with the editorial staff of SUGGESTION, the oldest magazine in America devoted to practical psychology, mental science, drugless methods of healing, rational hygiene, etc.

In politics, religion, ethics, science and philosophy, Mr. Carey is a radical independent, and he refuses to be bound by authority or guided by precedent. It would be difficult to tag him or brand him or persuade him to wear any kind of collar or subscribe to any kind of creed or doctrine, although he does sometimes wear the badge of the Eighth Army Corps, being the emblem of the Philippine Veterans of the Spanish War. Mr. Carey is generally considered a first-class crank and on the urn containing his ashes it would be appropriate to carve these words by Muriel Strode:—

"If the populace marched in file,
'twere my signal to break from the ranks;
If a thousand generations did thus and so,
'twere my cue to do otherwise."

INDOLENCE.

Time knows full well that I forgot to wind
The clock and missed a date that would have made
An almanac. I'm trudging on behind
The Vast Procession with more time for shade
And reminiscences.

The burden of success weighs me not down—
So great was not my failure but 'tis light;
I'm 'nough a woman I can Sorrow drown
And, though I have no star, I love the night
And its sweet eloquence.

Ambition knows 'twas I who sighted him;
And ever felt I sad for Atlas who
Shouldered the shifting heavens. Our Caesars, sir,
The pompous things they did would quite undo
And murder Fame instead.

I bade the beggar take the princely chance
Was mine—would he but leave to me the cook
Whom Fate had made a queen that Circumstance,
That playful Villain of grim Destiny,
Might smash her wonted crown.

This lingering flash of lightning men call "Life,"
Seen through the clouds of things that storm the world,
By Indolence I've cheated of its strife
And awkwardly have dodged the bolt it hurled
And fury of its gale!

—LEE FAIRCHILD

Abas Mrs. and Miss.

By Grace Moore.

Let not the eye glancing through this issue of "To-Morrow" convey to the mind the impression that a plea for the abandonment of the prefixes Mrs. and Miss are the rantings of a self-elected agitator and protestor. The eyes of the writer are not trained to discover only flaws, nor is the mind in an habitual attitude of criticism toward present day social conditions. Every inconsistency in the present social order should be to the observer a signal of progress toward a new and better one, and the perception of an error a difficulty or a limitation, individual or collective, whether in the social, religious, political or economic world, is the flowering of human thought preceding the hour of fruition and enjoyment of a larger life.

The mere agitator and protestor sees first and foremost the errors, difficulties, limitations and injustices of the social order, not realizing that they are incidental. The teacher, the helper, the lover of truth and of his human kind first takes account of the broad trend of things toward ultimate perfection and only secondarily observes and calls attention to outworn, unnecessary and undesirable customs, forms and institutions. The writer of these lines hopes to be listed with the latter class, for it is her aim and desire to be constructive. At least she is not personally concerned relative to the terms Mrs. and Miss. She is willing to be taken for either a Miss or a Mrs. and addressed accordingly. Whether she is introduced as Miss Moore, Mrs. Moore, Grace Moore or just plain Grace is not a matter for any consideration whatever.

That women in business are constantly handicapped and annoyed by the custom of labeling, introducing and addressing them with distinct reference as to whether they have been to the marriage altar or not, was remarked in an article on The National Business Woman's League in July "To-morrow." We sympathize with and desire, if we can, to smooth the way for the business woman, but it is not with a view to doing this that this paper is written. The question we are considering is not with reference to the conditions or the welfare of any one class of women more than another.

It is not a vital question whether or not Mrs. or Miss is more dignified or more euphonic than Margaret or Lucy, or whether or not Charles and William dislike to hear us addressed by our first names.

It is not a matter of much moment whether or not the woman who is proud of the fact and insists upon its repeated announcement to the world that she is Mrs. Senator William Maurice Jones or Mrs. Banker George M. Smith will be able under the proposed new order of things to still parade her sex and family relations. Of course she will and we would be the last to deny her the necessary means for the gratification of her vanity.

It is not even of comparative significance whether women on the whole have advanced to the point that they are unwilling any longer to stand before the world firstly as wives, mothers, daughters, sisters and sweethearts, and only incidentally as social human beings with an individual power and purpose of **their own**.

Women are of necessity advancing to a degree of responsibility that is forcing them to abandon forms and customs which have for their purpose the emphasizing of their sex qualities and the limiting of their intellectual, industrial and social possibilities. **This is the point at issue. With the coming of the superman and superwoman there will be no need or desire for distinctions, titles or terms based upon sex or sex qualities.**

The custom of prefixing Mrs. or Miss to a woman's name grows out of a desire to have it perfectly understood whether or not she is a candidate for marriage proposals. The superman and superwoman are only incidentally concerned with the marriage problem and so have no need or desire for prefixes by which they may know **at once** whether a proposal would be in order.

You observe that I am a woman. I am fully as conscious of what and who you are, and as intelligent, rational human beings we ignore sex and proceed with the affairs we have in hand, with no thought of physical differences or of possible material advantages that one may have over the other. The superwoman does not explain or apologize to the superman. **She is her own explanation and apology.** Her family connections and sex relations are sacred only to herself and not to be tabulated or exploited for the benefit of the curious and meddlesome. I take it that you are living according to the best that you know, the same as I. It is, therefore, not incumbent upon me to inquire into your personal and domestic affairs.

Do you not see before you a woman of intelligence and refinement? Then why concern yourself as to whether I am Mrs. or Miss? Have we not interests in common far transcending purely sex interests? If you find me interesting, helpful and vital it will not matter whether I am the daughter of a banker or the wife of a hod-carrier. If I am in any way necessary to you and you to me, of what difference is it what my past experiences have been, or whether I have a husband, or whether if I have, he is located on Broadway in the Insurance Business or is on Q street making bricks and flower-pots?

I say to you that I am my own explanation and apology, and it is not yours or society's duty to make gospel record as to my sex, age and personal experiences.

My claim for your consideration is upon the basis of my need of you and of your need of me **at the present moment.**

If I have a personal need of you and you have a personal need of me, it may not be out of place for us to inquire of each other as to personal relationships, conditions, limita-

tions, etc., but in this discussion of names and terms and forms and customs, we are not considering men and women with regard to their personal affairs, but with reference to their intellectual human spiritual possibilities, and especially with reference to the higher needs and possibilities of coming generations.

Man is not lifted in the estimation of his fellows by reason of his marriage to a woman of means or distinction. He is not ostracised by the society of which he is a part, for having refused to take it into his confidence and allow it to govern him in his personal love and sex relations. It is not known how many children he has, or if known is not emphasized as for or against him.

Woman on the contrary is socially established and maintained, according as she is wife, daughter, protegee or descendant of a man of means or distinction. She is subjected to a list of questions at every turn, and if unfortunately her experiences have been of the Hester Pryn sort, as pictured by Hawthorne in "The Scarlet Letter," she is in reality compelled, as was Hester, to wear a badge testifying to that fact. That the badge is in the form of personal criticism, distrust and life-long social ostracism, does not argue the less for its effectiveness, nor for greater enlightenment and humanity than prevailed in Hester's Pryn's time. **We still cling to distinctions. We still wear badges.**

But the **woman who thinks** prefers not to wear a badge. She refuses social favors upon the basis of her personal love, sex and family relations. She hears the cries of little children whom society by its condemnation of **woman**, either smotheres to death ere the sun's rays have touched them, or makes miserable all their lives long by imposing upon them the burden of their **father's sins**.

Woman has thought to remedy this evil by somehow compelling man to give strict account of himself as she is forced to do. But of what avail are statutory laws in her favor? They may give her the name and material support of her consort but **not his love**. Of what real benefit to her is her reputation sustained by the enforced denial of her womanly instincts and powers? She is still a woman and a mother and not to be despised because she is unsupported by man and man-made laws. Let us care for her and shield and love her as a sister and comrade. Let us keep alive with our devotion the fires of her womanhood, that she may perchance have some of the joys as well as the bitter sorrows of love. Let us say to her, "Come, we shall not longer sacrifice you in order to attach to our own persons a recognized mark of respectability. You are not less worthy than we—you may be far more worthy, who knows?—of the best that the earth can give and the most that love can devise."

We have thought to even things up by taking from man the freedom that he denied to woman when he instituted the present marriage system and the custom of labeling her Mrs.

or Miss, but we know now that woman cannot be placed upon an equality with man, or right the wrong that he has done her, by any form of retaliation. Declaring for restrictions, limitations and humanly conceived regulations and punishments such as man in his early ignorance and selfishness declared for woman will not better the situation. Woman's every effort toward man's enslavement has but resulted in greater slavery for herself. Slowly we are coming to a realization that the first law of freedom for ourselves is the granting of freedom to others. Did woman only wisely and graciously consent to absolute freedom for man and go him one better by declaring that she also is free as he is, there would cease to be any problem for either of them to solve. Were man not hedged about with obligations, self-imposed regulations, forms and ceremonies and by every possible suggestion made conscious of his human inefficiencies and limitations, thus making his free (?) conditions one of bondage, we should not find him jumping the fence but quietly satisfied where he is.

Man did not make a mistake when he declared for his own freedom; his mistake was in declaring for the slavery of woman. The labeling of woman so that she may be known at sight as either Mrs. or Miss is only a step removed from having a ring in her nose or a manacle on her ankle. But worse than the placing by man of the ring or the manacle, is woman's subservient acceptance of them. Man claims the right to be Mr. independently of his personal love and sex relations, or of his domestic, social or economic standing. We address him as Mr. Jones without regard to whether he is a benedict or a bachelor, a banker or a brakeman, and without the formality of a series of questions touching his marital and conjugal affairs. He may never have had a child or he may fortunately have had ten or a dozen; we do not make it our business to inquire. But to a woman we say, "We beg pardon, but are you Mrs. or Miss?" If she does useful work and is a necessary adjunct to the comfort and well being of a household, we call her Hannah or Jane. If she only embroiders centerpieces and goes to the tailor's and the manicurist's twice or three times a week, she is Mrs. or Miss Jones, or Mrs. or Miss Smith, wife or daughter of Senator William Maurice Jones or Banker George M. Smith.

A woman with a child in her arms or at her side, immediately gives rise to the question, "Who supports the child—who is it's father?" Society doesn't take any responsibility for the support of it's human members, but it is the first to inquire into the affairs of responsible individuals who support themselves. They must not love and support a child without the consent and approval of church and state. To do so is disgrace. A woman may not rock the cradle of a sleeping babe whose father was not great enough to love and support it, but she may read novels and ride in an automobile and be eminently respectable.

How long must this continue? Only so long as woman

remains a parasite and dependent and consents to have Mrs. or Miss on her visiting card. Just as long as she prefers the borrowed luxury of man's support she will remain in the shadow of his authority, and for every ounce of authority there is a pound of bondage. Perfect love between man and woman cannot be realized until each grants to the other absolute freedom. True worth cannot come into its own and social efficiency obtain, until equality of opportunity is the recognized right of every human being, and no conditions based upon sex or sex qualities or upon any arbitrary distinctions whatsoever are tolerated.

Traubel and Self-Consciousness.

By Parker H. Secombe.

The writings of Horace Traubel are the cut flowers, the "Blue Bells," "Forget-Me-Nots," and "American Beauty Roses" of advance thought. One would almost say that some wizard Burbank of the soul from his home somewhere in the silence, employed his truant days in projecting these buds of fancy into the brain of our Horace.

Traubel's thoughts are true, delicate, and children of his soul they run and romp and take you by the hand, draw you near, call you by name, and make you feel at one with this genii of words and rhythm. However, there never was a great, good, wondrous light, but had its dark side, and now I am going to say that the point of view in which Traubel invariably presents his thoughts to the world is a dangerous one when over indulged, and gifted writer though he is, he is not exempt from the laws of all things.

Speaking from the standpoint of one who reads understandingly exactly as Traubel desires and as Whitman wrote before him, realizing the full truth that I myself—my soul—my consciousness are indestructible, everlasting and all inclusive, and refer fully to the souls of each one and every one who reads, and while there is a certain stupendous grandeur in employing this style of thought occasionally, those who read and write in this vein overmuch must gradually become self-conscious, self-analytical, self-interested, self-centered, to the final detriment of the larger cosmic view, which must be able to take note of the "special" in the general, as well as to become alert in the matter of viewing the general in the special.

All that Traubel often tells us through the medium of the personal pronoun might also be told in personifying the sun, some noble animal, some daring bird, as Bryant to a Water-fowl, or some other man or woman.

To quote from Traubel's latest "collect."

"My soul does not feel mean. Does not humiliate itself before life.

Does not talk poor. Does not infer that the best is too good for it. Does not conclude that it is a beggar. My soul is big enough to come to the biggest conclusions about itself. My soul has no bad years. All years, sad years or glad years, are good years to my soul. My brother comes to me and tells me that bargains have gone against him. My soul never quotes anything against itself.

Now suppose for example we substitute The Sun for "My Soul" in the former paragraph and see how it reads and this is only suggested to imply the millions of subjects to which cosmic philosophy applies as well as self.

The Sun does not feel mean. Does not humiliate itself before life. Does not talk poor. Does not infer that the best is too good for it. Does not conclude that it is a beggar. The Sun is big enough to come to the biggest conclusions about itself. The Sun has no bad years. All years, sad years or glad years are good years to the Sun. My brother comes to me and tells me that bargains have gone against him. The Sun never quotes anything against itself."

So cosmic and generally applicable are the writings of Traubel that most of his paragraphs will admit of hundreds of substitutes as to titles without in anyway disturbing the verities, the philosophy or the rhythm. The inevitable defect that will be implanted in those who either read or write too much in the personal pronoun, involves another grievous danger, which is, an interference with the automatism of nature, including the automatism of self, spiritually, physically, socially, etc.

No high degree of automatism in the matter of character and tendencies can ever be reached by those whose attention is ever directed towards conscious regulation and guidance of self.

Froebel has taught us in the Kindergarten that it is far better for children to attain the habits of honesty and industry without the consciousness of what they are acquiring, rather than attempt to reach the same results through making them conscious of what is aimed at.

So far reaching is this tendency that its influence is easily observable among the class of readers who have been thinking and speculating to any great extent in the terms of Traubel, and it is not over stating to declare that many of this class of readers and thinkers have already blighted their efficiency by too alert a self-consciousness.

For many months I have considered it quite worth while, to set together these observations and I shall be exceedingly interested to know the opinion of Mr. Traubel and all others who are able to speak dispassionately and impersonally on the subject.

I know of a number of persons who have gone so far in the ego philosophy that they cannot let their bodies alone. In their daily exercise, food, sun-baths, etc., it is "something for the skin," "something for the bones," "I take my phosphates on Wednesday," "I absorb my nitrates best on Friday," "I take iron to improve my masculine vibrations," "I wave my arms upward and not downward in order to prevent too great a blood distribution in the feet," etc., etc. Surely the ego philosophy is being overworked these days.

In view of our coming publication, "A World's Directory of People who Think," with explanation and definition of clear thinking, the following list will be of interest:

SOME PEOPLE WHO THINK.

Jane Addams	Richard Le Gallienne	Lida Parce Robinson
Mrs. S. E. Ames	Marie Gunderson	Stephen Marion Reynolds
John Graham Brooks	Ernst Haeckel	Theodore Roosevelt
Victor Berger	James Huneker	Wm. Marion Reedy
Arthur Brisbane	Emil G. Hirsch	James Whitcomb Riley
Luther Burbank	Geo. D. Herron	Raymond Robbins
Ambrose Bierce	Fred V. Hawley	John Rafferty
Milton Bucklin	Moses Harmon	W. W. Rose
J. W. Bengough	Wm. R. Hearst	Western Starr
Herbert Bigelow	Walter Hurt	A. M. Simons
Jacob LeBosky	Robert Hunter	Charlotte Perkins Gilman
Brooks Adams	Elbert Hubbard	Margaret Warren
Wm. Francis Barnard	Margaret Haley	Springer
Winnifred Black	Stanley Hall	Chas. A. Sandburg
John Burns	Bolton Hall	Seymour Stedman
Robert Blatchford	Herman Kuehn	Upton Sinclair
Sara Bernhardt	Florence Kelley	J. G. Phelps Stokes
Wm. J. Bryan	Peter Kropotkin	Wm. E. Smythe
A. J. Balfour	Joseph Jastrow	Geo. Bernard Shaw
John Curriell	Tom. L. Johnson	Lincoln J. Steffens
Dr. Paul Carus	John A. Johnson	Albion Small
James Creelman	Jenkin Lloyd Jones	Joseph Steiner
Ernest Crosby	Joseph Loeb	Minot J. Savage
C. S. Carr	Robert La Follette	Henry S. Salt
Edward Carpenter	Chas. A. Lewis	Horace Traubel
Charlotte W. Christopher	Fay Lewis	Senator Tillman
Herbert Casson	Alfred Henry Lewis	Benj. R. Tucker
Marie Correlli	Jack London	Leo F. Tolstoy
Daniel Cruise	Tom Lawson	Elizabeth Towne
Joe Chamberlain	Algernon Lee	Dr. O. L. Triggs
Benj. De Casseres	J. Wm. Lloyd	Ida Tarbell
Clarence Darrow	Benj. B. Lindsey	Mrs. Tredwell
E. F. Dunne	Michael Monahan	Graham Taylor
Eugene V. Debs	B. Fay Mills	Andrew White
Sara Platt Decker	Walter Thos. Mills	J. A. Wayland
Dorothy Dix	M. M. Mangassarian	John L. Whitman
John Dewey	Edwin Markham	Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Lindsay Dennison	Bailey Millard	Rev. R. A. White
Davis Singleton	Edgar Lee Masters	Booker T. Washington
R. T. Ely	John Howard Moore	John Z. White
Pres. Elliot	J. J. McManaman	Gaylord Wilshire
Lewis F. Eldridge	Dr. Carlos Montezuma	Thomas E. Watson
Thos. A. Edison	Louis F. Post	Geo. Westinghouse Jr.
Geo. B. Foster	David Graham Phillips	Brand Whitlock
Joseph Folk	Isaac Hull Platt	Philip Green Wright
W. J. Ghent	Hugh O. Pentecost	Joel Richardson
Maxim Gorky	C. W. Post	T. Vebelin
Hamlin Garland	N. O. Nelson	Z. Father Zahm
Frank Gunsaulus	Ed Amherst Ott	Chas. R. Zueblin
Fred R. Guernsey	Dr. John Roberts	F. D. Underwood
Mrs. Gunton	Wallace Rice	
	Chas. E. Russell	

The New Civilization.

Monogamy the Inevitable Result.

By Jane Donaldson Davis.

"Man the minister and interpreter of nature, does and understands so much as he may have discerned concerning the order of nature, by observing, or by meditating on *facts*,"

BACON.



It will be the effort of the writer to formulate a working hypothesis sufficiently comprehensive for the reader to make a just comparison of its validity to that of other hypotheses advanced by writers along this same line of thought.

That we shall deal only with **facts**, accumulated and verified by the ablest known truth seekers of both the past and present time is the second determination.

As all substantial progress in the world of thought is but an endless chain, resulting from a study of the experimental researches of others, just so will we bring to bear the proven labors of others into the conclusive proof of our argument, *e. g.*

"Monogomy the inevitable result of
The new civilization."

Monogomy, the most **ideal** of conceptions relative to the social order of man, so ideal that it does not, nor absolutely cannot, exist under our present economic and social systems.

The demands of those who sit in the high places and hold certain reins of government would be positively ludicrous if it was not that the daily sacrifice of human happiness, health and life, makes a gruesome tragedy of the whole affair, while the apathy and seeming indifference of the mass is all but overwhelming to the few who have awakened to the real truth of the situation.

"The new civilization," is to consist of a friendly, wholesome, intelligent understanding between men and women with reference to the preservation of specie and race, this will unveil the vulgar mystery surrounding the sex relation and sexual hygiene, which now hangs like the Damoclean

sword over the heads of mortals in every strata of society; **absolutely none are exempt.**

From the medical world comes to us daily recitation of its findings concerning the diseased conditions of man, **specific** is the polite term of expression, in plain English, gonorrhea and syphilis, with tuberculosis and alcoholism running a close second in a comparative race of destruction. The first two named has been conceded by the majority of all fair minded, progressive, physicians to be the result of promiscuity in the sex relation, some few isolated cases may be "**innocently**" acquired, gynecologists frankly confess that at least 90 per cent of all their operative work is primarily induced by one or both of these two diseases! Now, since **promiscuous** sex relation is the giant distributor, and promiscuity the result of our economic laws is it not pardonable to conjecture what will be the result when both men and women have been cleanly and honestly informed as to the facts in the case? More especially the women, for in the new civilization woman is to be no less active than man!

The period of the Matriarchate had its day and passed, the period of the Patriarchate is undeniably passing, and out of it we will evolve a period of natural law and order second to no period in the known or conjectured history of mankind.

Authentic records prove to us that the "Sons of Women" have known for many centuries how these diseases cripple and unfit man for the full enjoyment of life, quoting from Dr. S. A. Knopf, of New York City, in a recent contribution to "The Medical Record," there is a passage in Ricord's history of syphilis, which traces the origin of alcoholism and illegitimate intercourse back to the time of Abraham and Lot, the 15th chapter of Leviticus evidently proves that the great Jewish law giver, Moses, had in view the prevention and cure of diseases liable to follow sexual intercourse. A regulation referring to this was promulgated about 2400 anno mundi Dr. Knopf wisely refers his readers to Dr. L. Duncan Buckley on "Syphilis Insontium," to Fournier, Lazare, Keys, Morrow and Weiss on the many other phases of syphilitic and gonorrheal affections, a closing word to the effect that the economic loss and social misery in our own as in other countries, is of the greatest concern to the physician, statesman, jurist and sociologist.

Dr. M. Kober, acknowledged authority on the subject, says concerning sterility.

The destructive effects of gonorrhea on the procreative functions have been very properly emphasized in connection with the "race suicide problem," and are certainly startling when we are told that 50 per cent of all involuntary childless marriages are due to this cause. From what has been said thus far on the subject of venereal diseases you will agree with me when I say that the loss to a country which must result from the expense of caring for the blind whose

condition is due to gonorrheal infection, the idiotic, the degenerate, or pauper due to a syphilitic parentage or direct syphilitic acquisition; and from supporting the acute and chronically afflicted during the time he is incapable of work is well nigh incalculable.

There are many others who might be quoted, but this is not a paper devoted entirely to venereal diseases, yet sufficient must be said of the cause, when the effect is so vital to man universal.

We believe the task of control from the view point of legislative prophylactic measures to be well nigh impossible at the present time, or even in the near future, for political influence representing state, is too closely allied to church, and church representing the social order, both combined holding the key to our economic system. The economic system **absolutely** controlling the marriages of contracting parties, and thus it is that we are continually describing a circle, seemingly at times to be impossible of breakage. But hold! one force we have overlooked, a force which has brought the genus homo to the exact period of development which he to-day represents, we refer to the second great law of nature, e. g. propagation or specie preservation, which is so closely joined to that of **selection** that the two may well represent the one order.

The female of this particular specie has been led by the male to believe that she has no recognized economic value, possessing only her sex to be exploited in exchange for what ever commercial value the male may see fit to place upon it.

The great force within her is naturally all powerful, representing as she does **both seed and soil** of her specie, other qualities which she gave evidence of with reference to self-government, during the matriarchate, has been suppressed by her male offspring until she only feebly demonstrates it in self at the present time, yet is able by the law of heredity to pass on from generation to generation a variety of qualities to the male, qualities which have made of him "**a ruler**" of her "the ruled" a veritable boomerang which can only delay, not aid in the further development of the specie.

Too little reckoning has been placed on the natural law of **selection** and propagation, and while man has carefully encompassed woman with rules and regulations which will give to him the line of descent and an heir to his properties, he has not been able to either control self desire in the matter of sex selection nor to keep her in the stronghold of monogamy. unwisely he has kept from her a knowledge of these dread diseases until she has sown the seeds for "generations and generations," "the sins of the fathers even unto the 3rd and fourth"!

The only redeeming feature is man's gallantry in saying it is the sins of the "**fathers** " This may all seem far fetched and away from the subject at issue yet if one is desirous of getting at the real root of this evil it is absolutely the only channel through which it may be reached.

We know that the few women who have awakened to a realization of the enormity of the crime of **ignorance**, which men have taught them to believe is **innocence?** has assumed a likeness to a fire brand, and we predict that when woman at large discovers that she is equally responsible for this great human sacrifice which is made daily to the god of ignorance, she will naturally revert to the mother rule of **self-government**, and exercise the needful care in the selection of her mate, she will know that even if her sex **physiologically** sets her apart from the male in the economic race, that the "setting apart" is only a differentiation in inheritable qualities, and that she is not one whit less important nor vital to her specie than that which she has equally helped to produce, e. g. **her male offspring**.

Let us cultivate the mother element in our women, give to her the knowledge necessary for healthy minds and bodies, give her an equal right, for the line of descent if she desires, compel her to assume moral responsibility of her offspring, and quit exploiting her sex qualities for her daily needs, and bear in mind that this **sex exploitation** is not done away with, even when church and state has placed their sanction upon the contracting parties. Then, and only then, will we be able to develop man to the highest order, when the female has her choice of male free from economic bondage, only when she can bear her child into the world free and uncursed by **Society's** (now rotten to the core) ban of **illitimacy**, unless shielded by the male line of descent. This is the key to the problem, the mate of her choice will put a stop lock on promiscuity in the sex relation, promiscuity done away with will minimize and eventually entirely eliminate these two venereal diseases and monogomy the inevitable result.

I have read Hume, Locke, Spurgeon, Mazamdar, and Sam Jones. I know something of all religions, and can discourse to you on mahatmas or original sin, justification by faith or metempsychosis, and reasons for the thirty-nine articles roll glibly from my tongue. I have lunched with a Prime Minister, dined with bishops, and once sang the "Star Spangled Banner" in Cork with ten priests at two o'clock in the morning. I have seen Paris after night with a Baptist preacher; but still I never guessed the honor would be mine, as it was last week, of sitting at meat with Rev. Hugh Johnson of Washington, D. C. In the course of the repast Mr. Johnson asked me a question, thus: "What reforms does the Philistine Magazine expect to bring about?"

He had me.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

SAN FRANCISCO.

BY HENRY FRANK.

I.

As if some bony-fingered hand, with grip
 Of God, inspired by demoniac hate,
 Had forced the earth into the Void to dip,
 And with a thousand blows upon its pate,
 Had torn the crown of mountains from its
 brow,
 Till, staggering, it reeled as drunk with woe.

II.

So 't was, when on that fatal morn, at dawn,
 A continent, like mould of jelly shook,
 And cities sank, and sorrow's sickening spawn
 The sea of life o'er swam, and earth par-
 took
 Of such Tartarean feast as Hell awaits—
 A flame-shroud'd, ashen ghost of man's estates!

III.

Has mercy vanished from the breast of God!
 Behold, how mock the crackling jaws of earth,
 Imploring help from the death-raining rod
 Of chastisement—where now but waste and dearth
 Are raiment of her shivering frame! O vain,
 And impotent, thy genius, Man! Refrain!

IV.

Hold! Thou portentous powers, whose blackening arm
 Dissolves a world! Ye Cosmic Demons, drunk
 With dizzying desolation, no further harm
 Inflict upon this tottering globe, shrunk,
 And seamed with elemental woe! O, spare
 Us hence the doom, thy mad wild eyes declare!

V.

Yet, vain, all vain, man's maddening cry, to stay
 The storm-clad steeds that stride with fiery mane,
 And flaming nostrils o'er the world, and sway
 The wounded earth with crushing tread, that fain
 Would shatter it to atoms; and may yet
 Extinguish it, as wind the flickering jet.

VI.

Bethink—the fragments of dismembered worlds,
 Once shattered in the Cosmic Path; unchained,

And threatening Comets; the wild, cyclonic whirls
 Of rotary energy, that, unrestrained,
 Tear continents asunder; the sullen growl
 Of earth-locked seas, that scafd the planet's jowl!

VII.

To these Titanic Tyrants, that sit enthroned
 In secret conclave, and empowered beyond
 Apparent law, Man is but as the stoned
 Embankment of the sea, or slender frond
 By woodland stream, when tidal torrents sweep
 The main, or tempests wake from age-long sleep.

VIII.

O, feeble Man! How frail thy arm! Thy will—
 A gust of wind lost in the mountain paths—
 Thy little frame grows stiff and icy chill,
 When crossed by the wild cyclone's widening swaths;
 The storied splendors of thy genius quail
 'Neath earth-quake shocks—dissolved and ashen pale!

IX.

Untrue! Untrue! False prophet of thy fear!
 Man's *mind* is crowning glory of the world!
 For, from Time's ruination and each tear,
 He learns the lessons Truth hath e'er unfurled,
 From dim beginnings of far Progress, hence
 To age's fraught with woe's incontinence.

X.

From desolation, ruin and despair,
 Man wrests the secret laws that hidden lie
 Within the breast of Time, till lightning glare,
 And tidal wave, and toxic germ, and cry
 Of tempest, quake of earth and comet's scare,
 At last make life more prosperous and fair.

XI.

O, golden City of the golden land,
 Awake to hope! Though ashen-shrouded now,
 Thy desolate waste and grim sepulchral strand,
 With splendors of creative art shall glow,
 Again more gloriously, and thy great heart
 From Faith's inspiring path shall ne'er depart.

Justice to the Indian.

By Carlos Montezuma.



We sometimes think that instead of the phrase "The love of money is the root of all evil," it would be more accurate to attribute the world's evil doings to "Man's inhumanity to man." Injustice fosters disorder. Internal upheavals in the affairs of a nation are but the culmination of a series of wrongs perpetrated by the strong upon the weak. The difference between a just administration of a nation's affairs and the opposite condition is simply the difference between man's humanity and man's in-

humanity to man. In other words, with nations as with individuals progress may be measured by the extent to which justice controls the course of action. This is so because of the immutable law of cause and effect made manifest as well in human affairs as in the material world itself. A failure to recognize this all controlling law results in inevitable disaster soon or late. Thus it is that a multitude of evils come, necessarily, from ignorance, selfishness, false pride, tyranny, and oppression in all of its forms; and all because of a disregard of the law that like produces like; which is but saying that whenever man's conduct, either individually or collectively, is regulated by the standard of what is right and just to his fellowman, good results follow as a matter of course. Otherwise contrary results are just as certain.

This lesson comes to us most forcibly as we look at the course which has been pursued by the Government toward the Indians; wherein justice has been outraged, truth has been trampled underfoot, right overcome by might and the voice of reason stifled by the scramble for place and power and the hope of gain. With the spirit of Lincoln or Jefferson guiding the nation, there had been no Indian question now waiting solution, and what there is in this matter need not have been but for "Man's inhumanity to man." Yet, the situation must be met and dealt with in some way. This is why we have to urge over and over again that those who have the well-being of the Indians in their care take some effective action in the right direction—that is, in a direction

in conformity to the immutable law that has been so long ignored. Let them open their eyes to the fact that it is not the "land of the free" where thousands of human beings are subject to limitation, such as hedges about the Indians on the reservations to-day. Let the powers that be open their eyes to the fact that the continuance of the reservations or any similar system of restrictions upon the Indians is not only a violation of his civil rights but as well a degradation to him physically, mentally and morally; and that in such case the wrong is not made right by anything that may be done, planned or projected concerning the manner in which the affairs of iniquitous system are or may be conducted. The wrong lies in the system itself. The civil injustice to the Indian. The denial to him of that liberty vouchsafed to him by the constitution is the wrong in itself which is in no sense righted by the manner in which the details of the reservation plan are carried on. Indian schools on the reservation, Indian education on the reservation, medical and health regulation, and any or all other details of reservation life, no matter how well conducted, are not to the question. The system is wrong. The ship is sailing in the wrong direction, and the question of its equipment and management amount to nothing so far as concerns its reaching the proper destination. All effort in aid of the movement is necessarily as vain as the movement itself. The ship might as well be at anchor.

There is a certain delusiveness about Indian education and Indian schools on the reservations. The injustice of the system itself is lost sight of in the contemplation of the possible benefits conferred by these "admirably conducted" schools. One might as well say, a gambling house could possibly be so well conducted as to be no longer wrong in itself. Visitors to the reservations as they are shown around by the Agent, undoubtedly exclaim: "What nice schools you have! What a nice arrangement you have for educating the Indian boys and girls! How well the Government looks after them!" Nothing, however, touching the right or wrong of the reservation itself. When it is made clear to the mind of a lover of justice that the reservation is right in principle and is therefore just to the Indian and ought to be perpetuated, then and not till then, will it be time to praise the reservation schools and to exalt the management thereof. But with the system recognized as being in itself an injustice to the Indian, an unlawful infringement of his liberty and a hindrance to his advancement as a man, the well conducted reservation school is only an aggravation of the wrong, having, as we have shown, a tendency to give a color of justifiableness to the system itself. Something in the manner of falsehood parading in the garb of truth.

We therefore take little account of Indian education on the reservations. It is only a part of the old, one-idea plan to "make a better Indian." To teach the Indian some of

the things that the white man learns from books; not educating him as a man, but keeping him as an Indian; and in the end have something that you can point to and say, "There is an educated Indian," putting stress on the Indian.

The failure of reservation education necessarily results from the isolation of the Indian from civilization. It is a kind of one-sided, half-education, lacking the advantages of association and observation which would be gained in the **common schools** of the country.

True education includes the acquirement of knowledge through the simple agency of the senses. The child hears, sees, smells, tastes and feels, all without the aid of books or teacher. This constitutes experience; and experience is measured by the opportunities for associations. The Indian boy or girl educated on the reservation, at the end of his school life is an educated Indian but not an educated American. The outside world is necessarily unfamiliar to him. He has to begin again in another school to learn the ways of life as it is lived in the business world. And the fact that he is better off with the education he received on the reservation than he would have been with no education at all is not a sufficient justification for the existence of the system which bars these people from civilized life.

If the Indians were criminals duly convicted and condemned to a reservation life as a punishment for their misdeeds, then it would be quite the proper thing to make their mental development a part of the work of carrying into effect the dictum of the law. In such case, never again to be brought into the free life of civilization, it would be of no consequence that their education and training was incomplete, inasmuch as the principal object to be accomplished would be their safe confinement. How absurd, therefore, this close approximation to real prison life while "We, the people of the United States," at the same time claim to be doing the best that can be done for the Indian. It is true, that some plan of education on the reservation had to be adopted; and yet that very fact might have been foreseen as one of the incidents that could only be avoided by doing away with the reservation itself. Of course, in spite of the inexpediency of the reservation, many of the Indians do and will continue to come out to mingle with people in general, yet this only leads to the question why all are not out instead of being in the reservation. We have not far to seek for an answer. It is very simple. To reason logically it is necessary in all cases, at least, to avoid assuming as a premise the fact sought to be established. But the reverse of this is made the rule by those who seek to uphold the reservation. The reservations are necessary, they say, as a solution of the Indian question. This is a short method of coming to the point. It does away with all controversy on the subject and practically condemns the Indian to a loss of his civil rights without a hearing. Nor does it seem to attract public attention

that the Government should arbitrarily reserve to itself the right to say to the Indian what percentage of liberty he shall be permitted to appropriate to his own use in this "land of the free and home of the brave." On the face of it it would seem that the framers of the constitution forgot to include a percentage table for use in cases where it might be deemed inexpedient to permit certain members of the national family to enter into the enjoyment of liberty in full measure.

There is nothing about the Indian that it entitles him at the expense of the Government to be put through a preparatory school to fit him for liberty. Nor does he ask it. He wants what he is entitled to and is willing to accept it as it is given to others, viz.: on the condition that he shall not abuse it and that if he does he must expect to pay the penalty therefor.

It is an entire avoidance of the question to say that the Indian is not ready for liberty. To those who talk thus the Indian replies: "It is not for you to say whether or when I shall have liberty. Liberty is my birthright and if I so use it as to unjustly interfere with the liberty of others you have laws to restrain me and to which I become subject the moment I come into my inheritance. The law is as potent to prevent me from becoming a menace to society as it is to regulate the conduct of the paleface, and all I expect is that those who have the law to execute shall administer it without discrimination against me on account of race, condition or color."

It cannot be contended that the Indian should say less or say more concerning his position with reference to citizenship. On what ground, therefore, can his claims be ignored? He says that if, having become a citizen, he forfeits his rights thereto, you may sever his membership in the national family. He does not ask you to keep him as a citizen in the full enjoyment of all the rights incident thereto after he has by misconduct forfeited his right to those privileges. He does not ask you to unduly indulge him or overlook his transgressions, in the meantime; but submitting himself to all lawful requirements and regulations he says it will be time enough to deprive him of citizenship when he shall have become no longer entitled to the same under the law. There is but one conclusion in the whole matter. The reservation system cannot be supported by any logical argument that can possibly be made. It exists in violation of the rights of a certain class of men and is therefore upon a false foundation. Every argument advanced in its support is necessarily an argument against equality of rights among men. If the reservation system can be sustained in principle then the doctrine that men, in the matter of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," are born unequal can also be successfully maintained.

The Indian is either born with rights unequal to those of other men or else he is entitled to release from the reserva-

tion limitation. He is a man with all the rights incident to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" or he is only a creature with such right to life and liberty of action as may be given him by his superiors in power and numbers. To say nothing of other countries there is certainly no such thing in this country as apportionable personal rights; and yet it is not possible to sustain the reservation system on any other theory. Under the constitution, ignorance is not a sufficient ground to warrant the Government in holding any class of persons to be outside the "privileges and immunities" of citizenship.

Neither are habits of dress, color of skin or descent, grounds for exceptions in the matter of personal rights. Where, then, we ask, are we to find under our laws, justification for the course the Government is pursuing in maintaining the Indian reservations as a national institution?

The proposition, or principle, is as unthinkable as involuntary servitude itself without conviction for crime according to law.

THE BEQUEATHING HEIR.

We are the legatees of Yesterday
 And shall bequeath our mighty heritage
 Through all the cycles of entailing time
 Until the last To-morrow ends. We press
 The vines that hands long turned to dust
 Have planted. Other lips, far down the aisle
 Of years, shall drain the cup whereof we know
 But seedlings. We shall kindle fire to warm
 A distant day and we shall sow and bear
 The heat and burden of the swelt'ring noon
 While others sing the harvest song and know
 The even's grateful rest. Stupendous boon!
 Vast privilege, resplendent, crowning chance!—
 To burn our lives like candles to the end
 If need shall be, that we may add one ray
 Unto the world's great darkness; climb the steep
 And cruel cliffs of Life with stagg'ring feet
 And rock-torn, bleeding hands, if on the top,
 That sweeps the waters with untrammelled view,
 We may but light a fire to guide one ship
 Into the harbor's waiting arms. Or like
 Unto those patient artisans that build
 The buried wonders of the sea, to live
 The coral days of duty, brotherhood,
 Unselfishness, life piled on life, aye, though
 It were a million deep, if only God
 Upon foundations of our sunless sacrifice,
 Shall raise in some millennial day of His perfect year
 Of His the garden-isles of Better Days.

—MAURICE SMILEY, K. C., Mo., Box 893.

THE OLD PASTURE FIELD.

To Sarah.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Dear sister, I'm thinking to-night, of the place
Where, sporting in childhood's bright day,
With hearts on which sorrow had left not a trace,
We caroled the glad hours away.

I think of the spring and the streamlet which ran,
In its gay, rippling laughter along—
Of the flowers that leant o'er it their beauty to scan,
Or list to its murmuring song.

I think of the aspen, so ready to tell
When the soft summer flew by—
Of the oak in the corner whose acorn cups fell
From boughs that seemed up in the sky.

I think of the banks where the June-berry grew,
Of the log that we used as a bridge
For crossing the stream that smiled from below
Or struggled in impotent rage.

I think of the vine whose tendrils alone
Supported its clustering weight—
Of the hoary old rock whose particles shone
Like jewels reflecting the light.

I think how we hastened with eager delight
To greet the old pasture field slide
When winter came down with his garment of white,
The bosom of nature to hide.

But years, as I think, keep coming between
With lessons of wisdom and truth;
As things that recede in the distance are seen,
So now are the days of our youth.

The river of time, as onward it rolls,
Forbids us our steps to retrace,
And change after change sweeps over our souls
As if all the past to efface.

But change, tho' it often comes christened with tears,
Is proving itself but a friend;
Each tint in life's picture the plainer appears,
The nearer we come to life's end.

We know that the beautiful blossoms of Spring
Must fade o'er the fruit we can taste,
And life's many changes are given to bring
Earth's weary ones home to their rest.

LOUIS WAISBROOKER.

This dear champion of *The New Civilization*, now over 80 years young, sends us her latest poem, "The Old Pasture Field," printed on another page in this number. The Old Guard of Liberal Thought like To-MORROW, which, tho' one day ahead, has not caught up with many of them. We want contributions *each month* from members of "The Old Guard." Most of the writer's dearest correspondents are among liberals who will never see 70 again. Most of them are poor, many of them in want as, having spent their lives bettering humanity, they have forgotten themselves. The following extract from Mrs. Waisbrooker's letter is too good to keep to ourselves.—Editor.

Dear Comrades of To-MORROW:—

At the request of a friend I have been reading Josephine K. Henry's "Bible Women," and I am disgusted at her coarse illusions and innuendos and wondered how a man of seeming refinement could so commend it. That book shows an impure-minded and unjust woman. There is no obscenity in the Bible, but only the plain talk of a crude age, and unconventional in our time. Had Mrs. Henry been born and brought up under the same teachings she would, no doubt, have done as they did, or worse, for they had no tho't of impurity. What was it in Ruth's mother-in-law's talk which Mrs. Henry's mind was too impure to quote. "No more sins in my womb?" Nothing on earth or in the heavens sho'd be considered more pure, more holy than woman's womb, that creatory in which all sons must nestle before reaching this life.

You may think I am severe, but there is no one thing which so tends to crime and degradation as this low estimate of sex—low, vulgar, dirty innuendos mark an impure mind always, and I am sorry to say that too many of our women are impure minded because of impure teaching. I have no quarrel with the Bible when used as any other book, but, as authority it is a curse.

Sex is the source of *all* life, *all* power, and when only mutual love relations exist, and no deception practised, crime and disease will soon become unknown. The creative power of sex cannot be destroyed; it is the most vital, the most irresistible power in the universe. It may be held by human foolishness to a low, underhanded plane, but its action cannot be stopped. Our present standard of morals is false. Human needs decide human rights.

Well, you know these things, and how can you commend that which evidently measures sex morality by-laws.

Salt Lake City, July 14, 1906.

Friend Sercombe:—

I have just finished reading July issue of To-MORROW. It is surely a brain tickler. If your magazine falls into hands of people whose gray matter contains just a little bit of thoughtful energy or self-raising yeast, to cause a few "think" bubbles to rise, then action of some kind will be had, and a few thinkers will be the result. I always judge a tree by its fruits.

It matters not whether the old commandments or whether the monogamic system of marriage be failures or untried quantities, ideals, so long as something can be done along intellectual moral lines.

If thought power is not aroused, the people not lifted by some great voice out of money madness and lustful pleasures, our nation is doomed as in the days of Rome.

Go ahead, Sercombe. Make 'em think and you will be one of the Christs of the future.

Yours,
JOHN P. MEAKIN.

Modern Mysticism.

By Parker H. Sercombe.

Contemporaneous with the Ingersoll wave of modern rationalism and the Mrs. Eddy wave of semi-mysticism, both of which swept thousands of impressionable thinkers from their orthodox moorings came another wave of East Indian mysticism, encouraged by the writings of Edwin Arnold and others and led into form by Madame Blavatsky and an army of imported Yogis and Swamis, etc., who followed after.

Not only did this new impulse have the love for the marvellous, the usual egoism and the propaganda microbe to feed upon but thousands of years of superstitious ancestry has left in its wake an organic demand for some sort of mystic nonsense that will take several generations of sensible living to breed out of our bodies.

Scientific truth demonstrated by thousands of trained minds and proven by nature's own corroborations, are not sufficient for this class who claim to find in "cold" science and "bare" facts a lack of "warmth" and "spirituality." Just as though any human humbuggery could ever outdo the laws of Providence in spirituality.

Now a wave of creedless rationalism is on and you hear the cry, "Back to Nature," "Back to the Earth," from all sides. Schools are dropping dead languages and are teaching children how to work. Churches are beginning to show that we can find heaven here with our feet on the ground. Those on the picket lines of progress have caught up the urge of the **simple life** propaganda. Millionaires are finding little comfort in their hoards and are beginning to instruct their sons in the art of doing good work with their hands. The glitter and pomp of royalty and wealth is on the wane, and it is seen that the real brain, brawn and beauty of the world lies in the common people who for generations have lived in common ways in common houses on common food.

The Mystical vs. The Practical.

It has offered us Heaven though the Earth is more suitable.

It has offered us palaces when hovels turn out better people.

Its Church introduced both wine and smoke instead of water and pure air.

It has created ambition to rule, when it is healthier and kinder to serve.

It has given us thousands of wrong theories which life and hard work has had to overthrow.

It gave us astrology and alchemy in place of astronomy and chemistry.

It gave us war and slaughter houses in place of peace and industry.

It taught us Greek and hyprocrisy instead of science and industry.

Once a mystical preacher, enthralled by the marvelous beauty of a rose, approached it in this wise and received his answer:

O wond'rous rose! discriminating flower,

Whence, whence your beauty of such dazzling power?
To you my fairest offerings I bring,

Take all I have, take me, take everything.

Out of its bed of dung the rose serene

Held high its beauteous crest of graceful mien,
And spurning all his jewels simply sung,

"Not gold nor diamonds, bring more dung, more dung!"

Significant as are these verses some of the harangues and workings of certain mystical cults and institutions are even more so. I will simply insert quotations from booklets issued by two of these cults and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The following paragraphs are selected from "The Temple." Oceano Calif.:

Primarily, The Temple is a cosmic center, the constituent parts of which are the units of collective humanity.

Coincident with the original impulse, the first emanation from the Central Spiritual Sun,—the Universal Heart, — came into manifestation, the Father-Mother-Son, the triangular corner stone of The Temple, upon which is rising, age by age, a geometrically perfect edifice. The cap stones to the pillars of the porch, and the outer walls are now being laid, preliminary to the work of the roof-builders—the humanity of the sixth great root-race.

The place of each stone is determined by the law of selection, and the same law determines the different Degrees and Orders which lead to and from the great Stone of Sacrifice which rests upon the pavement of the Central Square.

I could place a thousand words in a bag and let a blind Fiji orphan pick them out one at a time in the dark and have it mean just as much.

The following stanzas very evidently refer to the last of the sub-races of the Fifth Root Race and the early races of the Sixth Root Race. The first volume of the Secret Doctrine deals with Cosmogogenesis and is based on seven Stanzas from the Book of Dzyan. The second volume consists of twelve Stanzas subdivided into forty-nine slokas with commentaries, and deals with Anthropogenesis. The last three slokas of Stanza XII refer to the Fifth Race and its divine instructors.

STANZA I.

1. Since Fohat gathered two lines of fire in a close embrace, forming a circle of flame to make room for the feet of the Fifth, have the demi-Gods been filling that Cosmic field with images of themselves.

2. To and fro have first-born run, darting behind eah Flaming

for Pasture against the day of the birth of the great Red Cow. The milk of that cow will gather and flow in rivers of Water and Wine to quench the thirst of the twice-born Lords of the Sacred Mystic Fire.

Thus the Americans have become in only three centuries a "primary race," temporarily, before becoming a race apart, and strongly separated from all other now-existing races. They are, in short, the germs of the *sixth* sub-race, and in some few hundred years more will become most decidedly the pioneers of that race which must succeed to the present European, or fifth, sub-race, in all its new characteristics. After this, in about 25,000 years, they will launch into preparations for the seventh sub-race, until, in consequence of cataclysms, the first series of those *which must one day destroy Europe and, still later, the whole Aryan race (and thus affect both Americas), as also most of the lands directly connected with the confines of our continent and isles*, the Sixth Root-Race will have appeared on the stage of our Round—where they will vegetate, degenerate and finally die out, perhaps millions of years hence, as the Aztecs have, as the Nyam-Nyam and the dwarfish Moola Koorumba of the Nilghiri Hills are dying.

Down Fohat—up Navdaynan!

The following paragraphs were cut from the July number of "The Mazdaznan" and were written by His Humbleness, Rev. Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht Hanish, who is an adept in both Oriental and Occidental philosophies and is a graduate in all the sciences, subjective and objective, esoteric and hysteric.

Now follows the story of the conference of the Mazdaznan Society in Chicago on June 22:

The court members and visiting delegates arrayed in the most gorgeous garments entered in procession by the way of the sanctuary intoning "*Salaam Aleikum*." The men entered first in accordance to custom followed by the women before whom the men bowed as they passed, most vividly reminding the spectator of the biblical "*women clothed by the sun*." They were clothed by the sun, moon and stars indeed for all of them shone in their glory within and without, their countenances alive with exceeding joy and happiness that emanates from hearts touched by the magic finger of the Infinite. As the elevating strains of music grew fainter and fainter and the melodies of "*Far, far away and still we hear them singing*" reached through the stillness of the night, the chimes once more were heard announcing the entrance of His Humbleness who presented a striking contrast of pure simplicity both in expression as in the appearance of his robes when compared with those of his following, yet the texture of his apparel betrayed richness and costliness and all the more so when one learns of those garbs as having been handed down for generations carrying with them the powers of the hem of His garment.

The eternal lamp shed its crimson light widely through the sanctuary while the sacred fires were burning low and the sweet Incense filled the air with its wholesome fragrance. The ceremonies and ritual were pronounced more than impressive and elevating for everyone present felt the touch of the breezes of the Infinite upon their brows and there was none but he felt the presence of God drawing the cords of relationship tighter and tighter about His most holy children. Friend and foe alike met at the same shrine to receive the blessings of the Heavenly Father. Differences were removed with one perfect stroke while harmony reigned supreme, and majestically.

The speakers of the evening were: Excellency O. M. Peterson; Excellency Otto Schmid of New York. His Humbleness Rev. Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht Hanish and His Highness K. W. Sandberg. The closing of the first session was simply divine and as the organ pealed the strain of "*Salaam Aleikum*" the court members ascended the steps of the sanctuary in pairs leaving a full view of their flowing robes behind, each and every one arrayed in colors representing their par-

ticular order to which they are assigned. As the chimes announced the recession His Humbleness arose to pronounce Blessings of Peace and Prosperity unto Perfection in all Things.

Though we live in a Republic in the age of Newspapers, Wireless Telegraph and Rational Philosophy here we have all the forms of primitive Tartary and Persia under tribal regime. The physical exercise and dietary of the society are fairly good, though their tendency is to stimulate too much self-consciousness. Strange that Americans still have so much mysticism in them that the practical side alone without the nonsense is not strong enough to hold societies together.

TO EDWIN MARKHAM.

BY R. W. BROUGH.

Flash the heart's gloom aflame with Freedom's fire,
Thrill the chained frame of labor with desire
For sweet, sweet liberty.

Lift downcast eyes toward the morning light,
Rouse the slave mind to daring dreams of right,
The Dawn's reality.

Sing, lost in passion for the years to be,
The sweeping song of World Democracy,
The song of liberty.

Thou art the master poet of the hour.
While others cringe before the tyrant, Power,
Thou standest fearlessly erect,— a Man.

THE CLODHOPPER.

BY FRANK HONEYWELL.

Over the field, behind his team and plow,
The young clodhopper moves in daily toil,
Wiping the sweat that oozes from his brow,
The poet's type of manhood of the soil.
The praises of his crude simplicity
I hear oft sung with dactyls' even flow,
And in each happy thought's felicity
I fain would catch what only angels know;
But for my joy of mind too long I gaze—
He turns an ankle, or the horses balk;
An oath escapes, unbridled temper sways,
He strikes the horses with a lash or stalk.
I would not stop kind fancy in her play,
Yet oft man's toils have oaths and blows to pay.

The Spencer-Whitman Round Table

Grace Moore, Toastmistress.



Most of the July "To-Morrows" wrapped and ready for mailing, Himself, the Girl in Blue, Miss What They Say of Us and the Particular Person grew talkative. Himself was attacked by his co-workers for the seeming fact that "To-Morrow" is becoming sensational. The Particular Person had been to a picnic in Washington Park a few days previously and with some degree of satisfaction essayed to repeat to Himself some uncomplimentary comments upon his editorials that were there made by persons who had

read advance sheets of the July magazine. As the editors of "To-Morrow" don't stand sponsor for each others' opinions, nor believe all they print, they have the fun now and then of challenging each other on the score of their opinions and statements published in "To-Morrow." A member of the editorial staff had objected to some statements and expressions made by Himself and had even begged that they be not sent to the printer's at all. "Do let's avoid everything in the least tending to sensationalism," she said. "Your editorials this month will make us a lot of enemies, particularly among the preachers. Let the poor preachers alone. It is the people who make the preachers. They give the people what they want. It is a shame for you to address them as 'Fellow parasites.'" At the picnic, sitting in a circle on the grass, Mr. S., from Minneapolis, who was that day a guest at the Spencer-Whitman centre, ventured the opinion that no good could result from attacks, insinuations, reflections, etc. "I don't like the term 'fellow parasites' and I don't believe in jumping onto anybody," said he. "I believe in acquiescence and non-resistance. The Law of Love

is good enough for me." "For me too," said the Particular Person. I wanted Himself not to jump onto the poor preachers. Wasn't it just dreadful for him to address them as 'Fellow Parasites?'"

Being duly informed of the discussion at the picnic as we sat about the empty paste-pot in the office, four pairs of arms exhausted and the floor groaning with its burden of "To-Morrrows," wrapped and addressed, the author of "A Preachments to Preachers" and "Universal Experimentation smiled complacently. With one foot on the seat of the chair he had just vacated, his right elbow on his uplifted knee and his fore-finger tapping a backward and forward movement on a line with his nose, he delivered a preachment to the Spencer-Whitman bunch something like this.

"Let me explain. Now here is the situation. The newspapers have published sensational statements to the effect that we are 'free lovers.' The papers print and circulate what the people want, quite regardless of whether the matter they publish is true or false; therefore in demanding of the newspapers these sensational stories, the people who buy and read them are the real originators of the stories. Being the originators and circulators (unconsciously) of falsehoods concerning us, **they have attacked us.** Are we resentful? Do we blame the people? Most assuredly not. But we shall not quietly surrender our identity and ignore the subject that the people themselves have forced upon us by their attitude and conduct. Apparently they are in for a fight but **in their hearts they want to know.** It would almost seem as if sensation-loving animosities were having it all their own way but shall we on that account sit down and nap? Shall we let false impressions and wrong concepts generated by the habitually personal attitude of mind and the impositions of a lingering outworn ethical system frighten us into silence and inactivity, **on the principle of non-resistance**, or shall we apply the principle of non-resistance from a broader standpoint than that of its effect upon us personally? If we are non-resistant only from a personal view point we shall get only personal results. But let us suppose for a moment that it is not the newspapers or the people who are the Real Force and Intelligence to which we must give an account, but that in the attitude and conduct of the press and its patrons is something deeper, something of greater importance, something toward which it is worth our while to be non-resistant and with which to co-operate is to be scientific and in harmony with Universal Law. Suppose that instead of the question whether we have given or shall have given offense, whether our reputation is at stake and our house in danger of falling, and whether this, that, or the other in relation to ourselves, the preachers, or any other individuals personally, we think only of a possible injury to the Cause to which we are pledged and of the danger of an opportunity to further it, being overlooked or disregarded. Let us perceive in the attitude and

conduct of our fellows, not so much the personal equation as the manifestation of a Cosmic Impulse, the purpose of which is a step in the direction of a general awakening to knowledge and consciousness of fundamental principles as yet unrecognized. Whether the preachers, ourselves, or any one else is hit does not really matter. The real issue is one of Principles, not of persons, forms or institutions. Non-resistance to the evolutionary processes of Nature and indifference to personality, is the only basis for right action in all the affairs of life. If we are given by the press and the people a reputation that we do not deserve, that fact only argues the prevailing limitations and injustices of the competitive System more effectually than we can ever argue it in the pages of our magazine.

Now to the subject of the preachers! The preachers are not personally attacked and only incidentally and as a class are they referred to as parasites. I speak of them as fellow parasites inasmuch as I am myself a parasite to just the extent that I preach. If I seem uncharitable or unjust to the preachers or to any other class or type of persons, that is because you do not get en rapport with my thought. **You are yourselves personal in your attitude and viewpoint.** You do not understand that it is the great **Principle of Life** for which I contend as against self-conceived, self-grown theories and methods of life. I plead for **LIFE** as it is to-day and for what with positive scientific knowledge we may make it, not for what it has been or for any views that have been held of it by the preachers or the people who in their blind rather than **real faith** surrender to hand me down, cut and dried idealities. It is of no consequence that I cut deeply and the flesh bleeds as compared with whether I speak. Truth and Truth prevails. To avoid being sensational we should be obliged to avoid speaking the Truth because **Truth at first sight is always sensational.**

But to go back to the preachers! Society having attacked us upon the ground that possibly we are not up to its high standard of morality (Oh, ye gods)! and we believing that its standard is much lower than our own, it behooves us as a matter of the simplest justice and common sense to point out Society's own defective morality and the false note in its system of conduct. The preachers being the conservators of public morals it is they who must of necessity receive the blow directed against the present system of morals. What they or the people may do in the matter is not our concern. The All-Ruling Intelligence will take care of that."

Tingaling, ling. ling, ling—

Down the receiver.

Hello!

Hello!

Who is this?

Mrs. Adamson.

Oh! How do you do? I'm so glad to hear from you:

have a lot to say to you and haven't had time to come out.

I'm sorry you don't have more time. I just thought I'd call up and tell you how much I enjoyed your articles—I've just finished reading them.

Which particular articles, Mrs. Adamson?

The one about the National Business Woman's League and the Adaptable Lady—they're both good. I always enjoy the Round Table gossip, but what you have said in the article about the Business Woman regarding the essential economic independence of woman, is to my mind quite the best thing in the magazine.

Thank you. That encourages me to tell you that I have hopes of sufficiently arguing the point in favor of woman's absolute independence, to make clear the possibility of completely disclaiming the prefixes Mrs. and Miss. Can you suggest something desirable to take the place of the Mrs. and Miss?

No. I see no reason why there should be anything to take the place of that discarded, in fact to substitute anything would, in the language of the sophomore be a tautological redundancy. Why not do away with prefixes entirely?

Well, I hadn't thought of that. Habit is so strong that one naturally thinks there must be a little something redeeming about the old forms, and involuntarily seek for an excuse to perpetuate the very thing we were wont to destroy. Now that you suggest it I can see the possibility for woman in the custom, if ever such custom should be established, of eschewing anything and everything suggestive of handles, spouts, lids or linings to her name. Why should you not be addressed either in writing or speech as Lucy Adamson rather than as Mrs. Adamson? Really it's a fine idea, don't you think? Would your husband object?

No. My husband claims no ownership over me or of my name. My name is as much Lucy to-day as on the day that I married Mr. Adamson and I don't know why Mrs. should be substituted for it. Lucy Adamson is to my mind as dignified, euphonious and as easy to say as Mrs. Adamson.

Yes, to be sure. And what is there wrong about Grace Moore, if you please, as compared with Miss Moore? I'm sure I never feel better than when strangers who only know me by my writings and half-tones, address me by my full name without any heads or tail pieces by way or ornament or support. It's nice to be individual yourself without any attempt at explanation or apology. Once women get out of the habit of explaining or apologizing the men will cease to do it for them. But what pleases me most, Mrs. Adamson—oh, excuse me, Lucy Adamson!—is that a woman so much in love with her husband as you certainly are, should be so willing to chop off the appendage grafted to her name by the clergyman and city clerk. You're really in earnest?

More than in earnest, Grace Moore. The sensation of being addressed by one's full name without any explanatory

prefixes, as you say, is delightful. It emphasizes one's individuality and responsibility. Really now, isn't it absurd that woman should ever have permitted man to name and label her? Very clever of primeval man to have fooled his mate into a belief that his name and label were better for her than her own.

An apology is due our friend Laurie J. Quinby, of Omaha, Neb., for the neglect on our part to publish a statement in connection with his poem which appeared in the July "To-Morrow." The poem was a little "private affair" that was not intended to find its way to the pages of a magazine, and "Laurie" was unaware that we had appropriated it for reasons of our own. Those of our readers who are in harmony with the idea of perfect freedom as so beautifully expressed in the poem will understand our reasons for publishing it.

The Round Table acknowledges a copy of "The Life Power and How to Use It," by Elizabeth Towne. The frontispiece likeness of "Elizabeth" will not be disappointing to those who have found in her books and Nautilus the inspiration to higher thinking and living. They will recognize as characteristic of this strong souled, breezy heart to heart worker for humanity, the following paragraphs:

"This day is a new day; this bit of road has never been traveled before. Nobody can know **by reason** what we shall run into just around the bend there. He may make a rough guess at it, but he cannot know.

"But there is Something which, whether it knows or does not know consciously, what is, or will be, around that corner there—there is Something which can and does send us by the wireless line a message to keep away, or go to it, as the case may be.

"Time spent in trying to 'impress' people is worse than wasted. Be your gracious self and honor not only your father and mother but your next door neighbor and your next door neighbor's kitchen maid if you want to develop the qualities that will fit you for the sort of associates you want—members of the really truly nobility."

(Publisher Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass. Price \$1.)

Grace Moore,

Dear Sister:—

I have just read with devouring interest your able article in July number of "To-Morrow" and pause a little while to say I would delight to make the acquaintance of a lot of such women as you describe. Even the reading about them seems like a feast or a long vacation to a disappointed man.

Oh, how real men do like the liberty loving, success inspiring ring of the confident voice and push of an up-to-date business woman. With such companionships men, though only half men, could never fail, providing that half be only normal, rational or natural. The League would do well to

engage your services as spokesman, forerunner, or watchman on the hilltops of observation, for you will surely do.

Very respectfully

E. H. Cormdell.

A DOUBLE HOLD UP.

We have entered into a tentative arrangement with the manufacturers of the **Boston Garter** and the **Bull Dog Suspenders** in which the readers of "To-Morrow" may co-operate if they wish toward a high moral purpose by writing to either of these public benefactors.

We have chosen these two articles of virtue for especial propaganda on account of their superior fitness as symbols of modesty and resignation; besides we wish to exert our best influence toward **keeping things up**.

While we realize that fully half our readers do not wear suspenders, by this happy combination we are able to reach all and possibly prevent the downfall of much.

WORLD-WEARY.

FROM IBSEN'S "PEER GYNT."

So unspeakably poor then, a soul can go back to nothingness, into the grey of the mist.

Thou beautiful earth, be not angry with me that I trampled thy grasses to no avail.

Thou beautiful sun, thou hast squandered away thy glory of light in an empty hut.

There was no one within it to hearten and warm;

The owner, they tell me, was never at home.

Beautiful sun and beautiful earth, you were foolish to bear and give light to my mother.

The spirit is niggard and nature lavish; and dearly one pays for one's birth with one's life.

I will clamber up high to the dizziest peak;

I will look once more on the rising sun, gaze till I'm tired o'er the promised land;

Then try to get snowdrifts piled up over me.

They can write above them: "Here NO ONE lies buried;" and afterwards,—then—Let things go as they can.

The Informal Brotherhood



EDITED BY VIOLA RICHARDSON.

THAT MUST BE HEAVEN

When we understand each other, all in all,
When two friends understand each other after they have misunderstood,
When nations understand each other in peace after they have misunderstood each other in war,
When fathers, mothers, children, friends, people, understand, all understand all,
Oh! that must be heaven—there is nothing beyond.

—HORACE TRAUBEL.

LET ME BE MYSELF.

BY R. G. HAFLING.

I care not for the halls of fame,
Nor for the wonder of a name.
Just let me be.
Just let my life be free,
And mingle with the lawful plan
That Nature outward holds for man,
Just let me tell what I can feel,
What I can see of woe or weal;
But, pray, sound not my name
Throughout the halls of fame,
Nor bother me with plan or pelf—
I only want to be myself,
And watch the way
Of Life's mysterious plan,
Then aid my fellow-man
By truth that I have learned,
By light that I have earned
Till he may say:
I have moved upward in my strife
Till now I see a richer life,
And, looming still before my eyes,
Brilliant as the morning skies
Bright'ning all the gird above
I see the light; its name is Love.

**SEND FOR MY
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"How to Remember"
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 *"The Key to Success"*
**FREE TO READERS OF
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THE Art of Memory reduced to a science, so that the ordinary brain is capable of retaining facts as easily as the more gifted.

You Are No Greater Intellectually Than Your Memory

You can stop forgetting by a little practice and a few simple rules. You can study my course anywhere, any time, in spare moments.

It is simple and inexpensive. Increases business capacity and social standing by giving an alert, ready memory for names, faces, business details and study. Develops will, concentration, conversation, public speaking, writing, etc.

Write today for **FREE** copy of my interesting booklet, "How to Remember."

DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY
979 KIMBALL HALL CHICAGO

Dear To-MORROW:—

I read all of the liberal and advance thought journals, but yours is the freest and most liberal publication I have ever found. I sent a June number to Moyer and Haywood over to the jail the other day.

Yours,
E. E. GARNER,
Boise, Idaho.

VITAL LIVING that is IT. There is too much talk. Men—thinking (?) men and women too, are spending their energies in thinking alone, bartering it in the world as books, magazines, etc., for the price. Instead of **KNOWING, DOING and REALISING. BE STILL AND KNOW** that I AM HE (or It). And that is all sufficient itself. He that really knows, it is his turn to demonstrate all theories are nought. A man that sells his knowledge has not realized his or her being in **TRUTH**, and fact.

The teaching or instructing need be a simple plan **HOW** to unfold oneself and realize the **IDEAL** or **REAL SELF-Existence**, Knowledge-Bliss absolute; then the other individual can unfold, but if he is busied with theories of my or your unfoldment, etc., he has no time to unfold himself. There is the check of real human progress, which practically means **REALIZATION** of our **REAL EXISTENCE**.

Now, Brother, what is your little plan of **COLONY**? Kindly give me your plan and its principles.

Also put in my name as club member, of Brotherhood.

Yours (ours) in Truth,
F. L. HORNING.

Editor Informal Brotherhood:

I enjoyed reading my first copy of your magazine.

The address to clergymen contains volumes of truth, a condition that exists in other large cities and which should be cleared out quick as possible.

Strange that people do not comprehend the pit into which they are putting themselves by their unwholesome method of eating, drinking, and dressing. Their greed for gaining dollars, and their unnecessary haste in every avocation.

I have seen the folly of such life in Chicago, New York, Kansas City and other cities, and I believe that before a great while we will have a highly developed race of people, free from all the contaminations of the present, and that they will be considerate and affectionate towards each other. Then there will not be any armies, nor impliments of war, nor jails, nor the paraphernalia

Send in your order for

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By **PARKER H. SERCOMBE**

This book tells the **TRUTH** about Chicago and Chicago is but the World condensed into thirty-six square miles.

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attached thereto. Peace and good will
to all humanity.

Respectfully in Truth,
VICTOR ALMQUIST.

MODERN LIFE.

BY HERMAN A. HANSON.

On the streets of a city thoughts entered my mind
Of the ways of the people and the works of mankind
Of what has been done in days of the past
To alter existence so mighty and vast.

The high towering buildings which shadow the sun
Are as walls of a prison unyielding and stern,
Of the people depriving the glorious rays
By nature intended to brighten our days.

The air of our cities is tainted with filth
By the man with the dollars to bring greater wealth.
And the lives of the lowly is held in the mire,
As the man with the dollars has the nation in hire.

The food of our nation is defiled and impure
Diseases and death thus breeding galore.
And so mad is the rush, the hurry and strife,
That beneath in the rabble fall many in life.

Our streams as of crystal in murmuring flow,
Are polluted and murky and well do we know
That justice and gradeur in the past has been slayed.
And sacrificed only for the dollars it made.

Your magazine certainly stands for advanced thought. Not afraid to sing out and say what it thinks. Nothing "namby pamby" about it.

May success and a large circulation crown your efforts.

Yours very truly,
ELIZABETH BRUST.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

"Ah, yes, my dear young friend," said the eminent philanthropist and supreme head of the Consolidated All-the-Necessities-of-Life Trust, the while his pale, ascetic face beamed with the beautiful, self-satisfied placidity so often observed on the countenance of a

Linden Brothers



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**The National Purity Association,
81 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

Mention this paper when you order, and a copy of "Purity Journal" will be included.

Jersey cow. "Reviewing my long and, I trust, not wholly useless career, I have become convinced that the only way to win true success is to deal honorably with your fellow-men, to implicitly follow the dictates of a clean conscience, to ever heed the teaching of the Golden Rule, and walk in the straight and narrow way."

"And—ah—Mr. Robafeller," returned the dear young friend, "don't you sometimes regret that you didn't find it out sooner?"—*Watson's Magazine*.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

To-MORROW Publishing Company:

You are making a great magazine out of "Tomorrow." Every person interested in progressive thought should subscribe for it, read it and help the movement along. I do not see how you can afford to print a magazine of such size and valuable contents and give a fountain pen in the bargain, for one dollar.

Very truly yours,

J. WARNER MILLS.

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—

Enclosed please find \$1.00 in payment of "Chicago's Cave Dwellers." May it do more than the "Jungle." It certainly has a bigger work to do.

Your address to Chicago Clergymen should reach every "parasite" in America. It is time they were breaking their chrysalis; those whom ignorance will in any degree excuse, and as for the great mass of sham-mongers, I think you have at least jarred their conceit.

May the light of To-MORROW dispel the shades of To-Day for all comrades.

BESSIE E. BRAFFETT.

Dear To-MORROWS—

Your July issue is certainly a good one, and I hope you will keep up the good fight. I think I have \$2.00 credit with you and you may mail me a copy of "Chicago's Cave Dwellers" when out and check off one of those dollars.

G. W. SOULE.

My Dear Sercombe:—

A word of simple and sincere praise for To-MORROW. You and Sandburg are doing some mighty intellectual stunts. I particularly enjoy your work against race prejudice.

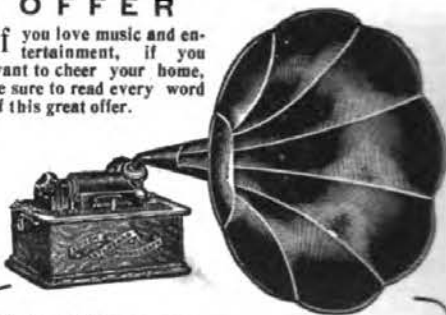
R. BOROURH.

I think To-MORROW the best publication in the U. S., and Parker H. Sercombe a veritable father, teacher,

Wonderful

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friend and brother to the toiling masses.
With best wishes for your success.

Sincerely,
A. A. WIEBOLDT.

Send me April and May numbers of
To-MORROW. The June number which
I do possess is the best specimen of a
periodical that has ever fell into my
hands.

Yours,
GEO. C. BENSINGER.

To-MORROW:—
Put me on for a year. I like this up-
to-date, matchless monthly, and I want
every copy.

Yours,
A. E. HEMPSTEAD.

Editor To-Morrow's Magazine:—
In this issue of To-MORROW's Maga-
zine I notice that you have a new book
just about to be put out. I am going
to insert your article, "A Preachment
to Preachers," with reference to this
book and would be very glad to have
a copy of same when it leaves your
press.

If your book is as good as your ar-
ticle, it is worth reading and I will
take pleasure in giving it a good no-
tice in the Signal.

I have read your magazine for this
month and must say that it contains
a line of splendid articles. It is along
the right line of thought.

The article entitled "Universal Ex-
perimentation" is about the best idea
I have seen exploited yet. That article
I shall also copy at the first oppor-
tunity for I consider it is a splendid
thing.

I hope your magazine is growing
rapidly. It deserves a tremendous cir-
culation and I see no reason why you
will not obtain it.

Yours truly,
THOS. P. TOBIN,
Editor Union Signal.

"TO-MORROW" AND "HEALTH"
ONE DOLLAR.

Surely a rare combination for the
price. "Health" now consolidated with
Medical Talk and Vim, is a most val-
uable publication, and surely worth One
Dollar by itself, but the price sent to
us will secure you both for one year.
Sercombe:—

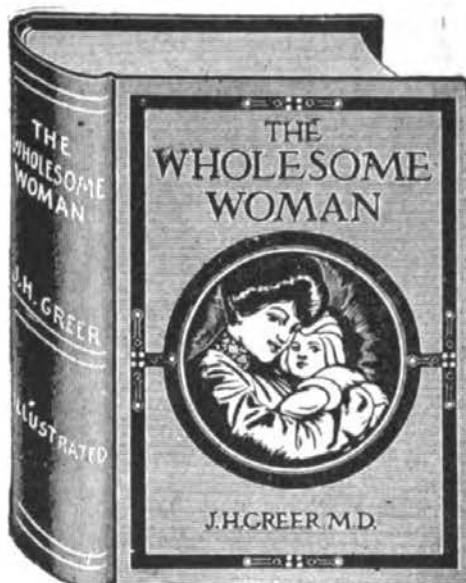
Saw your adv. and portrait in Nauti-
lus and wish a copy of To-MORROW. I
wonder if you bite or are only bark-
ing; if you are as fierce as you look,
which is as tho' you could throw a
bomb if you thought it best.

Yours,
EDITH BURKE.

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LOUISE RICE

11 W. Twenty-First Street, New York

The Monitor, Indianapolis, says:—

What shall we say about To-MORROW's Magazine? Nothing bad, nothing neutral, but all good. Because President Roosevelt obtained his ideas of the Muckrake speech from this periodical would surely be very creditable, indeed, but this is hearsay and yet no doubt the truth. I have before me the May number and some of the splendid things I find are:

In The Business End Mr. Sercombe discusses such eruptions as "Vesuvius," "The Return of Dowie," "Upton Sinclair," "The Jungle," "Life vs Programs," "Doing vs. Believing," and "A Think Magazine for Think People."

A Pure Food Department has been added, which will be conducted by Dr. L. E. Landone, who will publish a list of all the impure foods manufactured in this country.

The N. Y. Morning Telegram comments as follows:—

"TO-MORROW MAKES ITS READERS THINK.

The Culturist Magazine has been consolidated with To-MORROW, at Chicago, and the corps of writers employed by both publications will hereafter write for the one with the name that looks ahead.

Among the regular contributors to To-MORROW is Walter Hurt, who, as a writer on advanced topics, has few equals in the country. Mr. Hurt was at one time a resident of New York City and a contributor to the columns of the Morning Telegraph.

To-MORROW is not a magazine for the kindergarten. It sets forth, from the viewpoint of its editors, advanced thought, and whether the reader agrees with the essayists or not, he is compelled to give them credit for two things—sincerity and ability.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

P. H. SERCOMBE AS AN AUTHOR.
Former Milwaukeean to Write a Book on Chicago.

Parker H. Sercombe, at one time a resident of Milwaukee, and who is now the head of the Spencer-Whitman circle of Chicago, is preparing a book on the Cave Dwellers of Chicago. He says there never was a time to try men's souls as the present, and that the present method of teaching morality is a failure.

"Our millionaires are money drunk," he says, "our clubmen hypocrites, our newspapers scandalmongers and our saloons vampires."

From The Dayton Herald.

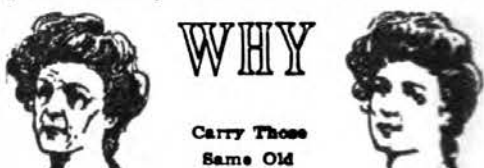
To-MORROW Magazine for July con-

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Perfected in 20 minutes without trace or inconvenience.

Your "Defect" shows especially on special occasions. Facial disadvantages permanently corrected in one visit.



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tains a "Preachment to Preachers" by the editor, which in effect is an appeal for monogamy, and points out the present moral system as having failed in developing the monogamistic impulse or the practice thereof.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," and all the present day graft, vice and crime are laid at the feet of the clergy for continuing their use of commandments and despotism originated in the childhood of our race, and in no way effective on a free people.

Mrs. Margaret Warren Springer believes that plenty of love lies in the hearts of all mankind and that we only require right economic and social conditions to free this latent love and let it become a factor in the world's affairs.

Mr. Charles A. Sandburg not only contributes a fine poem as a frontispiece, but his "Views and Reviews" contains gems of thought in relation to current political, social and economic happenings.

Altogether the warm weather seems to have increased To-Morrow's pace as the July number bristles with the warmth of an advancing radicalism.

From Fargo Forum and Republican.

Further editorials on the Scandal Tendency of Daily Newspapers, Vegetarianism as a Result of the Packingtown Scandal, and a most vital study, Universal Experimentation, make up the forceful set of editorials published in To-Morrow. Mrs. Lida Parce Robinson continues her scholarly serial on The History of Human Marriage, this to be concluded in the August number. Miss Grace Moore describes the radicalism and independence of members of the National Business Woman's League. To-Morrow Publishing Co., 2238 Calumet avenue, Chicago, Ill.; \$1.

RAY OR FADED HAIR OR BEARD

can now be restored to its natural color by taking medicine internally (10 to 20 drops 3 times a day) that supplies the blood with this particular coloring matter. I discovered this fact some years ago while giving this medicine to a lady 1 years old, whose hair was *White*. She was greatly surprised (but no more than I was) to see her hair gradually getting darker, and it became a *Glossy Black*, with not a gray hair on her head. I do not understand what causes the change in color, unless, as stated above, the medicine furnishes the blood with some certain coloring matter at nature has failed to supply. I have this formula printed and will send to



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BENOLD'S WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.

It is more nourishing than meat.
It cures stomach and bowel troubles.
It is a natural remedy for constipation.
It gives each organ new vitality.
It will bring you health and success.

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Notice. Send one dollar for four loaves, ten pounds, express prepaid. West of Denver \$1.30.

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anyone for only \$2.50, and will refund your money if it fails to restore the color as it was when young. It is harmless. Can get it in any drug store. I have sold this formula to hundreds and have not been asked to refund the money if it fails to restore the color as it was when young. It is harmless. Can get it in any drug store. I have sold this formula to hundreds and have not been asked to refund the money by to exceed half a dozen. The same medicine will prevent hair from ever turning gray. Address

J. E. HADLEY, M. D.,
G 305, Cedar Bluffs, - - - Neb.

FALL INTO LINE.

BY GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

"We are pioneers working for you, for your children and for your children's children. Your hand! brother.—
"To-Morrow Talk" for July.

Yes, brother dear! here is my hand,
'Tis yours for "Freedom's Holy Cause";

I long to join your knightly band
And fight for better life, and laws;
I heard your thrilling trumpet call—
It found an echo in my breast,
And now till Life and Love are free—
This heart and hand no more shall rest.

No more upon the tented field
The warrior stands in armor bright,
But still to-day, true heroes come
To battle for the Truth and Right.
Their Weapon? Not the pond'rous lance,

A tiny shaft is tipped with steel,
And from it flow the burning words
A thousand, thousand hearts shall feel.

The poor, the ostracized, the weak
Have found a noble knight in Thee.
And true Love stands with fettered hands

And pleads with us to set her free.
True manhood shall forever rise,
When womanhood sits in the dust,
With brand of Shame upon her brow—
Or worse—a thrall to brutal lust.

I know your heart and mine are one
Dear brother in this holy cause,
I give a willing hand—TO-DAY!
I will not till—"TO-MORROW"
pause.

We'll carry on this holy war
With fiery hearts and earnest hands
Until TRUE LOVE—no more enslaved
In all her radiant beauty stands.

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A Magazine teaching the Cause and Cure of disease. Our subscribers call it
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B. LUST, N. D., J 124 East 59 St., New York.

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Would imply something fraudulent, but our offer gives more for the money and is backed by thousands of members.

We will make you a member of the International Health League one year price, \$0.50.

Send you our Official Health Magazine monthly price \$0.50.

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Book "Law of Suggestion" by mail prepaid price \$1.00, all for a money order for \$1.

If you are not acquainted with the work of the League you had better send for a "League Letter" and get posted. A postal brings one.

Most people act without thinking. Some think, but never get ready to act. We ask you to do both, and **DO IT NOW**. Think over the above offer for a moment and then **ACT**.

Yours for health and success
INTERNATIONAL HEALTH LEAGUE
490 S. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS.

One of the trials of the reviewer is the difficulty of keeping ready to hand the periodicals to be reviewed. Oftener than not the magazine of peculiar interest and that we especially desire to mention, is carried off to be read and not returned, and so escapes the reviewers' pen. Among the magazines coming to us that seem most to tempt the "swiper" are *Nautilus*, published by Elizabeth Towne as every one knows, and *Soundview*, by the "Boss Evergreen." Every body who is interested in "new thoughts" want to read what "William and Elizabeth" said last and "Pitch Hot from the Evergreeners." These magazines are among those of the heart to heart quality and as aids to relaxation and spiritual uplift are much in demand. At this writing we are unable to locate the last copy of *Soundview* received and doubtless this "biggest little magazine published" (so say the Evergreeners who publish it at Olalla, Washington) is somewhere in a man's coat-pocket or a woman's handbag.

We quote from *Nautilus* for July (Holyoke, Mass., price 5 cts.) the following by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

CLIMBING.

Who climbs the mountain does not always climb.
The winding road slants downward many a time;
Yet each descent is higher than the last.
Has thy path fallen? That will soon be past.
Beyond the curve the way leads up and on.
Think not thy goal forever lost or gone.
Keep moving forward; if thine aim is right
Thou canst not miss the shining mountain height.
Who would attain to summits still and fair,
Must nerve himself through valleys of despair.

After the battle of New Orleans, says Thomas E. Watson in his Magazine, when the victor had been crowned with laurel in the Cathedral and acclaimed like a demi-god through the streets, it was of his mother that he spoke to the officers whom he was about to disband—their glorious work being done.

"Gentlemen, if only SHE could have lived to see this day!"

As you follow the narrative of Andrew Jackson's career, you will hear him say many things that you will not approve, will see him do many things which you cannot applaud, but when

THE JUNGLE

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR

BY

UPTON SINCLAIR

A sombre and terrible picture of life in the Chicago stockyards from the point of view of the workingman. It shows the conditions that turn the hero into a criminal and a tramp. There are startling revelations concerning methods in the meat-packing industry, and glimpses of all Chicago's under-world of crime and "graft". The story is hailed as "the greatest novel published in America in fifty years."

It is one of the most powerful and terrible stories ever written.—ROBERT HUNTER, AUTHOR OF "POVERTY."

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TO-MORROW PUBLISHING CO.
2235 Calumet Ave. Chicago.

Six Best Books on Socialism

We are sometimes asked to indicate the very best books, a few, to be read by people who wish to get the best statement of the principles of socialism by socialists. In answering the question we purposely omit the greatest of all socialist books, Marx's "Capital," because it deals almost wholly with technical economics, and does not give the ordinary reader a clear idea of socialism. We arrange the books in the order of their difficulty—the easiest first.

THE SOCIALISTS, Who they Are and What they Stand for. By John Spargo. Cloth, 50 cents.

PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM. By Rev. Charles H. Vall. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 85 cents.

COLLECTIVISM AND INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION. By Emile Vandervelde, Socialist member of Parliament, Belgium, translated by Charles H. Kerr. Cloth, 50 cents.

SOCIALISM UTOPIAN AND SCIENTIFIC. By Frederick Engels. Cloth, 50 cents.

THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO. By Marx and Engels, and **NO COMPROMISE** by Wilhelm Liebknecht, the two in one volume. Cloth, 50 cents.

ESSAYS ON THE MATERIALISTIC CONCEPTION OF HISTORY. By Antonio Labriola, translated by Charles H. Kerr. Cloth, \$1.00.

We will mail any of these books promptly on receipt of price, or will send the six in cloth binding by express at purchaser's expense for \$3.20. Descriptive catalogue, 64 large pages, mailed on request.

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY,
264 East Kinzie St.,
(near State St.,) CHICAGO.

you recall that at the very topnotch of his success and his pride, his heart stayed in the right place, and was sore because his mother could not be there to gladden her old eyes with the glory of her son—you will forgive him much in his life that was harsh and cruel and utterly wrong. (121 W. 42nd st., N. Y.)

The Craftsman tempts the reviewer to an immoderate use of adjectives. One who is expected to write impersonally of this publication feels himself in the position of the person joked about in a Round Table conversatoin one day recently. It was said that he could write impersonally, that in fact any of us could write impersonally of the New Civilization, because we hadn't yet experienced it. Having experienced the delight of reading in the July *Craftsman* of "The Burnham Plan" for the reconstruction of San Francisco and about the Bournville Colony in Birmingham, England, and the eye still revelling in the fascinating impressions produced by the pictures illustrative of the works of the Swedish sculptor, Charles Haag, it is next to impossible to comment impersonally. There is an irresistible compelling quality in the pages of the *Craftsman* which seem to us to be largely due to the selection of its subjects, only such subjects being presented as will emphasize the progressive spirit of our times and furnish inspiration as well as head knowledge. The *Craftsman* has solved the problem of how to interest and instruct the reader of limited artistic powers without the necessity of being prosaically elementary to advanced readers. We cannot too strongly recommend the *Craftsman*. (Gustav Stickley, Editor, 29 W. 34th St., N. Y.)

To the invalid and anaemic we would suggest subscribing for *Out West*, "An Archaeological Wedding Journey," an illustrated serial story by Theresa Russell, would hypnotize a shut-in and cause them to lose consciousness of their "belief" in disease, its "suggestions" of freedom, health-giving air and sunshine and active co-operation with nature being as good as a massage or Turkish bath. (217 New High St., Los Angeles, Calif.)

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Enclose it for a few numbers of the breezy little "Bulletin" issued weekly from the printery of the Straight Edge Industrial Settlement, 1 Abingdon Square, New York. Write anyhow and learn how men and women who need work are being organized into useful, self-supporting, co-operative industries; paying for their tools by a light tax upon their work.

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By C. S. Carr, M. D., Editor Medical Talk for the Home

There are many people who are sick and cannot get well. They have tried drugs, dieting, physical culture, electricity, and various other remedies — still they remain sick. For this class of people this book will be found especially interesting. It outlines a course of treatment entirely different from the ones above enumerated, and gives the invalid another chance for his life.

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This book will be sent free for a limited time. In ordering the book a two-cent stamp should be enclosed to pay postage. Address

C. S. CARR, M. D., Editor Medical Talk.
Columbus, Ohio.

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Providence, R. I.

The possibilities of discarded street cars as summer bungalows, moving lunch counters, bathing stations, etc., are charmingly told and illustrated in *Everyday Housekeeping* for July. Student Diet, Food Adulteration and kindred subjects are most attractively presented each month in this publication. (Boston, Mass.)

Grace M. Brown's monthly magazine, *Fulfillment*, is an ethical gem—finest thing imaginable for spiritual dispeptics. "Courage," by S. A. Weltmen, in July No. is a masterly article, and "Cozy Chats," by "Grace" is full of meat—the kind that vegetarians eat. (P. O. box 445, Denver, Col.)

The Balance (July) contains a letter from Ella Wheeler Wilcox referring to her European trip for this summer, and a forceful article, "What is Greatness," by Lucy E. Adams, a beautiful figure portrait of the author accompanying it. Other writers are Eleanor Kirk, Dr. Geo. W. Carey and Grace M. Brown. (J. Howard Cashmere, 1700 Welton St., Denver, Col.)

The Liberal Review for July, formerly edited by M. M. Mangasarian (140 Dearborn St., Chicago) is more radical than usual, an article on "The Worthless Activities of Churches," by Wm. H. Barnhart and another entitled "Is a Private Individual Possible?" being its most telling contributions. Lida Parce Robinson writes of "The Federation of Woman's Clubs."

The *New Thought* magazine for July (5 cts. copy) contains a cartoon by the creator of Buster Brown that ought to be used as a substitute for the old-fashioned "family prayer." Tige's sermon to Buster is philosophically equal to the ten commandments and a heap funnier. (New Thought Publishing Co., 1170 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.)

Among other publications received are:

Current Literature, 34 W. 26th St., N. Y.

The Dial, Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago.

The Public, First Nat. Bk. Bldg., Chicago.

Talent, 29 S. 7th St., Phila., Pa.

What to Eat, Chicago, Ill.

Health, 321 5th Ave., N. Y.

Fellowship, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dogdom, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Mirror, St. Louis.

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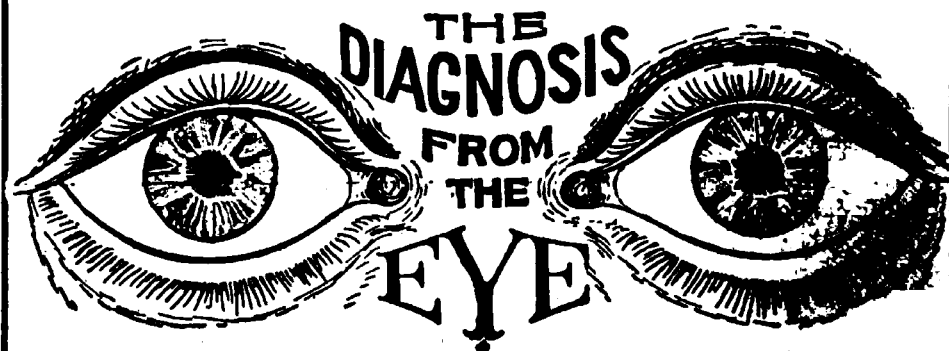
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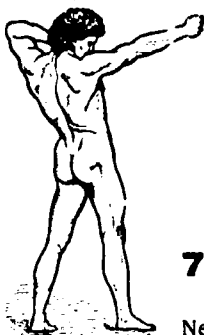
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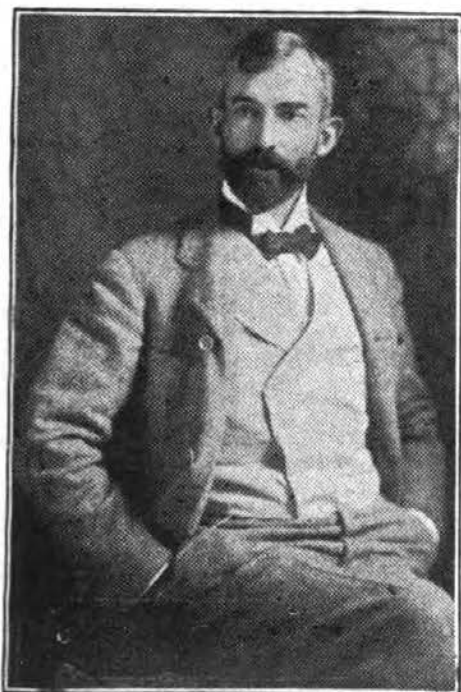
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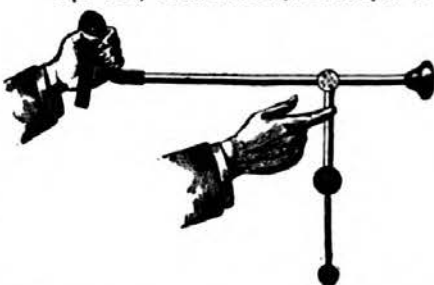
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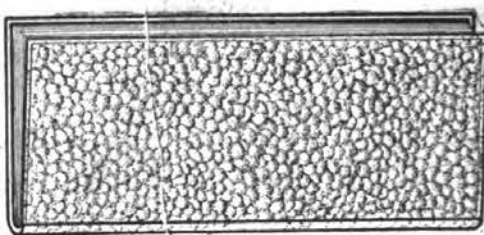
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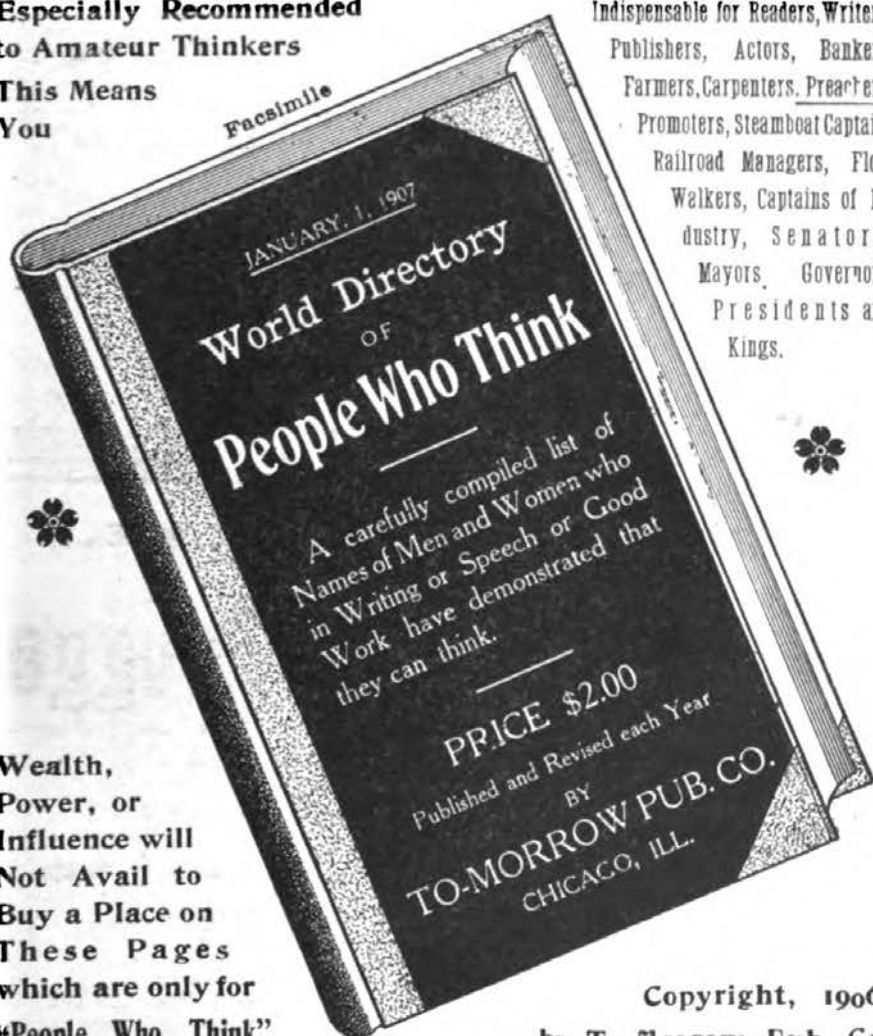
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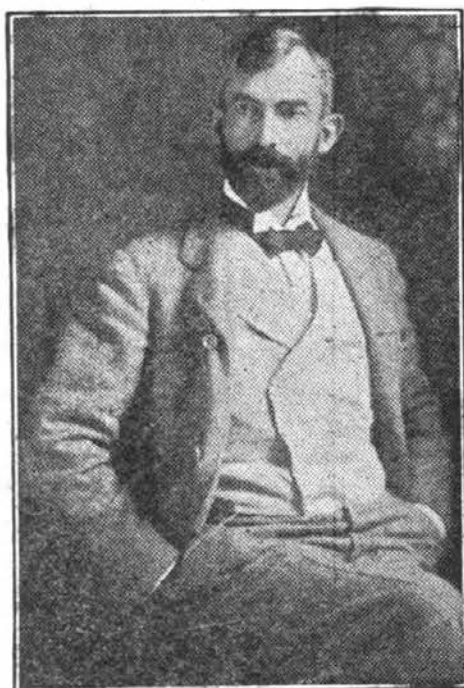
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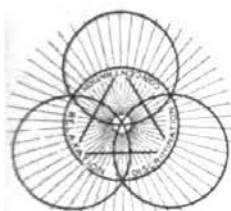
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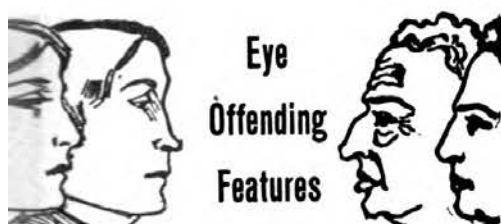
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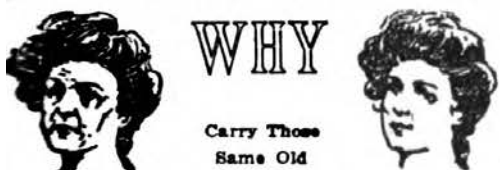
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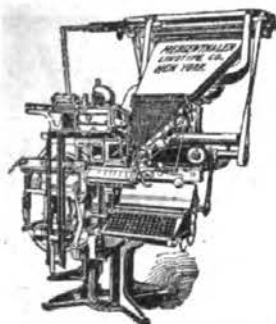
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G. W. WAIT, Sturges, Mich.

Another.

Do I think the world has gone mad? No, but it has many of the incipient forms of madness. The world has too much sense of humor to become the victim of the dread disorder that threatens it, but it will have to pass through many throes and shocks before it can shake off its present incipient insanity.

Its specific form of threatened madness is "Moral Paranoia"—that is, systemized delusion with regard to outside life. Nothing could be greater evidence of the world's tendency to moral madness than its tendency to what John Morley has termed "The White Death of the Soul." Aside from this spirit of insistence upon the old and external order of things is a decided opposition to natural remedies for our bad social, legal and political conditions and a clamor for questionable methods of reform—questionable because **attained Hypocrisy** is hailed as actual reformation.

Though we have reached a point where peace of mind without liberty is no longer possible, the mad reactionary tendency is shown in the constant attempt to enforce social and political systems of ages long past which can only be held to in this epoch on the ground of **moral paranoia**. In the theological field the decline of asserted authority is felt, with the passing of the baby house conception of the universe on which theology so long insisted will also pass their struggle to perpetuate the exploitation of the people for the profit of wealth, priest and power and thus save the world from its present mad managers.

HAROLD S. HOWARD, Newburg, N. Y.

The Old Guard of Free Thought.

We of today who suffer comparatively little for our beliefs cannot do better than honor the "Old Guard" who generally alone in their community and often in poverty and

TO-MORROW.

suffering have patiently endured the scorn, ostracism and patronage of the ignorant cattle who make up ninety-nine per cent of human society. It is not our fighting men, the statesmen who make our fool laws nor our "dead heroes" who deserve monuments of bronze, but wherever in this (far from free) country there is a township that has reared a fearless and **independent** thinker, there a shaft should be raised to commemorate the glory of intellectual honesty and the man or woman who dared to be true.

While we have not actually burned or crucified our martyrs during the past half century the marble heart, the stoney stare, indifference, exclusion, poverty and ostracism is what these evangels of good sense have had to bear.

To-Morrow Magazine extends the glad hand to the Free Thinkers of the World and especially you noble souls sixty-five years and upward who have worn your armor long and are still in the fight. Step forth serene from your shops and cottages the brighter day is here—you are the favorites now—the honored prophets of the new civilization. We may now all be free just as fast as we can bury the old time theologians for of course, as always, they will carry their ignorance to their graves. Your steadfastness and courage have won us the world. Write to us. Send in your views and opinions and above all sent in the names and ages and addresses of all of the "Old Guard" who are more than sixty-five years of age. We shall print and gradually increase the list from month to month as we want to keep the old war horses in touch with each other. The list will be made up according to age, the oldest at the top and biographical sketches with portraits will be a feature of the Old Guard column.

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Dr. G. W. Brown,	89	Rockford, Ill.
J. L. Loveland,	88	
J. M. Peebles,	88	
E. Livezey,	87	Baltimore, Md.
A. H. Frank,	87	
E. M. Dewey,	85	Cincinnati, O.
R. D. Moore,	85	
Dr. J. Mendenhall,	85	Muncie, Ind.
Abner A. Pope,	82	Home, Washington.
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Judge C. B. Waite,	82	Chicago, Ill.
Delos A. Blodgett,	81	Grand Rapids, Mich.
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The above list having been made up without time to obtain all addresses and verify ages we beg our readers to assist by sending in additions, corrections and omissions.

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Rev. H. W. Thomas, President of the Liberal Congress of Religions, has kindly written an introduction to this book, which includes a biographical review of the author's life and labors.

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NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

Editor To-Morrow:



Responding to your invitation in August number "The Old Guard of Free Thought" have tried to spread knowledge of the truth among all persons with whom I have come in contact, and have attack ignorance as often as good opportunity has occurred.

I have just lost by death a beloved brother, who did not believe in Ghosts, the stories about Creation, Deluge, Jonah, Holy Virgin and etc. He died without fear of the Hereafter—if perchance there is any.

I was born at White Pigeon, Mich., Sept. 9, 1832. Was raised and thoroughly indoctrinated into the Methodist Church by good and pious parents, fully and absolutely accepted and believed the Bible to be the word of God until 35 years old. About that age I obeyed the mandate of the Bible "Search the Scriptures." The more I searched the less I believed in its truthfulness. The unscientific account of Creation, the statement as to the Birth of Christ, the Miracles, and the hundreds of flat contradictions impossible to explain away, had the effect on my mind to cause me to conclude the Bible to be the work of men living in an unscientific age and largely actuated by their ambitions to represent the character, designs and purpose of the Almighty—whose representatives they were proud to announce themselves to be. While I believed the Bible to be the word of God, I thought my chance of escaping hell very

TO-MORROW.

slight and it caused me very great anxiety. Now at 72 years of age, and expecting to die soon, I have no more fear of death than of sleep.

WILLIAM WIRT WALLACE.

Editor To-Morrow:

I see by your August number, that you want the "Old Guard" of Free Thought to write to you, and as I have been one for thirty-five years or more, properly speaking, all of my time, since my mama used to whip me for going fishing on Sunday instead of going to meeting, I will comply with your generous request.

I am not the oldest, but one of the oldest Free-thinkers now living in the United States. It I live until Dec. 13, next, I will have passed my time standing solitary and alone in this God-damned, priest ridden, seventieth mile stone on life's journey—most of the politically monopolized country.

I have warred against unnatural fools "for the fools' own sake;" and now I see the dawn of a more humanitarian civilization coming in the near future, I must die and leave the fools to enjoy what I and others have brought about by hard fighting and privations while the fools cursed us and abused us. I have tried to harmonize all laborers against the common enemy for more than half of my seventy years, and now I can see signs of their coming together and overthrowing the parasites that are sucking the life out of industry, but can't expect to live to enjoy any profits of my toil. But if I could live to see this cruel competitive system broken up, I would die satisfied.

Yours for the change,
JAMES BEESON,
The Image Breaker.

LAWSON AND THE "KILLER."

A Bit of Juvenile Autobiography by the Author of "Frenzied Finance."

In the course of his article on "The Muck-Raker," in the August Everybody's, Thomas W. Lawson offers the following reminiscence:

"As a boy I can remember standing in the public square with hundreds of older and wiser fools, timing the chills which hurdled my spinal joints as a fierce-faced faker announced from a canopied booth the coming of the The Killer—The Terrible, Tigerish, Eat-'em-up Killer. My childish mind debated the wisdom of harnessing discretion to my curiosity and speeding to a place of safety, and I can remember as though it were yesterday my indignant gasp of relief when the Killer was revealed as a new brand of soap, warranted to strangle bedbugs, massacre roaches, smother lice on hens, and slaughter fleas on dogs.

"From that day in the now far-off, wondrous world of childhood until President Roosevelt birthed his 'muck-raker,' names have had no terrors for my thus prematurely pickled credulity. From that day to this I have believed it a duty which every man owes to his wisdom sterilizer to couple a show-me-or-shutup tag to every strange, running wild name he captures in his mental underbrush."

To-Morrow Talk.

We want those who read and believe in the philosophy of "To-Morrow Magazine" to do more than merely acknowledge their interest and good will.

"To-Morrow" is not owned by any one for the purpose of profit making but is devoted to the Cause of Real Democracy and better thinking, the underlying principles of which touch every human life.

In these days after having absorbed the methods of despotism for thousands of years into our political economic, and home lives it requires nerve, capital and substantial support to conduct a purely rational publication that cringes to no custom and fearlessly points out the way of democracy in every avenue of human life and thought.

To accomplish the desired results we want our subscribers to understand that their dollar is not sufficient by long odds to pay the expenses of this publication. Though we want more subscribers, as many as possible, we want all of our readers as far as possible, to **write to our advertisers** and patronize them when possible. Do not be lazy about it but look over our advertising columns, make inquiries, send for catalogues, and in every way you can stimulate their interest in us because this business is your own—IT IS FOR YOU.

We are teaching you the democracy of the home—the sublimity of rational thought—we are organizing groups of high minded people who may live together in miniature democracies all over this land.

We are making a home for YOU—we want to come in touch with good, kind, industrious people from everywhere—we are tired of living in the SCRAMBLE OF LIFE—we are planning a haven of rest among uncritical non-greedy people in which to pass our declining years.

Wake up—lend a hand—**THIS IS YOUR FIGHT.**

The Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago—A
RATIONAL WORLD MOVEMENT, devoted to the intensified process of
CHARACTER CULTURE through the medium of right association and
environment. D es \$12.00 a year, \$3.00 a quarter.

To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE,

MANAGING EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1906.

The Business End	Is this a Mad World?	
	The "Old Guard" of Free Thought.	
	The Roll of Honor.	
	To-Morrow Talk.	
Frontispiece	Telepathy or What?	
Editorials—		
	Free Thought Organization.	
	Movements Toward Democracy.	
	How Whims Are Made.	
	Free Publications.	
	An Arraignment of the Chicago Tribune.	
Since You Have Gone (Poem).....	Mabel Mercer	
Evolution	John Howard Moore	
Non-Resistance (Poem)	Miranda Powers Swanson	
"Asgard"	Phillip Green Wright	
Critic and Answer.....	R. B. Kerr and Lida Parce Robinson	
Lief Erickson (Poem)	H. Bedford Jones	
Defense of Preachers	W. W. Flynn	
How a Socialist Sees Things.....	Walter Thomas Mills	
The Spirit of Truth (Poem)	Charles Eugene Banks	
After the Troublous Winds (Poem)	Ivan Swift	
How an Individualist Sees Things.....	Herman Kuehn	
The Nightingale's Song (Poem)	Eugene Field	
Sun Worship	Raley Husted Bell	
"Mrs." and "Miss".....	Grace Moore	
The Meeting (Poem)	R. W. Borough	
Are We Immortal.....	Dr. J. D. Buck	
The Message of the Dome (Reprint)	Bailey Millard	
The Child and Civilization.....	Lucinda B. Chandler	
Early Autumn (Poem)	R. W. Borough	
Physiology of Love.....	Chas. J. Lewis, M. D.	
Impossible to Conceive Death.....	Willard Carver	
As Life Declines (Poem).....	Louis Frederick Grill	
About Elizabeth Towne.....	Viola Richardson	
The Great Conspiracy.....	Lola Walsbrooker	
Wireless Messages	Dr. Geo. W. Carey	
Vacations for Everybody.....	E. H. Cornwall	
Signs of the Times.....	J. Adelard Rene	
Centralization in Music.....	Parker H. Sercombe	
Tomorrow and Real Democracy	Myra Pepper	
Informal Brotherhood and Correspondence Club		
What They Say of Us.....		
Magazine Reviews.....		

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Telepathy or What?

On Aug. 11, at exactly eleven o'clock a. m., the postman among other letters, delivered two at this office, which, if nothing more, formed a remarkable coincidence.

One, dated Portland, Me., which seemed to have been delayed in transit, read as follows:

To-Morrow Pub. Co.

Gentlemen—For enclosed \$1 bill please send copy of "Cave Dwellers" as soon as ready to Henry P. Austin, Portland, Oregon. Your records will show that I have already ordered a copy for myself.

Yours for intellectual and social freedom,
Myron O. Willoughby.

The other dated at Portland, Ore., read like this:
Dear To-Morrow:

Please send your magazine for one year to Myron O. Willoughby, Portland, Me. He is a thinker and will appreciate it. I have been a subscriber since your first number. P. O. Order \$1 enclosed.
Fraternally, Henry P. Austin.

It is interesting to note that by means of a double case of simultaneous spontaneity. BOTH received BOTH just as though it were planned that way.

State of Illinois }
County of Cook } ss

The truth of the above is hereby solemnly sworn to in the presence of the portraits of Herbert Spencer and Walt Whitman, so help me, my Cosmic Oversoul.

(Signed) Parker H. Sercombe.

The *Editors of To-Morrow* do not stand sponsor for opinions of contributors nor of each other. We believe in a fair field and no favor. We want clear, clean, intelligent discussion. Please understand that we don't all believe all we print!

To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

WALTER HURT

MARGUERITE WARREN SPRINGER

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD

VIOLA RICHARDSON

PARKER H. SERCOMBE

CHARLES A. SANDBURG

GRACE MOORE

MAUDE JACOBS

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Volume 2.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

No. 9.

TO EDITORS, STATESMEN, LAYMEN.

Now is the time to strike a concerted, effective blow against the crime of Comstockery. Compared with this modern "St. Anthony," Cotton Mather was a bawling libertarian.

Comstockery is the GREATEST CRIME of our epoch—Wrong in the light of Evolution, Democracy, Science, Education and Philosophy, he is a blister on the Social body—Hypocrisy's Bishop—Morality's Prostitute. Put him away.

FREE THOUGHT ORGANIZATION.

While the idea of bringing into one body all the scattered and diverse forces of free thought has its attractive features and while "In union there is strength," still the various exponents of "organization" must consider well the lines on which unity may be reached.

Prof. Carpenter assures us in his great work on Mental Physiology, that the human mind is capable of any set of incongruities whatsoever, and apropos we are quite in the habit of agreeing with the savant when contemplating the average clergyman as he preaches **brotherhood** by word of mouth and himself employs punishments, commandments, ostracism, and all the forms of despotism in dealing with his fellow man.

The vast majority of those who call themselves "**free thinkers**" are only able to think freely in relation to but one or two avenues of human thought, apparently not realizing that if free thought is in reality a principle of progress, it is the only thought which should be applied to every relation of human life whatsoever, political, economic, legislative, corrective, commercial, domestic, educative, down to the minutest details of our existence.

Not only are the vast majority of self-styled libertarians but free thoughters with an "IF," but it will be found on looking over the list of liberal periodicals in this country there is scarcely one that is ready to apply the principle of free thought broadly, completely and without evasion, notwithstanding that nature from stars to protoplasm gives us ample evidence that only through the freest natural selection and non-interference with the units of organisms and communities, do they reach their highest possibility.

There are those who believe in political and intellectual freedom who still advocate the whipping post, the gallows, and the rights of property to crush human beings. Others have no sympathy with economic tyranny or human slavery but will frankly acknowledge that they believe after all that no form of government can equal a beneficent despotism. Still others demand political, economic and habeas corpus democracy and bow willingly to a set of forms, ceremonies, manners and customs that were initiated for slaves in the remote past and have been perpetuated by slave holding rulers and priests ever since.

While free speech and free press are guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, there are many noble and necessary things which we can not write in our periodicals without having our business confiscated by the Post-Master General and many things which we can not even speak of or mention in our legislative halls, churches, homes, or even in the presence of some of the members of the Free Speech League without enduring ostracism, coldness and contempt of associates.

Why is this? Because like all other human activities the principle of free thought evolves gradually, breaking upon the minds of some in its various stages more rapidly than upon others.

It is safe to assume, then, that among those whom "organization" might call together will be found every degree of free thinkers from those who can only conceive of freedom from King George and the Pope up to the free thinker who knows no "IF" and who realizes that free thought and free action are universal cosmic principles—something egoistic philosophers will never be able to understand or employ.

At one time we had in this country a national free thought organization, but it will be remembered that Robert Ingersoll and a number of others who professed to enjoy ceremonial tyranny arose and left the meeting in disgust which resulted in rupture and disorganization, nor were those who remained any more worthy than their brethren to be classed as free thinkers, for if properly recorded they were pressing their hobbies to the fore with a despotism and an intellectual tyranny that would have put Nero to shame.

Nevertheless, there should be organized a national free thought movement, it should be open to all who might care to join without insistence upon any creed or belief whatso-

ever, there should be state organizations and local societies in every city large enough to support one.

The aim of the organization should be educational in its widest sense, it should be essentially constructive. It should be able to gradually formulate a free thought philosophy in harmony with life and nature whereby old and young might gradually learn their true relation toward life, their fellow man and the universe.

Free thought implies freedom to think wrong as well as right, freedom to make failures as well as successes, and the wonder of it all is in the last analysis that it is the bad more than the good, the slave more than the tyrant, the despised far more than the popular idols who have brightened the way of progress and helped us on toward the new day of real democracy and free thought.

If the fallen and rejected have done so much for us why should we withhold their complete freedom, why should we interfere with these harbingers of greater joy on earth?

MOVEMENTS TOWARDS DEMOCRACY.

Those of our readers who have cultivated their powers of generalization understand that in attempting to form a national free thought league, we are relatively making the same fight that is now being carried on in Russia.

Relatively the same forces, the same methods, the same annihilation is being visited upon us by the intellectual despots here as by the political despots there, with the difference that our annihilation is economic and social instead of political and physical, but as long as we hold back, our death is just as complete and our suffering as intense as though we faced the Russian cannon and jails.

What a wonderful panorama of life rises before the minds of those who see in the struggles of humanity but one problem a struggle toward fundamental democracy and equal opportunity.

Haywood, in an Idaho jail, unanimously nominated for governor of Colorado. Moses Harmon at seventy-six years of age languishing in the federal prison at Leavenworth, because he dared to write against legal prostitution in his weekly journal.

Professors Zueblen, Thomas, Henderson, Foster and Veblin of the Chicago University, all thinkers, all helping to accelerate the movement toward a more rational view of life, all realizing that our customs and ceremonies have purely a barbaric and selfish origin, all going as far as they can, though not being able to express a tenth part of what they think for fear of the savage despotism of ignorance that would take away their daily bread, rob them of their friends and reputation and discard them as outcasts.

Is the Russian fight for liberty any more strenuous than what these professors would have to endure did they not guard themselves with strategy and subterfuge?

"O, ye hard hearts, ye cruel men of Rome, knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft have you climbed up the walls and battlements aye to chimney tops to see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome, and do you now put on your best attire and do you now cull out a holiday, and do you now strew flowers in his path, that comes to conquer over Pompey's blood?"

Yes, the Chicago University Professors, each in his own way, have made their fight against despotism and are now almost forgotten. Maxim Gorkey's name was anathema for a fortnight and he was ostracised for nearly six weeks after it was reported that he came to America with the woman of his choice.

Anthony Comstock has confiscated all the beautiful souvenirs of the New York Art League. Pres. Roosevelt has notified the world that he will furnish the guarantee of this government that hereafter Armour's potted ham and embalmed beef will contain no heterodox substances whatsoever. J. G. Phelps Stokes quits the Independence League and joins the Socialist party. W. J. Bryan orders Roger Sullivan out of politics and the latter gets busy at once. Princess Engalitcheff informs a reporter that she can not understand why her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand C. Pardridge, should get a divorce as she knew that they had been living happily together in Paris, all a part of the same thing—every instance quoted being part of the movement from despotism towards democracy.

It is the **retail** thinker who desires to place checks and restrictions in the way of every spontaneous act whereas those who think **wholesale** know that all factors and forces are necessary to progress and such wisdom as would be required to trace out in advance the devious ways of the world has not yet materialized in the history of man.

Yes, the free thought forces of the country should get together at once and wisely and carefully form National and State organizations on enduring lines. Colleges of industry and originality should be created that would give their pupils real learning and power in place of smug artificiality.

With our increased power of clear thinking the contradictory lives we are obliged to live under the present system makes it timely for us to place ourselves in a position to bring before the world the stronger ideals of a better civilization.

HOW WHIMS ARE MADE.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig.
Some that are mad if they behold a cat."

Shylock.

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self contained,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
 Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning
 things,
 Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth."

Walt Whitman.

The contrast indicated in the above quotations is no more striking than the oft heard remark, "I could not live without my coffee for breakfast." "I do not care for coffee, but a cup of tea is absolutely necessary to me after dinner," or the refrain of the old song, "O, Edwin thy equal was never."

What do tastes, opinions, feelings, amount to after all? The fact is, instead of these fancies, and discriminations, being of any value as guidance in our lives, we are simply creating all the time, **out of nothing**, all these imaginary needs, and insistencies which in reality have no value whatever.

The human body as well as brain is narrow-minded, and easily comes into certain grooves or obsession, and the more we practice certain acts, tastes and feelings, the more they grow until intellect and emotions become their slaves.

Instead of our feelings, tastes, and discriminations then being of any value by which to guide or direct our lives or the lives of others, they indicate, no more, nor less, than the directions in which we have exercised our faculties and to assert our notions simply "gives us away."

The man who loves not a gaping pig, and cannot abide the harmless necessary cat, is he who in his own generation, or in the generations preceding him, has practiced and thereby encouraged his dislike for cats and pigs.

How much more magnificent the universal brotherhood of Walt Whitman, who was able to see beauty and sweetness in the lives of animals and even contrast their better qualities with some of our human delinquencies, than the narrow mind that takes the trouble to hate a pig.

The one who must have coffee for breakfast, or a cigar after dinner, is the one who simply has grown into these tastes, not that the tastes are of any value in themselves or stand for anything excepting the enslavement of him who has them.

It may be that the girl was right, that "Edwin" was the "limit," but I doubt it. There have been good **live ones** both before and since Edwin's time, and we have a right to question the lady's judgment on so vital a matter without most exhaustive inquiry.

The naive simplicity with which the average chatterer exploits, his "hand made" notions as though they were God given, messages for the guidance of himself and mankind, is one of the best evidences of the weak average mentality that human nature has thus far been able to reach.

FREE PUBLICATIONS

(Send for sample copies.)

FREE.

Cosmopolitan, N. Y.	Everybody's, N. Y.
Human Life, Boston.	National, Boston.
Pearson's, N. Y.	Unity, Chicago.
Fellowship, Los Angeles.	Argonaut, Frisco.

FREER.

Arena, Boston.	Liberal Review, Chicago.
Truth Seeker, N. Y.	Blue Grass Blade, Lexington.
Open Court, Chicago.	Searchlight, Waco.
Balance, Denver.	Papyrus, N. J.
Mirror, St. Louis.	New Thought, Chicago.
Philistine, E. Aurora.	Suggestion, Chicago.
Nautilus, Holyoke.	The Public, Chicago.
The Socialist, Chicago.	Social Dem. Herald, Milwaukee.
Naturopath, N. Y.	Mind, Philadelphia.
Health, N. Y.	Secular Thought, Toronto.
Watson's, N. Y.	Inter-Social Review, Chicago.

FREEST.

Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kas.	Wiltshire's, N. Y.
Liberty, N. Y.	Lucifer, Chicago.
Conservator, Philadelphia.	Soundview, Wash.
Physical Culture, N. Y.	Sagebrush Philosophy, Wyo.
Stuffed Club, Denver.	Ariel, Mass.
Light of Truth, Chicago.	The Grail, N. Y.

FREEDOM'S OWN.

Not Dominated or Guided by Money, Party, Creed, or 'ism—

TO-MORROW MAGAZINE, CHICAGO.

Suggestions requested for October.

NOTE.—To be "Free" is to be without a boss. There are several kinds of bosses that dominate publishers among which traditionalism and capitalism are the worst. Some other tyrants that prevent the freedom of publishers are:—Poverty, mental and financial, the bovine instinct, (conforming to fashion and custom), mysticism, graft, creed, party. The tendency to be smug, precise and exacting interferes with the freedom of many people and periodicals. They think too much of reputation" and not enough of real worth. There are several of these in the "Freer" division. They are mostly the careful, smug, opinionated "organs" of movements to which they must conform, at what ever cost of intellectual honesty. Oh, stagnation! What wondrous works have creeds and policies committed in thy service!

AN ARRAIGNMENT OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

A paper of the System, by the System, and for the System.

Since the beginning of time there have been skulking brutes, lyers in wait, their lackeys and pilots whose office has ever been to locate and disable those whose interests were opposed to their masters.

The Chicago Tribune is as much a factor in robbing, deceiving and mulcting the people in the interest of the system as ever were Hyde, McCurdy, Cassett, Eckels, Forgan or Mitchell, all of whom have ever been part of the same scheme and co-workers in the same cause of wholesale robbery.

We admit that "To-Morrow's" ideals and plans are completely contrary and entirely opposed to the economic and political notions of the Chicago Tribune and the separating machine of which it is a part, and that is probably the reason why, during the month of June last, their reporters, vying with each other to make a newspaper story out of nothing, printed several columns of trash and misrepresentation in relation to "To-Morrow," its editors and co-workers. The Tribune having lied and mis-stated every point in our interview with reporters the following communication was prepared and sent to them, with request that it be published in the interest of truth and fairness, and that paper having declined to print our communication, it is given below in full:

Editor Tribune:—

As a matter or record and also to point out the oft proven thesis that the despised, ostracised systems of one generation become the accepted programmes of the next, I ask in justice that you publish this outline of our work.

We are devoting our lives and our money to developing the following educational system and our failure to meet the approval of many persons may be accounted for by the fact that people or *originality* have never seemed to go about their affairs just according to the notions of others.

Broadly speaking, all phases of crime, every form of social friction shows to what extent our civilization is yet in an experimental stage. Greed, Murder, Divorce, Theft and Incompetence are all equally the result of BAD CHARACTER CULTURE and that only.

If BAD CHARACTER is the cause of ALL crime then that which will cure one evil will cure all.

All parents are supposed to love their children enough to desire them to grow up with good character, yet millions are still allowed to mature with bad characters, just as though there was not a sure method that would ALWAYS yield the desired results.

Children that grow up undermined surroundings, partly good and partly bad, will naturally turn out good and bad, according as they get momentum one way or the other.

Let a hundred children of six years of age be taken as they run, and placed among fifty or one hundred families in the lowest slum districts and in ten or fifteen years you will have turned out one hundred thugs, thieves, and prostitutes.

On the other hand, place one hundred children of the same class in as many homes in a village or settlement away from the haunts of crime, where they will *only* come in contact with people of the highest character who are without greed, vanity or laxiness and without punishments or moral codes they will naturally grow to be like their associates.

All children need to become good, is simply to have good people to grow up with.

This is our intensive plan of character culture and its results are sure providing the children are taken when they are young.

The reason why we are producing so many loafers, drunkards, and grafters, is because the young people of our country are continuing to grow up with parents who in one way or another are the same.

Industry is everything as a counter influence away from crime, hence early schooling should consist very largely of useful work with the hands.

Books should not be employed until pupils become practically able to write their own books about the things they actually make, the results they obtain and the matters with which they actually come in contact.

When properly presented, their work becomes their play, and by exciting interest and joyousness instead of employing discipline, a receptiveness may be obtained that will exceed the fondest dreams of Froebel.

Our Chicago public schools are most perfectly organized to develop laziness, for to develop industry we must supply real, useful work to do which properly presented, *must* insure initiative, originality and substantial honesty. Our present schools are not so equipped. They are artificial.

The Spencer-Whitman Center aims to establish its first industrial settlement about fifty miles from Chicago—we are in correspondence with a number of high class industrial instructors and experts—to insure the moral development of the children we must exclude liquor, tobacco and all forms of rowdyism—we have never contemplated other than the conventional domestic relation, each family in its separate house and every statement to the contrary has been a malicious falsehood or a faked up news paper story.

Respectfully,

PARKER H. SERCOMBE,
Editor "To-Morrow."

So much for the Chicago Tribune.

SINCE YOU HAVE GONE.

BY MABEL MERCER.

Since you have gone,
I feel as if my soul would cry aloud:
Your image haunts me, as it comes and
goes
Just like a misty cloud.

I care not for the winds that blow,
Or for the sunshine and it's glow.
The world seems desolate, and I alone,
Since you have gone.

Dear Sercombe:—I have been so busy, have not been able to tell you how your introductory preachment in the last issue of To-Morrow on the Cave Dwellers thrilled me. I believe never before has such a scathing arraignment of our false civilization been published to the world. May you continue to make the preachers blush and laymen ashamed. It is such shame and blushing that has aroused the strong to put down all evil. Success to you. I shall certainly want a copy of your book when out.

Ever sincerely yours,
Henry Frank.

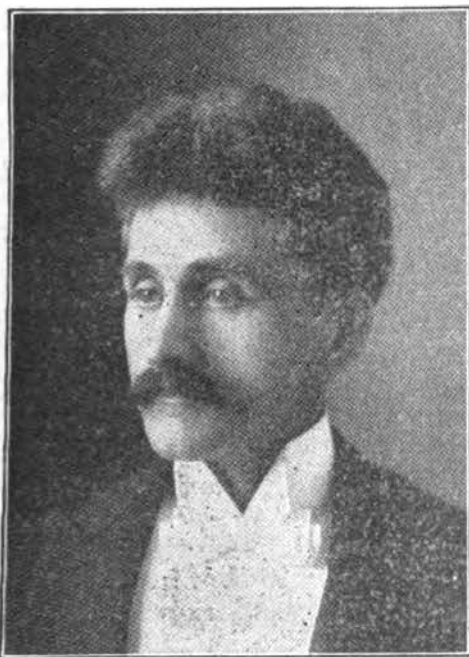
Evolution.

By J. Howard Moore.

The following is an excerpt from a work entitled "The Logic of Humanitarianism" on which Prof. Moore is engaged, which will probably reach book form in a year or so.

Prof. Moore's other work, "Better World Philosophy" and "Universal Kinship," have excited world wide admiration, and have placed him in the front rank of the world's thinkers in the field of the philosophy of democracy, which in essence is the breaking away in human thought from the ideals of despotism and special privilege.

EDITOR.



Many people now living were in existence in 1859 when Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared, and know something of the ferocity with which this great work was assailed by all classes of people. Not only by priests, who hated it because it invalidated a lot of stuff they had been teaching, but by people generally, who thought simply what somebody else thought, and even by scientists, who ought to have known better but who are often blockheads when it comes to new ideas, the book was denounced as a danger-

ous and preposterous work.

It was something new. It was a revolution. And it came into the world like a plow into an ant-hill. The intellectual complacency in which the human mind had luxuriated for indefinite ages was split wide open. It was like waking a man up out of a deep sleep by hitting him over the head with a club.

People were pretty busily engaged at the time, and had been for centuries, on such questions as whether "the animals" went into the ark by twos or by sevens, whether the world was made in six days or instantaneously, and whether the Creator when he made the universe had actually used his hands or his voice—the Scriptures themselves encouraging discussion by providing evidence in favor of all of these views. When a man appeared in the world, therefore, with a book which intimated, if it did not distinctly say, that men were barking up the wrong tree entirely and that the world was **not made at all**, it was about what was to be expected

that the whole outfit should be made as mad as, if not madder than, wet hens.

Another question that consumed a considerable amount of the intellectual energy of the time, and had long claimed a good deal of human attention, was the question as to the exact character of the raw material used in making man—one school arguing that it was **mud**, another maintaining that it was **nothing**—the Scriptures, with their usual impartiality, supplying ammunition to both sides. And, considering the nature of human nature, it was natural to expect, too, that a man or a book would receive a pretty warm reception who would precipitate into this controversy the suggestion that it was neither mud nor nothing, that man had come from, but a **monkey**.

As an extreme illustration of how men wasted their powers in expeditions after rainbows, before Darwin gave them something serious to think about, we may cite the case of Dr. Lightfoot. Dr. Lightfoot was vice-chancellor of Cambridge University, and, we may suspect, was not only **light-footed** but **light-headed** as well. It was Dr. Lightfoot's plan to ignore the whole question of the **material** used in Adam's construction, and go directly to the heart of things. So he plunged into an exhaustive search of the Scriptures to see what he could bring forth in the way of something definite as to the **time** of man's appearance on the earth. He succeeded. As a result of his long search and prodigious meditation, he found, so he declared, that "man was created by the Prinity on October 23, 4004 B. C., at 9 o'clock in the morning." I suppose, if we accept the conclusions of Dr. Lightfoot, we may surmise that the Creator selected intentionally a cool fall morning for this work, immediately after a good night's rest and a substantial breakfast, in order to have his mind perfectly clear and his nerves steady, so as to be the more likely to do a particularly fine job; for the responsibility of turning out a being as fastidious as man and one so liable to smash all records as a snob must have weighed on him heavily.

The "Origin of Species" was the result of thirty years of work and thought by one of the rarest geniuses that ever flowered in this world. It was a storehouse of facts collected with great care and industry through many avenues of information from all over the world. These facts were presented with such fairness and in a spirit of such childlike candor as to win for Darwin afterwards the reputation of being a model investigator. Darwin was a man of singular, almost super-human, honesty, and he was as long-suffering and generous almost as Jesus. He was one of the few persons who always made it a point to call attention to the weak places in his own argument, to dwell upon and almost advertise them, and to state the attitude of those who differed from him with the same skill and solicitude as he did his own. He was often abused, but it was always on account of the malignance of his critics or the novelty of his

cause, never once in all his life because he deserved it. He was perhaps as well fitted as anyone for submitting himself to the executioners of his time in undertaking the toilsome and thankless drudgery of aiding new ideas into the world.

A few of the more emancipated minds of the time, like Huxley, Spencer, Wallace, Tyndall and Haeckel, recognized clearly the true character of Darwin's work, and acknowledged openly that his message was one of the most important that had ever come to the world. Huxley was especially admirable. His inestimable services at a most trying time should never cease to be remembered by the lovers of truth. He was called, "the watchdog of Darwin." At the very outset he ranged himself alongside of Darwin, and by his brilliant powers of disputation, his terrible logic, and his magnificent courage did more than anyone else to hurl back the fierce storm of opposition which Darwin's book had stirred up. No one could withstand Huxley. He was a whole army—clear, eloquent, cold-blooded, invincible. He had the unconquerableness of a soul in flames and enlisted in a cause which it knows to be right. His sentences were bullets. His sarcasm scorched like lunar caustic. When the bishop of Oxford in a public speech in the presence of Huxley, taking advantage of prevailing prejudices, congratulated himself that he was not descended from a monkey, Huxley flashed back the historic retort that if he had to choose he would rather be the descendant of a respectable monkey than a man who employed his powers in misrepresenting those who were wearing out their lives in the search for truth. Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of evolution, gave his unflinching loyalty to the doctrine; and Haeckel and Spencer, with transcendent perception, expanded it into all the wide fields of science and philosophy, bringing forth out of their imperial understandings those immortal monuments of generalization which have earned them unending renown.

But outside of this little scattering of premiers, looming here and there over the world, there was almost unbroken skepticism and hostility. It was ludicrous. Many seemed to feel that one of the worst things about the new doctrine was the way it treated the "Almighty"—impairing his dignity so and undermining many of his most cherished and venerable functions. They seemed to think that if evolution was true, God wouldn't have anything to do, and would have to read novels or go fishing in order to kill time. Mr. Gladstone, eminent as a politician but a mere child in science, was one of these. In an address at Liverpool, he said: "Upon the grounds of what is called evolution, God is relieved of the labor of creation, and in the name of unchangable laws he is dismissed from the superintendency of the world." Which is about time. But what of it?

Herbert Spencer called Mr. Gladstone's attention to the fact that this same thing which he complained of as having been done by Darwin had already been done by Newton in

his law of gravitation and by Kepler in his laws of astronomy. But Mr. Gladstone conveniently failed to see the point, and relieved himself by sending a rhetorical skyrocket to the *Contemporary Review*.

The editor of the *Dublin University Magazine* went Mr. Gladstone one better by charging Darwin and his band with being "resolved to hunt God out of the world."

How pitiful! How anthropomorphic and childish the human mind can be when it takes a notion! And what an incomparable weakling the Lord of Cosmos must be anyway to permit himself to be routed by an unintentional Englishman and banished from the universe by a book!

We live today in a brighter age, although, compared with the future, it is an age of unlimited darkness and imbecility. We cannot yet point to a complete triumph of the doctrine of evolution, but we can say that it is getting along very well. We are at least getting used to it. We don't understand it yet by any means, but it has lost the most of its terrors. About all of its enemies of importance have passed into the infinite azure of the past. The chief opposition to it now comes from those who don't know anything about it. These are generally the last ones to give up on an occasion of this kind. They are handicapped by the lack of facilities for knowing when they are whipped. The church is pretty evenly divided on the subject. In the realms of the natural sciences its success may be considered complete, and it is invading rapidly those regions of human knowledge lying farther and farther from the sciences of its birth. It is destined finally to revise and rationalize every field of human thought, and to work on organic phenomena as a whole the profoundest and most far-reaching effects of any revelation that has thus far flashed on the children of men.

NON-RESISTANCE.

By MIRANDA POWERS SWENSON.

What is environment to me?
 Can I who am divine afford
 To fight against surroundings o'er
 The which I am master and lord?
 Shali I sit idly down, and spend
 E'en one dear hour of precious life
 In sorrowing because my path
 Leads through the dreary ways of strife?
 This power I hold within myself
 To change conditions as I will;
 Environment is naught to me,
 And strife must hear my "Peace! Be still!"
 My part is but to overcome
 The seeming bad with good; my soul
 Resists not anything. I know
 That all belongs to one great Whole.
 And so from glory to glory
 I go from joyous day to day.
 What is, is good because it is,

Asgard.

A Social, Educational and Industrial Ideal.

By Philip Green Wright.

NAME. The name is not a matter of consequence. I suggest "Asgard" because the mythology of the Norse gods Asgard stands for effort and achievement, the conquest over the inert negative forces of nature by intelligently directed purpose. Finally when I think of Asgard I think of the dwarfs who wrought Freya's hair and Thor's hammer, suggestive of the Arts and Crafts.

LOCATION. The shore of a body of water, river, lake, or ocean. I think the people who would go into this movement would be men and women of some feeling for natural beauty, and would also appreciate the simple pleasures of boating and bathing. A stream which could be dammed, thus throwing back several miles of still water for the pleasure of the people, for the irrigation of land and lawn, and for drinking purposes, and which would supply abundant smokeless power, would be the best.

The land should be fertile for the purpose of raising fruits and vegetables.

INDUSTRIES. At the beginning the industries to center around a printing and publishing plant. There will be a magazine (To-Morrow) which will serve as a medium for the expression of the most advanced thought on social and economic problems. (Just what the magazine is doing now). It will also serve as an advertising medium for the products of all the industries in Asgard. The publishing house will issue Asgard editions of choice literature in prose and verse after the manner of the Roycroft and Mosher people. It is my thought that all the products of the community will go out under the name Asgard which shall become a synonym for the highest excellence in craftsmanship.

Other industries will be established as time goes on, as far as possible in the line of the handicrafts; furniture making, pottery, weaving, metal work, etc. The food of the community will to a large extent be raised by the members, and perhaps there will be opportunity for the sale outside the community of preserved fruits. (This I think was a successful venture of the Oneida Community).

"THE BUSINESS END." The capital for initiating and carrying on the enterprise to be subscribed by the pioneers in the movement and to be added to by such other members as are willing to subscribe. These subscribers to constitute a Board of Trustees who shall have final jurisdiction in all affairs relating to the industrial life of the community. There shall be provision for obtaining membership on the Board through industrial service in the community in lieu of a money subscription. Also the community at large shall have

a certain number of representatives on the Board to be chosen at an annual election at which every adult man and woman in the community shall have the privilege of voting.

CO-OPERATIVE LIFE. The ideal of the community is co-operation, on the one hand, and individual liberty, on the other. To make a proper adjustment of these two sometimes conflicting ideals is a difficult task. Details will have to be worked out by experience. The following plan is hazarded for careful consideration. As functions suitable for communal action we may indicate the construction and maintenance of the public roads and bridges, library, lecture hall or theatre, lighting, heating, street railway service, parks and play grounds, baths, boats, water service, guest house, dwelling houses (unless the owner prefer to build his own house), dining hall, cooking, cleaning of houses, nurseries, schools and perhaps others.

In order to maintain these social services every member of the community above the age of sixteen and less than the age of twenty-one shall be under obligation to give three hours a day of labor to such tasks as he may be assigned by the trustees, and every member of the community over the age of twenty-one and less than sixty shall in like manner be under obligation to give five hours. In order that assignments may not be arbitrary nor tyrannical members shall enroll their names with the trustees stating in each case the kinds of service they are willing to render in the order of preference, and it shall be the duty of the trustees in making assignments as far as possible to respect this preference. Finally members who prefer may secure the benefits of these social services by the payment of a money tax in lieu of personal service. (Of course time can only be determined by experience.)

INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM. Individual liberty to be equally an ideal with co-operation. Each man and woman after performing his allotted social service to have his time free to engage in such labor or amusement as he or she sees fit. In regard to work at the crafts the workman to have the privilege of disposing of his wares in any way he sees fit. In case, however, he effects a sale through the publishing house, he shall pay a reasonable commission for this service. It is to be understood that the social service required of a member of his craft are needed by the community.

Every woman, married or single, being equally with every man an independent, self-sustaining unit, it is hoped that the relations of the sexes will be on a franker, freer, and altogether more satisfactory basis than is generally the case in our present social order.

In his "Life of the Bee" Maeterlink makes much use of the term, "The Spirit of the Hive." My idea of the "Spirit of Asgard" is this, "It is my privilege to be a member of a community of free men and women in which life and many

comforts are assured. In exchange for these advantages I expect to render a fair equivalent in service and I expect my neighbor to do the same. Aside from this I do not consider it my business to review his conduct nor do I consider it his business to review mine. Finally as the highest expression of my freedom I find the privilege of engaging in the task of my choice and finding an artist's joy in my work."

EDUCATIONAL FEATURES. There are two great ends of education. (1) To fit the individual to render some efficient social service; i. e., to make something or do something that is of use to his fellow-men, in exchange for which his fellow-men will grant him the means of livelihood and enjoyment. (2) The expansion and training of all his latent powers to the end that as a complete human being he experience the richest, fullest, highest life on the physical, mental and spiritual planes which he is capable of experiencing. The two kinds of education should proceed co-ordinately through youth. The young man or woman should be fitted, carefully and thoroughly fitted, to do his or her part as a social unit by the age of say from twenty to thirty, depending upon his or her own ability and the difficulty of the task in which he or she is to engage. The other form of education would be terminated only by death. This plan of education seems to me preferable to the conventional method, which graduates a young man or woman at say twenty, with something of a cultural education but unfitted to do anything useful. In the fierce struggle for a livelihood which follows or the severe study of the professional or technical school most of the cultural education is forgotten and all interest in literary or scientific pursuits is allowed to atrophy. With a livelihood assured from fitness to play a useful part as a unit in such a social group as is here outlined it seems to me that men and women would find it one of their highest delights to grow in their knowledge of literature, science and philosophy as long as they live.

It perhaps will go without saying that in this educational scheme such motives to study as grades and graduation would be discontinued. The reward of study is knowledge, not a grade; and the reward of a well ordered course of study is a sense of power and fitness to do a useful work, not graduation.

LOOK IN THE BOOK.

Our attention is drawn to a new book advertised on another page issued by the Ohio State Publishing Company of Cleveland that in the line of Therapeutics is analogous to **special privilege** as a social and economic disorder. Even as **special privilege** is the cause of all our social political and domestic troubles so according to this book most all the diseases of the body are traceable to **SPINAL IRRITATION** a serious disorder that seems to respond to right treatment. "Look in the book and see."

R. B. Kerr Criticises Lida Parce Robinson.

R. B. Kerr,

Victoria, B. C. Dear Sir:

This is to advise you that on receipt of your criticism of Lida Parce Robinson's article in our June number we referred the M. S. to her with the result that we publish both your M. S. and her reply in our September number, all of which I am sure will be of interest to you and our readers as well.

EDITOR.



In your June issue Lida Parce Robinson makes some very questionable statements. For instance she says: "The universal development of industry has been accompanied by a corresponding decline of sensuality." In reply let me quote Havelock Ellis, the greatest living specialist on sex. In his "Man and Woman", (page 73), he says: "Many writers have spoken in glowing terms of a future of humanity in which sensuality, by which they mean the sexual emotions, shall have almost disappeared, to give place to pure rationality. There is no foundation whatever for any such supposition. We do not know very much of the sexual emotions (as distinguished from sexual customs, among the lower races, but while their sexual practices are often very free there is considerable evi-

dence to show that their sexual instincts are not very intense. It would probably be found that the higher races (i. e., those with the larger pelvis) have nearly always the strongest sexual impulses. As civilization advances abnormalities become more frequent, the individuals are multiplied in whom the sexual impulse is weak or even non-existent. But these, even if healthy or highly intelligent individuals, are not the individuals who tend to propagate the race. The persons best adapted to propagate the race are those with the large pelvis, and as the pelvis is the seat of the great centres of sexual emotion the development of the pelvis and its nervous and vascular supply involves the greater heightening of the sexual emotions."

Mrs. Robinson speaks of Paul as "suffering from the debaucheries of phallicism," and then she goes on to say: "At that time when the comparative morality of the mothers was all that kept the head of the race above the waters of extinction." From this I gather that Mrs. Robinson thinks that phallicism had led to sexual excess, which had injured the various pagan nations of that time, but that the women were more temperate than the men.

Mrs. Robinson does not specify what people she is referring to, but I have carefully investigated this department of history, and so far as I can ascertain there is not one particle of evidence to show that any nation in the history of the world was ever injured as a whole by excess between the sexes. Neither is there one particle of evidence to show that in ages of sexual freedom women have been less sexual than men. We are told from the pulpit that sexuality destroyed the Roman Empire, but it is only the preachers who know anything about this

wonderful story. Gibbon, in giving the reasons for the fall of Rome, never alludes to the sex question. Mommsen is rather shocked at the low birth-rate, but as he tells us that "a considerable portion of the population of Italy flocked to foreign lands," because it was impossible to make a living in Italy, most of us will understand, why the birth-rate was low. It was economic causes that killed Rome. Another pulpit horror is modern France, which is supposed to be suffering from excess. In point of fact France, although very free in love from the earliest times, was a prodigy of strength, prolificness, and health down to the time of Napoleon's wars. For twenty years, however, Napoleon drained France of all its strong and healthy men, to use them as food for powder, and there are indications that the race has suffered a little in consequence—it is wonderful how little.

So much for the sham facts, now for the real facts. No other nation has ever held a great place in the world so long as ancient Egypt. The Egyptian system of chronology was so bad that we cannot tell how long the period of the Pharaohs lasted, but all authorities agree that it was over 2,000 years, and many hold that it was over 5,000. During all this time the standard of civilization was very high, and we know all about the people's habits from copious inscriptions on the monuments. Women were freer than in any other ancient civilization. What was the sexual life of Egypt during this long period? Let the learned and respectable Rawlinson speak:

"The Egyptian women were notoriously of loose character, and, whether as we meet them in history, or as they are depicted in Egyptian romance, appear as immodest and licentious." (*History of Ancient Egypt*, Vol. I, p. 108-9.)

Again: "The state of morals which the novels describe is one of great laxity—not to say, dissoluteness. The profligacy of the men is equalled or exceeded by that of the women, who not unfrequently make the advances, and wield all the arts of the seducer." (*Ibid*, pp. 151-2.)

So much for the most strong and stable of ancient civilization. Let us turn to the oldest and most glorious of modern ones. The revival of learning began in Italy. While nearly all Christian Europe was still barbarous, the great Italian cities, Florence, Naples, Venice, and so on, were hives of industry and genius. What then were the relations of the sexes like? On this point let me give a few extracts from Burckhardt's "Renaissance in Italy."

"To understand the higher forms of social intercourse at this period, we must keep before our minds the fact that women stood on a footing of perfect equality with men." (p. 395.)

"There was no question of 'woman's rights' or female emancipation, simply because the thing itself was a matter of course." (p. 397.)

"What seems characteristic of Italy at this time, is that here marriage and its rights were more often and more deliberately trampled under foot than anywhere else" (p. 440.)

Many have read the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, but not so many realize that for hundreds of years such novels poured forth in inexhaustible profusion all over Italy, and that nearly all of them were at least as sexual as those of Boccaccio. Symonds, in his "Italian Literature," Vol. 2, p. 58, says: "We cannot but wonder at the customs of a society which derived its entertainment from these tales, when we know that noble ladies listened to them without blushing, and that bishops composed them as graceful compliment to the daughter of a reigning duke."

How very shocking! But, by the way, I forgot. Whom did all these dreadful things hurt? I do not know, but Burckhardt tells us whom they did not hurt. He says:

"Notwithstanding their profligacy, the Italians continued to be, physically and mentally, one of the healthiest and best-born populations in Europe, and have retained this position, with improved morals, down to our own time." (p. 441.)

Lest the joy of hearing if improved Italian morals should be too much for anyone, I hasten to add the following explanation from a recent book, Gallenga's "Italy, Present and Future," (Vol. 2, p. 216.) Speaking of the sex morals of Italy the author says: "The Italians

have not yet done much, they have not done enough, but seem now more bent on doing something towards 'turning over a new leaf.' "

Now, let me ask Mrs. Robinson a question: If at least seven centuries of unparalleled 'immorality' have not done the smallest harm to the Italians, in mind or body, what have the other nations to show for being "moral" while the Italian have been enjoying themselves?

There are three things we must understand before we can talk sense on the sex question.

1. There is not the smallest tendency whatsoever for sexuality to diminish as time goes on.

2. Ordinary men and women, when left quite free, have not the slightest inclination to indulge more in sex than is good for their health.

3. Whenever women have gained any freedom, they have at once proceeded to show that they were every whit as sexual and as varietist as men.

When these three things are well understood, mongers of "morality" will have to move to another planet. There will be "many dry eyes at their departure," to use a Carlylean phrase. •

"Oh happy state, when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law."

R. B. KERR,
Victoria, B. C.

MR. KERR'S CRITICISM.

By Lida Parce Robinson.

In discussing some of the points of Mr. Kerr's criticism, it seems necessary to begin with a definition of words. According to Mr. Webster, "sexual" means pertaining to, or distinguishing sex. Sensuality: subjection to appetite. Morality; a system of conduct. To the preacher, that system will be based on his creed. To the natural historian it is a system based on the needs of a species and calculated to secure the best development of the species. Any one who has read my series of articles, will have no difficulty in understanding in which sense I have used the word. As to the two former words it seems rather absurd to have to explain that I have used them according to their proper meaning; not interchangeable.

As Mr. Kerr has, plainly, not read my articles, I will pass over some of the points of his criticism, and proceed at once to his main proposition, which is, that no "nation in the history of the world was ever injured by excesses between the sexes." He cites authority to prove the dissoluteness and profligacy of ancient Egypt; and makes an assertion concerning "ordinary men and women," all of which, taken together must mean that dissoluteness and profligacy are "good for the health," and are not injurious to national life. There is no use making these impassioned statements; they prove nothing, no matter who makes them. Authority is valuable, only so far as it is backed, up by ascertainable fact. It would be possible to measure the extent of loss accruing to a nation on account of profligacy, only by having a definite known quantity to measure by. Down to date, no nation

has appeared, to afford a norm or standard, by which, to measure the state or progress of other nations.

We know that numerous tribes have disappeared, and that the main cause seems to have been dissoluteness. Brinton's *Basis of Social Relations*, page 114). And we also know that certain nations have disappeared, when they had become very dissolute, and their economic systems very unjust. It is probably impossible to determine just how far the disappearance of nations is due to either one of these two causes, or how the responsibility should be apportioned between them. One thing is unmistakable, however. Economic inequality, and licentiousness always appear together. I think they are symptoms of the same disease, and that the seat of the trouble can be located.

A recognition of certain fundamental truths concerning the nature of man, will give a basis for forming some general conclusions. The human system generates a certain amount of energy. There are two outlets for this energy, on the physical plane. That of economic and that of reproductive activity. It is also possible to divert energy from the physical to the mental plane for the development of the mental organism and the production of thought-power. If energy is exhausted too rapidly through either of the channels on the physical plane, the result will be a decreased flow through the other channel, and a probable lack of any energy to divert to the use of the mind. If either channel is dammed, the other must do extra service, and the equipoise of the organism is upset.

The progress of the race is the progress of its mind. By mental achievement all other achievements are possible, and that individual or nation, which diverts the largest amount of energy, within a certain limit, to the uses of the mind, will make the most advancement. Probably no nation has yet anywhere near approached the limit of the amount of energy it could so divert with profit. Ancient Egypt is a good example of one that did not. In the course of several thousand years of civilization, she failed to invent a system of chronology that posterity could interpret. I submit that she would have done better to devote herself more to the cultivation of her mind, and less to the "arts of the seducer."

The theory that any appetite can be indulged to "excess," even to the extent of "profligacy," without paying the penalty of satiety and perversion, is extraordinary, to say the least. But it must be said that the liberty of woman in ancient Egypt, and in the free Italian cities was a wholesome condition of immeasurable value. Probably the "licentiousness" of those times that fills Mr. Kerr with so much glee, would not appear so great, if measured by natural instead of artificial standards. It should be remembered that the standards by which the modern historian has measured ancient morals is a purely artificial and transitory one. The conventional "morality" of any society can, justly, be measured only by its own conventional ideals. The natural

morality of any system of society can only be measured, when humanity shall have attained its equipoise.

In reply to Mr. Kerr's question: The "unparalleled immorality" of the Italians is not proven. Many other people have equalled or exceeded them in this line. Nor is it proven, by any means that they have not suffered the "smallest harm" from it. On the contrary there is reason to believe that the eclipse that Italy suffered for centuries was to some extent traceable to those "immoralities."

As to Mr. Kerr's three propositions, I acquiesce in the first. But in doing so I insist that there shall be no confusion of terms. I recognize in sexuality a wholesome, normal attribute; and I do not confuse it with sensuality, which is a diseased condition. And I also recognize the change that is wrought in the sex-consciousness, by its alliance with acquired social qualities.

As to his second proposition; his own citations from history disprove it, as to the past, and there is no data on which to form conclusions, as to the present. But it is timely to say in this connection, that the present restrictions upon sex-relations tend downward rather than upward by making woman a victim to the will of another. The possessory feature of marriage is, without doubt, a potent propagator of vice.

As to the third proposition; it was, without doubt true, originally. But the two sexes have had an immeasurably long course of training in opposite directions, the effect of which has been to modify the original state very greatly, to the detriment of both.

It has been universally true of primitive society, that when the necessities of life began to be supplied by labor, man took, as his share of labor, the chase; and left all the rest to woman. As the rewards of the chase became more rare, the deficit was made up by the product of toil; and woman performed the toil. It was not until the period of later barbarism that man began, in small numbers, and as a slave, to share in productive labor. Up to that time, woman bore the burden of feeding and clothing the race alone; and after that, for many centuries, she bore the main part of it. The result was an excessive drain of energy through the economic channel, on the part of woman, and a deficient exercise of energy in economic activities on the part of man. The result of this unequal exercise, for the greater portion of the history of the race, has been to disturb the balance of both sexes, as between economic and reproductive activity.

History abounds with proofs of this divergence between the inclinations of the two sexes. Under the gentle organization of society, in barbarian Europe industry was practically in the hands of woman. When Rome broke up this society and woman no longer had the protection of the gents, there was an epidemic of suicide among the women of the Germanic tribes, because suicide was the only defense against the "traducer." While history abounds with proof

that women have prized chastity, there is no proof, anywhere, that men have prized it.

In primitive man, the sex-activity was a matter of instinct, and was necessarily temporary and varietist in its manifestation. Primitive people were all pretty much alike, and there is nothing to suggest that they exercised much choice in their social affairs. But as people become differentiated, mentally and temperamentally, and become more conscious of those qualities, in themselves and others that constitute that differentiation, sex-attachments become increasingly a matter of choice. And as those qualities on which the choice is founded are permanent in their nature, the choice tends to become permanent.

A number of eminent writers, having found that primitive man was a varietist have concluded that he is and ever will be the same; but this is an immature conclusion, the authority of these writers notwithstanding.

But it should not be concluded that every alliance that people make, even with full belief in its permanence, will prove to be founded on reasons of a permanent character. Man is developing the capacity for permanent and satisfactory attachments; but to proceed as if that capacity were already developed is a great mistake. Probably nothing else could produce such pernicious results as the permanent continuance of those attachments that prove to have been based on temporary causes.

LIEF ERICSSON.

By H. BEDFORD JONES.

The shivering sails drooped with the night-wind's dying;
 The ceaseless, senseless beating
 Of the dark waves' greeting
 Sank softly down, changed to a gentle sighing;
 And presently, the spears of dawn were streaking
 The skies with grey, and all the seas were reeking
 With dank mists of the morning,
 Till the sun, as scorning
 Such foes, drove them away, dark Hela seeking,
 And far ahead, beyond our dragon-prow,
 The writhing shadows fled, like ghosts that bow
 And twist and struggle 'neath a seer's dominion.
 Then from the vortex reeling
 Sped a sea-gull, wheeling
 And circling round our mast on airy pinion.
 A rower shouted—and behold! Far-lying
 Between the gaps that pierced the cloud-mists flying,
 Appeared a dim blue haze; and then we knew
 That we, so wildly dreaming
 Of a new land seeming
 To lie beyond the west, had dreamed it true!

W. W. Flynn Defends the Preachers.

It is quite astonishing that one of "To-Morrow's" fountain pens should be guilty of the following communication, the sentiments of which are so contrary to the ideals for which they were made and marketed.

A leading scientist has observed that when organisms have lacked other forms of resistance they frequently create a resistance of their own which persisted in, may even go so far as to result in self destruction, hence the publisher prays that the large number of To-Morrow fountain pens sent out as premiums may not unanimously conspire to our annihilation.

I am sure it was the PEN, for so profusely has present day philosophy shown in kindergartens, in floriculture, horticulture, as well as in the breeding of animals and men, that talking is obsolete and doing is everything, that it is hardly conceivable that there still remains human thinkers so little versed in the philosophy of life.

My "Preachment to Preachers" was written to show that the whole philosophy of preaching is entirely irrelevant, has nothing to do with the life process, and is a relic of despotic ages that knew of no other method of uplift than the domination, direction and oppression of others.

A more careful reading of the article in question will disclose, not an egoistic, but an entirely impersonal philosophy. The preacher in his work being judged by results of his method by one outside of and uninfluenced by him with no more egoistic interest than a scientist might have in studying ants and bees.

Accurate generalization in harmony with the nature process discloses the following: •

That the nature process is always the same whether the objects touched are human beings, race horses, American beauty roses, seedless oranges, sky scrapers, battle ships or stellar systems.

That if preaching, fault finding or ostracism are of any benefit to any of these they are of benefit to all.

That there is no advancement except as all things and people become self regulating organisms and not objects to be regulated by others.

That considering our many thousands years of tribal and national despotism it would be a miracle if humanity had not evolved the false notion that the regulation of others was the law of progress.

Brother Flinn thinking in accordance with the fashion established by our king-driven and priest-ridden ancestry, imagines that the non-working parasitical preacher is really a factor in a social organism that only advances through the interaction of its life units.

The fact is preachers, lawyers, soldiers and doctors as well are all parasites that would not be necessary in a properly balanced and correctly organized human society. Far from expecting to reform and transform human society, the editor of this magazine does not conceive of any other mode of advancement in the future different from what has taken place in the past which must continue to be an evolution, an interaction of all the thoughts and forces of life, whereby the unfit, the non-useful, the predatory, will gradually be sifted out by means of the nature process, and this process will go on just the same whether Mr. Flinn or my readers are able to comprehend this principle as the sole method of developing human character or not. EDITOR.

Editor To-Morrow Magazine:

Little did I think when I first received To-Morrow and the good fountain pen that you would be the first I would have occasion or feel an impulse to use it on; and while the impulse is decidedly strong, I am at a loss to know whether to "roast" you seriously and soberly or jestingly, but as I regard your

"Preachment to Preachers" as sort of rabid egotism or conceit on which I am satisfied you are well nigh drunk or so boozy as to be positively brutal in your "funny talk," why, it would only seem fair to me for some one to mete out to you, good naturedly of course, just about such measure as you sling to the public and your subscribers in "Preachment to Preachers." I can hardly think you intended this as the only and genuine brand of "Sercombe," as it sounded so much like pure "buncombe"—and bluster that we may well wonder if this really was the "old man himself" talking or preaching, if you please. They say it was, but the "old man was "just full" you know, on some big idea of revolutionizing the morals of the Universe, to say nothing of this little world of ours. So, let him down lightly, he don't get drunk and stay drunk, but just now and then he takes a spell and while he does ride a high horse, gets a way up in the air on these occasions, yet he always comes back to the earth some how—lightly if possible but otherwise if necessary."

Now, seriously Mr. Buncombe—Sercombe I mean, your motive and purpose in that "piece" you preached was all right, but you went at it like a young fellow who had just had his first dreams of moral philosophy and rather than burst with downright conceit he chose to tell the world about his big and only plan to save the race in the usual fresh and vibrant way, so in keeping with young things, with very large voices, which having, they use so much that no other function has the least chance to develop—but seriously, as I said, do you think for one moment Mr. Sercombe, that it is becoming and brainy on your part to scout the calling and usefulness of preachers? Can you be so lost to justice, truth and common sense as not to know that the greatest power on earth today is the moral power of Christianity, brought about and maintained by the preacher?

If you doubt this and I have no doubt you will, for you would not have said what you did if you had known better—then why did you appeal to the preachers of Chicago to help you out in your moral plan? I'll tell you simply because you knew, as a class, the preachers were the best in Chicago or on earth for that matter and that this class was always in sympathy with any good movement to help make humanity better. Why did you not go to the Doctor, Lawyer or Merchant as a class, to assist you in the noble and manly cause of extending the hand of help to raise the fallen and sinful? You know well enough the reason: yet you smite with all the power of ungoverned hand and brain the only influence and help possible for you to obtain—the poor preacher doing the will of the Master, who commanded him to go into all the world and preach the gospel of repentance, forgiveness, charity, hope and love. Shame on your inconsistency! Not only as a writer but a would-be moral philosopher! The preacher is only taking the advice of Christ as to how to regenerate and help the world and I rather think, though it may be slow, you had better proceed along

this same line if you would be really useful to your fellow-man. There is one thing sure you can't successfully butt your head against the Christian forces and influences that are not only extant by virtue of preaching from the pulpit, but every good journal, paper or book that is published is preaching for the uplift of mankind in some way and you had better go along in the good old way as you will last longer and do more real good, than the wild-cat scheme you propose.

It will do you and To-Morrow both good to publish this letter, but I doubt whether you have got the nerve or moral courage enough to do so—but if you have, why come across, and oblige,
Yours Respt..

W. W. FLINN.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

Reprint from Chicago Examiner.

Pervasive essence of the primal wood.

The boundless prairie and the trackless sea;

Mother of love and bond of brotherhood.

The world's advancement centers still in thee.

Within the breast of pre-historic man.

A tiny spark struck from his heart of flint.

You flashed upon his vision as he ran

From cave to cave, a sense of Beauty's tint.

When Israel's people to the desert fled

Lest unbelief profane their altar fires.

Thy signals guided and thy glory led

E'en while thy patience tempered their desires.

When bigotry thy constant beams obscured

In gloomy temples built of custom's dross,

In shepherds' hearts thy promises endured

To shine refulgent on the sacred cross.

By thee inspired, from fawning courtier's ways.

Thy subjects rose to brave a despot's wrath.

With lofty look returned the tyrant's gaze.

And sought a lonely but still upward path.

'Mongst savage tribes they grimly cast their lot.

Braved Winter's fury, want and pain and death.

That they might keep inviolate one spot

Where freemen still could draw inspiring breath.

Men still have died that Man might better live,

Made sacrifice of father, brother, son.

Who now so poor but has one life to give

That what is done may never be undone!

Through blood and strife Man seeks a peaceful goal.

And Hesperus will triumph over Mars;

We are the children of that Over-Soul

From whose great longing bloomed the virgin stars.

No earthly power inspired the deeds sublime

That mark the epochs of the ages flown;

God walks with those who hold all future time

The full and rounded fruitage of their own.

How a Socialist Sees Things.

By Walter Thomas Mills.

LONG LIVE THE DOUMA.

Parliamentary government in Russia has not proven a failure. All that has been proven is that old forms when outgrown and altogether out of place do not die a natural death. It is always a case of suicide or assassination. The Czar's government has refused to commit suicide and so the necessity for its destruction. The revolution, peaceable and constructive, has been interrupted and has quickly turned into revolution, violent and destructive.

Some months ago I called attention in these columns to the inevitableness of the final down-fall of the Russian Political Autocracy. Later I argued that the elements of political and economic advance were so intermingled that neither could proceed without the other. This last contention was made when the Douma was about to assemble and the world looked hopefully towards an end of the trouble in Russia.

Mr. A. H. Heineman is one of the old German Socialists of the type of 1848. He is the first person calling himself a Socialist with whom I had the good fortune to become personally acquainted after coming to Chicago in 1887. I have regarded him as one of my teachers and for many years have listened when he was speaking and have always had occasion to think things over when he has finished. He was just home from a two years visit in Europe when I called attention to the economic factors which would continue to make trouble for Russia and which in the turmoil of political convulsion would force a hearing for the working class. He was good enough to send me a note at the time endorsing the position I had taken in which connection he said, in substance—"never fear what may seem to be settled. The strongest factor in the conflict cannot be settled with except on a basis which promises to pass Russia from the position of the most backward to the position of the most advanced of European Nations."

The subject of controversy in Russia, the subject which caused the autocrats to make an end of the Douma was not primarily political aggression. They did not end the Douma for fear of loss of office. They were holding office mainly to prevent their loss of land. The cause of the dissolution of the Douma was its attempt to use political power to advance the economic interests of the masses. The Douma demanded "the compulsory expropriation of private estates." Such a demand would not be tolerated by the ruling class in England or in the United States or anywhere else. The parting words of the First Parliament of Russia, "The Russian Declaration of Independence," declares this to have been the cause of its dismissal. This is the purpose for which its members pledged their all. This they did in the face of the bayonets which forced the final adjournment. And they urge all others to join them in pledging all for its attainment.

These same private estates are tolerated everywhere and are everywhere intolerable. The lasting peace of Russia can never come so long as a part of the people privately own and privately manage to their own private advantage the land and the tools on which all of the people must depend for their existence.

The most representative of the English Statesmen, now the heads of the English government, in the most public manner, defended the Russian Douma in the International Parliamentary Congress now in session in London and composed of the picked men from the parliaments or congresses of all the leading nations of the earth. Our own incomparable Mr. William J. Bryan was in the body and an active participant in its deliberations. He gladly joined the rest in the universal cry: "The Douma is dead—Long live the Douma."

But the Douma is dead because it declared for "the expropriation of private estates." Will these men who cheered the Douma which faced and endured dissolution rather than abandon this program of expropriation, will they stand for the expropriation which they cheered for in Russia? Will they stand for it in England and in the United States? The same International Socialist organization which is making this demand in Russia is making it also in the United States. Private estates for any one in the means whereby another lives, means private mastery over the other's life. This mastery cannot peacefully abide in Russia or America or anywhere. Campbell-Bannerman in England, Bryan in the United States and all the others from everywhere in this International Parliamentary Congress will have a chance to answer, not for Russia only, but for themselves and face to face with their own constituencies.

There can be no lasting peace anywhere so long as equal industrial opportunity for all the people is denied them in behalf of the private interests arising out of an established private graft for any part of the people. But this private graft must be defended for Socialism must prevail, for Socialism only asks for the collective ownership of the means of production so far as they must be collectively used. It only denies the wisdom of the private ownership of public property.

AFTER THE TROUBLOUS WINDS.

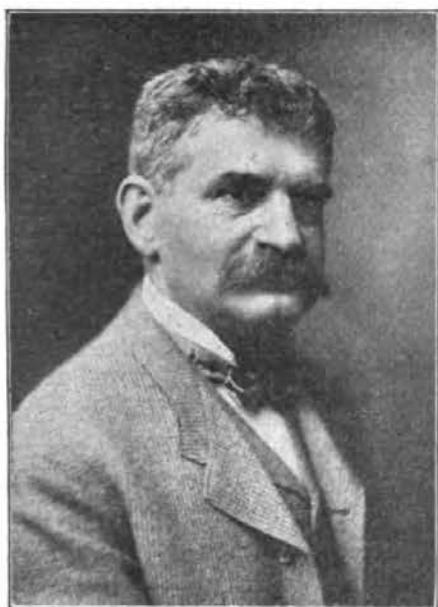
By IVAN SWIFT.

After the troublous winds have worried and turned to sleep
I lie on the cool beach-sands, in the sound of the waves of the deep;
And the waves of the firm dead-sea, that carry the gray of the sky,
Bear earnest of peace to me though the years and the worlds go by.

The waves of the wind-reft bay, that reflect and reject as they will,
Unvexed and unfaltering roll and the law of control fulfill,—
And this is the life that will be when our fears are folded away—
For the mind is the wide-swung sea, and the sky of the soul is gray.

How an Individualist Sees Things.

By Herman Kuehn.



Neither co-operation nor competition can have paramountcy. Both are necessary. They complete the norm. Predominance of either is abnormal. If either tendency were to dominate the other the disturbance of the norm would thwart symmetry—make for lopsidedness,

No great "reforms"—that is no palpable evidences of progressive evolution—were ever effected by a conscious endeavor to carry out a program in the direction of either co-operation or competition, as apart one from the other. For that matter no program ever became effective.

The evidences of progressive evolution all show that both principles were involved. For instance: The protestant divergence from the Roman Church was a refusal to co-operate, and the forces that have so refused to co-operate are constantly tending toward co-operation. The competitive principle had here to precede the possibility of the co-operative.

The establishment of the Republic of the United States of America was a clear refusal to co-operate longer with British monarchy.

The southern states, as a culmination of the discussion of the slavery question, refused longer to co-operate with the union of states. Slavery was abolished, not by the co-operative, but by the competitive principle carried to the extreme of war.

The scientific socialist of to-day refuses to co-operate in the existing social status. He urges his followers (scientific and otherwise) to join in the competitive scheme of voting—which is war conducted with blood-saving devices. And by this process of competition he hopes to escape further competition. His desire is (I refer especially to such men as A. M. Simons, Victor Berger, Eugene Debs and other large-hearted scientists) to establish a co-operative commonwealth that will not need to compete; that shall so adjust society as to make it impossible for others who might later desire to refuse to co-operate with Co-operation, to carry forward their purpose of remodeling the universe.

Of course there are no non-scientific socialists in the mili-

tant socialist ranks. They are all sure that science indicates that co-operation should be given the right of way, and every competitive train side-tracked. They claim this to be the natural order, and boast that one who gainsays their scientific conclusion is absurd.

So sure of their ground are they that they are perfectly willing to employ the competitive principle for the purpose of establishing its counterpart. And having established the counterpart they do not mean to subject themselves to having to fight the fight over again, and so they are going to make the co-operative the only principle. It is doubtless scientific enough, but it is because science has always been of that character—the cock-sureness of to-day's science always to be wrecked upon the positiveness of to-morrow's.

And if you will hear these scientific gentlemen tell of their love of liberty, and their certainty that Liberty can exist only in a co-operative state, you would think that they had universal truth on their side. But they have not that. What they have, and what is equally convincing—to themselves—is unquestionable sincerity and an admirable enthusiasm. But sincerity proves nothing but itself. And enthusiasm proves nothing but itself. Truth is beyond both.

And it is not true that Liberty will ever come through compulsion. The scientific socialist will answer that compulsion will not be necessary under Socialism—that all men will be perfectly satisfied. That they will agree to co-operate.

Very well, then, if it is so certain that all men will volunteer to co-operate why compel them to volunteer?

Ah! but wait! they tell us, and you will see that there will be under socialism so much prosperity that all mankind will be glad to be guided by the wisest and best. That, however, is not socialism, but Aristocracy. And at length, when all their science is exhausted, they come back to the democratic principle that the majority should rule. The only readjustment of the democratic program which they offer us at length, is that a majority of scientific socialists would govern us better—compel us more benignly—than democratic majorities.

The stream cannot rise higher than its source, and Liberty is not to be ushered into being by compulsion.

Science of the socialistic kind teaches that if a thing is desirable from the standpoint of the majority it cannot be successfully brought into operation except by the assistance of the minority, and they mean, straightway to force the minority to volunteer to co-operate.

Now, in spite of science of the socialistic kind, this is not true. There was never yet, in all the world, a single instance of a desirable thing to be done that those who deemed it the wise and expedient thing could not go ahead and do without compelling a single human being to co-operate with them.

On the other hand if a large number of people want to undertake some public work, and put no compulsion upon others who do not deem this work desirable, the minority in all

such cases will be disposed to assume the attitude of who should say: "Well, my brothers and neighbors think it well to build the bridge at that point, and are willing to pay for it there; and though I think another place would be better, or the building of it at another time would be still better, yet, here I am among decent neighbors, and as long as they feel that way about it I'm WILLING to co-operate.

The scientist has evidently forgotten to take into account the Will to Co-operate, and if he has taken it into account he has no trust in it. Well, it was ever the way of science to disregard Trust in Human Nature—or other Nature. And that is the reason Science needs be so often remodeled and Nature goes on forever.

There is a Norm. The norm is Liberty. And in Liberty at length we shall find the utmost possibility of social tranquility.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The nightingale sings in the grove
Unto the night;
The stars that hear his songs of love
Pause in their flight;
The placid heav'n in pity hears
His plaintive wail and drops its tears
Upon the flow'rs;

The lover straggling through the shade
In hopeless quest of cruel maid
By that harmonious song is stayed,
And, listening to those pleadings wild,
He finds his weary soul beguiled
Till morning's hours.

The nightingale in forest shade
Sings of the soul-despairing maid—
Sings of the dear, despondent knight
Whose ardent love is unrequite;
So thou, within this solemn dale,
When hours are small and stars are pale,
Sing on, O rapturous nightingale!

But when the wanton morning flings
Its glories wide,
He sees his love on joyous wings
Haste to his side;
Then do his feathered mates prolong
The rapturous glory of his song,
For night is done!

So shall my love, that sobs to-night
Like nightingale in rueful plight,
Be raised in song at morning light—
So shall my love triumphant sing
The joy to-morrow's dawn may bring,
When love is won!

Sun Worship.

By Ralcy Husted Bell.



I am a Sun-worshipper, sans ceremonie. The Sun is beautiful, and the giver of beauty. I acknowledge him as my most benevolent suzerain. Without his generosity, How could I subsist on my Impersonal Estate?

To overflow with joy, my heart needs only the Sun. It is difficult to conceive of unhappiness on earth when the Sun is beholden in the sky. Sometimes I think he is a god. Again, he appears to me more like a divine slave; anon, like a rollicking spendthrift. His largesses cannot be numbered; his

radio-activity cannot be computed. His patient drudgery surpasses conception. He is unselfishness personified. He stores up in the earth all manner of energy which the ingenuity of man lets loose at will. He fills the coal bins of the world with comfort. He lifts the waters on high to run the machinery of civilization. He covers the world with greenery. He rears columns of classic grace in the woodland. He uplifts lovers' ladders of clinging vines. He covers decay with a woven lacework of life. He hides hard stones under soft moss; and overspreads meadows with velvet. He places a consummate touch upon the lily's cheek. He paints the flowers and fashions the ferns; erects towers and invents symmetry. He taught man to build the perfect arch when first was Cupid's bow of beauty thrown across the sky.

".....First the flaming red
Sprang vivid forth; the tawny orange next,
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.
Then the pure blue that swell autumnal skies,
Ethereal played; and then of sadder hue
Emerged the deeper indigo* (as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost),
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting violet away."

I feel the Sun's engines beating within my heart. I am amazed at his human servitude; I am overwhelmed with his

divine munificence. I am quite overcome with his glory. He gives me the power to see the faces of those I love. He lends the mother strength to rock the cradle of her babe. He turns all the watercourses loose upon the fields and amongst the hills. He made the grass and uses it in a sort of legerdemain. A cow eats grass, and lo! the green stuff turns to milk, horn, hide, hair, teeth, flesh and hoof. A goose eats grass, and the green tapestry of a field turns forthwith to feathers and eggs. A hungry poet comes along, drinks the milk, eats the eggs and shortly they turn into songs. Now, here are miracles enough for the curious, and here is occupation for the wise.

The Sun is a pretty levelheaded old patriarch to guide his family as well as he does through the stellar wilds. He is the only father I have ever known who was strong enough to keep his giddy children forever within the sphere of his influence. He lavishes his warm affections upon them. He gives them gold without stint, and purple robes, and soft garments and many more beautiful things than any family really needs. He is giving his children all the benefits of foreign travel, for he is taking them on a journey, the beginning and end of which no man knows. He teaches them all his wisdom. He unfolds to them his heavenly attributes; and his children pay him the obedience of attraction, an homage which he well deserves. I, too, pay him similar homage, and the compliment of impersonal prayer which he answers, and impersonal gratitude, which is sincere. I thank him for sending the dawn—the cool silver-gray fringe to the eastward of night.

"Where between sleep and life some brief space is."

The dawn awakens in my heart deep reverence. From its mystic depths I draw forth courage. The dawn enchants me. In its light I read pleasing prophesies of the day. I watch it until all the East bursts into fiery gold—until the dust of yellow amber and red gold fills all the East; until all the mellow landscape laughs low for the Sun's sake—and along the valley rising toward the hills is a long bank of subtle smoke, fine as the "fume of flowers." I am then content; for I have gold enough for the day. My greed is satisfied at sunrise. Thus I am enabled to pursue other vocations and to indulge many joyous avocations other than the hoarding of minted treasure. I wonder how man can be miserly when he looks upon the prodigality of the Sun. Why should one murder his heart and stain his hands with blood, and soil his soul, and wear away his flesh for a few miserable pieces of counterfeit when the very heavens are full of pure gold? At sunrise I put aside lust and greed, if I have them, and all though the day woo beauty; beauty of soul, beauty of heart, beauty of living, beauty of thinking, beauty of speech, beauty of manners, beauty of love, beauty of form, of color, of modesty—beauty of helpfulness to a brother in need, beauty of charity toward those who want, beauty of mercy toward

the weak, beauty of strength, beauty of the kinship which the Sun has made so wondrous wide—beauty of the simplest acts of kindness; kindness in the avoiding of a worm in my path, of rescuing a poor fly from a spider's web, in the giving of drink to a thirsty beast, or food to a hungry dog, or a cool draught of lemonade—maybe a "schooner" of beer—to a dusty laborer toiling through the heat of the day: kindly words to the rich and powerful of earth who are yet too weak and miserable to win sympathy from their fellows—and kindly words to the neglected Helots who get, for the most part, only kicks and curses. Thus I am enabled to find time for kindly deeds to everything endowed with life which has been good enough and generous enough to assist in the making of my happy environment. Each day gives me time enough to make some child happy, time enough to be courteous to some old person, time enough to dodge into a hospital with a word of love or an orange to some victim of error—some human nail struck on the head by the hammer of fate. The Sun supplies me with gold; the earth supplies me with opportunities for beautiful deeds and everything furnishes unto my soul beautiful thoughts.

So I worship the Sun, and through the Sun the spirit; and through the spirit my hope rises until my faith sees clearly enough for me that **evil** is merely perverted **good**—**good** out of place—**good** at war with itself; until my faith sees good come ultimately to the meanest thing that lives, and to trees as well as men. I see **good** blessing the three kingdoms of the earth. I see that nothing is lost, however much some things seem to stray; and this hope, this faith, this clearer sight of my soul is an immeasurable part of my Impersonal Estate, even as it is yours.

Besides all this, I have an hour at noontide beneath my vine. I lie on my back and look up through the translucent leaves. I am hypnotized by their motion. I live in their shadows. I am soothed by their odors; comforted by their green content. I watch the birds on the boughs. I watch the tiny insect-life tirelessly at work in this mansion of foliage. I lounge in the cool, deep grasses. My body is at ease. My soul is at rest. The spirit of peace is upon me: the sweetest mood in all the changing climate of mortal being.

Often I prolong the hour of noontide until the shadows slowly creep from West to East—gradually they lengthen—silently they stretch their fingers over the fields. Like shadowy Masons they journey toward the East. Are they seeking that which is lost, or are they merely the harbingers of hope telling man where to look for his diurnal flood of gold? I know not. Yet each man knows according to that which is within him. Now all the sweet things of the field are full of soft laughter. Silently the twilight falls. Children's voices are in the air—the last spasm of frolicsomeness preceding the slumber of infants. In the West there floats a sea of pearl and over against it one of purple which melts into great tides

of amber. The West has transmuted its gold into purple; the purple falls into shadow, and the shadow deepens into night, and night gladly turns into sleep, and sleep into new strength and fresh beauty for the morrow. Day after day my Impersonal Estate grows larger and sweeter and holier as the days weave and link themselves into years and the years into the fullness of life and life into the meaning of Love.

Of such is the Sun's power and glory—and of such is worship on earth.

THE MEETING.

By R. W. BOROUGH.



Long weary months have we
been parted and prayed
this day might come,

And now at last the time of
waiting's o'er and I am
hurrying on

Across a continent to greet my
love.

Green fields whirl by, brown
cross roads, rivers and
nodding trees.

Toward thy soul, Sweet-heart,
how swift my flight
through light of sun and
stars!

Now as the morning mingles
with the glimmering
stars once more

A song, so sweet, comes trem-
bling to my lips, wild
with love's triumph,

It is the hour when golden
floods are loosed once
more and round about
me

Rise the mountains in their majesty, the last cold barrier between my
love and me.

On the ocean shore I am searching. Shall the search then continue for-
ever?

Vainly I look till the lure of her figure compells me,
She stands peering out on the sea!

There's a choking from joy within me! There's a burning, fierce, at
my heart!

And I hasten toward her along the white sand,
Sobbing only her name, seeing only her face,
The face of my waking and dreaming.

Now the splash of the waves is dead, and the blue of the ocean is
melted from vision,

The sun is gone out!

Oh! the sting of her lips! Oh! the hurt of her arms thrown around me!

Oh! the light of her exquisite eyes shining deep into mine!

Oh! the piercing of joy as I kiss the salt tears from her cheeks
And hear her swift cry, "My lover is come!"

"Mrs." and "Miss."

Shackles Not Safeguards.

By Grace Moore.

"The prefixes Mrs. and Miss are safeguards to women which this refined society has established."

J. W. Gaskine.



The above quotation from a letter received is a fair sample of many that have been addressed to the writer of the article published in the August "To-Morrow" entitled "Abas. Mrs. and Miss."

Readers of a series of articles by Lida Parce Robinson, concluded in August "To - Morrow" on "The History of Human Marriage" and of standard writings cited by Lida Rabinson know that it was originally the male portion of society, not society as a whole, which first "safeguarded" wo-

men by the application of the prefixes "Mrs." and "Miss." History plainly shows that it was as woman became economically valuable to man that he instituted forms and customs to "safeguard" her.

Against what? Not against possible indignities to her person but against the rights of other men to control it; not to insure to women the recognition and respect to which she was entitled as mother of the race and as man's inspiration, but to further the material and property interests of man and to establish the rights of one man over another to control the product of her toil; not to permit the unadulterated spontaneous expression of her womanly desires, according to the higher laws of her being, but to limit and control that expression for his own personal profit and pleasure; not that motherhood might be its own sweet glorious reward, but that individual man might gratify his lustful nature and own and control, as far as lay in human power to control, the physical life of woman.

The desire of the female of prehistoric times to exploit her sex attractions (a desire that she has not yet outgrown) led her to willing submission to man's authority and domination. In her ignorance and vanity she accepted

as a compliment to herself the ring for the third finger of her left hand, the prefix Mrs. or Miss to her name (her husband's or her father's name) and ownership and government by individual man of her labor and her person.

Our "refined society" to which our correspondent alludes did not establish this custom of safeguarding woman. It merely perpetuates the customs established by ancestral man for his personal gratification and pleasure, and in doing so fancies that its real and only motive is that of obedience to the laws of Almighty God.

A valued correspondent writes: "Beautiful thoughts cluster about Miss — youth, purity, virginity, all precious things. As I approach Miss I feel this, with something within that draws a circle of respect about her. Or if Mrs., there is the sense of a womanhood developed, of a love given in honor and devotedness, and of motherhood."

The "sacredness" that is dependent upon words, titles and forms for its recognition and expression is only skin deep. To perpetuate a system of labeling, defining, emphasizing, etc., instituted thousands of years ago, is to acknowledge our dependence upon the system and our inability to recognize and do justice to the inner reality by any other than the cut and dried means of our forefathers. Did the system make good its claim to the right of perpetuation we should have no comments to make, but as stated in the article published last month, progressive women are finding the forms Mrs. and Miss serious handicaps.

In the August "Reviews of Reviews" we find this statement accredited to the French writer M. Durkheim: "Marriage gives a man the strongest moral standby, inasmuch as it places a wholesome check on promiscuous desires which are mentally and physically so enfeebling as well as so destructive of the moral fibre. In proportion as the marriage tie is fragile the continuance of married person becomes less reliable."

Oh, man! and woman too! Weak and foolish indeed thou art, if an institution, a form, a **title** suffices to "place a wholesome check on promiscuous desires so enfeebling as well as so destructive of the moral fibre!" Fragile indeed are the marriage ties of to-day as proven by the divorce courts and the records of the police with reference to promiscuity and the "unreliability of the continence of married persons!" That marriage does **not** "place a wholesome check on promiscuous desires" but actually gives rise to them is as evident as that hay-fever flourishes in the presence of rag weed and golden-rod.

Men to whom "purity and virginity" are suggested by the term Miss, and "womanhood developed" by the opposing term Mrs. are pitifully dependent upon childish externals for the assurance of woman's "sacredness." They would have us believe that the love relations of the Hester Pryn's of history and of present day society are **not sacred**. As if **any** experience that a God created being could have could be

other than sacred to him—or her. They fail to see that the very “purity and virginity” which is so “precious” to them itself cries out against the shame and ignominy of a human term by which to designate it. As if Mrs. Holmes-Smith were not as “pure” as Miss Holmes was before she married Mr. Smith! or Miss Jones with a child were not as “moral” as Mrs. Holmes-Smith, merely because Mr. Smith proved a thoughtful and faithful lover while the man Johnson was untrue to himself and to every one else.

“Developed womanhood” and “the love given in honor and devotedness, and of motherhood” need not titles, forms or institutions to make their presence felt. They shine in the features and conduct and radiate through the aura and entire atmosphere of the spiritually minded woman. No designation can add to or take away from it.

It is because of the hindrances placed by our so-called “refined society” in way of the realization and expression of the purest love between men and women that we have so few happy marriages so many divorces and so much demoralizing and disease breeding promiscuity. This “check” that society places upon its individual members by the terms Mrs. and Miss **under present conditions** defeats the very purpose for which it is supposed to have been designed. Man’s “promiscuous desires” are the net results of society’s forms and restrictions. Remove the forms and restrictions and man’s desires will very soon cease to be promiscuous. Permit men and women the freedom to live and love, independent of economic conditions and social forms, and society will speedily be cured of promiscuous desires, sexual diseases and social and domestic inharmony.

The statement of M. Durkheim that “marriage gives his strongest moral standby” implies either that man is so weak that he lives in greater fear of social and institutional government than of the laws of the All Ruling Intelligence and of his own being; or that our social and institutional government is strictly in harmony with the laws of the All Ruling Intelligence and of the individual well being of all men and women—a manifest absurdity. Shall we go on endeavoring to fit the institution to the Higher Law or shall we change the institution in accordance with our higher understanding of the Law?

Another friend writing to us has this to say: “It is nonsense to talk of men meeting women as they meet men—that is without other feeling. The woman arouses a peculiar feeling and this feeling always is aroused either in marriage or out of marriage, or with a title or without a title. **But a title modifies it.**”

We certainly think that this “peculiar feeling” that is “always aroused by woman” is not modified but rather intensified, artificialized and perverted to all sorts of unworthy uses and expedients by a title. Only as men and women meet on an equal basis, independent of sex qualities, will the sex impulse be clarified of all temptations to debasement and unnatural expediency. It is constantly keeping before

the mind distinctions as to sex qualities and the possibilities which these distinctions suggest, that invites to immorality, and "checks"—not "man's promiscuous desires" but his more potent intellectual spiritual forces. By reference to whether a woman is Mrs. or Miss the mind's attention is directed firstly to her physical constitution and only indirectly to her intellectual and spiritual nature. We naturally emphasize that which comes first in the mind. Let woman's place in society as an efficient social being be first in the mind, and her, charms and well being physically and materially be second. Then will both man and woman be lifted to the plane where as spiritually minded highly intelligent human beings they will have power and dominion over the things that now perplex and distress them.

Still another reply to our arguments for the abandonment of the prefixes Mrs. and Miss is to the effect that such abandonment will make of woman simply a comrade, with no self-protection against those who will be unduly familiar with her and will place the casual acquaintance of the street on an equality with intimate friends and near relations.

Just what the Higher Intelligence of both man and woman requires! Until I am in reality though not necessarily in my personal relations, the comrade of every man, woman and child, I am not truly the friend of any one. Take from me all outward titles and distinctions and I am compelled to rise by force of my own innate dignity and power. Remove from my hands the weapons placed there by undue emphasis of my sex qualities and I am forced to use in their place other finer and worthier weapons. Assist me to outgrow the self-consciousness generated by centuries of concentration upon my sex value; remove bans edicts and restraints fit only for slaves and behold the normal natural woman whom to "safeguard" by so trivial a thing as a title were an insult. Away with the superimposed "protection" of primeval man. His schemes for labeling restricting and controlling woman is not for her protection but for detection. It is for man to recognize woman's essential virtue and independence and cease playing the monitor. He need not fear with one of my contenders that "comradeship applied to everybody will produce only a mess." There will be no mess. Real Democracy never yet made a mess of anything and I am pleading for Real, not sham Democracy, the Democracy of Whitman who said:

"Her form arises,

She, less guarded than ever, yet more guarded than ever,

The gross and soiled she moves among do not make her gross and soiled,

She knows the thoughts as she passes—nothing is concealed from her. She is none the less considered or friendly therefore,

She is the best beloved—it is without exception—she has no reason to fear, and she does not fear,

Oaths, quarrels, hiccupped songs, proposals, smutty expressions, are idle to her as she passes,

She is silent—she is possessed of herself—they do not offend her, She receives them as the laws of nature receive them—she is strong, She too is a law of nature—there is no law stronger than she is.

Are We Immortal?

By J. D. Buck.

In the May number of To-Morrow, the article under this heading and the preface by the editor, it seems to me will bear revision. Both seem to me very far from "the last word" on this subject. I do not propose to **argue** the question, as that would be useless. In the first place, I would drop the word **Immortal**, from the discussion entirely, if by immortal, is meant continuous or endless existence. I would simply remark that we are without a single **fact** or individual experience bearing on the subject. Even if one positively remembered a score of lives on earth, or on other planets or spheres, he might **infer** that he would go on living forever, but he could not **know**.

In the second place, I hold the problem to be a question in scientific, philosophical and practical Psychology. The real question then is, does man as a self-conscious, Individual Intelligence, with Rational Volition, survive the death of the physical body, and the disintegration and disappearance of that body from the outer physical plane? Have we, or can we have any **knowledge** of such survival?

I can not regard man, as we know him, by observation and individual experience as an "abstract proposition." Though made up of many parts, substances, cells, organs, (body), faculties, capacities and powers,—body, soul and spirit, no one, no group, nor all of these together constitute Man. They do constitute, one half, one side of the equation. So far, man is an almost **endless diversity**.

Remember, we are not theorizing about man as he **may** be hereafter, but as we know him **now**. To say, for example, as in the preface and article under review, that **thought** is "spirit, love, purpose, mercy, truth, goodness," etc., etc., is not only vague but can lead only to confusion as being not only superficial but untrue.

Can we not say that **Spirit** is the antithesis of matter—two poles of one eternal Substance? **names** for conditions, of relations, and modalities necessary to our awareness, modes of perception, etc.?

What either "matter" or "spirit" may be in the last analysis, or whether both disappear or merge in one **we do not know**.

But to say that thought is "love," or "truth" or "beauty," gives no conception of whatever of thought. Neither is there a single fact in what we know of the anatomy or physiology of the brain, nor all known facts therein, that tells us what thought actually **is**.

That thought, as also perception, feeling, etc., are somehow connected with, or manifested through the brain, is undoubtedly true.

Taking all the physical facts of structure, function, etc., in order to have any rational conception of what thought really

is we must pass to the metaphysical side of the equation, but adhering strictly to individual experience, as the sole basis and criterion of self-knowledge.

Aside from the diversity and multiplicity of organs, functions, etc., above referred to, man is his self-conscious identity, as a feeling, perceiving, acting, thinking **individual** is a **unit**. There is something in him that co-ordinates, sympathizes, **unifies** the whole. Philosophically this a "metaphysical concept" but it is a **fact of experience**, as conscious and verifiable as a tooth ache!

My brain does not "think,"—I think, feel, will, perceive and act. Hence if I were to define "**thought**," I would say it is the panoramic change in perceptions, ideas, motives, concepts, etc., in the self-conscious realm of Individual Intelligence.

Thought implies a **thinker**, Love, a **Lover**, Will, a willer, and so on to the end of the category. What thought or will or love and the rest are in the abstract we know no more than we know "matter" and "spirit" in the "last analysis." It is only by **personal experience** as a "Thinker," that we derive either percepts, receipts or concepts of any of these things. I hold the definition therefore under review to be a pure fallacy, and this may serve to illustrate many another of similar import.

The whole superstructure of modern science and of all sound philosophy rests on the recognition of the Law of Causality.

"Action and reaction are equal and opposite." Cause equals effect, effect equals cause—in the physical and the metaphysical, in the Natural and the Spiritual. The moment we depart from this universal postulate, which is equally a deduction of universal observation and experience, we land in empiricism and head straight for confusion and chaos.

These Laws apply to the Natural, the Spiritual, the Physical and the Metaphysical alike. Hence the Supernatural is simply unthinkable, a name for a palpable absurdity.

Weisman's "Eternal Cell" is an ingenious speculation, nothing more. The idea that the evil or the good we do lives after us, is self evident, but touches the problem of the persistence of the self-conscious Individual Intelligence only in the most vague and general way. We inaugurate causes, and effects follow **as a matter of course**. But to attempt with a superior air, as though all had been said, bearing on the subject of the survival after "death," to close the door, is to my way of thinking superficial, presuming and absurd.

The real problem is one for each man and woman of self-conscious individual experience. I am perfectly familiar with the habitual "Pooh! pooh!" by which it is attempted to push aside all real evidence on this subject and by belittling the intelligence and pitying the gullibility of the witness declaring himself deceived, or deceiving others.

This pernicious nihilism then appropriates the garb of

"science" and complaisantly pats itself on the head, and dreams of annihilation! With all such writers and thinkers, it is a foregone conclusion, "Nobody knows; nobody even can know; it is unknowable!" If you reply "do you happen to know all that any man, or the wisest men in any and every age have discovered or demonstrated?" the reply is usually a complaisant and pitying shrug of the shoulders.

Sir Oliver Lodge in his "Life and Matter," writing as a scientist, familiar with the whole realm of modern science, and a practical Chemist and Physicist has demonstrated the weakness of Jollner's nihilism, and left the "open door" to this whole question of man's survival of physical death.

As said early in this review, the whole problem is one in practical and experimental Psychology. It is a question of fact, to be demonstrated by actual experience, fortified by analogy, by science, by philosophy. This quest for individual knowledge should not be barred by "snap-judgment" or discouraged by an assumption that is wholly unwarranted by any postulate of real science or sound philosophy. Such knowledge belongs to the higher evolution of man. The materials, the verified experience, the logical analogies, bearing on the question are overwhelming, redundant.

If only the few have coordinated this knowledge in any age, they have been the advance guard in the evolution of man. They have constituted and still constitute "those who know," not by conjecture, not by emotion, not through beatific-vision, not by "blind faith," (really a misnomer), but by calm self-conscious, verifiable experience, guided by rational volition, and they are not moved in the least by superficial scepticism, or so-called "Scientific" nihilism.

Let me say in conclusion, that the first requisite in this quest for real knowledge of the nature, powers and destiny of the soul, is the **attitude of mind** from which it is approached. The mind must be calm, dispassionate, wide open to the simple truth, and hence pre-judging nothing.

Credulity and incredulity must be entirely laid aside. How many can do this? The answer is, "those who have attained real knowledge," or those who are really on the way to it. To all others is left the consolation of belief or denial,—one as far from real knowledge as the other. So has it ever been, so it is likely to be to the end of time.

The Kingdom of heaven is to be taken by force. It means the complete evolution of man as an Individual Intelligence wherein he will possess, as Herbert Spencer pointed out, absolute knowledge and supreme power. He will know the Natural and the Spiritual through a perfected personal experience, here on earth, and so realize his birth right, and achieve his destiny,—not in some far off millennium but **today**.

Sercombe Himself:—Dear Sir: I consider "To-Morrow" the greatest magazine now published in the world. May you find the power to continue it. Yours truly, WILLARD CARVER, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

The Message of the Dome.

By Bailey Millard.

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Speak to me in symbols and I shall understand you, though all other language fail. The truth of your image shall appeal to me as no manner of abstractions shall ever appeal, though you heap before me a very alp of words.

That great symbol, the skyey dome of our national capitol—has it never given word to you, despairing citizen of this poor, heart-worn, distracted America? Has the Blessed Damozel of Liberty, leaning out from the "gold bar of heaven" above that dome, never uttered her message to your quickened ear?

To me, as now, with reverent eyes, I gaze for the first time upon that dome and with reverent feet approach the capitol—familiar as a photographed face and yet how strangely new!—the message comes. Not in distinct words shall I be able to repeat it to you, but merely to hint it stammeringly, as one unworthy to be the spokesman of the genius of the sacred pile.

To my elated sense the vast white dome, springing from its stately peristyle, lofty, massive, harmonious as a chord from Beethoven, conjures at once into concrete form the fondest dream of democracy. It grandly images the great Idea—the idea of the thing that might have been; and as I stand in the grass-bordered walk and look up at the pure symbol, sharply painted against the blue, I repeat over and over again, until the dome and the serene, majestic figure which it uplifts swim before tear-misted eyes: "What might have been—what might have been!" "The saddest of words," avers good Whittier—yea, the very saddest of all words.

Up there stands the symbol of the highest national hope that ever dawned upon the world, and down below, under the eagle-crested figure, with her shield and globe, under the feet of the Blessed Damozel who stands a thing enskyed—down there are the money changers, every day profaning the temple over which she stand impotent guard, the temple that seems no longer sacred to the republican idea, but given over to the fat, waddling, satisfied priests of plutocracy! The religion of the republic that lives in the heart of the great dome and is so gloriously symbolized by the figure above it, finds no echo down there save in the breasts of a muffled minority—the saving remnant of the two great political parties. There flits the phantom, but not the substantial figure of democracy. There is spread a scenic patriotism as cheap and flimsy as the painted drops and wings of a playhouse.

Here are men and women going toward the capitol and walking up the broad stairway, many of them looking about like sight-seers come here for the first time—pleased, patriotic citizens who have passed up the long statue-studded

avenue and are full of the pride of country. They love their beautiful capital city and would willingly have the Congress vote millions of money for more proud buildings and more stately statues. But in the faces of the truly thoughtful ones I seem to see my own qualms, my own depression because of the clipping and dragging of the winged ideal of democracy.

Yet we of the common people have not stood in high public places and we know not the tremendous, pulling-down influences that work for degradation in political character, which, after all, is only human character enticed by the same tricks and led by the same lures the world over.

Looking again at the pure dome that symbolizes the national ideal, I ask myself; Is it possible that poor, fallible human nature, always at fault for social and national conditions, shall ever become other than the flabby, fatuous, self-seeking thing that it is, and shall it ever create and maintain the true republic? Must the ideal federacy ever remain the ignis fatuus which the pessimists so grimly declare it?

What might have been! What might not have been if there were rooted into our natures the principles of such men as Montaigne, Carlyle, Thoreau and Emerson—men who prize men for what they are and not for what they have? Our youth, looking upon the "success" of the brazen opportunists—the men who it seemed to them were doing great things, but were really only fattening and misdoing—how have they been deceived! The illusory semblance of success—over what length and breadth has it been mistaken for the real!

It may be only a vision born of faith, but as I look into the faces of the multitude crowding toward the capitol, I seem to catch glimpses here and there of the awakening. And again as I look up at the dome I see that it does not after all symbolize what might have been, so much as it images what shall be. Hope shines from the face of the Blessed Damozel. Her message is hope—not that hope which is forever deferred, but the hope which springs eternal—the hope which must hold us together as a nation, despite the desperate work of the anarchists under the foul captaincy of Greed, until the time when the cold penumbra of plutocracy shall no longer be cast over us; when a life of reverence, of devoutness, of veracity and heroism shall become possible again; when the people shall no longer be the thralls of their own avarice; and when baleful money-worship shall cease, so that whatever there be that is god-like in man shall be free and to the fore, waging eternal battle against the foes of the republic.

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—

Your To-Morrow is certainly all that it pretends to be and much more. At any rate I don't know of an equally good magazine in New York.

I enclose renewal of subscription and with the best of good wishes remain,

Very sincerely yours,

ELEX B. EBIN,
New York City.

The Child and Civilization.

By Lucinda B. Chandler.



Till a considerable proportion of the people of any race or nation has some conception of the measureless possibilities of a human soul, and the mighty results for blessing or cursing involved in bringing a spiritual being into earthy fleshly form, civilization that will move humanity upward and on toward a higher destiny cannot survive.

What does the world owe the child? Everything. First, all the knowledge of the laws of being accessible through study, observation, experimentation and experience. Human Culture should

be the sinequanon of all educational systems and institutions.

The Editor of *To-Morrow* has honored himself and manhood by his statement, "that the word illegitimate applied to a child is a disgrace to our race." It has never before come to my knowledge that any male man has realized the disgrace. Ofttimes I've wondered if men of a high grade of intelligence and moral sense had no protest of conscience against this shameful cruelty to innocence.

To cast upon the being totally void of responsibility a legal taint that may degrade its social status, and shadow its spirit with sorrow and bitterness, is a despicable outrage.

There's plenty of illegitimate parenthood. Every child that is the product of purely selfish animal passion, undesired and unwelcome, is the child of illegitimate parenthood, whether in or out of marriage.

The child cannot be illegitimate for it is the product of natural law and the life principle which man did not make and cannot destroy.

The first condition in which life is a blessing, and according to the law of the higher nature of man as a spiritual being of imperishable faculties and powers, legitimate, is the love that can not be spent in a ferment of virility. Only in the mutual love which welcomes the advent of its product is parenthood legitimate. This parenthood is of the whole being, of physical and spiritual, and is the only complete inheritance of the child. This the first endowment and advantage, mankind evolved to a grade of intelligence above pure animalism, owes to the child.

According to the natural law of animal existence no child can be illegitimate. Man has only disgraced himself and cruelly wronged the child by stamping helpless innocence with the shameful opprobrium of bastardy, through statute enactment.

Civilization owes to the child an environment and opportunity which first will develop a sound healthful physical organism, and every needful supply for mental and moral education, and the awakening of a sensitive conscience and true self respect.

This involves a reorganization of our industrial and economic systems, a higher ideal of justice, a broader spirit of fellowship, and the spirit of love that effaces grasping brutal selfishness, making the interests of others identical with thy own.

The mortal career is but the kindergarten stage of an eternal journey for development of spirit and all its mighty powers, the secret mystery and attainment being first in the flesh, in mastery over animal appetites and propensities. Then on and on to the mastery of creations secrets and marvels.

Mastery is the magic word of being, and of a grade far higher, finer and more exalted than the conquests of force and battle and strategy.

Civilization owes it to the child to prepare it by good environment, education and every needful equipment to make the beginning of mastery here in this state of being a sure foundation for the development that will carry on the mastery toward perfection of all faculties and powers inherent in being.

Race progress and the survival of any civilization can be continuous only through the constant growth of high grade parenthood, that is adding children of high grade endorsement, physically, mentally and morally.

The status and perpetuation of a civilization can be only in proportion to the intelligence, sense of responsibility, and moral ideals of both the individual parent and the community.

The entire training and instruction of the child from infancy should be in reference to the high requirements for the eternal journey of the individualized life principle, the human soul.

EARLY AUTUMN.

By R. W. BROUGH.

Morning of melancholy splendor—
All dashed with scarlet are the trembling leaves—
Grey fields that lie so silent dreaming
Of the still hours that slowly lure to rest.

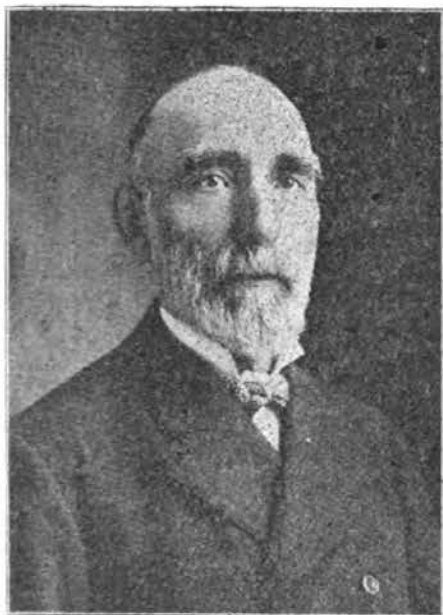
Passion and thrill of growing rapture,
Tumult and throb of heaving breast,
Long since are gone—Nature is dying,
Dying, sweet dreaming of her rest.

Twilight of plaintive, ling'ring murmurs,
And faint, sweet low of cattle from the fields,
And a rapt hour of secret, tearful yearning
For the warm kiss that thrilled me long ago.

Physiology of Love.

By Charles J. Lewis, M. D.

I.



Among the tendencies characteristic of the sciences of our day is one toward laying greater stress on questions of beginning of things, and regarding a knowledge of the laws of development of any object of study as necessary to its complete understanding in the form in which we find it. The Physiology of love is an elucidation of the Physiology of the procreative organs. These organs cannot study themselves, but their structure and function must be studied by the brain. This having for long been overlooked,

a knowledge of the beginnings and development of the procreative instinct is yet to be had. Indeed, we have but little precise knowledge in this field of research. The why of this is to be sought in the fact that the senses and brains of the common-sense man, as he is met in Church and State, function only for the purpose of getting his own prejudices adopted by his fellows. He is not fitted intellectually nor temperamentally, to discover the deeper-lying truths in the field of love. He is a partizan, an advocate, not a truth-seeker; and he must be ejected from every scientific camp where love or the procreative instinct is studied, before any advance can be made.

It is a fundamental principle of society as now formed, that in every field of action where men associate their efforts, that there be applied a complex system of restraints. This does not seem wrong to those who regard the present foundations of society as sound. But those who have studied the beginnings and development of love, doubt the consistency of exercising restraint on a couple of the opposite sexes, where each is trying to undo the theory that the two are two, and striving with might and main to hark back to the chrysalis stage of most insects, not as with them for developing wings and sexual organs, but to bring peace and quiescence to the tumultuous and riotous actions of the latter, for the accomplishment of which, every one of the supporters of the dual theory of love openly declare that the twain are one. This is a violation of the principle that re-

straint could not be exercised except in a community consisting of more than one person.

Love is variously defined. According to J. Mark Twain, "Love is a dispositional interest of an exclusive kind, having a person for its object and instinctive in its manifestation." It is most properly applied to "personal relations, and other usages may be regarded derivative and metaphorical." Among the latter are philanthropy, unselfishness, and public spirit. A specific view of love is, "to regard one of the opposite sex with admiration and devotion characteristic of the sexual relation."

To see her is to love her,
An' love but her forever.

—Burns in Bonnie Lesley.

Paley's definition of instinct is fairly good when he says satisfaction of the sexual desire."

I will have frequent occasion to refer to the instincts in as much as I am basing love on these expressions of the body. These are general reflex actions that are alike effective in keeping the body alive and reproducing the species. Instinctive impulses never reach the gray matter of the brain.

Paley's definition of instinct is fairly good when he says it is "a propensity prior to experience and independent of instruction." Physiologically, an instinct is an action reflected from the spinal cord without having reached the gray matter of the brain. Love, then is an instinct, and subordinate only to life itself.

It has been called "the fires of spring," at which time men frequently fall victims to woman's coquetties, sensuous charms and acquired wiles.

Love is as old as animal life. It may be assumed that primitive man struggled with its interpretation, and the task of unravelling has been pursued ever since by both preacher and poet. Others have taken a hand at it too, and still it remains to the most of us as much a mystery as ever. Those who write about it are divided into two chief classes. In literature, these are known as idealists and realists. The idealists, among whom are included the religious writers, have given it a meaning that applies to nearly every possible human relation. The realists treat it as physical and represent it as practically locked in the paddocks of physiology. Idealists speak of mother's love, brother's love, love of kin, of country; the love of God. Physiologists are realists and cannot sanction such an irreverent use of the word. Much of the opposition either school of literature meets in the other, however, is due to a failure to perceive what the other supports.

The great majority in Christendom sanction the law-form of marriage, while the objectors to a legal bond are pleased to call themselves radicals. These latter claim that many of the works of the supporters of legal marriage reveal serious

misconceptions, and in some of the writings, physiologists profess to see a complete lack of information on the subject. This misconception and ignorance is here and there quite marked if not offensive, through a fixed purpose on the part of society, government, and especially the refusal of parents to sanction the love-making "spells" of their adolescent children. In other words, the true course of love is too often opposed by meddlers in society, and interfered with by parents or by officials. These carpers have forgotten that they themselves were once enmeshed in the mazes of love and were just as foolish when the "spell" was on as are the couples in whom love is coming of age.

We hear much of altruism. Whence this sublime human sentiment! This author holds that it sprang from the love of the sexes. Sex love has been taken far afield by philosophers, poets and theologians, who have given to it a meaning that belongs exclusively to its first derivative, namely, altruism. Besides mother's love, love of country, altruism has many shades of meaning, among these are good will, friendship, sympathy, regard, esteem, humanity, comrade, guide and friend. Love means the experience of two of opposite sexes in union, and not the above words or the care, watchfulness and solicitude both have for their offspring. Nor does it stand for the complex pleasures derived from the presence of neighbors, companions or schoolmates. These and kindred words are no more love than is an hallucination a true brain representation of a thing. The opposite of altruism is egoism, which is self-praise and is well nigh suppressed in lovers, while altruism is at its best.

It is not the physiologists, but those who misconceive the mission of couples in love, who impose upon them irksome restrictions, vexatious meeting places, tedious tasks to perform, or belittle the character of either to the other. It smacks of envy if not of tyranny for the curious to peek into their boudoir to catch words that are meant only for each other's ears, ask why they were out late or chide them for unwittingly expressing a personal attachment for each other. Persons in the "mood" are unconsciously in a physiological state of action. Such actions are premonitions of the welding of the twain into one. Are there any laws for the governing of two in love? Not to their knowledge. Then is it not curious to contemplate that it is those who are failing in the true or physiological love should be the ones to set legal bounds to, and play mother Grundy over it, by vociferously proclaiming that their way of conducting a courtship is better than the brand used by the devoted couple who are doing their best to discover the secret workings of the productive union?

Do lovers think of giving rise to a better order of things? Yes. They dream of an Arcadia peopled by a new race—a race possessed of veritable natures like their own. This new and true kind they put in contrast with that of the people who have grown cold in love. These they say are neither happy nor peaceful. They profess to see portrayed by them the

old jealousies, hatreds, and love of dominance. The older people declare that couples in love should bring every action into the open, and demand that they pin their conduct to their sleeves that their every folly might appear ten times more foolish than it really is. Instead, the young men who are dazed almost to blindness by the dazzle of the dimples in the chins of their dolphins need every possible bit of encouragement and uplift. The enamored delight in turning into lover's lane where they can whisper words of joy in seclusion and peace. 'Tis true that these people have much to learn. It is much to the credit of great numbers of them, however, despite numerous events incident to the blindness of Cupid, in addition to possible complications ensuing upon courtship, that so many have remained unswervingly true to each other after the spell is broken and reason has returned.

Notwithstanding the fact that physiologists are constantly clarifying the word love, they fully realize the difficulties in the way of putting the procreative instinct under the dominance of the intellect. Did any of the ancients know how? If so, O, for a book that we also might learn how! To attempt to control it in a person who is all ablaze with the fierce fire of an all mastering passion is to invite defeat. Thus it is obvious that those who are not entangled cannot make laws for those who are. Love has not yet been successfully tamed by the intellect on the ground that its essentials emanate from the reproductive organs which flow into and are thence reflected from the spinal cord to the person adored without reaching the brain. Herein lies the mystery of love, that is, it is a mystery to the intellect, in short, it ignores the grav matter almost entirely. Moreover, love is an inheritance that dates from a time when animal forms were without that part of the nervous system anatomists call the cerebrum. One of these animal forms that is still extant, is the fresh water slug or *emphioxus*.

Those who opine they can bring the instinct of love under the will without having such domination based on the teachings of physiology are flying in the face of nature (?). It is freely admitted that the efforts of such people are well intentioned, but this does not save them from breaking rather than obeying the essential features of fleshly genesis. It might be harsh to assert that these people are narrow minded and promoters of a conspiracy against the orderly course of true love, instead of being men of broad culture, far reaching vision, and possessed of an analytic knowledge of the purposes of the hitherto inexplicable conduct of a man and woman in love.

After the yearnings of the procreative instincts have been to some little degree satisfied, what remains of the blind, un-reasoning, and limited range of vision the spinal cord is capable of using, falls prostrate at the shrine of reason and plaintively pleads for assistance in providing for the future progeny. We are now beginning to see the need of some sort of a control. But let us be sure that the restrictions are only

to keep the number of offspring within the limitations of food, shelter and raiment. From this time on the judgment, and not instinct is to be at the helm. While this is as plain as it is true, few there are who have had the wisdom to profit by it.

We are now at the parting of the ways. Physiological methods of controlling love are at the minimum, and reason is beginning to assert itself. Right at this point is where the supporters of the present system of home-making are short in their views? They have attempted to apply rules that are applicable only to gaining a livelihood and maintaining the family to another department of life, namely, that of increasing our kind. These people are exceedingly jealous of their legal bonds and are also extremely averse to any criticism of the underlying principles of such a custom. The radicals, on the other hand, welcome criticism and invite the co-operation of any individual or organization, believing that difference of opinion will help rather than hinder. The realists are meeting with many encouragements, and while the outlook is not quite as bright for their cause as they would like, they claim that there are reasons for holding that they will win out in the near future.

A single active, moving constituent of the seminal fluid is called a spermatozoon, and the primary constituent of the ovary of the ovum. In the lower animals and probably in man as well, the movements of the spermatozoa is best regarded as that of tropism or turning to the light. To carry out the analogy that seems to exist between the lower forms and the higher, those of a human pair in the same plight would require the same interpretation. This obtaining, the question arises as to whether there is ever a warrant for interfering in love affairs, since it is not done elsewhere in nature.

Have parents a right to control their sons and daughters in affairs of the heart? Let us see. Perhaps an instance that occurred in a Chicago suburb quite recently and one that received much newspaper comment will help us to a conclusion. According to reports the beautiful daughter of some 19 years had become enamored of a young man whom the parents took a dislike to. The father at last determined to break up the match and planned, according to newspaper reports, to "kidnap" his daughter and remove her to a farm house down the State. The father thought that the farm was a comparatively safe place, but the love-sick one looked upon it as a sort of a "Devil's island" similar to the isle Dreyfus was banished to. In a few days her fiancé with the help of a couple of sturdy knight errants succeeded one night in re-kidnapping her, and Lochinvar like speed her away to the train for Chicago. Here they were soon married. What was wrong in the treatment of this tender father of his beautiful daughter? If wrong it was, it was in the idea that he owned her as he owned a piece of property. 'Tis true that parents sacrifice much to rear their children. But this is not purchase

money. After the age of adolescence parents should slacken their control over their sons and daughters and give them all possible lee-way. Parents, do not pretend to **own** your adolescents! In the instance here referred to, the treatment of the father availed nothing, for almost immediately on arriving in the city, the suburban swains were married.

(To be continued.)

Impossible to Conceive Death.

By Willard Carver.

"The sooner we look all facts squarely in the face and make the emotional adjustments required by a fair-and-square recognition of things as they are, the better." So says my old schoolmate, John Howard Moore, in the June issue of *To-Morrow*, under the title, "Lines on Death."

With the quoted assertion I am in the fullest accord. I desire, however, to place great emphasis on "all facts" and not limit the consideration to those facts which are purely physical or material.

I enjoy the bold free swing that lays aside dogmas, creeds, promises and praises and limits living to demonstrable facts, which are surely the words of God.

It grieves me though to see so eminent a scholar and thinker as my friend overlook in the consideration of so important a subject as death, more than half of the demonstrable facts of life that immediately appertain to dissolution, by confining his considerations exactingly to our corporeal existence, and then showing himself unable to remain within the confines of the lines thus struck off.

It is impossible for the sage, scholar or ignoramus to conceive death. It is the unthinkable, the inexpressible. We can think of it as dissolution—a separation of the life principal from the clay—but we cannot think of the end of the life principal. We can only conceive of it as going somewhere, when the clay becomes inanimate. The reason this is true is that all we can think has been thrust above the threshold of our physical consciousness in what we call impulse or impression from the life principal, which we can only conceive to be a living intelligence, apprised of the laws of its being, just as we from it are apprised of the proper laws of our physical being, and therefore of its transitory nature. Hence, since we cannot think or express the end of life we must conclude that the life principal, subjective mind or soul has not in its quality of potential omniscience impressed our physical mind with the laws of its being, either as to the beginning or end, because the same are in no sense important to our existence; but has left us without the power to conceive the end of life which is entirely sufficient for objective inductions.

I think birth and death are equally important, with nothing tragic about either except as we yield our inductive, analytic mental powers to the subjective emanations, which wholly pertain to material life—self-preservation—physical importance—reproduction—association, and all of the other things which appertain to our life and which we feel and do without being able to help ourselves. The only necessary proof as to the source of such emanations being, as my friend suggests, because we do and feel these many things, not because we are free moral agents and desire to do so, but because we are not such agents and must.

I once confined my conceptions of life to material facts only and ceased to do so only when I discovered that not one phase of such phenomena could be considered without the employment of emanations from the life principal or subjective, which must have existed before our bodies, for surely thoughts are things, and a thing pre-supposes a creator or originator, and nothing exists except in conformity with universal law and therefore, the substance of thought cannot be a spontaneous product of the brain but must emanate from an intelligence superior to the physical mind which it supplies.

Viewed from the material aspect alone, all and much more than Brother Moore has said or could possibly say, of the untowardness of life is true. But viewed as an incident—an educational accessory and necessity to a great soul existence, which began, we know, before this physical existence because we have not been given the mental power to conceive it otherwise, and will exist after the dissolution of the flesh and spirit because we have not been given the mental power to think the death of the soul, life becomes a grand concept, and the petty annoyances of this world fall from us as the ripened husks from the corn. When we have arrived at this point, fully realizing that this life is without importance except as a school for the soul, we cease to spend further time in contemplation of things purely physical; but strive to accomplish a synchronic subjective and objective existence. That is to say, we strive to live in that attitude best fitted to obtain a constant emanation from the potential omniscience of the soul, to inductively ascertain the relation of this life to such truth, and in turn to impress the soul with the discipline of our physical reason. In such living there are no dreary days, no discussion of success or failure, because it is impossible to fail. No pain, sickness or suffering to strike the vitals, because the path of health is opened up. The kinetic energy of the soul in its fullness leaves no room for such sensations as these. And to such living so-called death is but a change, robbed of every phase of tragedy.

But after all, can we conceive death? Professor Moore, I should say, is as competent in this line as any man to be found. He has tried and signally failed, at least to express such a concept. I will frankly say that I know the gentle-

man well enough to feel assured that he can express anything that he can think. He says, "Death is a vast sleep from whose lethean silences we steal when we come into existence, and to whose soft and mystic assuagements we return when we leave existence." Now I submit that we cannot reckon SLEEP otherwise than as an existence and if "we steal" from its "lethean silences" "when we come," we must be alive and intelligent in order to do so. And if we "return" to its "soft and mystic assuagements," we must still be alive and intelligent after this material existence is over.

I cannot conceive death. I have never read after one that expressed it. I have never talked with one who expressed such a concept. I therefore declare such a concept to be impossible, and request the scholars of the world who profess to believe that our physical existence end all, to attempt to describe such an end, disassociated from the idea of dissolution which, as already shown, is not an end.

AS LIFE DECLINES.

BY LOUIS FREDERICK GRILL.

Oh, weight of years! Thy burden's hard to bear,
I'm poor and growing old, I most despair;
My frame is bent, I weary of the work
I must perform and can not, may not shirk.

Have I no rest! Ah, no. I know not why
It should be so; I only know that I
Am toiling on that I may meet demands
Of those whom God hath placed within my hands.

I must needs live, no days of rest will come
To me within my journey here, and some,
Forsooth, declare that when beyond this vale
Of toil, there'll be no rest but only more travail.

I fear 'tis so; and then I think it must
Not be. My faith says: no; my soul says: trust
Eternity and God, and then the rest
From life's great work, and now to do my best.

The clock has struck the working hour for me.
I go; the world notes not, it does not see.
I'm satisfied; but when I walk at eve,
The day's work done, I wish that I could leave

That work behind, but only night's repose
Will separate to-morrow's task, which close
Will bring me nearer death, and so I tread
Along life's rugged road and earn my daily bread.

I wish I could say what I sometimes feel,
When some I meet, and greet, and catch the real
Heart sympathy; I think my lot is not
So mean. It cheers my weary soul somewhat.

Yes, sir, you may not think it much, but hear!
My world of work is bounded by a clear
Outline. Your sympathetic smile does give
Me cheer. I'm old and yet I wish to live.

Oh, weight of years! Thy burden's hard to bear.
But man to man each side by side may share
Of his good will and cheer and thus relieve
The life of toil. In this my world and I believe.

About Elizabeth Towne.

By Viola Richardson.



ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In the summer of 1852 "the plains" were dotted with "prairie schooners" wending their way to Oregon. Two of these schooners were accompanied by a man and his wife and two children, the older of the children tall, blue-eyed boy of 16, with a stoop to his shoulders. On the road he nearly died of "intermittent fever" and only his mother's night watching kept him from wandering away to perish on the prairie.

They stopped at Portland, then a tiny clearing in the mighty forest, with the beautiful Willamette sparkling beside it. The tall boy with blue eyes was entirely well again. They rejoiced with high hearts, and soon enlarged the clearing a bit and added another log cabin.

After a year or two they took up land on a "crick" in the midst of firs and cedars, and under the tall boy's desire and inspiration they began to fell trees and build a log mill as well as a cabin to live in. It was slow work, but at last the water wheel and the dam were finished, the great saw arrived from "the east," and they began to really cut lumber.

In 1863 and 1864 the tall boy took a year off and went for a visit back to his father's old home in Carthage, N. Y. He found a bride. Together they journeyed back, all the way around by the Isthmus of Panama, to Oregon. On the eleventh day of beautiful May, of 1865, the month after peace was declared between north and south, a little baby girl made her advent.

This pioneer born baby was Elizabeth Towne, editor of the **Nautilus** and author of books; exponent of common-sense methods of self-development; free lance in the new thought arena; sturdy, enthusiastic blazer of new trails and straightener of old ones.

When Elizabeth was nine years old her mother died, leaving four children for "John" (John Halsey Jones of 315 East 6th St., North Portland, Oregon) to blaze trails for. He stuck to the children and never married again. "If a

housekeeper doesn't get along with the children I can hire another," he said, "but if I marry her and she doesn't hit it off with them the devil's to pay."

When Elizabeth was 14 years and 11 months old she was married to a boy of 19—Joseph Holt Struble, who had emigrated with his parents from Ohio. Both bride and groom being under marriageable age, their fathers went after the license. There was a nice wedding, lots of gifts, and the bride's father set the couple up at house-keeping.

There were two children—Catherine Elizabeth Struble, born May 11, 1881, now (1905) the bride of Edward Lincoln Twing, native and resident of Holyoke, Mass.; and Chester Holt Struble, now a student preparing to enter Yale scientific school.

Elizabeth's first marriage was not a happy one. What girl of 14 has wisdom enough to say yes to the right man? What boy of 18 or 19 knows enough to ask the right girl? After years of the ragged edge, each perhaps having helped the other in the "working out of unpleasant Karma," a separation was agreed upon, and a divorce was granted Elizabeth, at Sioux Falls, So. Dak. in the early spring of 1900.

At that time **Nautilus** was already established and quite widely known, the first number having been issued at Portland, Oregon, in November of 1898. And at Sioux Falls the first of her books was published, "The Constitution of Man," a statement of cosmogeny and mental science which has been called "the whole thing in a nut shell."

William E. Towne lived in Holyoke, Mass., wrote articles for the new thought magazines and sold metaphysical books by mail. He wrote to the **Nautilus** for advertising rates. A correspondence sprang up between him and Elizabeth, and the 3500 miles distance between them proved no barrier to close acquaintance and love.

On May 26, 1900, Elizabeth arrived in Holyoke, bringing **The Nautilus** with her. William met her with a marriage license in his pocket, and within an hour a Congregational minister had pronounced them man and wife. Their faith and courage are justified by happy marriage.

The Nautilus has a remarkable record. Begun with capital for six months, at \$30.00 per month, to be repaid. Paid expenses from the very first issue. Elizabeth entirely unknown to the outside world except for two articles published in **Freedom** and two in **Mind** in 1897 and 1898. In spite of the two long moves, from Portland, Oregon, to South Dakota, and from S. D. to Holyoke, Mass., not an issue of **Nautilus** has ever been omitted or ever delayed, and its success has grown steadily. It began with not a single paid subscriber, and now has its tens of thousands, in every civilized and semi-civilized country on the globe. It is read by probably over 100,000 people every month, and many thousands of copies are preserved and read and reread, loaned and loaned again.

Since her residence in Holyoke, Elizabeth Towne has

published ten books. "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus" is now in its 50th thousand. And she is working upon still another book. A complete list of those already issued are as follows:—"Practical Methods for Self-Development" (Price \$1.00) "Joy Philosophy," (\$1.00), "You and Your Forces, or the Constitution of Man," (\$1.50), "Elizabeth Towne's Experiences in Self-Healing" (\$.50), "How to Grow Success" (\$.50), "Happiness and Marriage" (\$.50), "How to Wake the Solar Plexus," (\$.25), "How to Train Children and Parents," (\$.25) "Just How to Concentrate" (.25) "How to Cook Meals Without Meat" (\$.25).

In addition to her own books Mrs. Towne publishes "The Story of a Literary Career," Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Autobiography. (Price \$.50).

Elizabeth Towne is **Practical**. She gives the reader the fruits of her own rich experience, gives it in every-day English which robs new thought of its mysticism and inspires the reader with knowledge of his own power.

She believes mind and body are one, and that unhygienic living incapacitates one for "holding" high thought. She teaches that the only true happiness comes from a living interest in one's work; the only success from the expression of his own individuality in his work; that the useful, happy man is the righteous man; that God is in and through us all; all things working for good to each and all; each man's experiences drawn to him by the attraction of his own being; for his own use and enlightenment; that the better use he makes of one set of experiences the sooner he passes to something higher and better; that life consists less in what one does than in **how one does it**. The fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the ministry of loving-kindness and eternal growth, is the sum of her teaching.

AT EVENFALL.

By R. W. BOROUGHS.

When the stars smile down at the close of day,
And the ghost of dead memories steal and fade;
And past joys lighten the folding shade,
Then, then I am with you alway,
My love!

When evening steals day's dim wraith away;
When the firefly strings jewels adown the wind;
When the spell of the gloaming creeps over the mind,
Then, then I am with you alway,
My love!

The Great Conspiracy.

By Lois Waisbrooker.



LOIS WAISBROOKER

In a circular sent out to the public to show some of the outrages against the freedom of the press, the writer says:

"There is more in this obscenity law than appears on the surface. It is the work of the church, professedly in the interest of good morals, actually to get control of the postal department of the government, and establish a censorship which will aid in perpetuating their own power."

The church is not alone in this effort to destroy the freedom of the press. It is the work of the

leaders of the enemies of freedom, no matter what name they bear. They see in the advancing tide of thought a barrier to their line of power. True, the obscenity law is the legitimate child of New England puritanism, but Protestants themselves have, for the most part grown away from puritanic narrowness. Only a few of the fossils like Anthony Comstock remain as specimens; the church at large has had no idea of the purpose involved in the work of this puritanical fanatic.

As to the Catholics, we have always known what their claims are, and if in our self confidence we have been careless of what we should have known was inevitable, to-wit; that they would work against freedom in every possible way, we have only ourselves to blame. But even here the great body of the church has been blinded by the leaders, for realizing the liberalizing tendency of a free atmosphere, they dare not trust the people too far.

So much for those who, consciously or unconsciously work to destroy the freedom of the press; but permit me to say right here, the most conservative part of the church is no more opposed to freedom than is the money-power. Like Herod and Pilate, they are united in their efforts to crucify the new thought.

They have conspired together, (the leaders have, for I must again exonerate the great body of their followers), for such crucifixion, and present events demand a review of the steps taken to gain their censorship of the press. I had

thought that the obscenity law was the first step, but when I learned that Congress had given to the postal department the right of private judgment as to what should be carried in the mails I was not sure as to priority. That what is called the Comstock law was a very important step is certain, but this Congress licence is a direct bid for those who desire censorship to seek official places in the postal department.

But whatever the first step may have been, there has been one which none but the plotters themselves could have dreamed led toward censorship, and yet without it there would have been no excuse for what we now have, and that is the cent a pound postage law. With the subtlety of the fabled Satan the plea was put forth that it was for the public good, that the general intelligence demanded it.

All went well for a time, but lo and behold, it was found that business men were taking advantage of this low rate of postage and establishing advertising sheets, while regular publishers were adding to their subscription list, and increasing their number of sample copies for the purpose of raising their advertising rates, and thus the money-power furnished the excuse for such supervision as was then commenced.

It was just as they had expected. They would have been disappointed had it been otherwise. It furnished a plausible excuse for commencing their censorship, for "it would never do to permit such an abuse of privilege" they said, so they framed a series of questions which must be satisfactorily answered before cheap postage could be granted in the form of a permit. Truly, these enemies of liberty are as wise as serpents. This, so far as I know was the first attempt of government to regulate the business of publishers, but with their pottage of cheap postage the general press was blind to its far-reaching significance.

Yes, there was one, a woman, who saw the point and protested. She said the fact of government demanding a copy of the paper (which had not been done before) and the number of its subscribers, gave to the enemies of Free Thought, the number, character and strength of all papers opposed to the arbitrary claims of those who labored to put down "heresy." She published the same in her own paper but no one heeded her protest.

Time is showing that there was need for warning. Today, if a publisher is known to be a radical the subscription list must be verified. The list is demanded, names taken from it, the parties written to asking if they are subscribers to said paper. The applicant is required to show letters sent by subscribers and making remittances for the same, as shown by Mr. Tucker when giving his experience in applying for pound rates for his paper, Liberty.

Upon presenting his request he was asked: "What proof have you that this a bona fide list of paying subscribers, Can you show the letters containing remittances in which your subscribers ordered the paper?"

When furnished such letters, many of which were from

friends, and contained much personal matter, this tool of the conspirators read them from beginning to end in Mr. Tucker's presence. One from an old friend began with: "I send you three dollars for a year's subscription."

"How is this," he was asked, "three dollars is not the subscription price."

"The gentleman sent an excess desiring to contribute to the paper's growth," replied Mr. T.

Prompt came the next question, "What did you do with the money?"

"Placed it with the paper's receipts."

"You did not appropriate it to sending the paper to other individuals?"

"Not in special; all receipts are used in paying the general expenses." And this petty examination continued so long as there was a point to be fully explained. How humiliating to an honest man or woman to be subjected to such espionage, but while one's oath to the statement made is required, it is not accepted as proof.

Mr. Tucker says that what is related above occurred early in January, and adds: "I heard nothing more till the middle of February then I began to receive from my subscribers in different part of the country elaborate, regularly printed circulars which had been sent to them from Washington by the department, asking them a set series of questions concerning their subscription to Liberty, how much they paid, how they paid it, if any extra inducements were held out to secure their subscriptions, etc., etc. It seems that not only the publishers, but the subscribers to radical papers must be insulted.

The above shows the advance in censorship that has been made since the cent a pound rate was established. Then, as I know by experience, all one had to do was to take the papers to the postoffice, have them weighed and pay the postage for the number of pounds. To-day, it means the right of the censors to demand of a publisher his private letters for official inspection. It means the right to demand the subscription list for official inspection.

It means the denial of 2nd class rates unless their questions are satisfactorily answered, and more, the highest postage known for printed matter, and with small papers even more than letter rate. An eight-paged, 4 column publication of ordinarily light paper takes 18 copies to weigh a pound, or 18 cents to the pound instead of one cent. Book rate is only 8 cents per pound, and letter rate 32 cents where as a 4 page, 4 column paper of the weight above named would be 36 cents to the pound, when sent as 3rd class matter, which it must be or suspension if there is failure in getting 2nd class rates. If, after a publisher has been sufficiently humiliated he succeeds in getting the cheap rate he must still be subjected to the same degrading espionage.

The question at issue is not as to what shall be discussed, and what shall not, but shall we have a free press, or a cen-

sorship? Shall we be permitted to analyze every question of human interest, or must we be told what we may or may not say? Shall the people of this great Republic be denied the right to choose their own reading matter? Truth has nothing to fear in grappling with error in an open field and a fair fight.

We are told of one who said, "behold I shake not only the heavens but the earth, and only those things that cannot be shaken will remain." Let those who try to stop the car of progress rest assured that the shaking will go on, and the more they oppose the stronger the shaking. But to go back to the postage question.

As now handled it is a direct discrimination against the publishers of radical thought; not in law but in fact—an indirect attempt to suppress such papers as far as is possible, and if they are permitted to go on as they have done they will soon make it possible. The law, it is true, applies to all, but remember, please, that Congress has given to the postal department the right of private judgment, to wit, that they may enforce the law as they see best, and their judgment tells them it is not best to annoy the general press. They know that such espionage over our great newspaper system would not be endured for a moment.

The conspirators who have secured office for the purpose of destroying the freedom of the press do not care to trouble those who are immersed in politics, money-getting or in sustaining the superstitions of the past, and of course will not attack their own publications. But I am not done with their methods. Not satisfied with getting the number and character of all "heretic" papers, they wanted the names of the subscribers. This was not called for at first. It was several years before they became as tyrannical as now, but in demanding the subscription list they are getting the names.

Do you think all this is to happen so? Do you think there is no purpose behind it? There certainly is and has been from the first. They are preparing the way for other steps, what I do not clearly see but I should as soon think of a serpent stopping crawling toward its intended victim as of these conspirators leaving matters as they are.

There is a time coming when no letter or package will reach its destination unless the name of the sender is upon it. This would be all right if the postal department was simply a public carrier, but with its present power we should be at the mercy of any one who chose to forge our names. There are many in San Francisco, Calif., who are familiar with the case of young Price, a bookseller who was actively opposing Catholicism, and who was accused of sending obscene literature through the mail, and sent to San Quentin for a year. He positively asserts he did not know there was such a pamphlet in existence till it was produced in court as evidence against him.

We can thus see how dangerous the power now held by the postal department, and what is to be done about such

a state of things? It seems to me sometimes as if our revolutionary fathers must rise from their graves to confront their degenerate sons—such servility, such a yielding up of the people's individual rights for a few cents postage!

Where is the self-respect of our newspaper fraternity that they submit to such a degradation of their manhood, degradation so long as such a law stands upon the statute book whether enforced or not.

As I see things, there should be a concerted effort to place the postal department where it belongs as a public carrier, a public servant. Its moral sponsorship should be taken from it and placed with the states. Then there could be no censorship to destroy the freedom of the press.

Friends of freedom, wake up and act if you wish even the shadow of our liberties to be preserved.

VACATION FOR EVERY BODY.

By E. H. Cornwell.

Noticing sometime ago on an editorial page of a local paper an article on, "vacation" headed, "every body takes a vacation but father," I thought how far it was from the truth, and what a comparatively small number really have the vacation at all, and the little most get is just a little obtained to make it easier to bear the unnatural conditions of life through which most all must pass. And inspire us to a wish that all life might be natural, free and equitable.

I have tried to find a good reason under the Sun, thinking of vacations, rest and recuperation, why all might not have it. Whose is it? Who would deny it to us, and what stands in the way of it? Ah! I have it now! 'tis nothing else but the unnatural, hide-bound king money depression, under which we live which says to the millions of poor creatures, under his power, thus far and no farther, till the most of us are glad that we can have the same old drudge always, that we can go home and to bed when our toil is ended, and comfort ourselves with the old thought, "that we can go home when we can go no where else."

Hoping that we may soon awake to use the remedy of the condition always in our reach, and apply our remedy to the ills of life, and that we furnish to every one the much needed vacation, and guarantee to all a peaceful, free, happy, and careless existence worthy of the name of life! I comfort myself in the hope and possibilities of posterity sincerely wishing for all, that you might wake up and enjoy it. (Liberty) now.

Wireless Messages.

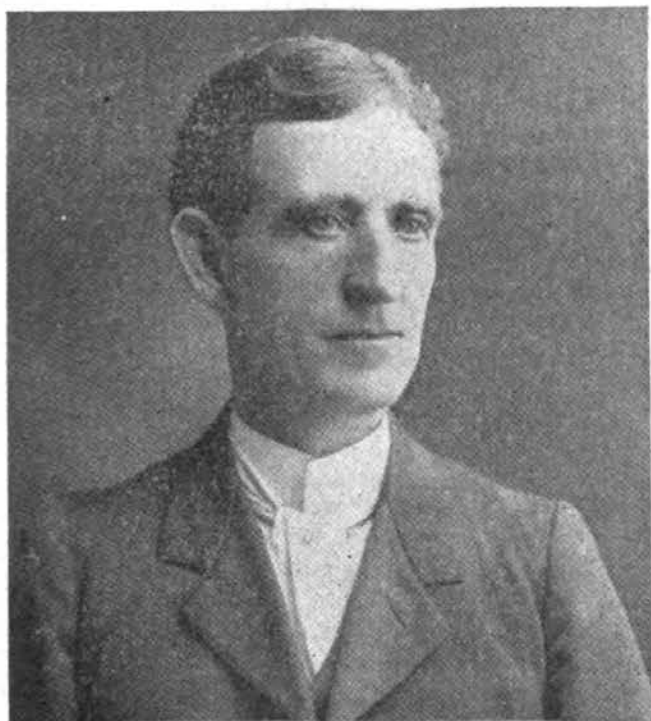
From Dr. George W. Carey.

I have read the *Jungle* by Upton Sinclair. I was a revolutionist in the chrysalis stage before I read that awakener of the dead, but now I am a full-fledged revolutionist.

No reform for me if you please. Our seven times damned competition and commercial piracy needs digging up, not reforming.

If it requires guns and ropes to get rid of our so-called civilization then welcome the battle. Please sign "Yours for the revolution" when you write to me.

The N. Y. Sun says "The next governor of New York



will be a democrat. The next governor of New York will be the next president of the United States" I am pleased to note that the Sun has come out from behind the clouds and begun to shine.

The Sun may become the Sun of righteousness yet. "While the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return."

The advent of the Aquarius Age (Son of Man) is causing great upheavals.

The end of the world is here, the end of the competitive world of profits, rents and interest—the dollar world. The outlines of the new world—the world of man—looms up in the morning light of the new day.

There is no philosophy but true philosophy, ergo no philosophy—just think. A truth or the truth is not theoretical, debatable or philosophical; it simply is; it does not admit of qualifications.

When one really knows a thing he neither teaches it, argues for nor defends it. He does not care what others, think about it.

When I fully comprehend truth I will not send any more wireless messages about it for I will know that I cannot teach truth. Truth must be immediately recognized.

Man cannot tell why his fingernails grow, or his hair. Man knows nothing whatever about the mystery of digestion or transmutation of food, or how he breathes when asleep. Until man knows himself, understands his duality, is master of the process of materialization and dematerialization, he will not know truth. Man is truth, and must be fully comprehended before truth can be recognized.

Signs of the Times.

By J. Adelard Rene,

If the same search-light of research that is cast upon the fields of science, philosophy, and history, had been applied to the Bible and religious beliefs generally, the Western world would be greatly more advanced in its civilization. At the beginning of this Century, the notable disposition to investigate religions and their reasons to be, is a marked sign of progress. The shaking of the false foundations of faith must precede the building up of new structures that will in time give a refuge to those searching for the truth. If we abide by the signs of the times, we cannot but see that we are entering an age of constructive religious ideas; ideas that will do away with the bitter dissatisfaction of gloomy doubt. The time is coming when our religious consciousness will no longer be fettered by a compulsory belief in the Bible as a unit, when man will worship a God that will satisfy his ideas of a Supreme Being. It is only through freedom of thought that we can find the truth. Charity will play a greater role in the religions of the future than it has in those of the past.

True religion is not a creed,—it has no pet name,—it simply seeks the truth, and gives hope of a better future life.

True religion needs no cruel invention of eternal punishment, and instead of damnation it promises a chance to those who have been unable to resist temptations. It teaches that love is the life of nature, and that true Charity is the first requisite to be good.

The name of Christianity should stand for true religion, but does it? Who can calculate the number of believers who have been driven to mad-houses after despair entered their souls through the complicated and hopeless teachings of some religion? To them, religion was a curse when it should have been a blessing, but theirs was no true religion, no more than is the religion that is preached today by the "up-to-date" ministers who are offering inducements to mothers to have their children baptized, and who court personal publicity and rely upon their ability of phrase-making to draw crowds to their churches. Their sermons are mere oratorical displays that entertain some who listen, but fail to satisfy the hunger of the soul for the truth. Think of the poor woman who holds in her arms her half-starved child, while the preacher is making an eloquent plea for a contribution to some foreign missionary scheme! She hears the jingling of silver and gold falling in the contribution box after the minister's appeal. That woman, as she wanders back to her poverty-stricken home, where there is nothing to satisfy her nor her child's hunger, has a right to wish that she was a heathen instead of a civilized being. Why should our ministers encourage collections to be sent to foreign missions, when we have in our own land, thousands of unfortunates who are in extreme need of material as well as spiritual help? If the amount of energy and money spent in China by missionaries of Christianity, had been employed to render succor to the poor of our large Centers, much more good would have resulted, but our religions have been affected by the idea of expansion, and while it is not to be doubted that those missionaries, peddlers of the gospel, are sincere in their ideas, and often heroic in their conduct while seeking to convert infidels, still the fact remains that they are unjust to themselves and their own people, in going to foreign lands to devote their lives, when they could do much more good right in their own Country.

What right have we to think that the wisdom of our teachings is greater than that of Confucius? Do we sufficiently understand the Buddhist principles to intelligently condemn them, and try to replace them by ours? It is to Science that civilization belongs, and in the understanding of nature that true religion consists, and when Science and Religion can step together in their endeavors to find the truth, and explain natural phenomena, then the truth that is the key to all wisdom will brighten human life.

Centralization in Music.

By Parker H. Sercombe.



GERTRUDE RADLE PARADIS.

To-Morrow readers who are conscious that it is ever our aim to think **wholesale** and not retail, to consider every phenomenon in its relation to all others, to view each thing as a part of the **Universal Harmony of Things** will be interested to know how here and there in Life, Education, Art and Music, others are moving toward the same general plan.

The "Plan" is not any brand of human philosophy, it is nature's own system.

To find ourselves working and thinking in accordance with the Universal Cosmic System as cor-

roborated throughout nature is to know that we are working on **true, imperishable** lines and is widely different from the usual habit of thought that narrows itself to one thing, and makes no effort to discover its points of harmony with the rest of life.

In these days, prophets of this **Universal Thought** method have arisen in the avenues of Education, Art, Economics and Philosophy, and now comes Gertrude Radle Paradis, the first to present tone and harmony as a part of all tone and harmony—the first to perceive in vocal and mechanical harmonies a kinship to the harmony of all things, in mechanism, color, sound and rhythm.

Under the title of "Centralization in Music" Mrs. Paradis has brought her art into the realm of Synthetic Philosophy as implied in Heckel's "Welt-Rathsel" and as tabulated in Spencers "Universal Postulate" hence her system must be correct for all time past and future.

In the last analysis chemistry, and all form, sound and color, together with their functions are amenable to the laws of physics: Light and shade, crescendo and diminuendo, atavism, memory and momentum all varying in uniform ratio

according as effected by time and distance: Why? Because all matter, forces and phenomena are members of the same family—resisted and encouraged in their development by the same fixed laws.

Light blendings, Sound blendings, Color blendings, Friendship blendings, the blendings of the emotions, of races, of clouds, of rich and poor, good and evil, and even to the method of chiseling a statue and teaching music should all be a part of the same eternal adjustment, rythm, movement.

Mrs. Paradis' music method fulfills the demand that not only must mind, muscle, tone and resonator centralize into one harmonious whole but the music given off must harmonize with the apparently intelligent rythm and motion seen in all things.

This latest prophetess in the realm of sound tells the world that **harmony** relatively and specifically is the law of life, progress, evolution whereas; discord tends always to decay dissolution, and death. She says: "When from chaos, **order** issued to command a Universe, Music was born. The hush of evening, the silence of night, the melody of the morning were the inspirations which caused man to cast about and fashion instruments to call back these sounds from their dwelling places."

Mrs. Paradis as head of the Centralizing School of Music, 730 Fine Arts Building, Chicago, is doing as great a work for philosophy as for her own art in initiating a method that if employed in all avenues of life would soon prepare the world for the new day, the higher thought and the broader civilization.

What Do You Think About It?

The work of the International Health League whose advertisement appears on another page have methods which are peculiarly their own. Some have the idea that because the word "Health" appears in their title that disease is what they treat. They make instead a specialty of "Health." They tell the secret of "keeping well," not the dose to take after one has become bankrupt. At 490 South Saline St., Syracuse, N. Y., are the executive offices of the League, while its members are scattered all over the English speaking world. If you write telling them you are a reader of "To-Morrow" they will send you a "League Letter" which is "something different." It is a curiosity in its way and yet it will cost you only a cent.

Dear To-Morrow:

Your magazine is the ONE free, unhampered thing of earth. Nothing exacting, nothing precise, you obey no precedent and are never common. There are no lice on the wings of your fancy. For enclosed you may put me down for six copies Cave Dwellers.

Admiringly,

CHARLES FRANCIS COBB.

"To-Morrow" and Real Democracy.

The following letter and poem indicate that our correspondent knows the character of *the coming civilization* and realizes the meaning and intent of 'To-MORROW'.—Editor.

ALL HAIL TO-MORROW! I was pleased with the "Culturist" for which I subscribed, but I like the form of To-Morrow better and with the editorial staff at work, it can't help but be a success. We need all the help to right thinking that we can get. Need more students of Spencer, Whitman, Shelley, Thoreau, Crosby, Carpenter, Tolstoi, Kropotkin, Gorkey and others who have messages for the world. The cruel shackles of the past must be unlocked—the key is knowledge. The spiral path of Progress will be traveled by all who take Wisdom for a guide. Human brotherhood must become a reality, having too long been theorized upon, and not expected until some far off millenium. The **Now** is marred by ignorance and all its attendant evils. **To-Morrow** will be radiant with the dawn of the era of Love.

Yours for Success,

Myra Pepper.

FREEDOM'S WAY

BY MYRA PEPPER.

Journeying toward the heights that lie beyond—
Laden with many of Life's burdens,
I saw my fellow pilgrims and noted oft their sighing.
Each strove the way he deemed the best,
Each carried loads that he alone must bear,
And ever added to the store, nor would they lay them down.
Delusions—Hopes grown cold—Ambition,
Avarice and Greed—and all the many fears that curse the race.
Many sang of freedom!

"Oh to be free—to be free
Then swift could we pass
Unto the Land of Truth,
Whose white light leads us on."

Then teachers came. Some taught
Oh, cast thy burdens on the Lord!

But centuries passed away,
And still the cry for Freedom.

Humanity still toiled the rocky steep—
Still carried loads that weighed them down.

Huge piles of Prejudice—
Errors, heaped on heap—

While Creeds and Customs, long grown stale,
Were clasped with jealous care.

Lest the holders should be robbed
Of all they held most dear.

Along the way green blossoms, beautiful and bright—
Truth blossoms of the Centuries.

Some plucked and carried,
Never noting that e'en Truths grow old and die—
(Truths that are relative belong to passing time.)

So on and on.

Sometimes, 'mid marshy ways, clogged with mire,
 Our pilgrims travelled.
 Again, the patch was strewn with briers,
 And then there rose rocky steeps that, when ascended,
 Left trail of bleeding feet behind.

Some dallied by the way,
 Lured into groves of Pleasure,
 Where waters of Delight sparkled.

Here!" Shouted they,
 "Is that sweet Freedom found!
 Freedom for all life's joys."

But souls there were ablaze with light,
 With burdens still weighed down.
 And yet they journeyed on,
 Sighing, sometimes, to see the days go by.
 The goal so far away.
 And then 'tis thought was born,
 Born to rescue the pilgrims from Despair.

This is the thought—
 "Oh man, lay down thy burdens,
 Cast into the deep thy Fears;
 How canst thou hope to gain the New
 Whilst fettered by the Old?
 Let each day find thee free— free from the Sorrows,
 The Cares of yesterday.
 Take, if thou choose, what seems the best,
 But bind it not too closely;
 When newer, brighter truths are offered,
 Be thou Free.

Besides, how canst thou keep thy brother
 When laden over much?
 Be free—be clearly free!
 Free to reject the false—
 Free to condemn the wrong—
 Free to denounce the Fears that clog thy footsteps."

The Pilgrims listened.
 And they whose souls had caught a gleam of light, Celestial
 Believed.

Onward and upward still they go,
 Helping their fellow pilgrims on the way.
 What thou with perils is the pathway strewn?
 Soon they shall have overcome, and standing firm,
 They see the Light of Truth
 And Wisdom's Word revealed;
Humanity is God!

IT'S REALLY SO.

By JOHN CLARKSON.

My Country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of tyranny,
 I love to sing.
 Where men think they are free,
 Although 'tis plain to see
 They cringe on bended knee,
 Like anything.

My country 'tis for thee,
 Steeped in hypocrisy,
 I blush for shame,
 At each and every crime,
 That's done time after time,
 By pious frauds who whine,
 All in God's name.

Informal Brotherhood and Correspondence Club.

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense or for the welling heart—but make it short.

FREE KINDNESS, FREE SONG, FREE LOVE.

By Mary H. Force.

I read in the last issue of your magazine an article entitled, "Let us Free Love." The author doesn't give us any hint as to how we shall go about it to free love, so I went about it in my own way and if it prove a helpful suggestion to anyone else I shall be very glad.

I was playing the accompaniment for a young man to sing. His voice was not remarkable but I saw that it would be splendid with a little cultivation. Ordinarily I would have said, "That is very good, let's have another," or some other stereotyped phrase. But suddenly reflecting that we seldom give expression to our good opinion in a sincere way. I turned to him and said earnestly, "Won't you please sing that part again? I think you have a fine voice." He colored with pleasure and I know I had set free the captive, "Song," which was only waiting for encouragement to give expression to his melody.

I enjoyed my dinner very much and remarked to the young woman waiting on the table, the daughter of the cook, that the dinner was very good and that I had enjoyed it heartily. She told her mother and the result was three pleased people—for I was pleased with myself. Encouraging words are like mercy: they bless him that gives and him that takes. I like the plan so well that I'm going to cultivate the habit of giving expression to the good thoughts I have of other people and their abilities. We do not know how many are waiting in the valley of indecision just for the lack of a word of commendation or encouragement. We have dozens of opportunities to speak them every day. Kind words are cheap and yet how many of us keep them bottled as if we had a limited number to dispense during a life time. Anyone who refuses praise where it is merited is like the cruel populace who turned their thumbs down to signify that they would be delighted to see a life crushed out. It's the same principle, at least. Thumbs up! and let us make it a part of our children's education to teach them how to speak the word of praise. Generosity cannot be said to be a dominant element in the character of children. They haven't been taught it very extensively, either by example or precept. If at all, by precept. If they had been, we might not have to-day so many heartless millionaires and greedy corporations.

ANOTHER "BUM" BOOK.

Review By Frederick Rindler.

"Chains," a novel by Nellie M. Jerauld, published at The Bancroft Shop, Memphis, Tenn., is another one of those atrocious crimes committed in the fair name of Literature. It is supposed to be a story (we have the author's word for it in the prefix) and with this assurance, may proceed to plod through its pages. It is a bunch of rot, possessing all the potentialities of a problem play without a problem. Its delineation of character is admirable—great. The heroine is a little hatchet-faced old maid of questionable antecedents whose age might be represented by the quantity X. Nature had sadly neglected her in the bestowal of physical attractions, and almost involuntarily the reader is lead to infer that she is spavined, and possessed of limbs whose classic outlines compared favorably with those of a broom handle, but the immutable law of compensation counterbalanced this deficiency by a **Strong Intellect**. Among her peculiar idiosyncrasies was an aversion amounting almost to hatred, to the prevailing Marriage Customs, and one day in a little spat with her good mother, told her frankly that she would "never be owned." The reader would naturally infer that no one would have the slightest desire to "own" her, but paradoxical as it may seem, there was one Sam—who had gone sweet on her for fair. But it seems that Jennie (the heroine's name) did not like Sam in spite of the fact that he was "long on the long green" and well adjusted in his physical make-up, and had a bunch of self-esteem that was second to none. Sam always walked with his nose against the ceiling. He also entertained the foolish idea that the woman who married him would to all intents and purposes be his "property." There is no doubt that he intended to be the "boss" of the combination. To Jennie this was simply unpardonable and when Sam "popped" to her, it was a case of I regrets to reportsky—much to the amazement of Sam, who promptly went off to marry another birl named Belle who was pretty and had a weather eye for the Main Chance.

After this Jennie goes to a neighboring town to teach in a Female Seminary, all the time congratulating herself what a lucky cuss-ess she was for having escaped Sam, for it was painfully evident that Sam and Belle did not hitch, and the thing was voted to be a frost.

But the incomparable Jennie was destined to meet her fate. It happened at a sociable given at the Seminary shortly before the Holidays, where she was formally introduced to one Prof. Rollin Carr who was instructor in one of the Universities in the town. It seems that the good professor was smitten with her the moment he clapped his eyes on her, and subsequently wooed her with commendable persistency. Now it happened that the Professor entertained the same views on the Marriage Question as the aforesaid

Jennie, but neither dreamed that the one thought the same as the other. It was, therefore, with fear and trembling limbs that the professor made his "proposal" and was overwhelmed with joy when he discovered that they both thought alike.

This is as far as any reader can read the book with any degree of interest. Then you skip—skip like everything. The book presents no problem, no theory, not even a plausible argument against the institution of Marriage. It has not even the redeeming feature of being well written, and the writer hacks the King's English with amazing indifference to consequence. The volume bears all the ear marks of a maiden effort, and it is very evident that the author through our system of false education was destined to wield a pen when she ought to be cooking doughnuts.

To the Junk Pile with "Chains!" If you have absolutely nothing to do, and there is not another book within a million miles, read "Chains." You could do worse.

But not much.

For copies send 50c to To-Morrow Publishing Co.

Dear Friend Sercombe:

You are publishing a magnificent journal, and I sincerely hope that a very wide circulation awaits it, for never in the history of the world has there been greater need for the dissemination of rationalistic thought than exists today.

T. J. BOWLES.

Dear Sercombe:

I think your magazine is freely fine and finely free. I rejoice in the unhampered word wherever and however it is found.

Cordially,

GRACE BROWN.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

Dear Sercombe: "To-Morrow" is getting on. I like it, old boy.

I am sincerely yours,

H. P. LAYTON,
Editor Public Press.

Parker H. Sercombe:

Dear Sir—Enclosed find money order for \$1.00. You will please send me copy of "Chicago's Cave Dwellers" when out. Have been reading "To-Morrow" this year, and have come to the conclusion it is the best magazine

published. Wishing you success, I remain,
Very truly yours,

A. M. JACK.

Dear Sirs: Your magazine is in the vanguard of mental progress. Keep it there.

Yours truly,
GEORGE E. FRYE

My Dear "To-Morrow:" Kindly send me for one year that mental agitatin' and thought provokin' magazine in which I have been intensely interested ever since its birth, because it exercises my "thinkery" and directs to

the better way and the better day for humanity.

I have anxiously awaited and devoured each issue with an ever increasing relish.

In grateful and sincere appreciation,
H. S. CAVE.

Dear Friends: I want to say to you that "To-Morrow" is coming out bolder and stronger every month. Each issue has new interest and shows progress. Parker must be bidding against Sinclair for the rank of Boss Muckraker. He makes "To-Morrow" a great steam shovel which dips deeply among the *muck makers* and comes up with a load of stuff to show the world what humanity is made of.

The July number has a great dose. It is no doubt more than those Chicago clergy boys care to swallow.

The world appears in panorama and "To-Morrow" lines up the hypocrites and puts many a gentlemen (?) on the list.

Success to you, Fraternally,
R. G. HAFLING,
Greeley, Colo.

"To-Morrow is a magazine published in Chicago for "people who think." It believes in Democracy and Equality. It was lately consolidated with The Culturist, of Cincinnati, edited by Walter Hurt. He is one of the corps of editors of To-MORROW. Parker Sercombe is the main guy and you can't help admiring what he writes. The magazine is fearless and has not been captured or controlled by the money kings of the country as have Pearson's, McClure's, Saturday Evening Post, Atlantic, Century, Harper's, Scribner's, and others. It is fighting for the people against special privileges. "To Morrow" is a commendable magazine for \$1 per year, and is entirely different from all others. There have been some fine numbers the past few months. We are sure many of the readers of the Public Press already know of it.

ELIZABETH TOWNE

in *The Nautilus* for August.

When we get tired of a house or it gets too cramped for us, we go live in another one. Death is just going to live in another mansion. We call death in when we get tired enough of the old environment.

So the realization of eternal life resolves itself into the matter of making ourselves so self-satisfying, and our environment so beautiful and so elastic, that we shall not want to move into



"The Schaefer System"

Is the greatest discovery in the Art of Healing, and no family is safe, and no Doctors Office complete without the Schaefer Healing Apparatus. Thousands of once bed-ridden, helpless invalids will never forget the name of "SCHAEFER", and many write: "Why did you not sooner come to the Front with your great invention? We could have spared many years of sufferings," etc.

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To introduce this wonderful magazine we will give 5,000 free Astrological reading. Send 50 cents for one years subscription or 5 cents for a sample copy and you will receive a FREE reading of your life. Be sure to send your birth date.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

a new mansion. As not one of us is really satisfied with anything less than beauty, power, love, freedom; as not one of us can be satisfied with an environment which will not afford us opportunity to work out our ideals of beauty; and *as one man's environment includes the whole world and all its people*; you can see that there is a good deal to do yet before any one man will really *want* to stay right along here without the change of mansion we call death.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

(*The Superwoman.*)

BY GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

The noble queen of womankind!

I see her radiant stand,
The crown of wisdom on her brow,
Love's scepter in her hand.

Arrayed in robes of purity,
So spotless, fair and white;
Adorned by virtues priceless gem,
So perfect, clear and bright.

Now by the light of reason's lamp,
She scans the ancient page,
Anew she reads the history,
Of each long vanished age.
'The torch of science,' guides her feet,
To mountain peaks sublime,
To catch a glimpse of endless life,
Beyond the bounds of time.

Her lips are sweet with charity,
No scandal stains her tongue,
And in her bosom "Faith in God."
And 'hope for man' are young.
Serene she smiles at Slander's darts,
By puny mortals hurled,
And on her spotless banner writes
"Defiance to the World."

Forth to her toil at dawn she goes,
Her little flock to keep,
While wedded prostitutes at ease
In luxury's chambers sleep.
No man can hold her "Thrall to lust,"
E'en tho' she bear his name.
Her body is the holy shrine
"Of Love's celestial flame."

None but a man of equal worth
Shall be her children's sire,
For only to such manhood true
Can be her pure desire.
She shrinks with loathing from the touch
Of all that's "base and low";
She knows "the future of the world"
She makes for weal or woe.

Consummate flower of Womanhood!
Heaven's richest gift to earth,

SPINAL IRRITATION

An elegantly, illustrated booklet: cause and cure of disease that produces the following

SYMPTOMS:

HEADACHE or pains in head, especially in Back part and Base of Brain; Nervous Headaches; sensations like a pulling or stretching of

CORDS in the **NECK**; trouble with the

EYES connected with pain or aching in back part of head or neck or upper part of shoulders; aches or pains in the eyes or back of them; specks or spots before the eyes or blurred vision, a frequent desire to **SIGH** or **YAWN** or take a deep full, breath;

PALPITATION and irregularity of heart; pains, oppression, difficult breathing, or very peculiar and disagreeable feelings in the region of the

HEART, LUNGS STOMACH, or other parts of the body that doctors often call Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Heart trouble and various other names, but fail to cure; aches and pains in region of

KIDNEYS; BACK-ACHE; sensations of oppression or constriction like a **BELT AROUND THE BODY**, or part way around;

PARTIAL PARALYSIS of arms, shoulders, hands, lower limbs or feet, causing pains in these members, or a

NUMB feeling or sensation of coldness, heaviness, or a tingling or feelings resembling the

PRICKING of **PINS** or needles or as if the parts were asleep;

SORE, TENDER or BURNING points along the spine or in limbs or feet; pains in face, arms, back, lower limbs or feet resembling those of

NEURALGIA or **SCIATICA RHEUMATISM**;

CHILLS up and **DOWN BACK**; **CREEPING** sensations, coldness and numbness; pain

BETWEEN SHOULDERS, **CREEPING AND GRINDING PAINS**.

If you have the above-named symptoms or any of them, you probably have **SPINAL IRRITATION**. A very serious disorder that but few physicians can cure. Yet it is very easily cured by proper treatment. For 16 cents we will send you an elegantly illustrated booklet that explains how. It also explains the disease and what causes it.

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The toil and tears of ages past
 Brought thee at least to birth.
 Thy breath the World with fragrance
 fills,
 Tho' few thy beauty see,
 The present joy, "the future's hope"
 Alike depend on thee.

Oh mother of the Race divine!!
 Oh goddess brave and true!
 We now would at thy stainless feet
 Our Knighthood's vow renew.
 Who would not court a Life of Pain
 Cheered by that beaming eye?
 To save thee from "the powers of ill"
 Who would not gladly die?

LITERARY NOTE.

The Truth Seeker Co. (62 Vesey street, New York) has just issued a most important work entitled, "Six Historic Americans, Paine, Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Grant, the Fathers and Saviors of Our Republic, Freethinkers. By John E. Remsburg."

Mr. Remsburg has collected complete evidence that all these men were infidels to Christianity and fully makes out his case. With the exception of Paine and Jefferson, the church claims all these men as Christians, particularly Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Remsburg has shown that the claim is false.

The book is large 12mo. 547 pages, handsomely printed and bound, with portraits of the Six Historic Americans named. Price \$1.25.

AN OFFICIAL BLOCKHEAD.

"It is customary here, the same as 'tis in most rural communities," pessimistically said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, "to elect the biggest lunkhead in the region constable; but I estimate that we broke all records when we elevated Bill Slackputter to that position. Why, day before yesterday, when a life insurance agent and a picture-enlarger got into a fight, down in front of the post-office, and bid fair to pretty nearly kill each other, what did that dod-blittered booby do but wade right in and part 'em!"—*Watson's Magazine.*

A PHYSICIAN'S INVENTION.

With the progress of the American nation, the physician must not be overlooked as an inventive genius. Prominent among recent inventions to relieve and cure the afflicted is the Anti-Tension Compress for Varicocele.

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I want ten classes or kinds of songs, and forty-nine songs in each class. The ten classes are:—Patriotic and War Songs; Sea Songs and Chanteys; Lullabies and Child Songs; Dancing Songs, Lits and Jigs; Plantation songs and Negro melodies; Hymns and Revival Songs; Love Songs of all Races; Selections from Operas and Operettas, Concert Hall Songs and Ballads; and College, School and Fraternity Songs.

For the best song in each of the above ten classes, I will pay \$25.00; for the second, \$15.00; the third, \$10.00; the fourth, \$5.00, and for the next best forty-five songs in each class I will pay \$1.00 each. Subscribing for the National is not a condition.

Heart value counts; in case of a tie, the awards will be divided equally. We cannot be responsible for contributions; stamps should be enclosed for return postage.

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JOE CHAPPLE, Editor, NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

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MAGAZINE REVIEWS.

The *Technical World Magazine* (Sep.) is obviously for people who do things and who are interested in what other people are doing. The march of the world's industry is here shown, and one cannot fail to be thrilled with wonder and amazement at the evidence of human daring and achievement. "The Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. "Seldon's Explosion Buggy," "Weaving Panama Hats," and "Grinding the World's Coffee" are some of the subjects authoritatively presented and artistically illustrated.—3325 Armour Ave., Chicago.

Michael Monahan's "*Papyrus*" for August, "A Magazine of Individuality," contains a characteristic message with reference to "Free America" that should be immortalized. Other forceful contributions by writers of world-wide reputation, not the least among them being those by the gifted editor himself impress the reader with the possibilities of democracy and individuality in the literary field—Elizabeth, New Jersey.

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The Dial under date of Aug. 1 "contains much of value to the lover of poetry. An article giving the plans of an organization to preserve the graves of Keats and Shelly and to purchase the house of Keats and convert it into a library, museum and meeting place for English and American travellers, is among the interesting things.—Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

The Aug. *Arena* treats of an unusual variety of subjects, but all with a view to social advancement and the interests of The People as opposed to special privileges for the few. Geo. Wharton James, author of "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," contributes a characteristic article on "San Francisco and Her Great Opportunity."—5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

The *Review of Reviews* (Aug.) is replete with pertinent and ably written articles noticeable among them an elaborate and charming illustrated one on "Brazil, the Great Republic of the Tropics," by G. M. L. Brown and Franklin Adams.—13 Astor Place, New York.

The Aug. *Cosmopolitan* publishes an article by David Starr Jordan on "The Cause of the Great Earthquake," the illustrations of San Francisco after the catastrophe being quite the best that we have seen. Jack London's story "Planchette" is concluded in this number, "To-Morrow" this month reprints Bailey Millard's "Message of the Dome" by special permission of the author.—1789 Broadway, N. Y.

Toronto, Canada, should be proud of its "*Secular Thought*—A Fortnightly Journal of Rational Criticism in Politics, Science and Religion," under date of Aug. 11th, appear many forceful editorials, special articles and comments of vital interest to students of liberal thought.—J. S. Ellis, Ed., 185½ Queen St., W., Toronto, Can.

The Light of Truth of July 28th publishes in its front page an exceedingly well written article by Lucinda B. Chandler. While we are not busying ourselves with spiritualists phenomena, we do not hesitate to recommend this publication to those interested.—305 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Those seeking a "Journal of Applied Metaphysics," should get a sample copy of "*The Life*" published by Three Barters, 3332 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo. The Aug. issue publishes some good things for people who like "affirmations" for "Health, Power and Opulence" and are in need of "Healing Thoughts."

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The Open Court—Dr. Paul Carus, Chicago.

The Public—First Nat. Bk Building, Chicago.

The Literary Digest—Funk and Wagnalls Co., N. Y.

Popular Science Monthly—Lancaster, Pa.

The Open Road—Met. Bldg., Chicago.

Fellowship—420 W. 6th St. Los Angeles, Cal.

Fullfillment—Grace Brown, Denver, Colo.

American Educational Review—315 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Socialist Voice—Oakland, Cal.

Common Sense—Los Angeles, Cal.

The Broad Ax—Chicago.

The Western Clarion — Vancouver, B. C.

The Liberator, Journal of Minn. Health League, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Blue Devil—431 W. Main St., Louisville, Ky.

Human Life—Boston, Mass.

Tom Watson's Magazine—New York.

The National Magazine — Boston, Mass.

Wilsheris Magazine—New York.

Overland Monthly—San Francisco.

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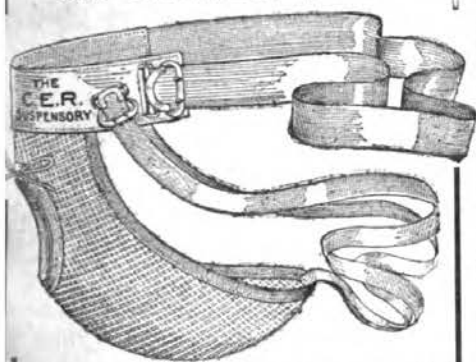
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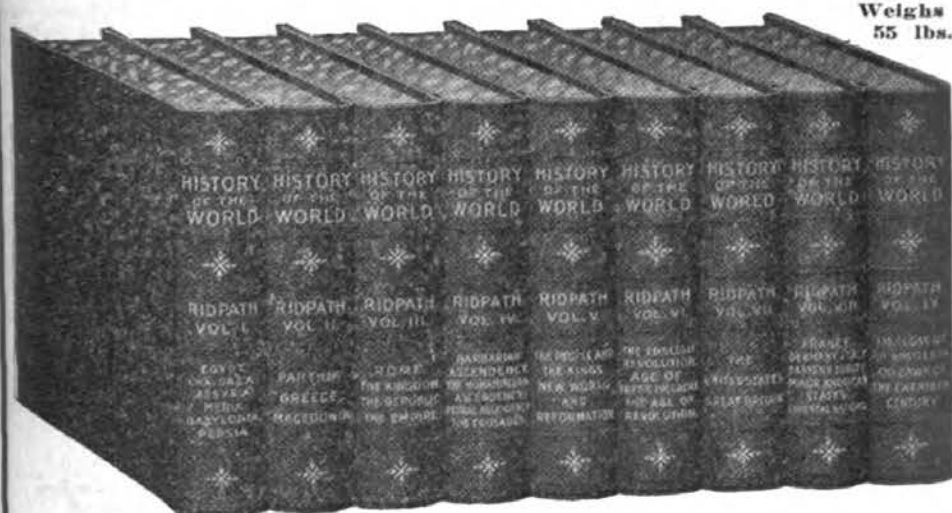
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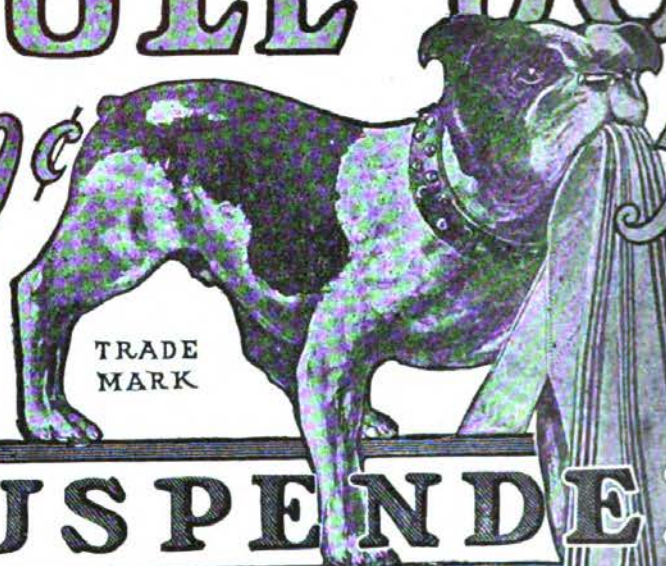
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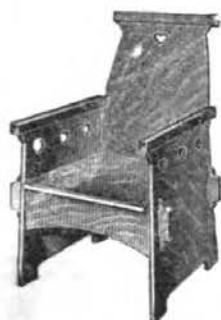
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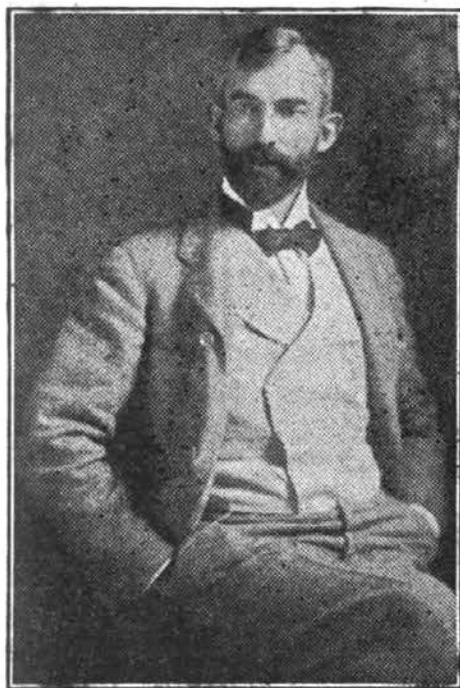
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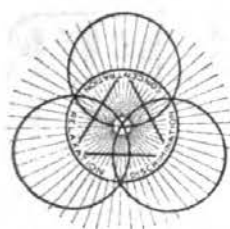
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I was born when my parents were in the prime of life in full vigor of man and womanhood, both of whom lived to a good old age.

I was an intimate friend of the late lamented Robert G. Ingersoll; have visited his family since his death at Bog's Ferry, on the Hudson.

I take the liberty of sending you by this mail a late photo of my three-year-old grand nephew and myself, and also some clippings from "Blue Grass Blade" and one of our local papers, the "Post."

Dr. J. B. Wilson is a prolific writer. His book, "A Trip to Rome," is one of the most entertaining and instructive works I have read. There are many eloquent and pathetic passages. Every one who has read it pronounces it a valuable work which should be in the hands of all.

I have been a freethinker for more than fifty years, having discarded all religious dogmas and lived a life free from superstition, which may have had something to do with my length of years.

I was born on Friday, Jan. 26, 1816, during the administration of James Madison and forty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. My grandfather, a soldier of the Revolution, often related to me the story of the sanguinary conflict. He was at the front in the battle of Lexington, witnessed the fall of Burgoyne's army of 7,000 at Saratoga and many other conflicts. He died at the ripe old age of 104 years.

TO-MORROW.

When a boy eight years old I well remember the election of John Quincy Adams. In 1839 I married and lived in wedded life fifty-seven years. My wife was a woman of rare excellence, whom to know was to love. She laid down her beautiful, precious life at the age of eighty. We emigrated West in 1842, coming the entire distance by water, there being no railroads at that time west of Rochester, N. Y.

I performed all the labor of a farmer with very simple utensils, having none of the improvements of the present day. When I was a boy there were no matches, no springs to carriages, no telegraph, no telephones, no sewing machines, no railroads, no cooking stoves. Everything was of the simplest and most primitive character. When I first heard people talk of railroads, I could think of nothing but fence rails. When telegraphs were first introduced, it was long an unsolved problem to me how communication could be made through the agency of electricity.

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In reply to your request I would say that I was born in the lower strata of life. My father worked by the day or by the job to support his family. My mother was a quiet, retiring woman who died at the age of thirty-six. I have no noted ancestry. I have worked in people's kitchens year in and year out when I never knew what it was to be rested. Finally I added enough to the little schooling I received in childhood to enable me to meet the requirements of a country school over fifty years ago.

While thus teaching I learned a lesson I have never forgotten. A new edition of Adams' arithmetic was brought into the school containing eight pages of added examples, and my first work was to solve them, which I did all but one, and oh the weary hours I spent upon that. Neither could I find any one who could solve it for me, the county superintendent and a college educated gentleman both failing to do so.

One Sunday evening as I was looking into the fire and thinking not of God and heaven, but of that problem, all at once I saw the law involved, the rule under which it came. I turned to one of my pupils, the son of the lady where I boarded, and said:

"Charlie, please take your arithmetic and slate, turn to such an example, set it down and work it out so and so."

TO-MORROW.

The problem was solved. I had no more question as to the result than I had of my own existence, and I knew he would work it out quicker than I could, for I so often blundered in multiplying and dividing. That blundering propensity pertains to more than the handling of figures in arithmetical problems, and under the disability I have staggered through life, but ever since I began to think independently of Christian teaching I have been studying the problem of society, and fully believe I have found the principle involved. It is that and not my personality which I wish to get before the minds of the thinkers of this age, that they may work out the problem while I go hence.

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The Sage unto The Seer—Greeting, beloved in the faith, peace be with thee, faith in the uplift, and the blessings of a clear conscience—Amen.

I was glad to receive a token of your kind remembrance of the people and the entrancing scenery away out here on the banks of the "classic Skunk," and would love to have you here to-day to roam with me over the fields and pastures, and down along the river bank where we might sit on a log and look down on our wavering and distorted images in the rippling waters, while we talked of the "good time coming" when men shall make common cause for the happiness of all, and the absurd complexities of our present civilization shall be a fading memory. I know you would enjoy it; it would be a baptism to a weary soul, and the Holy Ghost would forthwith descend upon you and give you strength for future work. The corn is fourteen feet tall, the big ears looking down at you as you pass through it; the melon patch, the apples, plums and peaches.—But maybe I do wrong to speak of these things when you are probably too busy to come and revel in and among them.

TO-MORROW.

Yes, you are welcome to enroll my name anywhere along with those who are looking forward and have faith in the "To-morrow," just so you don't put me down as a pessimist, a fossil, a regular or an orthodox.

We are having delightful weather after a protracted hot spell, and the corn crop is simply great. Thanks to the G. O. P. Yours for the uplift, JOEL RICHARDSON,

DR. J. B. WILSON.



Dr. Wilson first became prominently known to the Free-thought world when he championed the cause of the late editor, C. C. Moore, who was sentenced by the United States Court at Cincinnati, to the Ohio State prison for two years.

By his fearless and persistent fight, Dr. Wilson aroused the indignation not only of Liberals generally, but of the most prominent officials of Kentucky of both parties, succeeding finally in carrying the case to President McKinley, who commuted the sentence of Editor Moore, and who was set free after an imprisonment of five months. This was regarded at the time as

the best fight ever put up against the government, in the defence of Free thought, and stamped Dr. Wilson as a man of force and action, as well as leading advocate.

In 1898, he was elected President of "The American Secular Union and Free-Thought Federation." An official feud arising, he resigned before completing his term of office, and at Buffalo, during the Pan-American Exposition, organized the "National Liberal Party," which later changed to the "American Free-Thought Association."

During his term of office as President of the "National Liberal Party," he was appointed American delegate to the International Liberal Congress, which convened at Rome, in September, 1904, the proceedings of which he has incorporated in his book of travel.

Dr. Wilson is also a writer of verse. He will publish a volume of his poems the coming year.

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"The Changing Order" by Oscar L. Triggs. A limited number of copies of this masterpiece of Dr. Triggs will be sent **Free** post-paid when ordered with one years subscription (\$1.00) to To-Morrow Magazine.

TO-MORROW.

ROLL OF HONOR.

(To be revised each month.)

Name, Date and Age.	Address
Silas Rockwell, Jan. 26, 1816, 91	Covington, Ky.
J. S. Loveland, 90	Los Angeles.
Herbert Merrick, 90	Free Port, L. I.
D. S. Burson, 90	Richmond, Ind.
Elizabeth H. Russel, 89	
Dr. G. W. Brown, 89	Rockford, Ill.
J. M. Peebles, 85	
E. L. Livezey, June 30, 1819, 87	Baltimore, Md.
A. H. Frank, 87	
Mrs. J. L. York, 87	San Francisco, Cal., 323 Church St.
E. M. Dewey, 87	Cincinnati, O.
Capt. G. W. Loyd, June 15, 1819, 87	New Rochelle, N. Y.
R. D. Moore, 85	
Dr. J. Mendenhall, 85	Muncie, Ind.
H. J. Swindler, Sept. 2, 1821, 84	Magnolia, Ill.
Dr. Mary Thompson, 84	Portland, Ore.
Henry H. Harris, 83	Bonner, Kan.
T. B. Englehart, 83	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
B. F. Runnels, April 6, 1823, 83	Hawthorne, Iowa.
Peter Woodhouse, Sept. 11, 1824, 82	Bloomington, Wis.
N. F. Griswold, Oct. 7, 1824, 82	Meriden, Conn.
Chas. Gyer, Aug. 22, 1824, 82	
Stephen Barton, 82	Isabella, Cal.
Abner A. Pope, 82	Home, Washington.
Moncure D. Conway, 82	London, Eng.
Judge C. R. Waite, 82	Chicago, Ill.
Delos A. Blodgett, 81	Grand Rapids, Mich.
W. A. Griswold, Feb. 3, 1825, 81	
H. P. Chever, 81	Augusta, Me.
Rhoda A. Glover, 1826, 80	Baldwin, L. I.
John S. Holman, April, 1826, 80	Pontiac, Ill.
W. T. Galloway, Aug. 3, 1826, 80	Orange Co. N. Y.
C. Werner, 1826, 80	Owensboro, Ky.
R. Pratt, 80	Los Angeles, Cal., 805 W. 18th St.
Reuben Pressler, 80	Los Angeles, Cal., 611 Burlington Av.
Dean Dudley, 80	Wakefield, Mass.
I. W. Scott, 80	Horton, Kan.
E. C. Wilmot, 80	Cincinnati, O.
Lois Waishrooker, 80	Antioch, Cal.
G. W. Hammer, 80	Bodie, Montana.
T. C. Deuel, Aug. 15, 1824, 80	
A. J. Davis, 80	
Thomas Jefferson Bowles, 70	Muncie, Ind.
Andrew Jackson Davis, 80	Warren, Mass.
Elmira Drake Slenker, Dec. 1827, 70	Snowville, W. Va.
I. Hughes, April 8, 1828, 78	Glen Haven, Wis.
Wilson Macdonald, 78	New Rochelle, N. Y.

TO-MORROW.

William Hart, July 10, 1828,	78	Los Mochis, Sinaloa, Mex.
F. Larabee, Feb. 11, 1828,	78	Wichita, Kas.
Mrs. Carter,	78	170 Circle Av., Norwood Park, Ill
Lucinda B. Chandler,	78	Bloomfield, Ind.
Aden G. Cavins,	78	Du Quoin, Ill.
John Bulmer, Sept. 6, 1829,	77	Corvallis, Ore.
B. F. Hyland,	77	Cincinnati, O.
Omer T. Glenn,	77	Warren, Pa.
Benj. F. Morris, March 22, 1829,	77	New Haven, Conn.
John C. Miles, Oct. 5, 1829,	77	Stanford, N. Y.
Nelson Crane,	77	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Charles Elmandorf, 1829,	77	Cincinnati, O.
M. M. Murray, Aug. 12, 1829,	77	Escanaba, Mich.
C. D. Johnson, Jan. 29, 1830,	76	_____, S. Dak.
E. H. Couse, April 1, 1830,	76	231 Hoyne Av., Chicago, Ill.
Dr. T. A. Bland,	76	170 Circle Av., Norwood Park, Ill
Harriet C. Garner,	76	Larchmont Manor, L. I.
Dr. Edward Bliss Foote, Feb. 20, 1829,	77	Tuscaramas, O.
S. Toomey,	76	Attleboro, Mass.
A. W. Sturdy, March 4, 1831,	75	Cairo, Ill.
C. R. Woodward,	75	Denver, Col.
Charles Florence,	75	500 Fulton St., Chicago.
Moses Harman,	75	New York City.
Annette Macdonald,	75	New York City.
Joseph Warwick, Feb. 5, 1831,	75	Nat. Soldiers' Home, Va.
J. C. Cameron,	75	Canton, Miss.
F. B. Pratt, 1831,	75	Bradford, Pa.
Albert De Golier, June 4, 1831,	75	Wilber, Neb.
H. Kilgore, Nov. 1, 1831,	75	Red Granite, Wis.
J. W. Harrington, Dec. 14, 1832,	74	Santa Clara, Cal.
A. R. Woodhams, 1832,	74	Watsonville, Mich.
Flora A. Burtis, 1832,	74	Sitkum, Ore.
James Laird, May 1, 1832,	74	Toronto, Canada.
James Craig, June 4, 1832,	74	Fredonia, N. Y.
Lyman C. Howe,	74	Hcme, Washington.
Olivia Freelove Shepherd,	74	Port Angeles, Wash.
Laura J. Andrews, May 3, 1872,	74	Chicago, Ill.
J. R. Francis,	74	Galesburg, Ill.
A. G. Humphrey, M. D.	74	National Soldiers' Home, Tenn.
John M. Postlethwait,	74	Chicago.
Hiram W. Thomas,	74	Cannon Falls, Minn.
A. Tanner,	73	595 60th St., Chicago.
Dr. M. R. Levenson,	73	Peoria, Ill.
Dr. Pfeiffer,	73	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
Juliet A. Severance, 1833,	73	Chattanooga, Tenn., 607 Cherry St.
C. H. Hamond, Jan. 15, 1833,	73	Allington, Neb.
N. S. Johnson, Aug. 5, 1833,	73	Kansas.
W. G. Markland, June, 1833,	73	Rock Island, Ill.
C. A. Whitford, Feb. 28, 1833,	73	
Asa Smith, 1833,	73	
W. H. Bean,	72	

TO-MORROW.

D. K. Tenney,	72	Madison, Wis.
W. G. Markland,	73	Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. W. Wallace,	72	5702 So. Ashland Av., Chicago.
Louise M. Heath,	72	6054 Monroe Av., Chicago.
T. B. Wakeman, Dec. 23,		
1834,	72	Cos. Cob. Conn.
William Colby Cooper,	72	Cleves, O.
W. L. Ryder, March 6,		
1834,	72	Monticello, Ill.
Eliza W. Haines, April 2,		
1835,	71	Versailles, Ind.
John W. Irion, Aug. 7,		
1837,	71	Thomasville, Colo.
John R. Lippitt,	71	Chicago, Ill., 317 Randolph St.
Copley Cottrell, Jan. 18,		
1835,	71	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
J. L. Buxton, Nov. 7, 1835,	71	
Salome Rowe,	71	Grand Rapids, Mich.
J. W. Patrick,	70	Cincinnati, O.
M. H. Coffin, Sept. 20,		
1836,	70	Longmont, Col.
James Beeson,	70	Hytap, Ala.
J. W. Gaskine,	70 ¹	Seattle, Wash.
Dr. L. Mann Hammond,	70	
Louis Roser,	70	Maysville, Ky.
S. R. Shepherd,	70	
Prof. E. Whipple,	70	San Diego, Cal.
John C. Deuel,	70	Rockford, Ill.
G. W. Gann, Aug. 5, 1836,	70	Denton, Tex.
C. C. De Rudio,	70	Los Angeles, Cal., 1034 S. Figueroa St.
Judge Frank Hobart,	70	Ventura, Cal.
Mrs. M. J. Olds, 1836,	70	McMinnville, Ore.
G. W. Phillips, July 10,		
1837,	69	
Dexter K. Cole, Jan. 3,		
1837,	69	North Port, L. I.
E. P. Peacock,	69	Chicago, Ill.
J. Spencer Ellis,	68	Toronto, Can.
J. E. Burkhart, Jan. 3,		
1838,	68	Miltonvale, Kans.
Col. Thomlinson Fort	68	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Dr. L. S. Lambert,	68	Galesburg, Ill.
Dr. C. J. Lewis, Sept. 26,		
1838,	68	733 Carrol Av., Chicago.
Otto Wettstein, 1838,	68	La Grange, Ill.
F. W. Kenyon, 1838,	68	Chicago, Ill.
Joel Richardson, Aug. 11,		
1839,	67	Hvesville, Iowa.
S. F. Benson, 1839,	67	Pierson, Iowa.
W. A. Gilmore, Oct. 1,		
1839,	67	Marshfield, Ore.
John Maddock, July 24,		
1839,	67	Milwaukee, Wis.
Dr. I. S. Curtis, Jan. 1,		
1839,	67	Brunswick, Ore.
Christ Bathman,	67	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Dr. John Kemper,	67	Galesburg, Ill.
Marilla M. Ricker, 1840,	66	Dover, N. H.
Francis Rawson Dingman,	66	Detroit, Mich.
Herman Wettstein,	66	Fitzgerald, Ga.
G. M. Morehouse, Oct.		
31, 1840,	66	Muskegon, Mich.
E. W. Chamberlain,	65	New York City.

The above list having been made up without time to obtain all addresses and verify ages we beg our readers to assist by sending in additions, corrections and omissions.

To-Morrow Talk.

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You know it is making a fight for you and all mankind.

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Fearless pioneer work like this is expensive, and is seldom well paid.

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To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE,

MANAGING EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1906.

The "Old Guard" of Free Thought.....

To-Morrow Talk—

Frontispiece Christianity and Motherhood

Editorials

Free Thought Organization.
The Three Ps. of Propriety.
A Radical University.
Table Manners.
Life and Mind.
Newspapers a Joke.
Property.
Free Publications.

Wanted a Word Lida Parce Robinson
'Mrs.' and "Miss" Grace Moore
Freedom's Martyr (Poem) Lois Waisbrooker
Moses Harman (Poem) George Vale Williams
Indian Bureau Economy Carlos Montezuma
Marilla M. Picker..... "Jac" Lovell
Life of John Trellis John F. Valter
The Press, the Pulpit and War William Rastelle
Our Workers (Poem) Lois Waisbrooker
Joe Mitchell Chapple The Editor
Two Poems H. Bedford Jones
Plot Against Schools of Spain W. Heaford
Physiology of Love (Part II.) Dr. Charles J. Lewis
The Present Trend (Poem) Dr. J. B. Wilson
High Tide Dr. George W. Carey
The Great Presence (Poem)..... Charles A. Sandburg
Nowthereforeism C. F. Hunt and Herman Kuehn
The World Movement (Poem) O. V. Stapp
Morning's Dawn (Poem) Evangeline Douglass
Human Rights, Human Nature and Human Law Samuel Blodgett
Charity (Poem) Ivan Swift
A Reverie John F. Valter
Informal Brotherhood and Correspondence Club.....
What They Say of Us.....
Magazine Reviews.....

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scriptions to **TO-MORROW**, One Dollar a Year to all parts of the
United States, Canada and Mexico. Foreign Subscriptions, \$1.50
a Year.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.

CHRISTIANITY AND MOTHERHOOD.

It is now fully established among thinking people that Christianity has been a decoy, a false guide, a bunco—always untrue to nature, always leading the wrong way in whatever divisions of life, government and education, its methods have been employed. Under Christianity, the highest function of womankind, **motherhood**; has been questioned, interfered with, and debased.

Throwing aside ceremonial bias and traditional obsession let us view the matter squarely.

What from time immemorial has been the spectre that the unmarried woman has feared upon realizing that she was to become a mother? Purely the trown and torment of Christianity and its satellites.

Has **regulation** ever subdued the sex-passion? No. except to make perverts and debauchers of children.

Will regulation ever subdue it? No.

Do animals or birds ever have paresis? No.

Would the world grow **Bad**, should we henceforth serve, honor and glory all motherhood? No, No, No,

Instead of recognizing in the consent of motherhood a joy and delight that should thrill the world, what have we had? Disapproval, exclusion and the marble heart resulting in abortion, sex-perversion, prostitution, suicide, all artificially produced crimes, all unnatural tearing down processes brought to the fore by the ignorant busy-bodies, who interfere with a magnificent spontaneity which in the face of all human interference has still persisted in supplying the world with its brightest products.

I say to you carping priests and preachers and your ignorant followers who do not understand the processes of life, "**Prostrate yourselves!** Fall down upon your faces, fill your mouths with dust," and when hereafter women through love voluntarily accept the burdens and joys of motherhood, I say, **worship them**, make their paths easy, crown them with glory and not with thorns.

Bow down and worship the mother, I say, because you have been destroying mankind long enough. You have been making prostitutes and abortionists long enough. You have driven enough beautiful women to destruction. I hold you responsible for every sigh, for every care, and every worry of her who but for you would become a mother.

Race suicide is yours. The brothel is yours. The slums are yours. But your crooked gnarled, bigoted conception of life shall last no longer. Down, I say with the Christian Preacher and his teachings. Up, up, away up to the very highest, let us send our praises of consenting motherhood, no matter whether sanctioned by ceremonies and incantations or not.

The Editors of *To-Morrow* do not stand sponsor for opinions of contributors nor of each other. We believe in a fair field and no favor. We want clear, clean, intelligent discussion. Please understand that we don't all believe all we print!

To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

WALTER HURT

MARGUERITE WARREN SPRINGER

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD

VIOLA RICHARDSON

PARKER H. SERCOMBE

CHARLES A. SANDBURG

GRACE MOORE

MAUDE JACOBS

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Volume 2.

OCTOBER, 1906.

No. 10

Any variation from conventional orthography which may be observed in this magazine must not be charged to the faithful linotype nor to any independent revolt against the tyranny of Noah Webster, but set it down rather to a loyal desire to meet the requirements of the Carnegie-Roosevelt system of reform spelling.

FREE THINKERS, ATTENTION!

The time to organize the forces of Free Thought, Free Press and Free Speech will be when Moses Harman comes home from jail.

Let us have a Free Thought convention in Chicago at that time. Let us have delegates from every state, and organize a national association on the widest and most comprehensive lines, with state and local organizations fully provided for.

Let us give Moses Harman a home-coming that will put Bryan's New York reception in the shade, and so impress the opponents of free press and free speech that Harman may be the last martyr in their cause.

Come now—all together—down Comstock—up Harman.

THE THREE "P'S" OF PROPRIETY, POLICE, PRESS AND PREACHERS.

She: "George," can you ever forgive me?

He: Forgive you my darling, *what have you done?*

She: Nothing George.

He: Ah then, *I can never forgive you.*

The Chicago Police, goaded by Press and Pulpit have closed fifteen down-town hotels.

What for?

For being hotels.

No disorderly conduct was reported. The patrons came and went quietly, paying their 50 cents, \$1, or \$2, as the case might be. Most of these hotels did not even have a

bar-room attached like the Auditorium Annex, the Palmer House, the Great Northern, Sherman and Wellington, but they were pulled, shut up, and their business destroyed.

The horse-whippings and scandals connected with the Wellington Hotel, the Stensland liason at the Annex, and hundreds of other high-life occupants of \$25 suites in that establishment all overlooked, passed up, forgotten in the wild, hypocritical jamboree of the **Three P's**, and this is not Russia.

The Sir William Hotel, that inoffensive convenience on Randolph, just across from Marshall Field's, that holds a record average of ten couples to each room in twenty-four hours, is down and out, while the Nicolet and fifty others that have the same source of income have proven their innocence and been decorated with the badge of purity.

The raid was executed by daring blue coats, who started off in squads, not knowing whither they were bound, and was planned with such adroitness as to detail, and effected with such strategy that, though they entered these "dens of vice" fearlessly, each one came back with characters untouched, untarnished, untainted, just as **good** as he went.

Ah! wives and mothers of these noble men, hear ye this! They fought the windmills of wickedness, they stormed the ramparts of sin, they penetrated the hell holes of vice—nor lost a single man.

But what is the meaning of all this? Why, when the hotels are all closed then there will be no more adultery. That's it. The public, the police, the press and the preachers have apparently agreed that **hotels are the cause of adultery.**

There was no adultery in the world until hotels were invented.

Close the hotels and you banish adultery, so say the **Three P's**, but you must close **all** the hotels.

But I hear someone say, "No, this will not stop adultery. These people will simply make different arrangements. **Shocking!** Yes, they say, many of those who were found in the hotels were genteel, cultured and well disposed men and women who would not knowingly harm anyone, nor interfere with their rights.

Horror!

They declare they would not have gone to these hotels independently and committed such indiscretion had they known that, according to the accepted practice of this free land, a practice adopted by all club-men and sanctioned by the clergy, no individual is supposed to take his personal affairs into his own hands, but instead, all sex affairs, the time, place, companion, etc., are selected by the Board of Aldermen of each municipality—they know best—and in Chicago Hinky Dink is chairman of this special committee. Being a rather busy season for Hinky D. a few got by him, so the hotels were pulled. See?

Why, of course, it all seems perfectly clear now, the hotels are closed and morality satisfied.

Morality?—no, no, not yet, not yet.

There are more than forty thousand abortions a year in Chicago under this system—women who fear to become mothers—rose bushes poisoning their own buds, apple boughs smiting their own blossoms of spring. Afraid, hunted, crushed motherhood.

Ah! Glorious motherhood, spontaneous motherhood, the motherhood of daring, the motherhood of unutterable sweetness, the motherhood of strapping boys and girls—driven to suicide, debauchery, prostitution. Slaves, slaves, slaves!

To what?

Slaves to an incantation.

What, are men so base and women so vacant in great America that they dare frown on motherhood, that they dare affront and cast burdens or cares upon beautiful, divine and always glorious motherhood?

Impossible, for I know you must bear your sweetest garlands for these. You bring them perfumes and the daintiest foods; you prepare the softest couches of velvet and eider-down I know; you spread before them dazzling gardens with bushes and high trees filled with bees and birds, and you trace the course of your rivers so that they may run by their doors to glad the mother's eyes and teach the baby laughter—this but the title which true men and women must naturally confer on consenting motherhood.

No! And you civilized?

America still experimenting with incantations?

Do you think there is any other system that could possibly result in as much crime, heartache, fraud, race-suicide and hypocrisy?

You have debased motherhood, and this is the price you pay. THIS IS THE COST.

All of your race suicide.

All of your abortions.

All of your prostitution.

All of your desertions, lying and quarrels.

All of your duels and suicides.

All of your masturbation, sex perversion, debauchery of little girls and venereal diseases.

The lower animals escape your torment and know none of these.

All of your divorces and contemptible machinery for holding together the incompatible.

All of your women who graft on men.

All of your men who graft on women.

All of your need for downtown hotels.

All of your police raids.

These the victims. Our ancestors who debased motherhood are the **real criminals.**

Closing the Chicago hotels is an impudent piece of whimsical despotism designed to bring certain ones into the public eye.

A license law whereby on pretense hotelkeepers may become subject to the constant annoyance and accompanying graft of meddlesome officials is a return to mediæval despotism.

The freedom that counts for progress is the kind that is free to make mistakes, failures and blunders as well as successes.

We progress most and gain the most experience through our blunders.

Freedom for mine.

When it is proven that the authorities are better judges than the people themselves as to where, when and with whom they are to have their sex relations then—

Me to the moon.

A RADICAL UNIVERSITY.

While the idea of having a school of free thought has been on the tongues of liberals for half a century or more, it now appears that our hopes may be realized from a most unexpected quarter, and that instead of the institution being organized and manned by the old free thinkers who have talked about it, the idea may be reached by none other than the Chicago University, nourished and protected by the plutocratic millions of Standard Oil.

This institution, in theory, at least, has always stood for freedom of speech, and its trustees assumed exceptionally high ground some four years ago when several professors were expelled from the Leland Stanford University on account of their heterodox beliefs and teachings.

While it is true that the Chicago University continues to present a front of acquiescence in the dogmas of the past fostered by the exponents of Christianity, the fact that the ultra radical expressions and writings of its professors in no way interfere with their prestige nor with the permanency of their positions, indicates the undercurrent of rationalism which will extend itself broadly just as rapidly as public sentiment will permit.

Among numerous other publications from Chicago University professors and press, no more revolutionary philosophy has ever been expressed even by Kropotkin or Karl Marx than "The Theory of the Leisure Class" by Prof. T. Veblin.

Dr. Foster's "The Finality of the Christian Religion" is surely a bomb in the orthodox camp, and while not completely radical it is no less than a psychological anomaly as the product of a Baptist clergyman.

The writings and lectures of Prof. Chas. A. Zueblin, who

recites the philosophy of freedom in all its applications, political, social and domestic, even to declaring the need of liberation of the sexes from all the dogmatic control, restriction and ceremonies of the past, implies a freedom equal to the philosophy of Victoria Woodhull in her palmiest days.

The recent contributions of Prof. W. I. Thomas appearing in "The American Journal of Sociology" from the Chicago University Press, is an accurate and careful analysis of the forces in operation in actual life, and his conclusions as regards the unspoiled lives of women who "have had their fling," and afterwards settled down as worthy wives and mothers, indicates rare fearlessness and understanding on the part of the writer.

Not the least important in this galaxy of fearless revolutionary writers is the recent work of Miss Louise Seymour Houghton in her work entitled "Hebrew Life and Thought" from the Chicago University Press, wherein she declares the Bible story of creation "mere poetry," and the Old Testament a storehouse of "Jack the Giant Killer" fables.

She says that Jehovah spoke about animals that never existed; that the sun never stood still; that the jaw bone story was simply an evidence of the dull wit of the King James translators who did not detect the use of the word as a clever Hebrew pun, all very commonplace of course to rationalists, but "powerful" heterodox as coming from John's Baptist Kollege.

While it is true that most of these writings and discourses are couched in language that will suit "half liberals," and are entirely beyond the understanding of the orthodox herd, it is very clear to trained thinkers just what the real attitude is of these teachers and writers who, unwilling to jeopardize their salaries and destroy their further usefulness among the bigoted by too open forms of expression, are temporizing, holding back and trying not to grow too rapidly themselves.

To the general observer who thinks wholesale instead of retail, and is able to see even in all these blunders and exhibitions of cowardice necessary elements in our progress toward the better day, the movement is distinctly one toward rationalism, democracy, equal opportunity and common sense.

Either John D. Rockefeller is so absorbed in money getting that he fails to see the real significance of what free education is doing for the Chicago University, or he has a knowledge and depth in relation to the processes of life and education that he has never been given credit for.

In any case, from now on the future progress of the Chicago University towards rationalism will be somewhat more interesting than that of any other educational institution.

TABLE MANNERS.

The other day I visited a Harrison street lunch counter, and it happened that my neighbor next of elbow was a fif-

teen-year-old boy employed as a messenger by a Chicago wholesale house.

He was fairly well dressed, not very robust, he lived with his parents and four other children near Forty-seventh street and Wabash avenue, and his name was Finnegan.

The beef stew which he ordered, piled high on his platter, was no sooner set before him than with his fork held like a dagger in his left hand, and his knife some way clutched with handle between the third and fourth fingers of his right, he proceeded to devour the stew in three or four swallows, without chewing, as though he were eating out of a trough, his forehead, shirt bosom and other hindrances remote from his mouth suffering disfigurement from his effervescent voraciousness.

His knife would turn over and almost spin around in the operation. Twice he dropped it and started in again as if it were a shovel, he little caring whether he used the blade up or down.

In the mean time the fork was having its troubles, and I supposed that speed was an essential factor of his existence until I happened to see him a half hour later leisurely seated on a hydrant at the corner picking his teeth with a key ring.

As I was not indulging in slaughter house products myself, beef stew and its genera having long ceased to fascinate me, I took ample time to contemplate the situation psychologically as well as gastronomically, and the youth glancing toward me during his fight with his stew with a look half embarrassed and half defiant, I said, "You have never worked in a shop, have you?"

Winking his eyes and accomplishing an enormous double swallow, he replied, "What kind of a shop?"

"Why, a carpenter or machine shop," I said, "where you get into the habit of using tools."

"No," he answered, "I never worked in one of them."

"It is easy to see that you have not," I replied, "else you would have become more handy and easy in the use of tools."

"Yep," said the boy, as he slid off the stool and carried his fifteen-cent check to the cashier.

While lingering to Fletcherize my milk and rice I had ample opportunity to observe the various degrees of efficiency, handiness and politeness with which the various other feeders who came and went handled their tools, with conclusions about as follows:

These table manners are approached from two points of view, one that of plutocracy and artificiality, the other that of efficiency and democracy.

From the standpoint of leisure class artificialism, the ones who can take the most time, be the most dainty, never appear hungry for fear it might imply that they had done some work, never be in a hurry for fear it might seem that they were under some ones orders, never reach for fear that that it would be judged that they were not brought up with

servants who were paid to pass things—these the aristocratic motif.

Democracy's basis for table manners must rest upon handiness, efficiency, gracefulness in the manner of handling table tools, acquired in the handling of other kinds of tools, which will be the natural result when shop practice takes the place of trigonometry and ancient history in the curriculum of the young.

Again, unselfishness is a natural bi-product of democratic teaching, and instead of a **code** of table manners enforced by the frowns and disapproval of household despots, good manners would naturally become a matter of internal worth, kindness and sweetness instead of mere external form.

Reaching, grabbing, staring and the shoveling in of food is purely a result of the education accorded the serving class under aristocratic regime, and it must manifest itself at table, at church, in business, in society, in the halls of state.

Finnegan, as he sat beside me at the lunch counter, little realized that I was contemplating him as a miniature J. P. Morgan or I. Ogden Armour, he a midget stomach glutton, they colossal economic gluttons.

They feed their bank accounts with any old tools in any old way, and no matter how their tools (human beings) twist and turn and groan and die in the operation, their gluttonous money stomachs must be filled at any cost.

Sparticus said, "O, Rome. Rome, thou hast been a tender nurse to me; thou hast given to the poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad muscles of iron and a heart of flint": and it is the ideals of aristocracy, of greed, of domination that have been the tender mother of all the coarseness in manners, of the vileness in the slums, of the contemptible hypocrisy of modern journalism, and of the vapid and undemocratic quality seen in modern poetry, literature and art.

LIFE AND MIND.

Why not get used to this thought: "Intelligence **grows out of life**; intelligence tries to explain life, but intelligence does not guide or direct life."

All our faculties have been gradually acquired as a result of pressure exerted through many generations.

We do what we are **forced** to do, and our bodies, minds, emotions and social instincts are the results of the exercise received in a thousand generations of **doing**.

You cannot see the truth of this, except you think not of self, but of society as a whole.

Throughout all time there never has been a creature that lived in the air in the sea or on the land but what has been preyed upon and driven and warred against; if not by opposing tribes and species, at least by the elements, and by their own kind they have been forced to exert themselves until all their present faculties, physical, intellectual and moral have developed into what they are,

When the above becomes thoroughly understood as a universal law by the teachers and parents of the world all systems of instruction employed will be completely reversed.

NEWSPAPERS A JOKE.

Nietzsche tells us that God is the one great humorist.

Another careless philosopher declares that Jehovah's greatest joke on mankind was the immaculate conception.

Now arises a Chicago newspaper and under the direction of its moral editor and through the medium of one of its precise and scrupulous reporters deplores the fact that people going to and from the Art Institute are obliged to pass the Hotel Brunswick! **Awful! Shocking! Unparalleled calamity!**

Nothing was said about an occurrence a week previous when a virtuous wife and mother living on the North Side in going to Peacock's jewelry store found herself sorely depressed because she was obliged to pass the Palmer House.

And again, to think of the fearful situation offered here in Chicago when descent people who desire to attend extravaganza performances in the Studebaker Theater are obliged to pass near the Auditorium Annex, the terrible place where Banker Stensland was, according to general report, in the habit of meeting his lady friend who had an apartment there.

Shades of Pecksniff! What horrors beset the residents of Chicago! While to the full knowledge of Chicago's newspaper oracle a hundred hotels within a stone's throw of the loop are filled nightly with illicit couples, the press is set in motion to chronicle the fact that a man and a woman "hesitated" at the door of the Brunswick Hotel, which makes Adams street an unfit thoroughfare for the lovers of art.

God, you are no longer in the race as a humorist. The Chicago American makes you look like a three spot.

PROPERTY.

What a great ado we make about property these days.

Property is the surplus of the earnings of man over and above what he requires for food, clothing and shelter.

The idea of accumulating property is, in case of need, to be able to convert it into food, clothing and shelter.

Under right conditions those assured of food, clothing and shelter for themselves and families would not worry about having surplus property.

There is no unclaimed property, because in gradually appropriating enough to insure food, clothing and shelter, a habit is formed that causes the victims to go on appropriating after they have plenty, even though there is not enough left for those who are in need.

People are supposed to earn their property, to work for it, but it is seen that those who have all the property do not

work at all—they make their property work for them.

Really, only those who work and earn it should have property, and the question arises, if those who do not work appropriate property, is it wrong to take it from them?

Many thousands of people who now languish in jail were in want when they tried to take property which others had appropriated without working for it.

I charge you, you men who have taken property legally, you are just as bad as those who languish in jails for theft, and you women, with your smiles, your ornaments, your mansions and your equipages, what did you give for your property; in what way have you earned your jewels, your caravans, your riches and your daily bread?

Those of you who have only what you need, and in your labors and your watching have appropriated enough for your wants, all glory to you, but it is to others I speak, those daughters, wives, women who are the toys of men, those who entertain, cajole, flatter, courtesy, and contract their modesty—I conjure such women—I demand to know what you give for the property and comforts which you receive, not service, for your hands and your bodies are not muscled for service; not counsel, for the frivolity and lust of your dispositions make you unfit for counsel.

What do you give then, pray, and the answer comes that under present conditions, under the prevailing systems by which we live you have but one thing to give for the luxuries, comforts, ornaments and vast properties which you enjoy, you give your bodies; you barter your sex and become the toys, the trinkets, the human playthings of men who can afford to pay the price.

It is time another system shall come into use whereby the women of our race shall become great mothers and not great prostitutes.

BACKYARD VAGARIES.

BY CHARLES A. SANDBURG.

Hollyhocks uprise erect and bold,
And look wide-eyed to other lands
As though to pass by merely seeing.

Poppies flaunt their discs
And leer at all the weeds
With Oriental indolence;
Daft are they to offer thin red dollars
To the big white sun!

Mock-mournful brown-eyed Susans
Hush the queries of a bumble-bee;
Sunflowers tanned and hardy,
Gaze across the fence at pansies
Pampered in a tended level bed.

Collier's and Outlook please copy.

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FREEDOM'S OWN.

Not Dominated or Guided by Money, Party, Creed, or 'ism—

TO-MORROW MAGAZINE, CHICAGO.

NOTE—To be "Free" is to be without a boss. There are several kinds of bosses that dominate publishers among which traditionalism and capitalism are the worst. Some other tyrants that prevent the freedom of publishers are:—Poverty, mental and financial, the bovine instinct, (conforming to fashion and custom), mysticism, graft, creed, party. The tendency to be smug, precise and exacting interferes with the freedom of many people and periodicals. They think too much of "reputation" and not enough of real worth. There are several of these in the "Freer" division. They are mostly the careful, smug, opinionated "organs" of movements to which they must conform, at what ever cost of intellectual honesty. Oh, stagnation! What wondrous works have creeds and policies committed in thy service!

Wanted a Word.

By Lida Parce Robinson.



The discussion upon "Mrs. and Miss" introduces a number of questions of vital historical and sociological importance. And most significant of these is the fact that no modern language contains a word, corresponding to "Mr.," in the English language, which indicates an adult female, without intruding information about the sex-relations of the female upon the hearer.

"Mr." conveys no gratuitous information. But "Mrs." and "Miss" drag the personal affairs of the individual into the

light of publicity in an irreverent and impertinent way.

In German the sex-relations of "Herr" Blank are conceded to himself, and to concern no one else; but "Frau" and "Fraulein" Blank have their most sacred and personal affairs thrust upon the attention of every friend or stranger who hears or sees their names. The French "Monsieur" is a courteous form of address, which concedes to the adult male the right to take the public into his confidence as much or as little as it pleases him to do; but "Mademoiselle" and "Madam" have suffered the limit of vulgar inquisitiveness the moment their names are pronounced. "Senor," "Senora" and "Senorita" perform the same offices of courtesy and discourtesy for the Spanish people. There are masculine diminutives, such as "Master" for "Mr.," but these titles are applied to indicate the youth of the individual, and do not disclose his private affairs for public inspection.

And the reason for this peculiarity of all modern languages, lies in the fact that from the time when language developed a grammar and a written form, woman was not recognized as having any life or standing outside of her sex-relations. Woman became a slave, and written language evolved at about the same period. It would be impossible to bring forward stronger proof of the complete submergence of woman's humanity, and her transference to the sex-plane, than this lack of any form of address that does not indicate her sex status.

In barbarous society, woman's position has ever been quite different. Her relations to her tribe have been personal

and direct, not exercised through another person, thus making her dependent and inferior. This being true, the languages of those earlier states would have had forms of address that recognized her human status. It would be interesting to know if records of the traditional period have preserved any such words. When women were the heads of the gentes and the families, there was without doubt, a means of addressing them, that referred to their human relationships, as distinguished from their sex-relationships.

The business or industrial woman of the present day, who lives by the performance of human functions, is the first successor of the gentile woman of barbarous times, whose basis of life and experience was primarily human and only secondarily sexual.

Forms of address that indicate a woman's sex status have no use in business life. They are an impertinence to the woman and they serve to introduce a subject which places her in a defensive and unfair attitude at once.

Philology can perform no worthier service than to ex-hume from the barbarous past, some word which may form a fitting title wherewith to address the modern human woman.

TO-MORROW.

BY HJALMAR HULTGREN.

Out of Cyrenian darkness
 Where spheres their æons pole
 I heard the logos calling—
 The cosmical voice of the whole.
 Not wild with the world's mad wisdom
 Pap fed in the lap of greed.
 But of life the truth eternal
 With thought of the human need.
 And I knew by my hearts exaltation
 'Twas so my soul, it would speak—
 The plan of the planets' pulsation
 In a kiss on my brow or cheek.
 And I heard it say, "Beloved *one*,
 As the stars by laws that be
 Are held and influence each other
 Your love is felt by me.
 'Tis the light and law of the ages
 Fixed of inexorable fate
 Together to *work* out the purpose
 The task you alone would abate—
 In discord there lies but destruction,
 In harmony only is peace,
 So gather the reins of your seeing
 That the light of your love may not cease.
 "For only in love is there living,
 'All things shall pass away'"
 The voice grew faint, to silence,
 When burst the light of day!

"Mrs." and "Miss."

Titles of Dependence and Oppression.

By Grace Moore.

"I do not like the spirit of your remarks on the subject of woman having been labeled by primeval man in order that he might possess and control her person and the product of her labor. Why not give our good forefathers the credit of having really desired and endeavored to protect and sanctify womanhood and motherhood?" D. H. WEAVER.



The suggestion contained in the sentiment expressed by Mr. Weaver reveals a thoughtful trend of mind but not necessarily a progressive one. To be "good" is not always to be consistent or wise. Ice cream is good food on a hot day if you have not had too many dishes of it and too many hot days.

Woman has been fed on sentiment to the exclusion of facts long enough. The "goodness" of our forefathers, purely a form of egoism, has been praised and sung these many years and their wisdom and judgment not considered or questioned. We have formed the habit of consenting to forms and regulations, and the habit of acquiescing without permitting the mind to exercise its power to discriminate, has become so fixed that it constitutes a religion.

It is irreligious to doubt weigh measure or define. We have emphasized this "goodness" to such a degree that facts with reference to conditions and the natural impulses of human beings in the earlier evolutionary stages of human progress, have been crowded to the wall.

The forms instituted by our forefathers have become "sacred" to us, not because we have intelligently considered them in all their bearings and possibilities as applied to present day society and social conditions (of which our forefathers had no conception) but because the **habit of conforming** has become fixed, and in conforming we feel "good," and are satisfied, not stopping to consider whether that to which we conform is but a passing human custom or an eternal living Principle.

At every period in the evolution of human society there are those who perceive the folly of perpetuating and of sanctifying by perpetuation, old forms, and the wisdom of

destroying them, that new and better ones may be erected. These persons who forge ahead in the interests of a movement for greater institutions than have yet been reared, have not time to travel back and sentimentalize. An inventor working upon the development of a cash register could not at the same time exert his efforts in praise of a system of bookkeeping designed and used by our ancestors.

We are urging the substitution of a social cash (?) register to take the place of books and bookkeepers. We foresee a time when woman will no longer be dependent for her respectability and social standing upon a label prescribed by her forefathers and primeval relations.

The purport of these articles is to show the weak places in the present system of prefixing "Mrs." or "Miss" to a woman's name, and incidentally to suggest ways and means that seem more in harmony with the Spirit of the times. With outworn customs and the ideals of our forefathers we are not now concerned.

A "cash register" by means of which such accounting of human relationships as would be necessary to insure to each and every member of the social body his or her share of its benefits as opposed to an antique clumsy and ineffective method of—keeping tab, is urged by the writer. It is contended that any form having for its object the stamping by society of an individual as "good" or "bad," and as worthy or not worthy of its consideration and respect, is unchristian and uncivilized. Those who know the extent to which prostitution and gratification of "promiscuous desires"* prevail under the present system of labeling woman, know that we have a system of "bookkeeping" designed to detect exploit and control the sex relationships of men and women, but which is no more effective for the purpose than the present capitalistic system is effective for the suppression of graft.

The system protects the grafter. In protecting the grafter it protects the libertine and punishes the virtuous. It places society's approval upon motherhood **only as the individual man is able and willing to support the child**, and declares immoral and unworthy of its consideration and respect the healthy, natural, normal woman whose only crime is misplaced confidence.

Our system of tabulating restricting and governing the sex relations of men and women does not restrict or govern those relations any more than the church restricts and governs the actions of murderers and thieves.

"But the church has a modifying effect upon the impulses to kill and burglarize," you say.

Decidedly the reverse is true. The church stimulates the passions of the unworthily ambitious and ungodlike. It is supported by the Rockefellers of our time, and by conforming to and perpetuating the institutions of the present social order it encourages graft, licentiousness and all conceivable forms of material vulgarity. Our present system of

*See September "To-Morrow", page 47, paragraphs 4-5.

unequal and unjust distribution of the products of human toil; the clumsy selfish complex methods to which we cling as a miser to his gold; the old "set of books" with their misleading covers and title pages are but appropriate material for a bonfire.

No woman fully awakened to the hypocrisies and injustices of modern social life which the system of labeling woman tends to emphasize and perpetuate, will approvingly answer to the title "Mrs." or "Miss." To do so is to place the seal of one's approval on the entire economic system, a system of spoils which pays all the premiums to the selfish and deprives the unselfish, and which makes of woman a doll for the exploitation of sex qualities.

Our primeval relations unconsciously planted the seeds for the growth of a gigantic system of graft when they made personal property of woman. Woman herself perpetuates this system through her personal vanity and desire to be supported. She hastens her own downfall (for fall she must—dependent she cannot always be) every time she takes a title, a name, a dollar or a social position in recognition of her sex qualities, or as a reward for feminine (sex) service.

Under present economic conditions thousands of women are comfortably and even luxuriously provided for, yet are in bondage and unhappy. Very few of these women have physical strength to do a day's work. The wives and daughters of wealthy men, with very few exceptions, would starve if thrown upon their own resources, because it is not proper or fashionable to do useful, compensating work, and generations of dependence and lack of exercise of the qualities of self-reliance have devitalized and unfitted them for active, efficient service in economic fields.

They have had all the advantages that money can buy, but they have no power to command money with which to procure even the necessities of life, except as an acknowledgment of their sex value and as a reward, however remotely, for service **based upon sex distinctions**.

Thousands of women are awakened and alive to the situation, but it does not follow that because they know that they are slaves and legalized prostitutes, and feel keenly the weight of their chains, that they can at once free themselves. Those in the severest bondage are they who are most lavishly provided for, and they are the most helpless and miserable. The more that woman has accepted from man as tribute to her sex, the more of a slave she is. Unthinkingly she responds to the "call of the wild" in man, and accepts from him in return the spoils and blood stains of the wild. She is becoming ashamed of it. The commercial and industrial world is enlarging and filling up with feminine candidates for sex freedom and economic efficiency. As these wives and daughters, through their increasing knowledge and influence in the industrial and commercial world, find their

real position and powers as individual social units, they find also serious drawbacks. One of these drawbacks is that of continuing to be designated as "Mrs." or "Miss" so and so, wife or daughter of Mr. John Smith who has so many thousands of dollars a year, or as "Mrs." or "Miss" somebody else, wife or daughter of a certain saloonkeeper around the corner.

"Blood tells," you say. But you forget that it "tells" primarily for evolution and the race, and only secondarily for the family and the individual. Back of blood is the Spirit of Life which propels and refines it, and which is "**no respecter of persons.**" Until we cease to "respect" each other's physical and personal relationships, and no longer keep books for the purpose of exploiting tabulating defining and emphasizing one another's personal and sex affairs; until we have liberated ourselves from all curiosity or concern with reference to the private personal experiences of our associates and fellow beings, and no longer require labels or distinctions by which to judge them; until society as a whole assumes responsibility for the material support of its individual units, irrespective of the particular character of those units, and in place of its "set of books" for keeping tab, controlling and condemning them, substitutes a "cash (?) register" designed only to insure against miscounts, injustices and possible disfigurements through personal intrusion or otherwise, the Spirit of Life, the Highest Good, cannot truly be its motive and inspiration.

The Spirit of Life, in its true sense, breathes only in **Real Democracy**. The essentially Christian Spirit implies fellowship and co-operation, and as we become comrades working together in unity for the Highest Good we shall forever abandon prefixes as unnecessary and unworthy an enlightened society.

IN TEN YEARS.

Before President Roosevelt is sixty years of age marvelous changes will take place in the economy of life and many things which now are considered wrong, dangerous and impracticable will have become commonplace affairs.

In ten years most municipalities will be owning and running their trolley lines, the movement toward government ownership of railways will be well advanced and the United States Senate will be abolished.

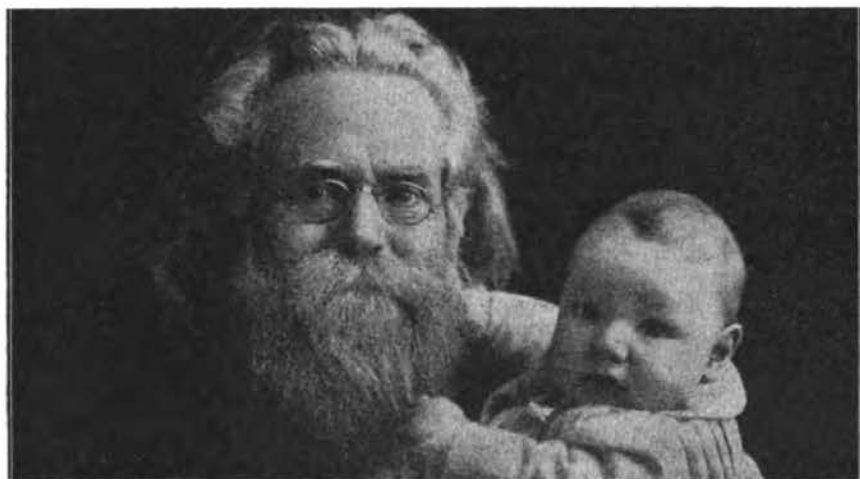
Practically all the heavy teaming in cities will be with power trucks and by means of a device invented by the editor of this magazine trolleys and steam trains will with perfect safety let off and take on passengers at a speed of twenty to forty miles an hour without stopping at stations.

Co-operating groups under local self government will be working out the problem of real democracy in various parts of the country and schools of character culture on advanced lines will be displacing the regime of colleges and academies.

FREEDOM'S MARTYR.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

What has he done—that white-haired man* there in the prisoner's dock?
 That face wears not the faintest tinge of crime's impress.
 His eye is clear, his head erect, and every look proclaims the fact that he
 is judging those who call him criminal.
 He judges them, not with a bitter but a pitying judgment.
 What has he done, that aged, crippled man—crippled for years—in body,
 not in mind.
 Obscene! Did I hear the word, obscene!
 You could not drive into that brain an obscene thought with all the ham-
 mers forged in the white heat of all your social hells.
 To him life's fountain is as pure as breath of babes, all that pertains
 thereto, a sacred shrine.
 But those who sit in judgment on that brave man profane the clay of
 which they're made, the clay which but for such defilement might
 yet become as sapphire gems in temples of the universe.
 Those who have looked at Nature's heart with scientific lens tell us the
 sapphire once was clay, blue clay.
 Perhaps the clay of which those men were made, who scorn the words
 that tell the how or why of life's beginning, was of a different
 hue.



Oh, brave old man! White-haired, intrepid soul. Much better thus to
 stand there in the dock and be condemned than bow to ignorance.
 Twelve men! Not one of whom is pure.
 No clean souled man could see obscenity in a mere search into creative
 life.
 Twelve men, some with sick wives disabled by their own debaucheries,
 Scoffing the purpose of the man condemned,
 Condemned for trying to o'er come man's ignorance of self.
 Think you to stop the rising sun of thought by shutting up the thinker?
 This white-haired man in narrow cell, secure?
 For shame, you children of the court. His speech flies o'er the walls
 like cannon touched by powder's flame.
 The souls of thousands feel the shock and in the archives of eternity
 his work thus finds record.
 And all the while thousands of hearts are touched.
 And all the while the cruel wrongs to him cry out in thunder tones.
 Oh, strong, true soul be brave, for those who love and grieve for thee
 and urge that freedom's flag shall not be lowered.
 Are defiant, aggressive, irrepressible, till it floats o'er a free motherhood,
 o'er women, the mothers of the world.

*Moses Harman.

MOSES HARMAN.

BY GEORGE VALE WILLIAMS.

The noble brow with silver crowned
Has now received the crown of thorn,
That's ever pressed upon the brow
Of kingliest king—of women born.
Thy silver diadem, was won
In valiant service of The Truth:
Thy heart is brave—and in thy Soul
Still burns the quenchless fire of Youth.

The foe-man now his tribute adds.
And thus we see Thee doubly crowned;
And thro' the echoing halls of Fame
The name of Harman Shall resound.
For men at last shall know thy worth.
And give the Honor due to Thee;
When Slavery's chains are stricken off
And mankind shall at last be free.

Oh, hoary-headed hero true!
Thy soul has felt full many a wound;
For Slavery's *strongest* fort ye stormed,
Where Love is held—in fetters bound.
The dastards snatched Thee from thy home
And thrust Thee in a prison cell;
There—when thy foes are all forgot—
A mighty shaft thy tale shall tell.

But thou hast won a treasure rare
Their craven gold can never buy—
A character sublime, a name
On Honor's roll that ne'er can die;
The dread, respect, and savage hate
Of craven hirelings—justly won.
The Love of brothers warm and true,
The consciousness of duty done.

Tho' friends forsake, and foes assail
The Souls who battle for the Right,
With steadfast luster still shall burn
The stars that rise in Slavery's night.
Go on then—in thy radiant way,
Where'er the thorny pathway leads;
And men, and women yet unborn
Shall emulate thy deathless deeds.

The whisp'ring breezes of the Morn
Are wafted on the wings of Night:
The glory of Eternal day
Shall gleam upon thine armor bright.
A mystic barque for Thee shall come
And bear Thee o'er the silent sea,
To that bright shore where Justice reigns.
Where Thought—and Life—and Love are free.

TO-MORROW READERS.

Do you realize that we are fighting **your** fight for **freedom** practically at our own expense? We are preparing to **DO** things.—We are arranging to plant an oasis of good cheer in a desert of greed. We want every To-Morrow reader to become an agent to do whatever possible for the cause. We need subscriptions, land, machinery, lumber, supplies—everything for our ideal To-Morrow City. One of our friends has done Twelve Thousand Dollars worth with no intent to gain. Anyway—do what you can—hustle for subscriptions and write to our advertisers. That will help some.

Indian Bureau Economy.

MONEY FOR THE INDIANS? WHO GETS IT?

By Carlos Montezuma.



In former articles we have dwelt mostly on that side of the Indian question touching matters of right and justice to the Indian as one of a community of human beings.

We thus sought to show the utter inconsistency on the part of the government in dealing with the Indian, to a certain extent, as though he were a "man among men," and at the same time withholding from him the privileges which the constitution declares shall be extended to all persons within its protection equally; and it has

seemed to us that we showed that the government is without support, under the constitution, for the course which it persists in pursuing in its Indian policy.

We feel safe in taking this position in regard to what we claim to have made clear, for the reason that in order to show that the course pursued by the government in its relations with the Indian was at variance with natural law, and of course, with justice itself, it was only necessary to demonstrate what those relations involved touching the destiny of the Indians and their descendants; and that those relations involved annihilation for the Indian as a man we think we have successfully maintained.

Aside from all question of right or wrong, of justice or injustice, there is a view of the matter to be taken from a purely material standpoint. It is an old saying that a man will give heed to a matter which touches his pocket; whereas otherwise, appeal would be made to him in vain. When, therefore, we turn to the debit side of the government's account pertaining to Indian affairs, we find much which, it seems to us, should appeal to the "watch dogs" of the Treasury.

As a general rule the government expenditures are considerably made with a view of getting the best possible results at the least cost, keeping in view the object to be accom-

plished. A matter vital to the perpetuity of the Republic receives an appropriation proportionate to the purpose for which it is to be expended. Economy enters into the question of expenditure when matters purely of an executive nature are under consideration; and thus the government, generally, as we have said, adapts the means to the end, and is not given to unprofitable expenditure of the public fund.

It therefore seems all the more remarkable that the government, prudent, as we have said, in most things, should, year after year, decade after decade, so willingly give itself up to the expenditure of millions for the perpetuation of that impracticable and artificial institution called the "Indian Bureau." Statesmanship, economy of administration and adaptation of means to an end seem not to enter into the question of the expense connected with the government's superficial policy concerning Indian affairs. Administration after administration, following in the course of its predecessors, seems to accept the Indian policy as something fixed for all time, with nothing more to be thought out, and nothing to be done but to keep the old machinery in operation. And to this end, with no defined purpose in view, the government goes on with the paying out annually from ten to twenty millions for what is known as the maintenance of the Indian Department. What will some time result from this appropriation of the public fund, when it will begin to diminish in amount, when something will have come from the expenditures already made to make their continuance unnecessary, and in what way it will be brought about, are all questions which seem not to have very forcibly, as yet, presented themselves to the people's representatives at Washington.

That the expenditures are necessary is self-evident when we consider that the whole Indian business is characterized and dominated by artificiality rather than by conformity to natural law and justice. This artificiality, resulting in this great and ineffectual expenditure of public funds, had its origin in the erroneous idea that the Indian, as such, was a creature to be taken care of as a ward of the government, the carrying out of which idea, of necessity, resulted in all the various institutions, sub-institutions, departments, reservations, schools, commissioners, heads of departments, inspectors, agents, etc.

All these, as we have said, come of necessity from the superficiality of the plan itself. If the thing to be done with the Indian was to coerce him, restrain him, limit him, nurse him, coddle him, deceive him, belittle him, and to a certain extent feed and clothe him all the time, eliminating the thought of him as a man with no future as such, either for him or his descendants, then all these institutions, things and persons connected therewith, for which the said vast expenditures are made, must be maintained regardless of the fact that the government by pursuing the proper, and therefore a

different course, could have avoided such burden. This would have been accomplished already by the elimination of the whole matter pertaining to the Indian if the government had pursued the plan of bringing the Indians into direct association with the people of the country generally, instead of specializing them as though they were something less human than people of other races. This specialization is made manifest by the fact that such course is not followed by the government with reference to men of any other nationality. In other words, the original people of this country not only do not receive but are denied the considerations extended to those people designated as emigrants. The country has been open to Europeans of all classes, with liberty to move about from state to state, from territory to territory, and to select a home for themselves as choice and inclination might dictate. Yet, in order to maintain this discrimination against the Indian the government has expended scores of millions with no result so far as bringing about his absorption into the civilization of the country. It seems strange that this condition of things should remain year after year without attracting particular attention from those representatives of the people who claim to be striving for an economical administration of government affairs.

A kind of inertia seems to possess those connected with public concerns.

One half of the millions that under the present Indian policy will be expended in the next ten years, if properly used for the purpose of settling the Indian on individual portions of land would result in the complete abolition of the reservations, and thereby do away with the "Indian Bureau," and everything incidentally and so expensively connected therewith.

This result, of course, will come in time even under the present system, inasmuch as the passing away by death of two or three more generations of the Indians will leave the number so small that the breaking away of a few individuals from their limitations at one time or another will bring about, naturally, the abolition of the reservation system; but all this is too expensive to Indian life. It is too much to ask of the Indian people that they give up two or three generations of existence before a state of things can be reached where future generations may come into their inheritance. The mere fact that in the course of time the brutal oppression of government, wherever it exists will have passed away, is not a sufficient reason why the victims of misrule should suddenly forego resistance. Nor does such fact justify the keeping up of a system touching the lives of any class of persons that amounts to a restraint upon their just liberties. If this government is not to be moved by the demands of justice, and is bound to adhere to its present policy in its relations with the Indians, unmoved by their cry for a recognition of their rights, then will it not for its own sake, from a material

standpoint, listen to the call of economy, and for the purpose of reducing expenses, if for no other reason, reform its Indian policy, thereby incidentally giving to the Indian what has been, and otherwise, will still be denied him? The Indian is not particular as to the means adopted, but will be satisfied with anything that will bring him relief from the quasi-existence to which he is now condemned; and would joyfully welcome any action of the government which would open the way to him for a life of independence, with prospects of restoration to manhood with all the individual rights incidental thereto. And he will not complain, though what he is entitled to shall come to him because the government desires to reduce expenses, and not because of the fact of a yielding by the government to the demands of justice.

Possibly before a great while this economical feature pertaining to Indian affairs may be taken up for consideration by Congress, and out of it may come good results to the Indian.

There is matter enough in this economy proposition to stir the minds of the people's representatives if something could be done to turn the current of their thoughts in that direction.

The man who will arise in the House of Representatives and say, "Hear me for my cause: I am going to show how the government in the next ten years can save millions of money," would be listened to, even though his suggestions involved a consideration of the situation of the Indian, and even though the plans proposed might result in the beginning of the end of the Indian Bureau, with all its attachments and belongings.

The word money is a term to conjure with, and often secures attention when other things fail.

It has a magic sound, to catch which people will willingly "lend a listening ear." A proposition to save money, whether made to individual or to government, is always well received.

In these suggestions as to lessening government expenditures there may be grounds for hope of a better and brighter life for the Indian. With such strength and facilities as God has given us for the purpose we shall continue to do what we can to hasten the coming of that long-looked-for hour when the American Indian can stand forth and exclaim, "Behold the transformation!"

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Marilla M. Ricker---A Woman who Says and Does Things.

By "Jac" Lowell.



Material good fortune does not always result in idleness and uselessness. There is too much talk to that effect.

The person who rises up to fame and honor from a penniless start is a person to be respected; so also is the man or woman who, possessing plenty, does not let it lead to downward paths, but uses it as a ladder to knowledge, virtue, and public service.

Of late we are seeing numerous examples of the latter sort.

One of the most interesting and inspiring is the life and career of Marilla M. Ricker, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law and ex-United States Commissioner.

Born and bred on a New Hampshire farm, she determined at an early age to make use of the educational advantages of her native state. Accordingly she attended Colby Academy, and after graduating, taught in various schools with much success.

Cupid came along in 1862, and the young teacher became Mrs. Ricker, but six years later, at the age of 28, she was left a widow. Inheriting a large estate from her deceased husband, Mrs. Ricker made up her mind to soothe her sorrow and increase her abilities by travel in foreign lands. She went across and spent two years in Germany and France, during which time she not only saw the best in the two countries, but learned their languages as well.

On her return to the States she gave some time to "seeing America," and then settled down at Washington, D. C., for the study of law.

In the office of two prominent lawyers she made very rapid progress, and in 1882 determined to try for admittance to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. She did try and was admitted. The rest of the class was made up of eighteen brilliant men, but Mrs. Ricker stood squarely at its head.

Three years later she was appointed United States Commissioner and Examiner in Chancery by President Grant. From that time on her career has been one of continuous strenuousness.

A complete list of the important and unique facts concerning her would be lengthy indeed. Here are a few of them:

She was the first woman in this country who ever attempted to vote.

She has served as United States Commissioner with great success, and her decisions are still quoted.

She was the first woman to sit beside the Chief Justice upon the bench of the English court.

She has known every President since Lincoln, and has lived and fought in the whirlpool of Washington politics.

She stumped the country during an important political campaign, tried for office during the McKinley administration, and has sought nomination as Congressman from New Hampshire.

She has organized numerous clubs and societies, and has served as Vice-President of the National Legislative League.

She believes in equal rights for women, and has done and is doing notable work for the cause of woman suffrage.

She is a clever financier, and invests her money to her own and the public's advantage, often sacrificing her own profit to aid the poor and needy.

She is an admirer and disciple of the late Robert G. Ingersoll, and considers him "the truest American America ever bore."

She is now—past middle age—a practicing lawyer at Dover, N. H., and is one of the most popular and successful attorneys in all New England.

One might go on and fill several columns with such interesting items, but the space can be put to better use by a brief account of what Mrs. Ricker considers her most lasting work.

"The best work of my life," she says, "was done among the prisoners at Washington, D. C.," and all who are in a position to judge agree with the statement.

There (at Washington) during her service as Commissioner and Examiner in Chancery, she made decisions and established customs which will go down to posterity and make her name blessed. It was she who tolled the death knell of the awful law which allowed a judge to sentence a man to life imprisonment for a debt. It was she who upheld the Constitution and begged an honest jury trial for every prisoner with whom she came in contact. She was the personification of wedded law and mercy.

Elbert Hubbard, in that issue of the *Philistine* entirely devoted to Mrs. Ricker, gives a true and touching picture of her life among the prisoners.

He writes as follows:

"Suppose. Suppose you have done wrong. Suppose you are in bonds, sick, sore and undone from a sleepless night trying to rest upon a plank amid a howling, laughing, sobbing, cursing mass of humanity. You have done wrong to be sure, but your throbbing head cannot think when or what it was. There are steel bars in front and solid walls on three sides. As you stand there, shivering, grasping the

bars for support, someone touches your arm and you look around.

"But one glance into that face and your resentment oozes away.

"It is a woman who speaks to you. She surely is not a prisoner, and how she got inside the cage you do not know. She does not belong here. She is free—there is freedom in her very glance. A singular looking woman, tall, commanding, with iron gray hair. But the voice and manner are those of a woman—motherly, gentle, sympathetic, kind. Her self-reliance is contagious. She has courage plus. "There seems to be a mistake somewhere," she says. "Tell me, why are you here?"

Half a dozen prisoners are trying to talk to her, tugging at her skirts, begging her to listen to them. You hear them implore her by name, "Marilla! Marilla!" But for the time she hears only you. "Never mind; don't lose heart; when your name is called I will be there!" And she makes a memorandum in her note book and passes on to someone else. And there runs through your head a line of Scripture you learned in your childhood, and which never before meant anything to you, "I was in prison and ye visited me!"

"Finally a hoarse voice bawls your name, and you stagger out before the judge. Your head swims. There are confused questions and answers, and all you remember is that your good Angel of Freedom is standing there saying, 'Your Honor, I appear for this person and ask for a jury trial. I also request that bail be fixed.'"

Who can think of such a scene without feeling a thrill of admiration and love for the woman who thus stood for her brothers and sisters whom temptation had led astray? Truly there is no nobler, grander figure in history or romance than that of Marilla Ricker standing there in the Washington courtroom with the plea for truth and justice on her lips. Whatever one may think as to her ideas on various minor questions, no one can deny that this woman can properly answer the question oft supreme, "Is your life a life of service?"

Mrs. Ricker does not profess religion. She is not a woman of the church. She has no use for rites and ceremonies, and no respect for the belief in a heaven of eternal rest or a hell of eternal suffering. She believes in Man, in Woman, in the Now. Her religion is the religion for the Present. It demands honesty in business, justice between employer and employee; pleasure in employment; honor in politics; patriotism in citizenship; purity in all things.

Personally she is a woman of wonderful magnetism and charm. Her laugh, like her courage, is contagious, her conversation is highly entertaining, and her wit is ever ready.

In response to my journalistic inquiries she cited a story told by Norman Hapgood as to the wisdom of truth-telling. The story ran that a certain young fellow called early one

morning to give a certain young lady a ride in his new auto. A little girl, the young lady's niece, answered the bell.

"Is your auntie in?" said the young man.

"Yes, sir," said the little girl.

"That's good! Where is she?" he went on.

"She's upstairs," said the little girl, "in her nightey, looking over the balustrade."

"That was one extreme," added the lawyer, "but the newspaper chaps are usually worse than the child, inasmuch as they do not intend to tell the truth. However, if you don't in this case it will be your own fault."

Despite the strenuosity and masculinity of her profession, Mrs. Ricker is true to the eternal feminine, and does not try for the mannish in manners or attire. Nativity has given her the attractiveness which it gives to so many New England women, and her voice and bearing amply fulfill the qualities suggested by her graceful given name. This graceful name, by the way, was recently signed to a letter which for pith and brevity has attracted widespread comment and attention.

Of course Mrs. Ricker, being a woman, has no privilege to vote on any question of municipal government, therefore she protests against taxation.

Her laconic letter to the tax-collector of Dover is self-explanatory:

"Taxation without representation is tyranny.

"I hereby protest against the injustice of being compelled to pay taxes without having a vote to protect my property interests.

MARILLA M. RICKER."

If there were a greater quota of such women would it be very difficult to predict results?

INTERNATIONAL HEALTH LEAGUE.

There are already quite a few of our readers members of the International Health League, but there are many who would kick themselves for not joining if they understood just what it was doing for its members.

Some have the idea that only invalids are members; others that it is an association of vegetarians, and some think that the League has some political ax to grind. To all these we would say that all humanity are eligible whether sick or in perfect health; that it is not a "crank" organization, and is interested only in showing its members how to live in order to secure "health, strength, happiness and long life." There is no one in more danger than the person who has always been well—accidentally—and does not know how to live in such a fashion as to have good health by right. The address of its executive officers is 490 South Salina street, Syracuse, N. Y., and the combination offered in our advertising columns is one which ought to be accepted by a thousand of our readers this month.

From "The Life of John Trellis."

By John B. Valter.

"To-Morrow" this month makes prophecy that under the influence of the new democracy, the new civilization, an age of poetry and literature is to be inaugurated that, for human interest, breadth, and vitality is to outclass the productions of all previous ages and epochs.

There is a literature of democracy, now in the form of latent genius within the soul sanctum of thousands of talented Americans, which the smug and precise publishers of the day can never liberate.

"To-Morrow," unafraid of heterogenous philosophy, poetry or diction offers itself as the legitimate medium by which to bring this new literature into the eye of the world.

Among other strong examples which we will present this month, we print below, a short sketch from the life of John Trellis, a book now in preparation by John B. Valter.—Editor.

It is night; I have been sitting at the open window—lulled by the gentle swish of a fine rain, toyed with by a summer breeze.

I have been watching the ruddy lights in houses that can only be imagined—so distant and dim are they.

It is very late, and the last of the householders are ready for bed. The ruddy lights skip to and fro like will-o'-the-wisps—and presently there are no more ruddy lights.

Then I become interested in tracing the bewildering horizon where the trees are silhouetted against the dismal sky.

Presto! The sky is studded with twinkling stars.

There is the moon! Fair mistress of night—come to create a new world—the dream-world of Nature.

In the distance the tree tops are sprinkled here and there with silver-gray dust—No!—they are sifted with impalpable ghost-snow. The grass is the color of the underside of poppy-leaves—only it shimmers more.

The great tree nearer my window is no longer a tree—it is a picture with a soul. Its trunk is now a stately tapering column. Its branches no longer bear foliage, but a profusion of clusters, plumes and sprays, playing in chiaroscuro. The top is a giant fleur-de-lis festooned and garlanded by deft fairy-hands.

I long to run out and clasp it in my arms—lay my cheek against its rough bark and whisper—"Tree! tree, thou art not a tree—thou art my dear brother—for the beauty I recognize in thee lives in me, too, somewhere.

The Problem of Existence.

(An Extract.)

In the light of discovered laws of the universe of the three-fold nature of man, physical, mental and spiritual. God being within all things. what need at this time of religious worship or anything in its nature, but improved facilities for expressing Universal Love. Brotherhood and Comradeship.

JOHN R. LIPPITT.

The Press, the Pulpit and War.

By William Rastelle.

There are two institutions in this country which are not doing their duty to the cause of international peace, namely, the press and the pulpit. Both the newspapers and the churches are imbued with the Jingo spirit and cater to the Jingo element. Both are very proficient in the use of Jingo phraseology, and devotion to the flag is to them a more sacred thing than devotion to Right and Humanity. Both declaim against war in the abstract, but on the slightest provocation look to their guns.

Of these two institutions the press is the more powerful, because it reaches all the people and moulds public opinion. This being the case, editors should feel more their responsibility in matters international. It is in their power to engender ill-will. They can precipitate wars, and they can encourage *ententes cordiales*. They can make a people thirst for blood, and they can make the same people enthusiastic for world peace. Perhaps this is an exaggeration of the power of the press. It will be objected that the policy of the press is either determined by the people themselves, or by interested politicians and capitalists. We grant the latter. It is now known how the British people were duped into the Boer War. The clique of financiers interested in that war got control of a few of the more important South African and London papers, corrupted the press agencies and the sources of information, sent home to the English dailies exaggerated, one-sided, and even false accounts of the situation in South Africa, and thus worked the British people into a high pitch of indignation. The Boer and the Continental press were deceived in like manner by Kruger and his associates. The falsifying of news is a means commonly employed by interested parties for the furtherance of specific objects. Governments exercise a secret control over the press which the general public are not aware of. The German government, for example, has been known to modify the tone of the German press within twenty-four hours. A few years ago France and England were slandering each other. War and other bravado was talked of in the papers. Somewhat suddenly this mud-slinging subsided. Two historical and bitter enemies ceased their gibes and began to sing each other's praises. And why? Because it suited the governments of the respective countries to forget old wounds and establish friendly relations with each other. In international matters of great importance the attitude of the press is nearly always determined by the government.

It will be seen, then, that journalists are not entirely responsible for the turn that public opinion takes. They base their opinions, and the public bases its opinion, on news. If that news is false, they can only be blamed for jumping

too readily to conclusions. This does not, however, exonerate a large section of the press of the crime of throwing the masses into a military fever, of clamoring for blood whenever international relations become strained. The writer is not one who believes in peace at any price. He does not plead with the press to submit without protest to foreign aggression and to preach the doctrine of non-resistance. No; in times of international crisis the press should present a fearless front to the enemy, but it should do so in a conciliatory spirit. It should undertake to restrain popular passion and force governments to settle their disputes in an amicable way. This it has not done in the past. This we hope to see it do in the future. We hope to see the daily and weekly press inspired with ideals of liberty and peace rather than of empire. We hope to see the newspapers of this republic lead those of the world in establishing friendship among the nations, in advocating effective arbitration treaties between the powers, and in hastening the day when armies and navies may safely be dispensed with.

Let us be honest. Christendom is a fiction. There has not been a government or a people that has had faith in the principles of its own religion. The Church itself does not believe its own teachings. The clergy, who bewail so loudly lack of faith in an antiquated theology, are themselves faithless to the commands of the Master. (We are speaking here of the aggregate, not of the many noble exceptions.) Clergymen, as a class, have had more faith in Might than in Right, more attachment to the institutions of man than to the will of God. They have defended great monstrosities while they existed, and only condemned them after secular forces had swept them away. Despotism, slavery, a harsh prison system, competition and war have all been defended from the pulpit. Let us be honest, I repeat, and admit that the orthodox clergy have usually been a drag upon the wheels of progress. Let the clergy be honest and admit the same. In this I am not attacking Christianity, but the subversion of Christianity; not the Church, but the conservatism of the Church. Christianity, I trust, will yet civilize our civilization; and the Church, let us hope, will awaken to the greatness of its mission.

It would be a good tonic for the ministry to admit that the Church has hitherto stood in the way of progress, that the custodians of the Christian faith have seriously erred on more than one occasion. This would be equivalent to a resolution on the part of the clergy to abandon their traditional conservatism, and to work for the overthrow of every custom and institution which is un-Christian. They would, therefore, be avowedly inimical to militarism, and from the vantage ground of the pulpit would give a mighty impetus to the sentiment against war. But alas, with some exceptions, they are not doing so. The orthodox church is allowing this opportunity for effecting a great Christian reform to pass by. It is letting this reform, as it has let every

other reform, be effected entirely by secular forces. Hence men say that the Church is dead. Some hint that its utility has entirely passed away. Chinamen from the far celestial kingdom point with a finger of scorn to Christendom and say: "Behold their colossal instruments of destruction. their militant religion, and yet these people would attempt to improve our civilization which is much older and less bloody than theirs."

OUR WORKERS.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Of workers we're a fearless band
One common cause unites us
Where hearts are joined, to join our hands
For love and truth delights us,
Then on to freedom, on, my friends,
Stop at no wayside station,
For what are buds and blossomings
Compared with full fruition!

Conservatives may threaten hard,
'Tis little that we'll heed them;
Just let them come, we'll pledge our word
That we will give them—freedom
Ay, freedom that shall make their souls
Expand like opening flowers—
The liberty that fits to dwell
In Truth's immortal bowers!

Hardships cannot our spirit shock;
We know they lie before us
But standing firm upon the rock
Of Truth, her banner o'er us,
We'll gladly meet the gathering hosts
Of superstition hoary,
Her shafts can pierce us but to bring
A conqueror's crown of glory.

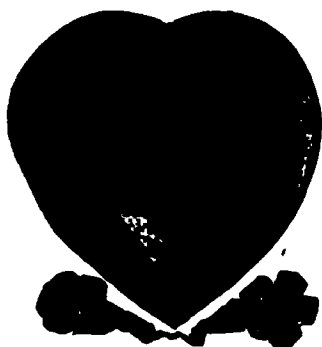
For souls like ours can never stand
And see their birthright riven,
While dwellers in this glorious land
To error's rule are given—
Will ne'er permit the hosts of night
To shut the gates of morning—
To intercept the rays of light
That on us would be dawning.

No, by the truths already born,
And by their birth throes' anguish,
Tho' myriads of foes unite
Our cause, shall never languish;
Thro' walls of adamant we'll pierce
With Truth to cut in sunder
Till Those who are so fearful now
Shall shout with joy and wonder.

For Truth herself sustains the right
Against what e'er opposes
And thro' it to our hungry race
Her matchless love discloses;
A love whose efforts cannot cease
Till every cloud is riven
That bideth from each needy soul
The light and life of Freedom.

Joe Mitchell Chapple.

Editor National Magazine.



Joe Mitchell Chapple

As it is "To-Morrow's" policy to publish from time to time interesting biographies of men and women who are making themselves felt in this epoch of humanity's strong upward movement, we have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the following pen picture of the redoubtable Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of the "National Magazine" of Boston, Mass., and a unique figure in contemporary literature.

He is about thirty-eight years old, and first saw the light on the banks of "Big Creek," La Porte City, Iowa. He early demonstrated a talent for the printing business, and trading an old white horse for a printing press, began his publishing career in a modest way. Later in South Dakota his efforts were rewarded with little success, and finally he became editor of the Ashland Daily Press of Ashland, Wis., which publication, by the way, is still his property. Taking the Press when it was the "under dog," so to speak, with another paper fast crowding it out of existence, he not only waxed strong and outstripped the other publication, but carried his district from democrat to republican and sent a republican representative to Congress.

About this time he attracted the interest and friendship of Major Wm. McKinley and other prominent men of affairs, whose friendship in later years meant so much to Mr. Chapple and the National Magazine. With the help of Major McKinley the National Magazine was started some seven or eight years ago. Having formerly been the "Bostonian," but rechristened the National by Major McKinley, it was then a case of "a flat top desk and typewriter and an idea," but perhaps we had better say "boundless enthusiasm and tireless energy." Today there is a \$100,000 plant with seven big Miehle presses, two folders, stitchers, cutters, Monotypes, etc., turning out a rising quarter million magazines each month.

Perhaps Mr. Chapple's greatest achievement of late has been his recent contest for "Heart Throbs," the gems of thought which have been contributed by the American people for which he offered \$10,000 last year. He advertised to give ten stacks of silver dollars as high as the first ten winners of first-class awards, and then other awards aggregating \$40, and in amount \$10,000 cash. The idea took quickly, and thousands and thousands of choice clippings were forwarded which had been for years carefully stored and cherished. The book has been a success, and it has perhaps been one of the best published for many years.

This year Mr. Chapple is putting forth his energy in a different but similar direction, as indicated by the advertisement in To-Morrow, and also referred to in the first part of the National Magazine for July and August, "Old Heart Songs Wanted," and for these he will pay \$1,000 in cash for 490 selections which are called for.

It has been said by a prominent man in public life that the National Magazine is the best grounded as regards to its circulation of any publication, for it has not only the great common people as subscribers, the farmers, mechanics and artisans in all lines of industry, but it also has a strong hold upon the likes and patronage of statesmen, prominent men of affairs and people of discrimination. It is seldom that a publication can interest people of so widely different views and modes of living, but the National has won in this respect, and its future is bright.

Perhaps the great secret after all is the optimism of the editor and his publication, and the absence of yellow journalism and the dyspeptic views of life. The people want something that is wholesome and optimistic, and the National goes far in filling this bill every month.

CONSTRUCTIVE DEMOCRACY.

By William E. Smythe.

No book of modern times has struck a more square blow for the truth and for equality of opportunity than Mr. Smythe's vital and well named book.

As a frontispiece Mr. Smythe employs the famous quotation from Walt Whitman entitled "O, America, because you build for mankind."

The chapters, entitled The Evolution of Plutocracy, The Impotency of Political Parties, The Common Sense of the Problem, Progress Toward a Scientific Solution, A Case of National Infidelity, and The Logic of Co-operation, are essays which have an epoch-making value.

No student of economics can afford to be without this book.

Send \$1.50 to To-Morrow Publishing Company, or remit \$2 and receive postpaid Constructive Democracy and To-Morrow Magazine for one year.

<p>Anyone ordering To-Morrow complete for 1906—January to December inclusive (\$1.00) will receive FREE post-paid those Gems of Liberal Journalism, the January and March Culturist by Walter Hurt.</p>

Two Poems.

By H. BEDFORD JONES.

The New Poetry of Democracy finds an alive exponent in H. Bedford Jones. His "At Evenfall" printed on page 67 of our September number was credited by error to R. W. Borough, but instead of "raising the wind" Mr. Jones simply writes "Borough's poem "The Meeting" in September is one of the best things I have seen for some time in either magazine or book. "At Evenfall" credited to Borough is my own as you will see by consulting the M. S." All of which goes to show that the Poet of Democracy has poise.—Editor.

WHEN LAURA SMILES.

When Laura smiles, then all the world is bright!
What are our sorrows, joys, or all beside,
When Laura smiles! Why, even the grief that rests
In Love's warm bosom turns to laughter light,
And Cupid's hidden sobs to merry jests!
Old Momus seems the world-grief to deride,
When Laura smiles!

When Laura smiles, the trees no longer sigh,
But whisper hampily; the little brook,
Babbling and chattering by each well-loved nook,
Leaps in its joy, its note of sorrow mute;
And even the sad-voiced oricle's plaintive cry
Speaks of a grief no longer absolute,
When Laura smiles!

ADDRESS OF OISIN TO ST. PATTRICK.

FROM THE GAELIC.

When Fionn reclined on the crag's stony flank, and sang
Brave songs to our heroes, till courage made all our blood leap,
And his sweet-fashioned words were lost in the weapons' clang,
And our shouting resounded till all dark Glen-miala rang;
When he chanted a soft pleasing lay, that fell to our heroes blow,
Till their senses were lost in its charm, as gently they sank into sleep—
Ah, sweeter that song, by far, than thy music's flow,
Thou Singer of Hymns!

Sweet are the notes of the thrush, that quiver and rise
And lade the fresh air of the morn with their dew-bedimmed pearls;
Sweet is the rush of the waves, as the evening air dies,
And the shaft of the moon o'er the breast of the swift billows flies;
Sweet were our clear-ringing harps, as we swept their wide-swelling
chords—so!
As we watched the slow smoke-clouds ascend, and the flames in their
glittering whirls;
Ah, sweeter that voice, by far, than thy music's flow,
Thou Singer of Hymns!

Loudly of old would we hear the great-echoing shout
Resounding and flinging afar from each hill-side and glen;
Ringing and gay the wild notes of the horns flew about,
And the baying of hounds, and the rush of the swift-sweeping rout;
But thou sayest, Oh Cleric, that I, and the heroes of Fionn shall know
The pangs of thy Hell? That is good! I shall see my companions
again!
And sweeter their hunt-song, by far thy paltry bells' flow,
Thou Singer of Hymns!

The Priestly Plot Against the Schools of Spain.

By W. Heaford.

From "The Clarion" (London).

Editor To-Morrow:

London, England.

Dear Sir—Mr. William Heaford, who has just left for the Continent, asked me to forward you an article of his on the subject of the Ferrer case in Spain, which is now occupying the attention of the European free-thought leaders. He wished me to ask if you would be good enough to reproduce the article, so as to bring the matter before the American public. Experience has shown, in many important cases, notably that of the Monjuich tortures and the affair of the "Mana Negro," that the Spanish government is very sensitive to foreign criticism and that a well-organized international agitation is the most effective method of checking the modern Inquisition in Spain.

Hoping that you will be able to second in your review the efforts of those who, like W. Heaford, are trying to organize a world-wide protest against this act of injustice. I remain,

Yours respectfully,

WM. EDWIN.

The cruel and stupid bomb outrage at Madrid has had the deplorable effect of strengthening the hands of the Jesuits in Spain, and of closing down an avowedly Rationalist school at Barcelona. In a word, the act of a madman like Mateo Morral has destroyed—or, at any rate, bids fair to destroy—the sane and scientific work of popular secular education so successfully carried on for some years past by Francisco Ferrer, the founder of the "Escuela Moderna" (the modern school). Ferrer, who is not an anarchist, is now in prison, and an order has been made for the sequestration of the sum of 250,000 pesetas (£10,000) lodged in the bank for the carrying on of the work of the school. If this act of robbery and violence on the part of the priests and their tool, the Spanish government, goes unchallenged, the education of Spain will for generations to come be the monopoly of the church.

What is Ferrer's crime and what is the nature of the complicity of his school with the bomb-throwing Morral?

On the first question the splendid testimony ("Le Courier Europeen," June 29, 1906) of M. Alfred Naquet, former member of the French Senate, in his crushing indictment of the Jesuitical plot to secure through the ruin of Ferrer the ruin in toto of the cause of secular education in Spain, is all-convincing. M. Naquet is an intimate friend of Ferrer, and can, therefore, speak with absolute authority as to his private opinions. Ferrer, he tells us, albeit an enthusiastic Republican and an out-and-out Freethinker, has never belonged in any degree to the anarchist body. His association with Mateo Morral, a rich young man, whose extensive acquaintance with foreign languages ingratiated him with Ferrer, was one of a purely literary and pecuniary character. Morral was at first employed at the school on translation work in connection with the course of scientific books issued from the press of the "Escuela Moderna," and afterwards entered into negotiations with Ferrer for the purchase of his publishing

business. We have the assurance of Naquet that during the whole course of his unfortunate connection with the "Escuela Moderna" and its founder, Morral was careful to hide from Ferrer the fact that he was an anarchist, and refrained from speaking to him about anarchism. Naquet declares from the depths of his knowledge of the man that if Ferrer had any suspicion of the act which Morral was meditating he would then and there have broken off all relations with him.

The "Modern School" was launched in September, 1901. It was founded by Francisco Ferrer, a large sum of money having been bequeathed to Ferrer by one of his grateful pupils for that purpose. To the cause represented by the school Ferrer has since dedicated his life and fortune. A publishing establishment was attached to the institution, and school books based on the latest conception of modern science, free from all dogmatic taint and clear of all supernatural notions, were issued from time to time. These books were adopted by the numerous Republican schools existing throughout the peninsular. To give some idea of the success of the undertaking, we may point out that in 1905 no less than 1,700 scholars met together at a fraternal banquet.

And now the priests in Spain under cover of the confusion created by this act of imbecile bomb-throwing, are seeking to kill the cause of secular education in the country. The school is now closed, the books, property and money of the institution have been seized, and the corps of professors, consisting of some of the most distinguished scientific men in Spain, has been dispersed, their scholars being sent back to their homes to return to the dark ways of superstition so dear to the obscurantist heart of clericals of all descriptions. Fourteen secular schools in Catalonia and twenty-four in the other provinces of the Spanish kingdom, are now threatened with similar ruin at the hands of the black gentry of the modern Inquisition. Unwilling itself to undertake the education of the people, the clericalist government of Spain is now bending all its energies by dint of robbery and repression, by means of prison and torture, to suppress the beneficent pioneer work of Ferrer in connection with the secular schooling of the nation. Wholesale arrests have become the order of the day, and the seizure and suppression of newspapers and the incarceration of editors and journalists, with the horrors of Montquich again in perspective, have become the normal acts of the government.

Naquet has excellently summed up the situation. He tells us that the Modern School is a work of life for Spain, and clericalism, whose work is a work of death, sat watching like a vampire for the opportunity of destroying the movement at the earliest possible moment. The crime of Morral furnished the priests with the coveted occasion. The church now seeks to quench in blood the new light of rationalism in Spain. Luckily the eyes of Europe are fixed on this nefarious plot. The Freethinkers in France and Belgium are determined that

the just resentment of the Spanish government against the iniquitous bomb-throwing of a mad-headed anarchist shall not be carried to the extravagant lengths of stifling the aspirations of the Spanish people towards a scientific and rational system of education. In "L'Echo de Paris," "L'Action," "L'Intransigeant," "Le Courrier Europeen," indignant protests have already been made against the mediæval policy of the Spanish government in attempting this reactionary purpose. Our well-known Parisian Freethought contemporary, "L'Action," has been especially active in ventilating sound views upon this matter. Ferrer was well known and deeply loved at Paris during the years of his exile in France. He was a member of the National Freethought Association of France, and a distinguished member of, and part of the teaching staff attached to the Grand-Orient. The Spanish Freethinkers are grateful for the sympathy of their comrades in France, and are looking with wistful eyes for help from their brethren in other countries. Theirs is a battle not only for Rationalist schools but a battle against the recrudescence of the Modern Inquisition as seen in the recent prison methods of Spanish goalers in dealing with political prisoners. The International Free Thought Federation at Brussels is about to take action in this matter, and will shortly issue an important manifesto dealing with the question. In the meantime, whilst fully dissociating themselves from any sort of sympathy or condonation of anarchist violence which, as this case so eloquently shows, serves only to perpetuate violence in high places by the very means it employs to perpetrate outrage from below, the Freethinkers of this country feel it their duty to put on record their cordial detestation of the repressive policy of the Spanish government. If Morral murdered a handful of innocent people the action of the government to-day is even more criminal, for they are seeking to destroy the center of intellectual life for thousands of young people; and by robbing an innocent man, and despoiling the beneficent institution he launched into being, are deliberately shutting out into the darkness of superstition the rising generation of Spain.

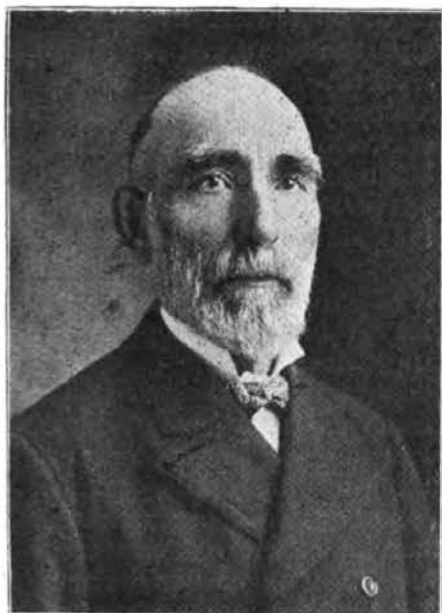
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Physiology and Love.

By Charles J. Lewis, M. D.

II.



The background of love is in the ancient east—the age and land of wonder, mystery, and intuition, far removed from the logical and rushing world of to-day. The thoughts and figures set forth in the complex literature of these distant times abound in the saying that marriages are made in heaven. The experiences of many centuries have made it clear that wherever they were made they have resulted in a mixture of much that is evil. This was the result, in great part, through love being given a poetic significance rather than a physiological consideration.

In the present light of physiology, it will not do to treat love superficially. It is now known to be as broad and as deep as humanity itself. Its chief concern is with the reproduction of the species, and cannot be healthfully expressed excepting when the parents have a surplus of food. The apparent exception to this physiological law in the so-called poor who have large families, is only apparent and not real. The poor are not lacking so much in food as it is currently believed. But they are lacking in the so-called fashionable raiment and comfortable dwellings. It is owing to their squalor and impoverished surroundings that sociologists have been led to coin the stock phrase—that mouths were more numerous than bread was abundant.

The adolescent age is the showoff period of life. It is the time when young men and women put on their best attire and the language employed, especially among lovers, is extravagant and fanciful. The language of this period is so peculiar that it is spoken of as romantic, and the style is so exaggerated as to be a veritable license of the lover's tongue.

As love proceeds, the self is more and more suppressed, and each is thinking of the other—another who is necessary to bring his or her life to a complimentary fullness. This otherness is the basis of altruism and it waxes stronger and stronger during the whole period of infatuation. But few when in love are able to think much of the responsibility of the married state, and much less to take it under

advisement. They are dreaming of grand surroundings and hold in contemplation the taking of blissful trips.

The couple when courting are not living in a real world, but a world of revelry and imagination. They are so full of delight, and each is so full of charm to the other, that they believe themselves the pink of perfection. This is not surprising, for their meetings are at somewhat lengthened intervals which give but little opportunity of noticing any eccentricity of manners or of speech. After marriage? Well, by being in each other's company much of the time, they at last become disillusioned, after which it is easy for each to look upon the other as having as many faults as a porcupine has quills. Be this as it may, marriage is as severe a test of altruism and compatability of temper as traveling together. Even so, many of the married people live happily all through their lives. Notwithstanding this fact, there is a very large number of married people who are mismated and live very unhappy lives.

It was unfortunate that the poets and philosophers failed to recognize what moderns do, namely, that Love is almost entirely instinctive and that it was only to limited extent, under the control of the gray matter of the brain. Hence the literature of love has been compiled from unwarranted sources. It is only in modern times that there has appeared romanticists and realists in literature. The earlier writers were chiefly idealists and quite generally misrepresented the affection which subsists between the sexes.

It has long been known that all humanity is driven by two very powerful and all pervading impulses. The first, and the one which dominates the others at all hazard, is the instinct to live, to satisfy which men go out in quest of food; the second or weaker of the two, is the procreative instinct, and unconsciously impels to courtship. Who the man who does not recall the shy, secretive and serious days of adolescence; or the woman who does not feel abashed when some acquaintance recalls her unaccountable "moods," her coquettishness and utter refusal to heed advice when in love. These and other expressions, such as blushing for instance, are harkings back to a time when love assumed a very humble and simple attitude. This is plainly visible in the lower orders, and is markedly present in human beings up to puberty. During all this time there is no esthetics or shame, and while the reproductive organs are lingering in repose, there is but little chance for any erotic curiosity.

Lovemaking is the altruism of two people who wish to live together in harmony. The harmony will be more secure, however, where each witholds much of self from the compact. This would leave very wide discretionary powers to each and permit personal judgment to be wholesomely flexible in all matters that daily arise in the essential affairs of life. In all communities where the martial bond would be thus flexible, the perloiners of gossip about the married when they were apart would have many of their

malining privileges taken away from them. Besides, there would be less curiosity evinced by others in the affairs of the heart. Nor would society be mainly engaged as now in trapping and catching offenders. An example of catching offenders is exemplified in the recent police raids on some of the hotels of our city. More liberty and not less is what will shorten the list of offenders. The more these people are harrassed the more determined they will be to accomplish their purposes. Democracy is said to be desirable in other relations of life, and why not here they plaintively ask. Will there be mistakes? Undoubtedly. The fact, however, that fearful mistakes were made in the past whenever a change was made either in civil, religious or social matters, should disarm the pessimist who declares in advance that society thus dominated would be under a far greater tyranny than the one we now have.

Those who have studied the question are awake to the fact that settled habits and functional activities of organs are hard to change. To bring this about, it is necessary for the great body of parents and army of teachers to gain a broad knowledge of physiology. It will then be easy, fashionable and moral to teach the young wholesome lessons about the laws of procreation, and thus forever forestall their getting such knowledge from erotic and unbalanced companions.

After the children will have acquired a knowledge of this the most sacred of human functions, and have been counseled to conserve them until the time nature has set to use them, there will have been taken a long step towards securing a sound mind in a sound body. Moreover, such well trained people later on will be prepared to inaugurate changes in the existing systems of marriage that will register a distinct evolutionary gain. To do this well, we must select the persons who are bent on mating and have them fitted to each other. We will then be able to keep the cross marriages which are constantly occurring from going too far in establishing new types of home life. With a view of having a rugged progeny, all marriageable children should be united to those who have similar aims and interests, be of opposite temperament, of robust health and a physical development that would be approximately perfect.

Another has described my chief point namely, that where love is, reason is temporarily absent. and I will take the liberty of reproducing it:

Love stands only for such affection as subsists between the sexes.

Love is blind to the person it adores.

It is devoted, it idolizes, it is fond, it is (to others) foolish.

Love has its groundwork in sexuality, and subsists only between persons of opposite sexes. * * * Love is as unseasonable in the choice of its devotion as it is extravagant in the regard of the person; it is formed without ex-

amination, it is the effect of a sudden glance, the work of a moment, in which the heart is taken by surprise, and the understanding is discarded. A fine eye, a fair hand, a graceful step, are the mainsprings of love. Love wants no excitement from personal merit as does friendship. Friendship sees faults, and tries to correct them. Friendship is an affection that is tempered by reason, and entirely different in very important feature from love—(See Crabb's Synonyms, articles-love-friendship.)

Marriages that are consummated when the couples are blindly infatuated with each other, and in a "spell" where reason is temporarily put under a cloud, cannot be regarded as a union which is so perfect as not to be capable of improvement. The improvement sought is that the marital relations be permitted to have their share of esement from external control that have accrued to those nations that have to a very large degree demoralized political power.

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENT TREND.

BY JOHN BYERS WILSON.

Most certain is this of all that we know,
Life is here—life is here;
A strange commingling of joy and of woe,
Smile and tear—smile and tear;
And whether we live life over again,
We can never know, but this much we ken.
Tho' we cannot help gods, we can help men,
And the time to help them is now;
To the Present then let us bow;
Of itself the Future will take good care.
'Twill be as 'twill be, regardless of prayer,
And around us is misery everywhere,
That calls for our sympathies now;
Then let each make a solemn vow.
To place the smile in the place of the tear,
And of the unknown future have no fear,
Of that have no fear, but of this have fear,
Not to live for the life that now is here,
Not to make heaven of the life that is near.

The Future may prove an Elysium of peace,
Pain is here—pain is here;
And as fast our joys, our sorrows increase,
Smile and tear—smile and tear;
Justice is tardy, and comes by degrees,
While Truth in the world creeps low on her knees,
Assailed by ignorance, hate and disease,
But the time to hail her is now;
To the Present then let us bow;
For while we're idling, hearts hunger and bleed,
And millions crushed low by the crime of greed,
Are calling for men of mercy and deed,
And their tears appeal to us now;
Then let each make a solemn vow
To place the smile in the place of the tear,
And of the unknown future have no fear,
Of that have no fear, but of this have fear,
Not to live for the life that now is near,
Not to make Heaven of the life that's here.

High Tide.

By Dr. Geo. W. Carey.



The time has arrived when the common people—the workers—must decide whether they will rule themselves or be owned body and soul by tyrants, thieves, robbers, and murderers that represent the money power of the United States, and who control directly every branch of governmental operation.

The working people, the real producers, have become familiar with the power that has enslaved them in the school of experience.

The power of concentrated wealth with head in Wall street and its Briarian arms reaching out to every city and village from Maine to California is more domineering than was Alexander the Great; more cruel and despotic than Nero; more unpitiful and un-

relenting than the Pharaohs. It lays its monster hand upon city councils, legislatures, congresses, senates, cabinets and supreme courts, and they do its bidding. A president rests at the seaside while Moyer, Heywood and Pettibone are locked in prison and held without trial, after having been kidnapped and railroaded out of their state by methods that would shame the most brutal savage or bloodthirsty pirate.

The president rails against anarchy and talks of a "square deal, but is blind as a bat to the anarchy and infamous treasonable deals in Idaho and Colorado by the promoters of the republican party who furnish campaign funds.

The churches have become stinking rotten from love of place, power and self and worship at a golden altar beneath a golden calf. The two dominant parties bend the pregnant hinges of their knees to the plutocratic god that "thrift may follow fawning."

This modern Juggernaut, gory with the blood of murdered laborers, controls the land, the water, the machinery and means of transportation of all the American republic.

It has usurped the governmental right to coin and issue money. Plutocracy has usurped the power of congress to declare war and dictate terms of peace. It subjugates alien people without just cause, using the army and navy without the consent of the voters, refuses them representation, taxes and governs them without their consent. It piles in

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iquity on theft and murder, laughs and carouses and growls back at every protest, "The people be damed."

And you, twenty million able bodied men and women, submit—you who boast that your forefathers were revolutionary heroes. O thou degenerate son, daughter, how long will you beg and petition the scourge of earth to do justice? The representatives of organized plunder, from policeman to president, scorn your petitions, protests and demands, and rightly brand you servile cowards. They laugh at your votes, burn your ballots or falsify the count, and even a Hearst who could lead a successful revolution submits to a ballot box steal and goes on writing editorials on the power of the ballot, and appealing to a rotten court in a hopeless effort for justice.

Did King George heed the prayers and petition of New England farmers? The Declaration of Independence answers no. King George feared bayonets and bullets.

The bulldog of capital has its teeth locked in the laborer's quivering flesh, and petitions and resolutions will not induce him to let go; ballots will not move him, nor yet tears, nor prayers, nor party platforms, nor speeches, nor mass meetings, **nor threats.**

The musket, the bayonet, the ruddy, roaring cannons, the rope, the headsman's ax. by these and these alone have oppressed and enslaved men in all the past been forced.

The Russian peasant tried petition for a century, and were answered by Siberia and the knout. To-day the angel of retribution and revolution sweeps across the czar's domain with vestments dipped in blood.

So must it ever be that "he who would be free must strike the blow.

There are no slaves who are fit for freedom.

The tide is at its flood—what are you going to do?

Publishers "To-Morrow"—

Your editor's prose poem "Faith Has Come" in the August magazine is exquisite, sublime, divine! I never get tired reading and rereading it. It is a "gem of purest ray serene," an inspiration of the highest order. Nothing has ever so thrilled my very soul and filled my heart with hope and expectancy of the coming dawn of day. Verily in knowledge of Nature must ever rest our Faith in the eventual salvation of mankind from the thralldom of superstition and priest craft.

Hermann Wettstein.

THE GREAT PRESENCE.

BY CHARLES A. SANDBURG.



The gold of the world
Is the song and the clanking sound
That runs from the ship-decks out in the bay
To the wharves and the wheel-scarred paying-
stones.

In the street it is heard as the traffic roars
And upward it lives in the smudge
Of the roofs that claw at the sky.

In the blue miles yonder where houses are rare
And the wind blows clan with a strong, free
kiss,

They arise in the dark at the finger of want,
In flight from want they hurry through noon,
Lie down and sleep in the fear of want
And the goad of their want is gold.

By gaunt, gray hills the pack-trains go,
And the skulls on the trail and the tumbled
bones

Tell a tale of haste in the chase for gold.
On writhing seas where the hurricanes yell
And the hero-boats are toys of the storm,
The thought of the men is a thought of home
And the need in a home for gold.

Cunning as animals sullenly crouched
To leap for the throat of a rival brute,
The captains swear to achieve or die.
The beast in man is alive to the hunt,
And the blood and the gashes, the moans and snarls,
The wrack and the fever, the hot souls fighting,
Are all for the prize of the game
And the prize of the game is gold.

The banners that batter the morning air
And the high-keyed cry of the crowd that follows,
Are all for gold, for the clink and luster of gold.
There is talk of the joy of the game,
Of Christ and the deed from the heart of love,
You may hear of alms that are thrown to the losers
From out of the guarded vaults of the winners,
But the cry of the morning the whole world over
Is "Hustle or starve," hustle for glittering gold,
For masterly, powerful gold.

Nowthereforeism.

By C. F. Hunt.

With Reply By Herman Kuehn.

Mr. Kuehn hopes that, through his efforts, some few readers may be spared "falling into the absurdities to which Mr. Hunt commits himself." He will find more than a few in that position; in fact I would be pleased to have a vote.

The world contains two sorts of people: the votaries of science and the votaries of faith. Each sort forms hypotheses from facts; the former suspends judgment until the hypotheses are repeatedly proved; the latter posits gods and ideals, and defends them from all attacks, holding the fort though it be riddled, and not hesitating sometimes to use unfair means of combat.

Mr. Kuehn belongs to the latter class. He asserts the unity of nature and his faith in it. He rejects worn out faiths, preferring up-to-date fallacies. He says mankind is ideally good, in the face of the fact that many men are hopelessly bad. He deals with extremes, like heaven and hell, rejecting medium conditions. Liberty is all good, compulsion all bad.

His methods resemble those of other faithist who oppose science; for example, I never said that the mouse-eating instinct of a cat proves a right to life of a mouse. It is utterly false that single taxers and the like "do not believe in voluntary action at all—except so much as the State cannot very well control." Nor am I committed to the doctrine that mankind is naturally all vile. Such conclusions are possible only with faithists, who think only in extremes. Further, my words: "knowledge of these laws (science)" would have prevented most intellectual giants from crediting a layman with the "common error" of thinking that phenomena, and not knowledge, constitutes science.

Will Mr. Kuehn state when mankind became all good? We are told there was a time when men readily killed each other, even when there was no compelling government; and killing is the extreme limit of compulsion. In a previous, still cruder, period (and even now) living beings lived only by killing. When did the race become saints, and when did compulsion destroy the saintliness?

"Now Therefore" is the language of science. No wonder the faithist ridicules it. Superstition has always opposed deduction, except it furnish the premises.

"Whatsoever liberty cannot accomplish authority cannot achieve. All human experience shows that nothing has ever been attained for human progression by coercion."

Coercion has been used to preserve liberty. Every being has power that may be used for right or wrong. When coercion was used to stop the maiming of pigeons by certain of Mr. Kuehn's saints, I for one, justify that coercion. When

it used to place people in dungeons for harmless acts, I condemn that coercion. But what are "right" and "wrong?" The cat or mouse may have a viewpoint, but it is not ours. Human welfare, then, is the basis. Whatever promotes this is right, whatever opposes it is wrong. One might judge that Mr. K. never had heard of this proposition. Coercion used for the one is justified and necessary; coercion used for the other is tyranny. Coercion lies in every man's biceps. He should use it in a manner he deems right, to defend his "rights" or those of others. Likewise the state uses the police as its right arm, enforcing such ideas of right as are evolved by the controlling element in society. Some are not pleased, but there seems no way but to evolve new ideas of right. I think it "scientific" to recognize this fact.

Mr. K. answers only such questions as he can easily. He ignores my request to reconcile coercion in his system of Nature in which all is in unison. Kuehn and Coercion are working in unison, though they appear as antagonists.

Mr. K. never heard of the "Rule of the Road," that vehicles must go to the right. There is such a law, and I have known of persons who turned to the left being "coerced" to bear the loss of both parties to the collision. Mr. K. thinks without any law people would act "decently," that is, he has faith that they will, just as other faithists hold that all knotty points will be settled if one only believes in the atonement.

As Mr. K. is utterly ignorant of the single-tax theory, I will outline it by an illustration:

A man leaves three farms to three sons, A, B and C. The farms will each yield to equal labor \$1,000, \$1,100 and \$1,200 respectively. Being individualists the sons wish each to work a farm. How shall they inherit equally? C paid A \$100 per year and all shared equally. Afterwards, wanting \$300 worth of common improvements, B paid \$100, and C \$200 into a common fund, and still each had \$1,000 yearly, and the benefit of the improvements.

Any one who says the single tax is more or less than the above is ignorant or untruthful. It is not fair to say, in criticism, that B and C are compelled to pay a tax. It is simply a just payment. Under the single tax there is no taxation. What advocates of the idea claim is that this surplus over the ordinary reward to labor, due to fertility or location, shall be collected in the FORM of a tax, that is the existing forms of taxation shall be used. Any sincere critic of the theory will limit himself to the above principles.

To say that any majority can accomplish any desired end without coercing a minority, is to advocate the principle that it is just to consume without producing: the worst evil on earth to-day. Mr. K. says there are essentially collective things. No doubt he will admit that a highway is essentially collective. If the majority shall decide to build a pavement, and furnish all the labor, an opposing minority will necessarily help consume the pavement and pay nothing. Mr. K. has faith that they will do right. I have not. It is right to

say to them: Your share is so much; pay it, or move to a place without pavement.

Why do not Mr. Kuehn's saints who drive vehicles act decently at crossings when no policemen is present. Pedestrians, old people and pregnant women, have been seen to jump for their lives, while the saints laugh at their antics.

For an example of an "evanescent" science, Mr. K. cites astronomy, the one having the least proportion of exact knowledge and the largest ratio of speculation, which latter, of course, is not science. He makes no distinction, but is absolutely sure that the laws of gravitation; paralax; Kepler's law, and the approximate measurements, "must" all be corrected. The only system thus far that corrects them is the silly theory of "Koresh" which defeats itself on analysis. This makes the earth a shell, with all things inside, but the conditions do not meet the facts. Name a scientist who ever asserted that the scientific principles that have been repeatedly cerified, can ever be corrected. Faith in twaddle must indeed be strong to make that seem uncertain which is proved every day to be true.

KUEHN'S KOMMENT.

So Mr. Hunt would like a vote! Not necessary. I admit in advance that the vast majority is with him.

Most people labor under the delusion that the killing of one human being by another is possible without the exercise of the governmental function. All murder is government, whether it be organized government or not. So, indeed, is all robbery. In fact the test of governmentalism is the levying of tribute, either in service, goods, treasure or life. Mr. Hunt has a dim perception of this. He says, *ut supra*: "Men killed each other when there was no compelling government, and killing is the extreme limit of compulsion." Which is only another way of saying: "Men governed each other when there was no government."

Whether the highwayman levies tribute at the point of his trusty six-shooter or the tax-gatherer in the name of the king, there is no difference in principle. Nor is there any difference in principle between murder committed by the individual slaver and that perpetrated by organized government.

Government and compulsion are synonymous terms. This Mr. Hunt has not yet discovered. Most people also believe that government and organization are interchangeable terms.

The majority is also with Mr. Hunt in the belief that "coercion has been used to preserve liberty." One must have a queer concept of a "liberty" that can be preserved by the denial of liberty. Mr. Hunt, and his vast majority, are simply mistaken, that's all. Not a single incident in all history can be construed as evidencing the preservation of liberty by its denial. It gives me much pleasure to be in the minority.

Mr. Hunt cites, presumably as an instance of the preserva-

tion of liberty by a denial of liberty, the laws that inhibit the "sport" of trap-shooting. He forgets that only men perverted by governmentalism indulge in such sport. Free men kill harmless animals only for necessary food and raiment.

Mr. Hunt casually stumbles upon a truth in this: "Whatever promotes human welfare is right, whatever opposes it is wrong." But he shrinks from applying the very test he invokes, else he would find that coercion never promotes, but always retards human welfare. The superficial majority justifies one form of tyranny in dealing with the effects of preceding tyrannies. When they see something amiss—something that "opposes human welfare," they never think of trying freedom as a remedy—always more tyranny. They would treat the baby's diaper with eau de Cologne instead of soap and water.

I had said that I knew of no law making it incumbent on drivers to keep to the right. Mr. Hunt works his Now Therefore thus: "Mr. Kuehn never heard of the 'rule of the road,' etc." Yes, I have practiced and acquiesced in that custom all my life, except in the countries where driving to the left is the custom, and still I say that I know of no law to that effect. Nor is one necessary. Men are always glad to abide by any common-sense understanding of that kind, and it is only among benighted perverts that there is ever any disposition to embody such tacit agreements into legislative enactments.

And so Mr. Hunt thinks that I am utterly ignorant of the single tax theory. Well, Henry George did not think so meanly of my intelligence. The only letter of introduction I brought to Chicago on my first visit here seventeen years ago was one from Henry George to John Z. White. I understood the single tax theory very well in those days. But Mr. Hunt thinks I don't understand it now. In those days I understood it precisely as Mr. Hunt does now. I now understand it better than I did then, or than he does now. Far better. He cites an illustration and then adds: "Any one who says the single tax is more or less than the above is ignorant or untruthful." Well, I'm used to being called a liar by the majority. I don't mind it in the least, because I know how poorly equipped the majority is in the matter of unbiased judgments.

I understand the single tax theory precisely like my friend Henry George understood it. All that is good in that theory will work far better under voluntary co-operation than by any process of compulsion.

Mr. Hunt's assurance that the single tax is no tax at all is on a parity with the protectionist plea that the tariff is not a tax, but a just payment by the foreigner for the use of our home market.

Henry George wrote a great book. I commend a closer reading of *Progress and Poverty* to Mr. Hunt. He will find that even so great an authority as the author of the theory found more in it than Mr. Hunt proclaims. Mr. George

advocated the single tax in order that the state might become the universal landlord. Yes, a great book, that. It states many truths in a masterly way, and abounds in fallacies innumerable. Mr. George, an excellent man, with a large capacity for human sympathy, lacked woefully in imagination. He could not project his mind into a contemplation of human association under freedom. His advocacy of free trade was limited to the custom-house phase of the subject. His chapter on interest is one of the most ludicrous performances in the realm of serious literature, and his ready acceptance of the "margin of cultivation" theory shows that he was more credulous than analytic. George instils into the minds of those of his readers who accept him as infallible a reliance upon the Ricardean theory of rent—a theory that has no cogency whatever aside from its base upon the principle of royalty. George wrote an eloquent apostrophe of liberty, and had no comprehension of what liberty really is.

One is to be pitied who has never read Henry George. One is to be more pitied who has read nothing but Henry George.

Mr. Hunt's illustration is based upon the "margin of cultivation" theory. George swallowed that Ricardean fallacy whole, and those who read only George are likewise committed to it. Mr. Hunt has given us his assurance that he has shown "all there is" of the single tax, and that any one is a liar or damphool who does not acquiesce in his views.

Let us examine this illustration. We are shown three brothers who have inherited title to land. We are to presume that the three farms are of equal area, and that the diversity of results from its tillage arises from a qualitative difference in the soils. And the brother occupying the better location is expected to indemnify (and under the single tax is to be compelled to indemnify) the brother who occupies the poorer land, in such measure as that all may fare equally. Mr. Hunt leaves out of the account three considerations:

First, industry.

Second, intelligence.

Third, brotherliness.

As to the first, it probably has never occurred to him that a diversity of product may arise from variant degrees of industrious endeavor. It is possible that if Brother C were cultivating A's plot the yield would be just about the same as that of C's present site. Now, if society undertakes to compel the more industrious brother to take his less diligent confrere into participation, then the single tax will be an admirable method to facilitate that sort of "justice."

Secondly, it is possible that with more extended intelligence A would employ the land he uses in the cultivation of crops that would yield him at least as much as his more fortunate brother produces. Much of the land that was

presumed to be below the margin of cultivation has not remained so after some fellow with brains and enterprise came along and did things. For instance, the lands about Kalamazoo, Mich., were deemed waste until some Dutchman applied the celery remedy. Lands about Niles, Mich., were rated as below the margin until brains tried mint. Many a poor wheat field has turned out to be prime onion ground. If, however, it is the aim of society to undertake to equalize intelligence toward a low standard the single tax will do it.

Thirdly, and of greater importance than either the first or second of these considerations, is the factor of brotherliness. If, for any reason, one of three brothers makes a smaller crop than his needs require, and his brothers a larger, then, under free trade *the less fortunate will not only be permitted to share with the more fortunate, but will be besought to do so, and his refusal to do so would be unbrotherly and unsocial. This latter consideration cannot be understood by the governmentally-minded. They see human nature only through a glass, darkly. They have no comprehension of the innate brotherliness of mankind, because their experience has been only with government-perverted people, who manifest in accordance with their training and their fears.

That these three brothers could occupy and use land without reference to the royal scheme of grafting involved in royal titles does not occur to Mr. Hunt. Well, he is in good company, for it did not occur to Ricardo, either. George had some vague apprehension of the benefit that would accrue to society by "making land common property," though it seems never to have occurred to him that land is always and everywhere common property, only that most people have not the intelligence to understand this, and consequently they acquiesce in various royal schemes to obviate that natural condition, thus losing the benefit of the fact to grasp at the shadow of "the blessings of government."

Mr. Hunt comes tilting at me with his deadly "Now Therefore" in his comment on the building of a highway. With his ever-ready weapon he convicts me of advocating the principle that it is just to consume without producing. But free men are never sponges and shirks. I have lived among such and therefore (Now Therefore) I know. Sponges and shirks are the products of governmentalism, always and everywhere. I have lived in communities where roads were built by voluntary co-operation, and where schools were so maintained, and if any of the neighbors had not been permitted to help in the building of the road or allowed to contribute toward the maintenance of the school it would have been a *casus belli*.

The people who drive vehicles so recklessly as to endan-

*I mean real free trade not custom house free trade.

ger the limbs or lives of pedestrians are not my saints, Mr. Hunt, but years, made measly mean and "triflin'" by fool laws. Under free trade—real free trade—people wouldn't have to be in such a devil of a hurry, anyway. But it never occurred to Mr. Hunt—indeed how could it?—that congested street traffic can be managed and regulated by voluntary agreement, and functionaries to so regulate it would not have to exert any authority, but merely give each teamster a friendly nod when it came his turn to pass "a given point."

As to Cosmogony, I shall let Mr. Hunt have the triumph of the last word, and if he is satisfied that we derive our heat from the sun, through millions upon millions of miles of space refrigerated to some thousands of degrees below zero, it cannot matter to me. I cited astronomy for no other reason than that the scientific people of a former age were quite as sure that the earth is flat as Hunt is that single tax is not a tax, or that the best medium of exchange is one that hinders rather than facilitates exchanges, or that free people who want roads will not volunteer to build them, but must be coerced into so doing.

GOD'S CHILDREN.

By James Allman.

This is a 50-cent book bound in cloth by the Charles H. Kerr Publishing Company.

It contains 112 pages, and a general idea of its character may be obtained from the titles of the following chapters: God sends Mercury to investigate the conditions of His children; Mercury meets with strange experiences; Mercury in White Chapel; What the Socialist Said; A Political Economist Has No Soul, etc.

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Hermann Wettstein.

The World Movement.

By O. V. Stapp.

(Editor of The Triton.)

Hark! I hear the tramping, tramping, of a hundred thousand
feet

Coming from each land, each city, from each subterranean
street,

And a host of ominous voices rising from a monotone

Now begin to reach high heaven in their mighty thunder-
tone.

From the starving hordes of India, from Great Britain's
strange unrest,

From the many joyless workers in the new lands of the West.
Comes this mighty, anxious army—world of plenty are ye
dead,

That unnumbered human creatures day by day must plead
for bread?

Drones and parasites of fortune sitting on your piles of pelf,
From your mighty point of vantage can ye see naught but
yourself?

Think ye puny strength will hold them when the workers of
the earth

Through travail and pain and labor give to Liberty new
birth?

Dare ye rail against their ignorance? They have learned
what ye have taught.

Dare ye make light of their virtue? They have sold what ye
have bought.

Dare ye say that they are idle? They have done the tasks
ye set,

And a mighty, mighty army suffer cold and hunger yet.

Know ye not the Mighty Father long enough has seen their
night?

Lips Omnipotent are trembling with the words "Let there
be light."

Strike away the irons of ignorance, open once again the scroll
Teaching men they all are brothers, each God's image in his
soul.

O ye rulers of the world! O ye men in places high!

Shall ye doom your host of brothers never having lived to
die?

Shall they, held forever lower, live to gratify your greed,

Life a shallow, mere existence, tolerated for your need?

Nay! Their fevered blood is rousing, throbbing through
each world vein,

And their tortured souls are quickening with a purpose born
of Pain.

Masters, like the ancient warning written on Chaldean wall
They have written high their purpose that the rule of Greed
shall fall.

And the hand ye stretch to stay it shall but hasten on the
hour;

And the will ye place against it adds momentum to its power.
Masters, gods of gold may aid you, but ye cannot win the
fight,

For the workers of the world are but battling for their right!

MORNING'S DAWN.

BY EVANGELINE DOUGLASS.

The morning dawns o'er the city's heights
The first faint glow of glist'ning lights
Shoots up the skie and the chimneys tall
Reflect it from their ruddy throats.
The transient lull of the midnight's pall
From murmur faint, to crescendo notes
Swell thro' the streets with the dawning day
As the toilers waken and haste away.

Away to work in the factory's roar,
Sweat-shop or mill, market or store,
Men, women, children—O God, alas—
So great the press of greed for gain
That human life of the common mass
Its wearing toil and sweat and pain,
Are held as naught by the richer man,
Save as force for his use and plan.

He calls them forth to his greed's behest
By force of need they're sorely pressed
And whirring wheels and imperious bell
And clang, of swiftly hurrying car—
The call to work of the whistles' swell
Like organ chords o'er city far
Urge on the march of the toilers feet
As they join the throng in the busy street.

So morning dawns, and its fleeting wane
Marks Labor's waking throes and strain
At the wheel of Industry's giant mill.
She grinds her grist, in the city's heart,
Of gold and blood—coffers to fill
For rich and idle who take no part
In the woe and grime of the lives e're sold
To feed the rich man's lust for gold.

O, morning's dawn—what's the joy you hold
For these you wake with sky's faint gold?
Save Time and Hope when you bring Love's day
When shines the light of brotherhood;
And men shall wake to Love's better way
To work and share in common good
For then may all, free from avarice's blight
Of labor and comfort find equal right.

Human Rights, Human Nature and Human Law.

By Samuel Blodgett.

As an isolated being man's rights are unlimited; as a social being his rights are limited to not injuring his fellows. As an isolated being his liberties are unconstrained; as a social being he is always held amenable to some social rules. This is human nature, among all peoples, at all times, yesterday, to-day and forever. Because this is human nature this has always been the case, and always will be the case while human beings continue.

Animal nature does not call for this. I have never seen any signs of animals combining to enforce any rules of conduct, any united effort among them to punish for any kind of a misdemeanor. There is no line of difference between man and the lower orders more marked than this. I cannot believe we are invested with any attributes that are useless, much less injurious, when used normally. The abuse of a good renders the result evil, and authority is frequently abused; but without its use there would have been no civilization.

We have habits natural and habits acquired, both in the physical and mental realms, part good and part evil. Some can be removed and some cannot be; they cling to us in proportion to the hold they get. Our character is our inheritance and our state of development. Environments generally develop most of us in a rather one-sided way, and this gives us characters somewhat different than we were started for.

Environments generally determine whether we are Christians or Mohammedans, whether we are Catholics or Protestants, and attaches us to certain political parties. Some of the most intelligent turn out Republicans, and some turn out Democrats; some very ignorant people are attached to both parties. If the matter were determined by information and reason our most intelligent people would not be honestly divided on the question of tariff protection and free trade; on the question of free silver coinage and a gold standard. It sometimes looks as if we might about as well be without reason concerning Religion, Socialism and Political Economy.

There are few, even among the best informed, whose reason is not subordinate to their habits of thought. You may prove a person in error so conclusively that he realizes your argument is irrefutable, and his habit of thought still dominates.

"He that is convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

Take a man who is fully imbued with the habit of thought expressed in the writings of Mr. Kuehn, and you

may explain to him what he no doubt knows in an intellectual way, that authority destroyed Negro slavery and crushed the great rebellion in this country, but he will still reiterate. "Never yet has authority achieved its avowed purposes," and you may show him that liberty as exemplified in the early settlement of the gold diggings of California and Colorado made a veritable hell among the miners who wanted to be industrious and orderly till they combined to crush out the criminal element with drastic lynch-law authority, and that this authority soon made these places as safe for life and property as it was in other parts of the Union, and he will say, "Never yet has liberty failed to fulfill its promises." I do not doubt that he wants to tell it right, and would but for his crooked habit of thought.

In a sense we may say all habits of thought and conduct are natural, even if acquired; our nature permits the acquiring of them, like the acquiring of the habits of using intoxicants and tobacco. It is curious, looked at philosophically, how we keep using an article that makes us sick at first, until we get so strong an attachment to it that when we realize we have made a mistake we find ourselves bound as slaves. There is a fascination in such things that keeps generation after generation following in the same line of forming down right disgusting habits. The qualities that incline to these departures from uprightness must be natural, or the manifestations would not occur.

There are three theories concerning human nature in its moral aspects; total depravity, total goodness, and a mixture of good and bad, the mixture forming innumerable grades. I hold to the latter theory with this explanation.

Every attribute we have is useful and necessary, therefore good in itself.

Unbalanced and abnormal activities are bad, and we can properly say one is bad in proportion as his unbalanced condition prompts to evil; and as these abnormalities appear in many aspects and in many degrees we can truly say there are many grades of bad persons. Perhaps all of us have times of unbalance in some degree when circumstances greatly excite the lower propensities. I do not call an incidental swaying towards the bad a personal unbalance; but one who is habitually inclined to evil is unbalanced. The conduct of most of us in many particulars is determined by our early training and subsequent environments. And while this generally fastens to us our religious and political opinions, there are a few Thomas Paines, William Lloyd Garrison's and John Brown's. And while every one sees these exceptional examples of independence and devotion to ideals which cannot be accounted for except on the ground that they were born, like poets, to their mission, there are many intelligent people who claim that we are just what our life environments have made us. This is the logical position of the total depravity, and the only goodly goodly schools.

It is a very common thing for self-constituted reformers to believe they hold the cure for all human ills. Some are anti-liquor and some are anti-law. There are lots of them from Henry George to Anthony Comstock. I do not see the millennium coming over any such road. If it ever comes it will be by the slow process of evolution, covering many generations. There must be developed a people whose moral qualities are of a high enough grade to admit of it. Our anti-law friend, Kuehn, must be comparatively a young, inexperienced person. If he had had my experience with the old State Banks he would not hanker for a return to them. I think Peter Cooper was pretty level headed on the money question. I say, do away with all banks of issue.

I do not see how we are going to get along well without a legally enforced co-operation. To say, "Any purpose to which a majority is committed can be carried out by that majority without requiring the help of an unwilling minority," does not cover the ground.

There are many conveniences that all believe in and desire to use, conveniences of a public nature. All ought to pay fairly for securing them, yet many would shirk paying anything if they could, and they would succeed if the majority did not enforce payment. I believe it right to compel the minority to co-operate fairly in making roads, and in other desirable improvements. Mr. Kuehn has a right to believe if he can, that no man will do a mean thing "unless urged thereunto by conditions made by some fool law." He may have felt an irresistible pressure himself, but I never felt such pressure in the least, and it is too much for my credulity to believe Rockefeller and Company are compelled by law to their course. Neither do I believe if we took all impediments away they would do any better. And one does not have to be very sharp to see it is not the protective tariff that has made this trust possible. "Free Trade means freedom to exchange products." I never knew but we had such freedom; freedom to exchange wheat for corn, corn for hogs, etc.

There are strange contradictions in human conduct. The same man when he sees one really in suffering need will frequently manifest sympathy and proffer help, and will be most unfair in his dealings, and perhaps may be ready to defraud and embezzle at every opportunity when he believes he can escape conviction. The same man may risk his life to save one in peril, and on another occasion deliberately murder for money. One may be doing a regular business of robbery and theft, and be strictly fair and reliable with his pal. He may think that for this virtue he is a pretty good man. We generally estimate our moral status by comparing one quality of which we are proud with another person who is somewhat deficient on that point, though he may be vastly our superior in other respects. Russell Sage appears to have had his sterling qualities which he was well satisfied with. I believe he always lived squarely up to his agreements, and I never

heard that he tried to climb up by crushing out a fair competition. A comparison with John D. Rockefeller would probably somewhat inflate his pride, when he thought of that gentleman's methods. On the other hand John D. would dwell on his liberal donations and when he knelt in prayer would thank God that he was not like Russell, but was always looking for a chance to do good with his money.

The masters in old slave times were generally friendly to their slaves when they were servile enough, but let them run away or manifest a little independence, and their attitude was anything but kind.

We can be very devoted to a dog or a horse while they keep what we regard as the animal's place, but we are cruel on other occasions.

When one class of faculties are in control we are one kind of a being, and when another takes the lead we manifest very differently. When the perfect man comes he will always wear an intellectual and moral crown, and each moral quality will be duly balanced with the others. He will love property, but that love will not be a ruling propensity. Man will love woman for something more than his own selfish sex-gratification, and she will love him more for his manhood than because he possesses property to gratify her vanity. It is all right to work for desirable changes in law, and for specific reforms, but we should keep in mind that the most important thing to work for is the development of a higher and more noble humanity.

CHARITY.

BY IVAN SWIFT.

I serve in the shadow of tenence,
Through grit of the alleys neglected;
I touch the cold hands of the wharf-edge,
And crumbled up hearts of the sweat-shop.
Their sunshine is born of my coming,
Their night closes in on my foot-prints.

The sadness I wear on my forehead
Is branded of pharasee scorning,
And cankering dole to my hearing
Is the market-place gold-clinking laughter—
Mock to my sight is the wardrobe
That stalks on the fabrics of angels.

But curses are not in my quiver,
And pity's the seed I am sowing.
I look through the hills to the After—
To fog of world-faith and pale star-light—
But reward is my robe as I wander,
My hours house in the Eternal!

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A REVERIE.

By John F. Valter.

"A Book of Verses underneath a Bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh! wilderness were happiness enow."

So sang Omar! peace be unto his ashes. Many times have I lifted my voice in harmony with his song—

I sat at the edge of an emerald clearing under the low hanging spread of a cedar. My pipe had gone out; my book lay unread, for I cannot find interest in man's thought when Nature sings her siren song to me.

I watched the ceaseless toil of a colony of ants and wondered if they carried their labor far into the stretches of the night. "Do they never play?" mused I, or "do they perhaps pause in the stillness of the night, a moment, to watch the shadows of the leaves, dancing in the moonlight?"

A crimson-bucklered robin came from somewhere in the thicket and alighted on the green. Glad at the interruption—eager to hear a human voice, if only my own, I instantly hailed him:

"Robin! Oh, Robin!" I cried. He turned his head and my glance for some reason or other assuring him of safety, he went busily to work dragging, wriggling, protesting worms from their lowly freehold.

"From your studied ignorance of me," said I. "I see you are an aristocrat, even as your dress proclaims. But, Robin! Mr. Redbreast! attend me a moment! Remember we live in a democracy, and it is sound policy to condescend, for I have a vote. I confess I am beneath your notice, but I am lost in a hopeless maze of speculation. Robin, and I implore your opinion and advice. Be gracious and incline yourself.

"Your independence awes. Surely such independence implies wisdom. You are not a weakling like myself who must live in a herd, but with a noble disregard, and your faithful spouse build your own home, rear your own young, live your own untrammelled lives."

"Do you reason it out—or is it taught you by a benevolent God? Nay, is there a God, Robin! As you sit beneath a canopy of stars on the marital bough—your true, modest wife nestled to your side—does her beautiful placid trust sow emotions in your soul that flower into song on the morrow, is it all, all dumb unfeeling instinct?

"Have all men souls, or only some? Is there a hell? Was there a beginning?"

"You will see how ignorant I am, dear Robin; I can only roam and with a tear in my voice ask riddles."

Alas! Robin kept busily at work dragging, wriggling, protesting worms from their lowly freehold.

I was answered.

Informal Brotherhood and Correspondence Club

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense or for the welling heart—but make it short.

Two Poems.

BY HERMAN A. HANSON (A COMMERCIAL SALESMAN.)

I AM.



I am of the shining sun of light,
I am of the twinkling stars of
night,
I am of the birds that fly the air,
I am of the fish that know not care.
So part of all as well am I
Of all 'twixt earth and clouds and
sky.
Of the gently blowing summer
breeze,
Of the winter winds that bite and
freeze;
Whether high in the scale of life,
or low,
All is related to me, I know.

I CARED FOR IT NOT.

I longed for the right to do as I
pleased.
To be unhampered by clan or creed,

But when this to me one day was brought
I cared for it not.

I had a desire for what men call fame,
To make well known myself and name,
But when it came as I had sought,
I cared for it not.

I wished for material wealth to come,
And in crystal castles to make my home,
But when in my grasp, alas, I thought
I cared for it not.

I craved the power to do great things,
To sit upon a throne of kings,
But when it came, it all was naught and
I cared for it not.

I sought for love and it also came
For life lives only to feel its flame.
And forgetting the world and all I had fared.
For this I cared.

A WORD TO BROTHER FLINN.

By Lois Waisbrooker.

My Brother: I note that you say in September To-Morrow of Comrade Sercombe's address to the clergy, in which you say: "The preacher is only taking the advice of Christ as to how to regenerate and help the world."

The question, my brother, is not whose advice you are taking, but does following such advice produce the desired result? I have an article before me from which I will quote for your benefit. The writer says:

"You ask why I call the churches spiders?" Because their constant cry, salvation through Jesus, is as misleading as the song of the spider, "Will you walk into my parlor." Hark, hear them sing, "All hail the power of Jesus name!" What power? Where shown? That name has been ringing down the ages for more than 1,900 years; it is reiterated once a week or more from hundreds of thousands of pulpits; it is breathed reverently by millions of adoring souls; it has vibrated and revibrated upon the atmosphere till its rolling waves of sound and its silent waves of thought have permeated all things in all Christian lands, and if it contains such power all such lands should have been cleansed, purified, glorified long ere this, but what are the facts? Aye, what are the facts!

"Look around and behold them. Let them pass before your mental vision—those who have been wrecked with the name of Jesus ringing in their ears. Just imagine them a hundred abreast and look upon them as they pass. On, on they come, the lame, the halt, the blind, the insane, the Magdalene, the murderer, the drunkard, those who have sang the song of the shirt as they stitched their lives away in garret and cellar the millions of homeless toilers, the little ones robbed of their birthright—is Jesus holding out his arms to the children?—look, the vast army! On, on they go! Nineteen hundred years of Jesus and such the results!

"Yet Jesus is not to blame for all this. It is the effect of stereotyped ignorance carted down the ages to be worshipped. It is the result of misunderstanding, of trying to enforce partially perceived truths. 'God manifest in the flesh necessary to the salvation of humanity!' No greater truth was ever uttered. Not God in the man Jesus only, but God in the race; God manifest through the race; God the power acting through men and women in their search after Nature's great truths, after the wisdom to so apply those truths that pain, sickness, poverty, ignorance and whatever else tends to enslave us shall forever disappear. God in the race. There is no other God that can do us any good. We, God in us, must work out our own salvation."

The above, written some ten years ago, expresses what I wish to say better than anything I can think of; and Brother Flynn, when you tell Comrade Sercombe he had better go along in the good old way, you do not seem to remem-

ber what Paul said about forgetting the things that are behind, and instead would have us fasten our boat to a post driven nineteen hundred years ago; you also forget that other text which tells us to prove all things. We have tested Christian methods and find them failures.

THE ONSET OF SOCIALISM.

By Chas. A. Sandburg.

Municipal ownership, single tax, socialism, and anarchy, are all good because they stir people into thinking. It is not an absolute surety that socialism, if put into practice, would make a nation of happy people, but if we can bank on any certainty in modern affairs, that certainty is this: The socialist makes people think, and the propaganda of the socialist, more than that of any party, church, or cult, shocks and thrills society to its very center. Socialism is educating the people into new modes, habits and attitudes of thought.

Its work never ceases. It goes on day and night. In colleges, fabian professors encourage it. The most rigid censorship cannot prevent some of its books getting on the shelves of public libraries. The soap-box orator, perched at a crowded street corner, is ever active, ever glorious in his self-imposed martyrdom. And week after week the presses keep going, a horde of distributors plies its trade, and monthly millions of leaflets are tossed at the world.

The socialists are no longer a band of hunted outcasts. They are gay, defiant, jaunty. They have numbers, organization, bases of supplies. You may call them fanatics, but they are as cool and intelligent in their fanaticism, as the little brown heathens that stormed Port Arthur, and put a Russian navy into limbo. Every penny is looked at twice before it is spent. Every available man attends to duties no other can better perform.

They have all the sanctions of great personality behind them. The greatest living scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace, the man who worked out the theory of evolution contemporaneously with Darwin, is a socialist. Jack London, America's greatest novelist, is a socialist.

The man who has studied socialism generally fights it with bitter vehemence or embraces it warmly. It is not a halfway belief. It is positive, aroused, aware. It is cursed as a damning iniquity. It is blessed as a beneficent godsend.

FLASHES OF THOUGHT.

By L. C. Grubb.

As long as man's one incentive is private gain—public good can go to h—l.

When the men who do the work, own the tools with which they work, they will then be industrially free.

Inasmuch as every man has two hands, with which to feed one mouth, it is only fair that he should produce at least what he, himself consumes.

As long as one man is obliged to work for another for wages or otherwise, society will be composed of slaves and masters.

This cannot properly be called "Our Country," until every man, woman and child shall have a home which they really own.

The 12th U. S. Census report says 10,562,113 homes in this country are either hired or mortgaged.

As all property is the fruit of "Labor" it should belong to those who produce it.

So long as the toiling masses, receive but a small portion of what they produce, the world will be infested by capitalists and tramps—millionaires and paupers.

The "trust evil," is but the logical outcome of the competitive system.

Society has ever been so organized that the many must labor, while others do, without labor enjoy a large portion of what they produce.

When meat is packed for food, and not for profit, the people will not be fed on poisoned rats, dead dogs, etc.

In modern society there is but three classes of people, viz.: workers, beggars and thieves. The former, in the majority, has always been dominated over by the latter classes. This is wrong and should not continue.

When the "Nation" owns the trusts they will cease to oppress the people.

As long as women must work in stores and factories, for wages on which they cannot live, the red-light districts will continue to grow, in all our modern cities.

A society that enslaves its women and children cannot long exist.

All governments that permit its idle rich to squander thousands of dollars annually, for luxury, while millions of working people live in misery, want, and woe, will sooner or latter, totter, and fall.

To secure to each laborer, the full product of his toil, is the worthy object of any good government.

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By HNAT PLATSKO.

Who is there whom this word has not moved—who that has not aspired to things that would bring him to this state? And how many are there who enjoy it; who go about in their daily lives cheerfully performing their duties? Happiness, alluring siren, how elusive art Thou? How few are they that find Thee! Years, centuries, ages pass by, generations follow each other in the never-ceasing chase after Thee. But Thou art as far as ever from them. Here and there glimpses of Thy presence seem to illumine the gloom, but before it is realized—Thou art gone.

I feel Thee all around me. The soft breezes whisper of Thy nearness, of Thy blessings: meadows, fields, and hills are overflowing with Thee. The mighty forests bow before Thee.

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Come, fill these lines with Thy spirit,
hail far and wide Thy ever-presence.

How different are the ways the human masses pursue Thee in their daily move to and fro! The poor hunt after riches, their only thought being to get plenty, to have an easy life, and to enjoy the pleasures. The rich, being suffocated with the fullness of their desires, are longing for rest; their fullness burning itself into their innermost part. There are those who live in the life to come; they are ashamed of their bodies, and are regarding them as a punishment by the Almighty. There are learned men whose minds live in distant worlds, unaware of the things around them. There are supermen and superwomen pouring the burning words from the pinnacles of self-elevation—to plunge afterwards into the abyss. There are self-sacrificing people. Yes, all of them seem to grasp Thee, fair Maiden, only to find their hands empty, their hearts broken!

Yet, Thou art waiting with outstretched arms ready to welcome everyone who discovers Thee. Thou art Life itself!

Body and soul are a unity forming the human being inseparably. To separate them is to sever man into alien parts, as water is separated into two different cases. The two co-ordinate parts should go side by side in harmony with themselves and the great world. In whatever form, in the past, present, or future life we have been, are, and shall be living infinitely—we are immortal. Our frail memory has little to do with the everlasting. Every second of our lives is just as important and full as the eternity. To feel oneself a part of the universe, to do one's work cheerfully, is a happiness that nobody can give, nor take away.

In this state the pulse of life will beat in accord with that of the universe, the days flowing into One Continuous Paradise.

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Come let us all banish away the words fear and afraid, and commence to live.

When men cease to fear they will cease to counterfeit natural law by human statute. They will then be led by the Spirit and realize they are the law.

If Czar Nicholas will flee to the United States, bring a few millions in gold, diamonds and precious stones and settle down at Newport he can have an easy time, free from cares of state and "Dumas bombs."

It may be ten or fifteen years before the bulldogs of plutocracy sink their teeth deep enough into the laborers' flesh to stir them to revolution—especially if Bryan is elected President in 1908, or municipal ownership should have a run of a few years. These things will amuse the children for a day and night, but will not give them an opportunity at Earth and her natural resources. Capital will still own the earth and the "mourners will still go about the streets."

WHY IS THE WORLD MAD?

Because it strives to rule by law instead of love.

Because it makes sex love so prominent between the sexes—that a woman may not say to a comrade of the opposite sex, I love you—without being deemed indelicate. Because love is smothered with lust—and perverted into hate. Jealousy takes the place of trust and envy of good will and because we all work against our best interests and forge new chains to bind us in servitude, when if we would but stop and think, we might arise, break all bonds, be free, and live in love, peace and happiness, sharing alike in the good things given through our endeavors.

VIRGIE C. MOON.

P. S. I take this opportunity of expressing my opinion on Why the World is Mad. It is mad because it is fratricidal, and it is fratricidal because its economic system turns upon the pivots of competition and production for profit instead of for use. The motto which is writ large over the present social order is: "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." And the world will continue to be mad until it grows into a civilization founded on the principle of "each for all, and all for each."

WILLIAM RASTELLE.

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JOE CHAPPLE, Editor,
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WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

To-Morrow stands at the head of the procession as a thought provoker. It has some features that challenge the hearty approval of readers who measure brother man for what he is, rather than for what he has. It bears the stamp of being fully emancipated from the money oligarchy. The pressing problems of the times are presented with virility. To-Morrow is free from monkey chattering of society, princes and pedigreed pug-dogs. The vivacious manner in which Sercombe unmasks shams and shames is wholesome. To-Morrow is fighting battles of the people with masterly courage. Grace Moore's articles on the moss-grown handles of "Mrs. and Miss" have much that goes to the very essence of sociology. While I cannot agree with you in all you say, yet on the main propositions it seems you make good.

L. W. BILLINGSLEY.

A TRIBUTE TO FREEDOM.

Parker H. Sercombe, Esq.,

Editor of To-Morrow,

Dear Sir:—

By chance I picked up a copy of To-Morrow in a news stand last month. It made such an impression on me that I have eagerly watched for the next issue and since receiving that,—well kindly send me the magazine for a year together with a copy of your "Cave Dwellers" for which you will find inclosed my check on New York.

You have certainly taken an admirable stand in your present situation; one which will undoubtedly bring your company glory and everlasting renown from every broad minded, educated, *thinking* man of the world. You are only in advance of the age your expound and your ideals are as sure to be eventually realized as the sun is to shine on To-Morrow.

I am only a young man entering active business life but I am with you. I have often dreamed and hoped I might manage just such a movement as you are making. I was born in a "dug-out" in the pioneer days here in Nebraska when the prairies were yet covered with the buffalo grass and bones of the passing buffalo. I spent an early life on the range free from the influences of "city civilization." Other than the cattle I attended, the birds, bees, woods and flowers were my only companions; my dogs were my only playmates; the cool water from a spring in the creek was my only wine and the hollow of my hand my golden goblet; the bright sunshine

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EYES connected with pain or aching in back part of head or neck or upper part of shoulders; aches or pains in the eyes or back of them; specks or spots before the eyes or blurred vision, a frequent desire to

SIGH or **YAWN** or take a deep, full, breath;

PALPITATION and irregularity of heart; pains, oppression, difficult breathing, or very peculiar and disagreeable feelings in the region of the

HEART, LUNGS STOMACH, of other parts of the body that doctors often call Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Heart trouble and various other names, but fail to cure; aches and pains in region of

KIDNEYS; BACK-ACHE;

sensations of oppression or constriction like a

BELT AROUND THE BODY, or part way around;

PARTIAL PARALYSIS of arms, shoulders, hands, lower limbs or feet, causing pains in these members, or a

NUMB feeling or sensation of coldness, heaviness, or a tingling or feelings resembling the

PRICKING of **PINS** or needles or as if the parts were asleep;

SORE, TENDER or **BURNING** points along the spine or in limbs or feet; pains in face, arms, back, lower limbs or feet resembling those of

NEURALGIA or **SCATIA RHEUMATISM;**

CHILLS up and **DOWN BACK;**

CREEPING sensations, coldness and numbness; pain

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across the plains was the light of my only ball-room and the perfume of the flowers on the balmy air from the meadows was my only "smoke." I was perfectly a product of Nature in my development. I have always had an interest in social conditions of the surrounding world. I spent three years in Chicago on Calumet Avenue near where you are located. To my recollection the most gratifying of my surrounding influences there were when I could listen to the roll of the waves on the lake shore on stormy nights and when I could see the blue sky and pure, fleecy clouds through the smoke above on a day of sunshine. To a man Nature has reared a life in Chicago is a life in Hell. The pallid faces in cafes are all ghosts upon my memory. I have covered most of the states of our Union making observations and taking notes of the social conditions, conditions especially of classes in close competition. I have come back to this, the small town and limited society of my birth, perfectly content with my humble surroundings. The brightest and best life is the one which is most contented and the most contented is the one nearest Nature. I have much which I expect to accomplish from here even yet both in material things for the benefit of mankind and for the soul.

Socialism was in its infancy when I left Chicago but I was much interested in the growth it was making then and have earnestly encouraged its development in the rational manner as taught by such eminent scholars as Walter Thomas Mills and Gaylord Wilsh with others of the socialistic class who have recently issued books along this line.

In conclusion I cannot refrain from speaking of the puerile refutation of W. W. Flinn in your last (Sept.) number of To-MORROW. To my knowledge I can recall no record of pen so frothy, so near like street slang talk, so representative of the scum style of Chicago society as this. His satire is so weak it is disgusting to serious minded men and his style is that of a popinjay instead of a minister of Christianity. I have always revered ministers, at least enough to let them pass as harmless, but of late years the mass of them have become to a great extent a lot of lice on the body politic. Many in the larger cities are simply tools for meddlers in bad society. This is a broad and sad assertion but just investigation will show it is true. As Mr. Flinn said, it has done you and To-MORROW both good to publish this article from him; it shows who is

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earnest and serious at heart, which is surely not the ministerial class to which he belongs if they are all like him.

The writing of this letter is the result of an ebullition of spirit in a soul you have thrilled.

I am ever, sir, your sincere encourager.

WILLIAM EVERSON.

Dear "To-Morrow": Give a glance at the enclosed pen children and tell me what you think of them.

Have only been here 21 years but have *felt* things deeply and *tried* to say a few bits worth while, but as yet my best loved scrawls remain unpublished.

I enclose a few names of "To-Morrowites." Some of them belong to the "Old Guard," the others will belong to it by and by. Now they, like myself belong to the army of awakening ones. There's a Good time comin'. Congratulate Grace Moore for me. Her "Abas Mrs. and Miss" is great stuff!

Cordially yours,

"JAC" LOWELL.

TO-MORROW is one of the strongest periodicals of our time, and is calculated to be a mighty lever in the readjustment of our civilization that is reeking with superstition, vice, injustice and cruelty.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

I have read your interesting thought-producing magazine, To-MORROW, and feel intellectually refreshed—more than is experienced in the perusal of most lucubrations.

JOHN SMITH KIRK.

We are much interested in To-MORROW. It contains many suggestive things that must awaken the people. You are doing much to help the world on to a better day.

EVANGELINE DOUGLASS.

Your September article on "Organization" is to the point. Our need and gain by brotherhood and united action is plain.

W. V. HARDY.

Why don't you come out and say that marriage has been tried and found wanting? Or rather that marriage should be on the indeterminate plan? Let Love be the only tie to bind. As a physician I meet cases every day where marriage is a cursed farce and worse. Yours for health and happiness,

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To-Morrow is doing its appointed work with a zeal that is more than religious. Long may it wave.

Yours for mental freedom,
WILLIAM COLBY COOPER.

Dear Sercombe:

Your Preachment to Preachers is fine. It hits them just right. I think To-Morrow the greatest magazine on Earth. I generally read it over two or three times. It is always good to me.

JOHN M. POSTLETHWAIT.

Am delighted with the strong, bold and original utterances of your editorial staff and especially with Sercombe's declaration of principles in your July number.

HERMAN WETTSTEIN.

To-Morrow deals with so many vital questions that I cannot get along without it.

R. G. HAFLING.

PLUTOCRACY.

BY PETER FANDEL.

Fastidious, selfwilled, full of pride,
One unto whom naught is denied,
Thou sittest at perpetual feast
A glutton vile—to say the least.

Hast thou e'er taken serious thought
With what thy festive board is fraught?
Look in thy champagne glass and thou
Wilt find its liquor sweat of brow,
Thy wines of effervescent flow
But tears of bitter pangs and woe;
Look at thy spread, so manyfold,
With truthful eye, and thou'lt behold
That thou on human life doest feed
And pamper thy inordinate greed.

Ah, should he, rich in golden store,
A human conscience own no more?
Should he with all the precious hoard
The world's great industries afford
Hoid wasteful riot, while those who
Their vital vigor gave thereto
Are told the merest pittance scant
And pass their days in neediest want?

Let him beware! there is a law
That stands in deeper, holier awe
Than that which seems to justify
His crime within the public eye;
Let him beware! although he cheat
Himself into delusion sweet,
There is a God the heavens within
Who takes account of every sin,
And when the measure is complete
Metes judgment terrible and fleet.

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MAGNETISM.

BY JACK LOWELL.

Desire it! Desire it!
With all your heart desire it
That boon for which you crave and
pray!

Desire it! Desire it!
And that desire shall fire it
With wishes deep to haste to you and
stay!

Desire it! Desire it!
With all your soul desire it,
As if it were the total to life's sum!

Desire it! Desire it!
Let nothing trod nor tire it,
And ere you think it near—the boon
has come!

THE S. W. C. BUYER.

Do you want a pretty frock or a pair of lovely hose or gloves, or a piano or a washing machine or an up-to-date graphophone, or a cart for Johnny, or a sewing machine for Mary—or—? The Spencer-Whitman Round Table doesn't boast too many accomplishments, but there is really a good deal around shopper at the Table who will attend to your wants if you will make them known. No fabulous commission, but a sincere desire to be helpful and reasonable. Write to "The Buyer," Spencer-Whitman Round Table, 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS.

Two little magazines that we welcome to our desk each month are the *Ariel*, published at Westwood, Mass., by George Elmer Littlefield, and *The Grail*, by John Milton Scott, 2034 7th avenue, New York City. These publications are indeed "complementary," as remarked in the September issue of the *Ariel*, and we think no better review of the two magazines could be written for "To-Morrow" than that by Edward Littlefield, from which we quote the following paragraphs:

"The *Ariel* breaks the bread of life, and holds out Righteousness with passionate urgency—sometimes arraiging fiercely the economic injustice that

THE "C. E. R. SUSPENSORY"



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A dainty little publication is that with the one word *Love* for its title, a monthly message from the Caxton Press, Los Angeles, Cal. Its motive and that of "To-Morrow" and of other harbingers of freedom is thus forcefully expressed by Ernest Crosby in its August number.

Love Comes!

"Love comes!
Clear the way ye institutions, ye laws
and customs of ages of hate!
The glance of his eye would wither
you.

The quiet thrill of his voice would
palsy your deepest foundations.
You do well to tremble at His name,
for He is the Revolution—at last
the true, long-deferred Revolution.

Call upon the mountains to fall upon
you and the hills to cover you, for lo,
Love, the Revolution, comes at
last!"

Human Life for September is replete with interesting biography, fiction and editorial writings of Alfred Henry Lewis. "A Chat With the Originator of the Famous 'Buster Brown,'" and "A Recent Interview with Upton Sinclair," both from the pen of Hugh C. Weir, are of absorbing interest. "To-Morrows" reviewer, however, considers Mr. Lewis' editorial comments apropos the phenomenal rise of "Everybody's Magazine" by far the most interesting and delightful reading matter in this edition of *Human Life*. A portrait of Mr. Lewis accompanies this remarkable editorial. A timely and fascinating periodical is this and but 5 cents the copy.

Bob Taylor in his September magazine pleads eloquently for prison reform and especially for "legislation designed particularly for the care of children convicted of crime." "Sentiment and Story" and "A Tribute to Texas," by "The Governor" are soul stirring articles. Unique features of the Exposition to be held at Norfolk, Va., next year, are interestingly told by Beverly Keith Lewis and there is abundant good fiction, biography and illustrated news of popular plays and players.

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New York (weekly) maintains its high standard as a "Free Thought Newspaper." Under date of August 25th some startling editorial comments are made with regard to "the movement now on foot in France to suppress Lourdes as a menace to health. * * * Hygienists declare that the annual pilgrimage to this shrine are not only harmful to the pilgrims, but dangerous to the public health, the water in the tank never being changed, so that those who go into it run the risk of contracting the diseases of their predecessors." This number of the *Truth Seeker* contains much of interest on many subjects, among other things being a short resume of the work of the Ingersoll Memorial Committee of Peoria, Ill. A life size statue of Ingersoll costing \$10,000 will be dedicated on Aug. 12th, 1907.

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JAC LOWELL.

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Of all the truths of Nature, Man and
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Of chances great to lessen sin and
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To let that knowledge thrive
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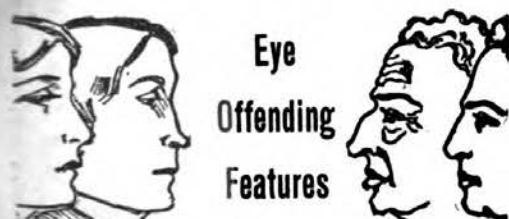
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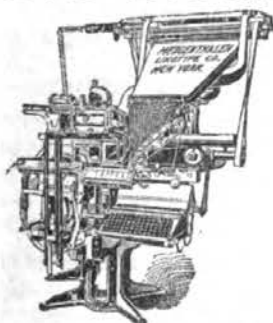
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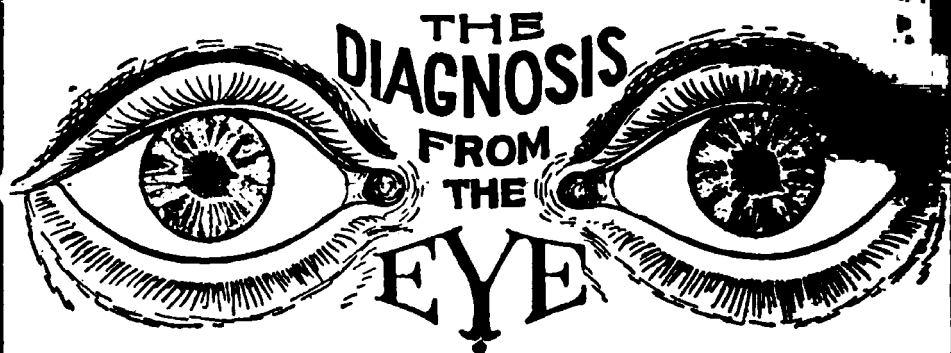
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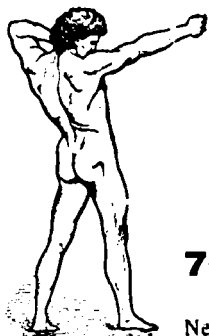
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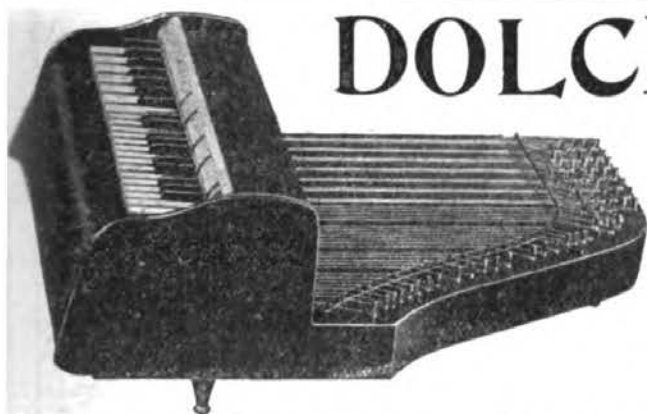
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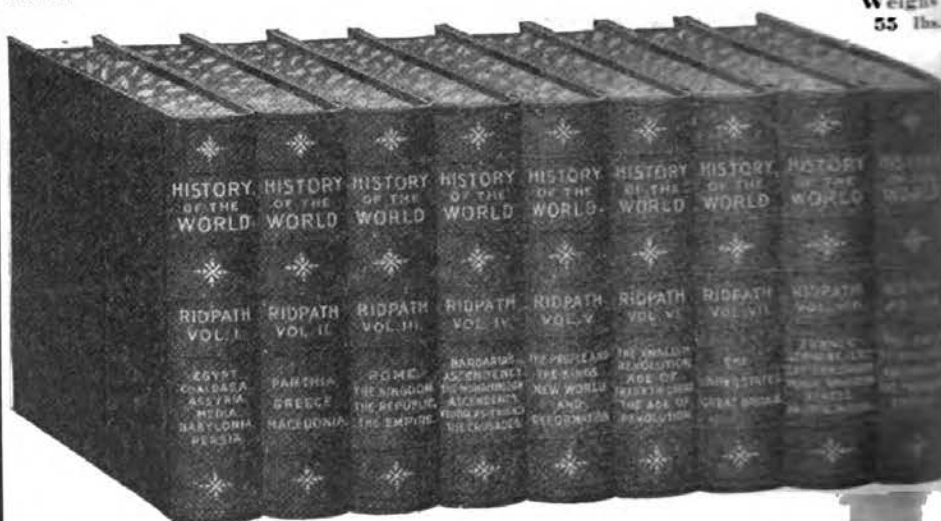
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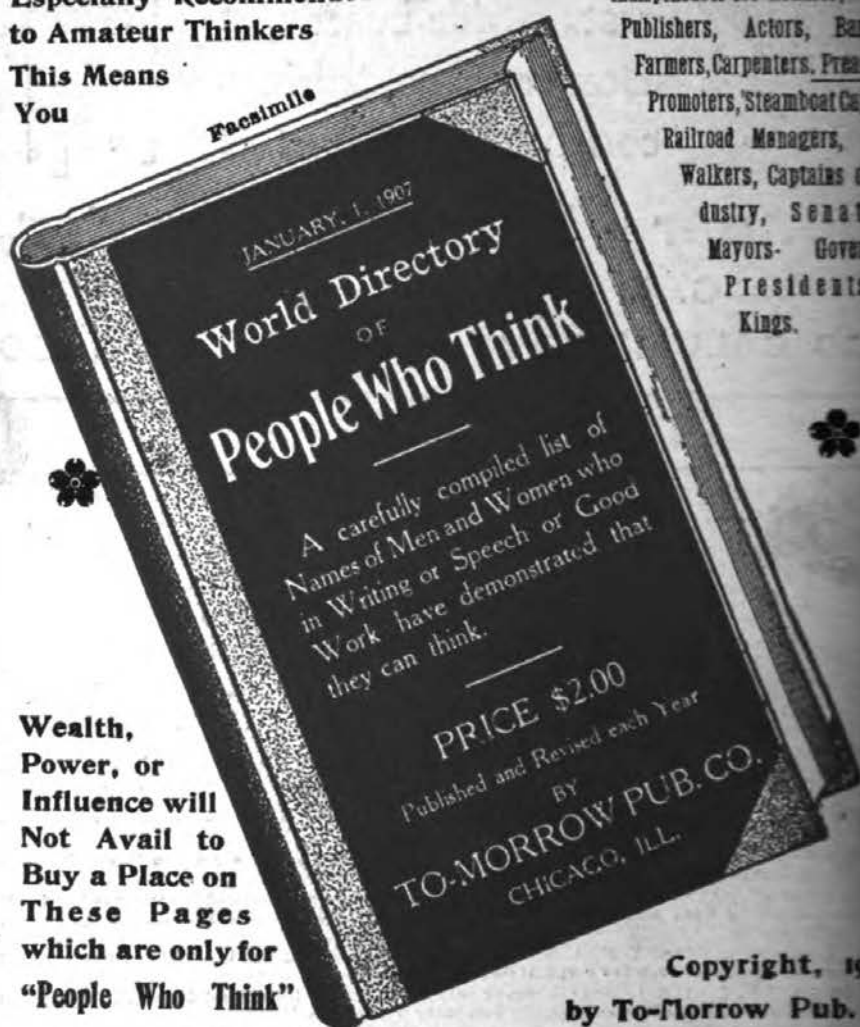
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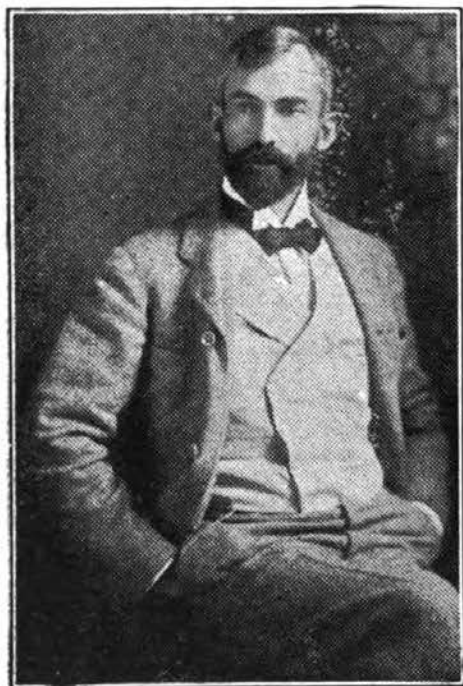
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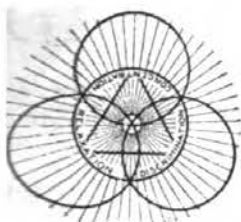
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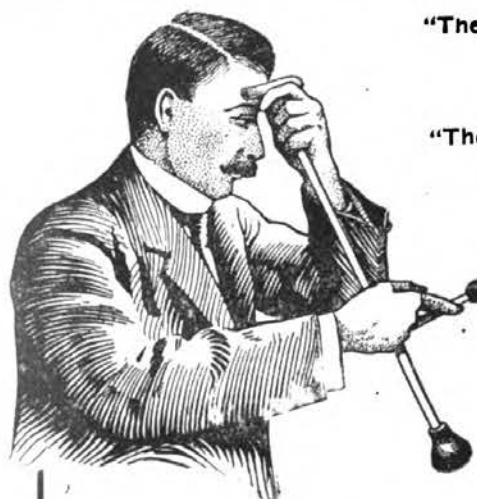
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The Old Guard of Free Thought.

DR. EDWARD BLISS FOOTE.

Age 77 years, seven months and fifteen days. Died Friday, October 5th at his home Larchmont manor L. I.

As we go to press we have barely time to remove the name of Dr. Edward Bliss Foote from the "Old Guard" roll of Honor and pass it forever to the list of the honored dead.

Free thought has had no more persistent champion in America than Dr. Foote.

Within three weeks he has given material aid to the Editor of "To-Morrow" in compiling the "Old Guard" list. The news of the death of this courageous champion of Liberalism was brought to us by Theodore Shroeder, Attorney for the "Free Press and Free Speech League" of which Dr. Foote was President.

Free thought has had no nobler, kinder or sweeter exponent. He has passed beyond censorship for always.

Editors To-Morrow:



In response to your invitation for Free Thinkers to write will say I have been in earth life for 75 years. My temperament is such that I readily espouse and advocate that which I believe to be true and good. Unfortunately I was born in the backwoods of Kentucky where ironclad, rank poison predestinarian doctrine was preached, and the preachers encouraged by parents to hold young people over a pit of bubbling brimstone hanging by a slender thread, wildly gesticulating while they vociferated;

"You can and you can't
You shall and you shan't
You will and you won't
You will be lost if you do
And damned if you don't"

The services were often three hours long. The mental and moral

TO-MORROW.

food furnished me was by no means adapted to my condition. Having access to none other my reasoning faculties were submerged by the psychologic effect of my environment. I acquired the usual Christian virtues, chief of which, at that time, was hatred towards abolitionists. In due time I became a Democrat, and a member of several secret societies.

The results of the war did not sweeten my temper, nor did it alloy my hate, however my Presbyterianism was so severely jotted that years elapsed before I went to Church of my own volition. Finding no polar star for my hopes and aspirations I drifted into the Methodist church. The Methodists gave me no "election or reprobation" nor "infact damnation" but large doses of "Angry God" "Personal Devil," "original sin," "total depravity," "vicarious atonement," "endless punishment" and other doses or doctrines all of which I failed to digest, consequently I became a "backslider." There was not a Free Thinker among my acquaintances; that is, one who had convictions and the moral courage to stand by them. True, one here and there held aloof from the church, nevertheless they clung as tenaciously to established precedents as did Hardshell Baptists.

I floundered midst the fogs engendered by priestcraft, statecraft and their legitimate spawn, Dam(e) Grundy, until I visited an old friend, who since seeing him last, had outgrown the swaddling clothes of mental childhood. Within 24 hours my perceptive faculties were renovated to such an extent that I no longer regarded John Brown an unmitigated villain, but the peer of any in all that pertains to true manhood.

Returning home I renounced allegiance to the organizations in which I held membership, and asserted my right to do my own thinking every time regardless of Moses and the prophets. Forthwith I was confronted with every conceivable opposition, ostracized by the rabble, assailed by the manipulators of our social, religious and political regime, dogged by spies and have been indicted three times for contaminating Uncle Samuel's mail bags.

I am never aggressive unless assailed, then I sledgehammer the insolence of the dupes and promulgators of rant, cant, and sickly sentimentalism.

Yours for broader knowledge, higher aspirations and deeper inspirations,

Jas. W. Adams.

HERMAN WETTSTEIN, FITZGERALD, GEORGIA.

The subject of this sketch was born February 14th, 1840, in Bar-men-Elberfeld, "the Pittsburg of Germany." In 1848 his parents emigrated to America, locating in Milwaukee, Wis., where his father kept a well-known hostelry, the "Milwaukee House," and "St. Charles Hotel" for many years. At the age of 16, Herman was apprenticed with his brothers, Otto and Adolph, to a jeweler, Julius F. Weber, on East Water street. After finishing his trade he removed to Janesville, Wis., where he first worked for a jeweler, Stephen C. Spaulding, after which he moved to Albany, Wis. and then returned to Janesville where he engaged in his trade for about 16 years. Not realizing that "a rolling stone gathered no moss," he subsequently established himself in business in Harvard, Ill., Woodstock and Byron. From here he moved in 1896 to the great G. A. R. colony then started in Southern Georgia by Mr. P. H. Fitzgerald, now a prosperous city of 7,000 inhabitants but where his



first insight into the wretched management of municipal affairs made him a convert to Proudhon's maxim that "Property is robbery," and that "money is the root of all evil," the cause of all crime. moss," he subsequently established himself in business in Harvard,

TO-MORROW.

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At the age of 28 Mr. W. was married to Harriet P. Collier, of Evansville, Wis., by whom he had one child, now Mrs. Pauline Wettstein Logan, Chicago. With his present wife, nee Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, nee Clara Painter, of Mound City, Ill. he has lived 18 years. Both "having had enough" of the South they intend to return to the North as soon as they can dispose of their real estate holdings, probably locating in the glorious Puget Sound region, Washington.

Mr. W. has been for many years a regular contributor to all the Freethought publications, especially for the Boston Investigator wherein he carried on a controversy with the leading Materialists of this country for over a quarter of a century, the gist of which he is now engaged in compiling and revising into one volume or more under the title, "Prosyndynamis, and The Teleo-Mechanics of Nature," An Answer to Professor Haeckel's 'Riddle Of The Universe.'

E. M. MACDONALD.

The subject of this sketch is editor of the Truth Seeker, New York, the advertisement of which appears on another page in this magazine.



Mr. Macdonald is one of the most prominent freethinkers in the United States, being president of the American Secular Union and Freethought Federation. He is a product of the state of Maine, having been born at Chelsea, February 4, 1855. His father, Henry Macdonald, was of Scotch and Irish parentage. His mother, Asenath C. Macdonald, nee Hussey, is of English stock; a woman of keen intellect and of uncommonly strong mind. E. M. Macdonald spent his boyhood in New Hampshire, and at the age of eighteen went to New York to follow the business of printing, which he had learned in Keene, N. H.

When D. M. Bennett reached New York, in December, 1873, seeking a printer for the fifth issue of The Truth Seeker he was guided by mutual acquaintances to the young man's office, which he had hired from another friend. A Brooklyn Baptist broke the young printer up by collecting a large sum of money due the office and keeping it. Mr. Bennett then bought a printing outfit and installed young Macdonald as foreman. He also contributed to its columns and assisted Mr. Bennett in writing books. When Mr. Bennett was sent to prison by Anthony Comstock Mr. Macdonald was forced to become the editor of the paper. At Mr. Bennett's death he was one of a company which purchased the paper from Mrs. Bennett, and along in 1892 became sole owner. When Mrs. Bennett approached the limit of her age and became feeble, she made Mr. Macdonald's house her home, dying there at the age of seventy-nine. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were to the last the father and mother to him in their own minds and his. Lucy Colman, the last of the great anti-slavery apostles, also "adopted

TO-MORROW.

ed" him, and he has had the advantage of having three mothers and two fathers.

As a writer he is direct and vigorous. As a man his conduct is marked by an unswerving allegiance to his word, his friends, and the Cause to which he early devoted his life. Outside the enjoyments of home he has no object in life but to further the cause of Free thought through the wider dissemination of literature. In social economics he is an Individualist, in politics a believer in Democracy but not in the Democratic party.

Editor "To-Morrow"—



In reading the August number of "To-Morrow" you say you want the names of "The Old Guard of Free Thought." I believe I am one in that class. I send you my photo and since that was taken I have not had a razor on my face. I like your magazine and if I was in any business that gave me money would send for it; but my white hair and beard bar me out of the wage-slave class, so have no income. I am cultivating a quarter of an acre of new land, just out of the woods, that barely furnishes a scant living, but my friends are good to me and help me when really needy.

I was born a communist and do not like to buy or sell. Have done farming most of my life. Worked on "The World" six months while E. H. Haywood was in jail; worked three years in "Lucifer" office—part of the time when in prison and part out; worked part of two years on the "Firebrand" until the postal authorities put me in prison. I was in there thirty-seven weeks and five days. Now at Home where much liberty and freedom prevails.

Benj. Tucker, editor, of Liberty, N. Y., introduces me to his friends as the oldest anarchist that he knows.

Believing that you are spreading Truth as you see it, with which I unite, I am,

Yours fraternally,

Abner J. Pope,
Home, Wash.

Lake Bay P. O.

Mitchell, S. D., Sept. 21, 1906.

Dear Comrade Sercombe:—I am not quite old enough to be entitled to a place in your roll of honor, but I've been in the Free-thought ranks and an active worker for mental emancipation for 31 years. I've recently served a term of 100 days for giving expression to views in language tabooed by the regulators of other people's morals, the result of my incarceration was the utter destruction of my little business in Cripple Creek, Colorado. I am now one of a nucleus of a circle for mutual co-operation, social freedom and congenial association in the home of Myra P. and Frank Weller of this beautiful (and as the world goes), thriving little city on the plains of South Dakota. We regard "To-Morrow" as one of the best publications that comes to us. If the Whitman Center doesn't absorb all the intellectuals and advanced thinkers, we hope to have a few of them with or near us. This is a beautiful and fertile country, and a number of our industrious comrades will find it to their advantage to come here. Comrade Weller has placed an ad. with you that will perhaps place him in communication with some of them. "To-Morrow" seems blessed with the necessary vital force to make it a success.

Fraternally,

J. Allen Evans.

TO-MORROW.

To the Editor of "To-Morrow":

I see you have established a Roll of Honor of the old soldiers of liberty and free thought. I find in your list a good many of the comrades, both ladies and gentlemen, with whose names I am familiar, and many with whom I am not, and hope the list will keep growing. It is a great pleasure to look them over. I want to record my name in the list. Have been a member of every National Free Thought Society organized within the last thirty years, was one of the organizers of the Free Thought Federation in 1891 when we had that war horse, S. P. Putnam, with us.

I was born July 5th, 1830, and am seventy-six years old.

Harvard, Ill.

—Washington I. Fox.

Dear Friends: Yours duly received, but I was in the Santa Cruz mountains and so unsettled that I was not prepared to answer, and it is not much better now.

I received the September number of "To-Morrow," and was much pleased with your enterprise. I saw my name in the list of the Old Guard, but the address is wrong. I am a native of Massachusetts, and with my younger brother, Fred, published the daily and weekly American at Springfield in the Know-nothing times of 1854-56, helping to elect Gov. Gardner the second term. I have been in this state (California) since 1861; have published the following papers: "Mountain Messenger," Downville; "The Visalia Delta," Visalia; "The Monache Tidings," Porterville, all of California. I have intended subscribing for "To-Morrow" from the first sight of it, and I now send stamps, although I am somewhat unsettled in my habitat.

I just noticed that my age is given in the lists as 87 when it should be 77.

I can not subscribe to the Spencer-Whitman Center now, but would like to and may be able to soon. It is just the Center we old fellows gravitate to very naturally.

I have three sons in the newspaper publishing business, each for himself, in the San Joaquin Valley: E. P. Dewey, Sanger Herald, Sanger, Cal. (weekly); F. V. Dewey, Nanford, Cal. (daily and weekly); and W. T. Dewey, Leader (weekly).

Yours truly,

—E. M. Dewey.

Care of A. C. Newman, Oakland, Cal.

1164 E. 14th St.

JAMES FRAZIER,
Chanute, Kansas.

Was born in the timbered hills of West Virginia—then "Old Virginia"—in a one-room log cabin on the bank of one branch of Wheeling Creek in Ohio County, nine miles from Wheeling, on the Ohio river, on the 21st day of March, 1838.

My parents were strong and healthy, with only their energy as capital. I was the first born of a family of six, four boys and two girls. I was practically a child of the timber. When four years old father, out of the hewed logs of the forest made his own house, and all the sawed lumber about it was done by two men. The big poplar log was rolled onto a raised platform, and one man stood on top and the other underneath. About this time I learned all about timber, birds, squirrels, coons, wild flowers, nut trees; these young days were full of strange events to me. The bright sunshine, the moon shine, the thunder storm, the great fleecy clouds as they arose in the west, the quivering, forked lightning, and the roaring winds, all to me a demonstration of power and goodness from some source that struck me with wonder and awe.

At the age of ten years we left the Virginia hills and traveled westward by train and covered wagon to the Illinois river south of Jacksonville in Scott county. Two years there, and mother died, leaving father in that wild west with a family of six and the oldest only ten. That was a sad time when we laid our mother in the

TO-MORROW.

cold grave. We soon after returned to Virginia. Once more settled down in our old neighborhood among friends and relatives. we farmed, worked hard among the stumps and logs—and raised what supported us in very simple comfort. Went to school in the winter and learned spelling, writing and arithmetic, and on Sundays was drilled in the catechism and two long-winded sermons with a dinner spell between. These old Scotch Covenanters dealt out the red hot stuff in those ways, which, as I remember, had more of hell and damnation worked up and poured out upon the poor sinner than seemed to me necessary. They believed in making people good by holding up before them the awful doom that was sure if their doctrine was rejected. I think they wanted to be good—but they had the most cussed, gloomy ways, so full of fears that we couldn't think of God, only as a tyrant and the devil as a pawing, raving bull, spoiling to toss us on his horns. With them neither God or the Devil seemed to have the least streak of pity for the chap outside the church. They were both after his scalp and would rejoice to see him frying in hell forever.

At about the time of my majority came up the slavery agitation. Father was an abolitionist of the John Brown style, and I was no better. The Civil War coming on took me into its ranks in the fall of '61 and I served through that and in 1866 I married my present wife—the long-time partner of our toilsome days. We raised a family of six children, all alive, three boys and three girls, all married, and 17 grandchildren—with only one death in the whole connection.

We brought our family up outside of church, taught them to think. Kept our house always supplied with the most advanced literature and kept in close touch with all progressive movements. Have been a Knight of Labor, a Greenbacker, a Populist, and now a Socialist, and a constant reader and subscriber to such papers as "To-Morrow," Appeal to Reason, Blue Grass Blade, and others, also those of special character in the line of milling and farming.

Our home is on a branch of the Colorado among the mountains—I and my white-haired wife are alone—the eve of our declining day is here and soon our sunset will fade into night and we will be of the past. If we awake to another day—which we hope to, and a brighter one—we wish no better spirits to be among than liberals and free thought reformers that are our friends of today. No better heaven do we ask than theirs.

The toggery and flippancy of preacher and priest and salvation schemers we let go to the winds, and prefer just simple, plain God-within expression for our creed and the every-day Nature-God is our dependence for salvation and eternal existence.

A YOUNG MAN of quiet habits who has been reared in a family of Freethinkers, one with a receptive mind and willing to learn and lend a hand, can secure a permanent position as assistant to the Editor of this Magazine. The educational advantages will be second to no university in the land and the pay will be a living and something more from the start.

ROLL OF HONOR.

(To be revised each month.)

When not known to us, date of birth and address have been omitted.

Please send in the date of your birth.

Date of birth.	Name.	Age.	Address.
Jan. 26, 1816.....	Silas Rockwell.....	91..	Covington, Ky.
	David Engler	91..	Walton, Ind.
	J. S. Loveland.....	90..	Los Angeles.

TO-MORROW.

	Name.	Age.	Address.
	Herbert Merrick.....	90..	Free Port, L. I.
	D. S. Burson.....	90..	Richmond, Ind.
	Elizabeth H. Russel.....	89..	
	Dr. G. W. Brown.....	89..	Rockford, Ill.
June 30, 1819....	E. L. Livezey	87..	Baltimore, Md.
	A. H. Frank.....	87..	
	Mrs. J. L. York.....	87..	San Francisco, Cal.
	Aaron Davis	87..	Frederick, Md.
	J. M. Peebles.....	85..	Battle Creek, Mich.
	R. D. Moore.....	85..	
	Dr. J. Mendenhall.....	83..	Muncie, Ind.
	John Ernst	85..	
Sept. 2, 1821....	H. J. Swindler.....	84..	Magnolia, Ill.
	Dr. Mary Thompson.....	84..	Portland, Ore
	Dr. A. A. Bell.....	84..	Madison, Ga.
	Henry H. Harris.....	83..	Bonner, Kan.
	T. B. Englehart.....	83..	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
April 6, 1823....	B. F. Runnels.....	83..	Hawthorne, Iowa.
	Mrs. C. E. Lee.....	83..	Portersville, Cal.
Feb., 1824.....	Dr. Robert Creer.....	82..	Maywood, Ill.
Sept. 11, 1824....	Peter Woodhouse	82..	Bloomington, Wis.
Oct. 7, 1824....	N. F. Griswold.....	82..	Meriden, Conn.
Aug. 22, 1824....	Chas. Gyer	82..	
	Stephen Barton	82..	Isabella, Cal.
April 4, 1824....	Abner J. Pope.....	82..	Home, Washington.
	Judge C. B. Walte.....	82..	Chicago. 474 Jackson Boul.
Aug. 25, 1824....	J. W. A. Macdonald	82..	41 W. 105th St., N. Y.
	Delos A. Blodgett.....	81..	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Feb. 3, 1825....	W. A. Griswold.....	81..	
	H. P. Cheever.....	81..	Augusta, Me.
1826	Rhoda A. Glover.....	80..	Baldwin, L. I.
April, 1826.....	John S. Holman.....	80..	Fontiac, Ill.
Aug. 3, 1826....	W. T. Galloway.....	80..	Middletown, N. Y.
1826	C. Werner	80..	Owensboro, Ky.
	B. Pratt	80..	Los Angeles, Cal.
	Reuben Roessler	80..	Los Angeles, Cal.
	Dean Dudley	80..	Wakefield, Mass.
	I. W. Scott.....	80..	
	E. C. Wilmot.....	80..	Cincinnati, O.
	Lois Waisbrooker	80..	Antioch, Cal.
	G. W. Hammer.....	80..	Bodie, Mont.
Aug. 15, 1824....	T. C. Deuel.....	80..	Fullerton, Cal.
	Andrew J. Davis	80..	Boston, Mass.
	Susan Reichert	80..	
	Stephen Barton	80..	Isabella, Cal.
	John M. Welsh.....	79..	Louisville, Ky.
Dec., 1827.....	Elmina Drake	79..	Snowville, W. Va.
April 8, 1828....	I. Hughes	78..	Glen Haven, Wis.
July 10, 1828....	William Hart	78..	Los Mochis, Sinaloa, Mex.
Feb. 11, 1828....	F. Larabee	78..	
	Mrs. Carter	78..	Wichita, Kas.
	Lucinda B. Chandler.....	78..	170 Circle, Norwood Park, Ill.
	Aden G. Cavins.....	78..	Bloomfield, Ind.
	E. M. Dewey.....	77..	Oakland, Cal.
Sept. 6, 1829....	John Bulmer	77..	Du Quoin, Ill.
	B. F. Hyland	77..	Corwallis, Ore.
	Omer T. Glenn.....	77..	Cincinnati, O.
March 22, 1829...	Benj. F. Morris.....	77..	Warren, Pa.
Oct. 5, 1829.....	John C. Miles.....	77..	New Haven, Conn.
	Nelson Crane	77..	Stanford, N. Y.
	Charles Elmandorf	77..	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Aug. 12, 1829....	M. M. Murray.....	77..	Cincinnati, O.
	Olivia F. Shepherd.....	77..	Home, Wash.
April 14, 1829...	Louise M. Heath.....	77..	6054 Monroe Av., Chicago.

TO-MORROW.

	Name.	Age.	Address.
	Mrs. A. C. Macdonald.	76..	Home, Wash.
March 1, 1830....	S. Toomey	76..	Tuscarawas, O. •
July 5, 1830.....	Washington I. Fox....	76..	Harvard, Ill.
May 3, 1830.....	Laura J. Andrews....	76..	Port Angeles, Wash.
Jan. 29, 1830.....	C. D. Johnson.....	76..	Escanaba, Mich.
	E. H. Couse.....	76.., S. Dak.
April 1, 1830....	Dr. T. A. Bland.....	76..	231 Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.
	Harriet C. Garner....	76..	170 Circle, Norwood Park, Ill.
	W. M. Martin.....	75..	Mableton, Ga.
	Edward Askresen....	75..	Wathena, Kans.
	Joseph V. Stafford....	75..	Canyon Ferry, Mont.
March 4, 1831....	A. W. Sturdy.....	75..	Attleboro, Mass.
	C. R. Woodward.....	75..	Lockport, N. Y.
	Charles Florence	75..	Denver, Col.
	Moses Harman	75..	500 Fulton St., Chicago.
Feb. 5, 1831.....	Joseph Warwick	75..	New York City.
	J. C. Cameron.....	75..	Nat. Soldiers' Home, Va.
1831	F. B. Pratt.....	75..	Canton, Miss.
June 4, 1831.....	Albert De Golier.....	75..	Bradford, Pa.
Nov. 1, 1831.....	H. Kilgore	75..	Wilber, Neb.
Dec. 14, 1832.....	J. W. Harrington....	74..	Red Granite, Wis.
1832	A. R. Woodhams.....	74..	Santa Clara, Cal.
1832	Flora A. Burtis.....	74..	Watsonville, Mich.
May 1, 1832.....	James Laird.....	74..	Sitkum, Ore.
June 4, 1832.....	James Craig	74..	Toronto, Canada.
	J. R. Francis.....	74..	Chicago, Ill.
	A. G. Humphrey, M.D.	74..	Galesburg, Ill.
	John M. Postlethwait.	74..	Nat. Soldiers' Home, Tenn.
	Hiram W. Thomas....	74..	Chicago.
Feb. 11, 1832....	Lyman C. Howe.....	74..	Fredonia, N. Y.
	James W. Adams....	74..	Home, Wash.
	H. H. Drake.....	74..	Amarilla, Tex.
	C. Maxwell.....	74..	Gomez, Tex.
April 14 1832....	J. M. Clarke.....	74..	335 N. Fiftieth St., Chicago.
	H. C. Roberts.....	74..	Bennington, Kan.
	J. F. Marr.....	73..	Fort Madison, Iowa.
	Harry Hoover	73..	Carnegie, Pa.
	M. Rowe	73..	Monticello, Ill.
March 2, 1833....	Prof. E. Whipple	73..	San Diego, Cal.
	A. Tanner	73..	Cannon Falls, Minn.
	Dr. M. R. Levenson....	73..	New York City.
	Dr. Pfeiffer	73..	
1833	Juliet A. Severance..	72..	595 60th St., Chicago.
Jan. 15, 1833.....	C. H. Hamond.....	73..	Peoria, Ill.
Aug. 5, 1833.....	N. S. Johnson.....	73..	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
June, 1833.....	W. G. Markland	73..	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Feb. 28, 1833....	C. A. Whitford.....	73..	Allington, Neb.
1833	Asa Smith	73..	Kansas.
Sept. 15, 1834...	Volney Abbey	72..	Wathena, Kan.
	W. H. Bean	72..	Rock Island, Ill.
	D. K. Tenney.....	72..	Madison, Wis.
Sept. 9, 1834....	W. W. Wallace.....	72..	5702 So. Ashland Av., Chicago.
	Moncure D. Conway....	72..	London, Eng.
Dec. 23, 1834....	T. B. Wakeman.....	72..	Cos. Cob. Conn.
	William Colby Cooper	72..	Cleves, O.
March 6, 1834....	W. I. Ryder.....	72..	Monticello, Ill.
April 2, 1835....	Eliza W. Haines....	71..	Versailles, Ind.
Aug. 7, 1837....	John W. Irion	71..	Thomasville, Colo.
	John R. Lippitt.....	71..	Chicago, Ill., 317 Randolph St.
Jan. 18, 1835....	Copley Cottrell	71..	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
Nov. 7, 1835....	J. L. Buxton	71..	Millford, Mass.
	Salome Rowe	71..	Grand Rapids, Mich.
	Thomas J. Bowles....	70..	Muncie, Ind.
	J. W. Patrick	70..	Cincinnati, O.

TO-MORROW.

	Name.	Age.	
Sept. 20, 1836....	M. H. Coffin	70..	Longmont, Col.
	James Beeson	70..	Hytop, Ala.
	J. W. Gaskine	70..	Seattle, Wash.
	Dr. L. M. Hammond..	70..	Rosedale, Kas.
	Louis Roser	70..	Maysville, Ky.
	S. R. Snepherd.....	70..	Leavenworth, Kas.
	John C. Deuel	70..	Rockford, Ill.
Aug. 5, 1836.....	G. W. Gann	70..	Denton, Tex.
	C. C. De Rudlo	70..	Los Angeles, Cal.
	Judge Frank Hobart..	70..	Ventura, Cal.
1836	Mrs. M. J. Olds.....	70..	Mcminnvile, Ore.
July 10, 1837.....	G. W. Phillips	69..	
Jan. 3, 1837.....	Dexter K. Cole	69..	North Port, L. I.
Jan. 31, 1837....	Warner V. Hardy. .	69..	317 W. Randolph St., Chicago
	E. P. Peacock.....	69..	Chicago, Ill.
	Wm. C. Dunbar.....	69..	Mapleton, Kan.
	Mrs. M. A. Lee.....	68..	Blue Earth, Minn.
	F. F. Franz.....	68..	Sylvan Grove, Kan.
	J. Spencer Ellis	68..	Toronto, Can.
Jan. 3, 1838.....	J. E. Barkhart	68..	Miltonvale, Kans.
	Col. Thompson Fort..	68..	Chattanooga, Tenn.
	Dr. L. S. Lambert....	68..	Galesburg, Ill.
Sept. 26, 1838....	Dr. C. J. Lewis.....	68..	733 Carrol Av., Chicago.
1838	Otto Wettstein	68..	La Grange, Ill.
1838	E. W. Kenyon	68..	Chicago, Ill.
	Wm. Drake	67..	Montpelier, Ohio.
Aug. 11, 1839....	Joel Richardson	67..	Hayesville, Iowa.
1839	S. F. Benson	67..	Pierson, Iowa.
Oct. 1, 1839.....	W. A. Gamore	67..	Marshfield, Ore.
July 24, 1839....	John Madauck	67..	Minneapolis, Minn.
Jan. 1, 1839.....	Dr. I. S. Curtis.....	67..	Brunswick, Ore.
	Christ batman	67..	Chattanooga, Tenn.
	Dr. John Kemper....	67..	Galesburg, Ill.
	B. F. Underwood....	66..	Quincy, Ill.
	J. Jones	66..	Sailor Springs, Ill.
	P. C. Hanson.....	66..	Greenleaf, Kan.
1840	Martha M. Ricker....	66..	Dover, N. H.
	Frances R. Dingman..	66..	Detroit, Mich.
Feb. 14, 1840....	Herman Wettstein ..	66..	Fitzgerald, Ga.
Oct. 31, 1840....	G. M. Morehouse....	66..	Muskegon, Mich.
	A. D. Marble.....	65..	Oklahoma City, Okla.
	James E. Mills.....	65..	Dickens, Iowa.
	Mrs. Helen M. Lucas..	65..	Marietta, Ohio.
	E. W. Chamberlain...	65..	New York City.

WHY TO-MORROW IS YOURS.

"To-Morrow" is **YOUR** Magazine. Its editors work without pay and all of the earnings above the actual cost of publishing and paying for paper, printing and postage will be devoted to forming one or more co-operative colonies or groups wherein the children of free thinkers may have the opportunity of growing up in contact only with rational ideals and where the old warriors of free thought whose steadfastness and courage have won us the world may find a congenial home and pleasant companionship in their declining years.

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To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE,

MANAGING EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1906.

The "Old Guard" of Free Thought.....	
To Morrow Talk—	
Frontispiece	A Cure for Race Suicide
Editorials	
	Pointed Paragraphs.
	Human Experimentation.
	The Influence of Freedom.
	Judge Not Lest Ye Be Judged.
	To What Base Uses.
	Bathing at Ostend.
	The Atlanta Race Riots.
	Free Publications.
Mr., Mrs. and Miss.....	Grace Moore
The Lost Love (Poem)	H. Bedford-Jones
The New Gospel	Henry Frank
Simplified Spelling	H. P. Cheever
Marshall Field from Spirit Land.....	Cosmos
The Three Flowers (Poem).....	H. Bedford-Jones
Socialism	J. Howard Moore
The Guff of History.....	Herman Kuehn
Government (A Rejoinder)	Samuel Blodgett
Henrik Ibsen	O. Leonard
The Inheritors (Poem).....	John Francis Valter
Physiology of Love (Part III).....	Dr. Charles J. Lewis
Autumn (Poem)	Charles A. Sandburg
Companions	Andrew L. Chezem
Thoughts and Poems	Jac Lowell
Concerning our Subconsciousness.....	Herman Wettstein
Maxim Gorki (Poem).....	Peter Fandel
Me To the Moon (Poem).....	Estelle Metzger Hamsley
Philanthropy of the Indian Dept.....	Carlos Montezuma
In Ten Years	Sercombe Himself
A Juvenile S. W. Center.....	Katharyn Conklin
Informal Brotherhood and Correspondence Club	
What They Say of Us.....	
Classified Advertising	

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.

Race Suicide.

A Suggestion to the President.

September 22, 1906.

Theodore Roosevelt,
President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

The fact that Illinois stands in the lead among all the states in its large number of divorces and kindred evidences of social and domestic unrest, has caused me as a result of your expressions in relation to "race suicide," to make a careful investigation into the causes and the classes of women who resort to drugs, operations and devices to prevent child-bearing.

Statistics furnished by the Chicago Health and Police Departments show that more than forty thousand abortions a year are committed in this city, out of which number ten thousand are married women disinclined to become mothers, and the balance, thirty thousand, are unmarried, and largely young women of twenty and under, who, having given way to the natural passion for procreation, resort to drugs and criminal operations, always injuring their bodies and minds and frequently destroying their lives rather than endure the abuse of those who forget the gentleness always due to motherhood while plying their system of abuse and ostracism against those who depart from prevailing fashion and custom.

Thirty thousand is a low estimate of the number of women in Chicago who annually commit abortion, and who but for the cruelty and harshness of their sisters would become gentle and tender mothers of strapping boys and girls.

Thirty thousand a year, three hundred thousand in ten years, and but little investigation proves that the misery, vice, perversion and prostitution that grow out of this system is incalculable.

Suppose in place of this cruel, heartless system, its counterpart having been entirely abolished from kindergartens where the inductive method is employed, that a regime of kindness and glorification of motherhood should be adopted so that instead of feeling it a disgrace to bear children to the State a reward should be offered that might take the form of maintaining the mother and rearing the offspring to good citizenship; is it possible to conceive that a system based upon kindness and gentleness to the mother could ever produce the amount of crime and misery that is now resulting from our system of hatred and ostracism?

Your splendid public expressions in opposition to race suicide imply a knowledge on your part that more than three-quarters of these crimes are the direct result of a system of hatred and ostracism which we have inherited from our ignorant ancestors reared under tyrannical social as well as political forms and I beg of you to kindly inform me whether you are willing to lend a hand and employ your influence towards stopping race suicide by helping to make all motherhood respectable. Very respectfully,

Parker H. Sercombe.

The Editors of *To-Morrow* do not stand sponsor for opinions of contributors nor of each other. We believe in a fair field and no favor. We want clear, clean, intelligent discussion. Please understand that we don't all believe all we print!

To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

WALTER HURT

MARGUERITE WARREN SPRINGER

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD

VIOLA RICHARDSON

PARKER H. SERCOMBE

CHARLES A. SANDBURG

GRACE MOORE

MAUDE JACOBS

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NOVEMBER, 1906.

No. 11

Humanity at terrible cost has employed torment and hatred for two thousand years against a large proportion of women who were willing to become mothers.

Why not test love and tenderness for a while as a cure for race suicide? It cannot do worse and it may make motherhood respectable.

People looking for ideas will find some expressed in "To-Morrow" that do not appear in any other publication.

"To-Morrow" does not try to differ with any person or group of persons, but is satisfied to simply put out thought that is in harmony with the nature process.

Our politics is not bounded by party or program. We simply wait to see who the money power puts up and then vote solid against him for whoever takes the other side.

Do not concern yourself about agreeing with our talk but see that you agree with nature talk, for though she speaks through the stars, the thunders, the earth stratas, through human experimentation and through the dew-drop, her message is always the same.

No human opinion by itself has ever been worth while. The truth has only been assured through the corroborations of thousands of trained observers backed by the countless corroborations of nature. Once you know the nature-system relating to one thing you may know it in relation to all things.

When a murder is committed is it any worse if done by a hobo than if done by a banker, promoter, politician or a pork packer?

What a fantastical civilization to be sure: We hang murderer Johan Hoch to satisfy a public sentiment against him created by a few newspaper reporters and then vote millions of dollars government money for inspectors to watch Armour and Swift to see that they do not poison people wholesale. Why are we so considerate with certain ones?

Billiard players always win the games played in their dreams, prize fighters always **knock out** their dream opponents and esoteric dreamers find much joy in their speculations for they, like the rest, are not bothered by material obstacles. In each case the one only result reached is ego stimulation, self-deception and finally paresis.

We want our contributors to send in some good short articles on the "Taxation of Church Property." Of all the robbing schemes handed down to us from the enslaved past, there is none more apparent than this.

Some people say that it will never do to withdraw contempt and ostracism from women who **beget** their children instead of killing them, as it would remove the basis of **hipocracy** on which the machinery of society now rests.

If it is **the money question** that stands in the way, my answer is, there is plenty of money in **Great America** and surely no class are more entitled to their share than the mothers and their babes. **To hell with a civilization that falls back on this excuse.**

Any creed that through heartless cruelty drives millions of women who otherwise would become mothers, into suicide, abortion and prostitution is on the wrong track to say the least.

HUMAN EXPERIMENTATION.

Recently two estimable women after a long acquaintance, one a widow, the other a bachelor girl, decided to set up housekeeping together in a flat.

It much resembled a honeymoon, the enthusiasm with which they went about furnishing up their "home," their paraphernalia, curtains, decorations, etc., forming the leading topic of conversation among their intimate friends for a period of more than two weeks.

It was planned to have a "house-warming" with real

refreshments as soon as they were thoroughly settled, but the hanging of pictures, was scarcely over before they each learned that in actual operation their dispositions were entirely incompatible, a fact that several years of merely visiting and calling failed to disclose. Being a friend of both I was called upon for advice.

Cards out? None.

Any ceremony? None.

Any time contract? None.

Why then divide up and quit, said I, which they proceeded to do forthwith.

But suppose the law, the church and a bunch of long faced ritualists had stepped in and said, "No, you must remain together for life," or go through a court scandal fighting each other like two hvenas and be damned ever after.

Not so in this case; the idea of home life was attractive to both and within a month each found companions that were congenial and now there are two happy female families where before there was one unhappy one.

Had the law and the church stepped in to force the incompatible to remain together, it would not only have embittered these women against all mankind but they would not again risk another experiment and no happy homes would ever be possible for them again to the end of their days.

Thank God, within a month they have both become happy and contented with other companions and the families visit each other and laugh good naturedly over the experiments that failed. Two women can do this and two men can do it and are doing it in large numbers and the more circum-spect both sexes become the less they are going to be willing under the present system to run the risk of the very dear experiments that are now even in early youth wrecking millions of lives. The fact that people are supposed in the marriage relation to give up the ownership of themselves under a life contract is often the only thing that operates to make the union unbearable. A free people can no longer be dealt with in this way as results abundantly prove.

Suppose the two ladies mentioned had been a man and woman instead—and there are thousands such—what is gained to the State or to them by placing them in a situation where they become animals when they might remain happy human beings. Humanity should awaken to the fact that it is voluntarily inflicting on itself a thousand needless miseries and to what end? To satisfy those who know no more science than to persist in keeping up a lot of impossible systems and forms invented in the childhood of our race when chiefs and kings regulated their subjects because they did not know that men have that within that enables them better to govern themselves.. **Franklin and Jefferson arise.**

THE INFLUENCE OF FREEDOM.

The most untrained observer can understand at least a degree of the mental, moral and physical deficiency that must result either to a person confined in jail away from the experiences of the world or to one whose life conditions are controlled by the dictum of a boss, a ruler or a set of fixed conditions to which a creature must conform, all of which in reality are much the same thing so far as they operate as a blight upon the spirit and character.

From the beginning all creatures, human and otherwise, have had a resistance to overcome in order to live, and it has been in the exercise of these faculties in the overcoming of resistance, that all animal and vegetable forms have survived.

It may be observed that the forms of resistance which originally presented themselves were natural, the beneficial results of fixed laws, the resisting of which invariably resulted in the development of beautiful and healthful qualities, quite in contrast to the artificial forms of resistance, which later introduced by man for his own guidance and control, have almost invariably operated toward destruction and decay.

To be specific, the difference between the natural and the artificial resisting forces, is the difference between freedom and despotism, for nature reveals throughout every avenue that the equilibrium of creatures, organisms, and communities can only be maintained with the assurance of constant progression, through the principle of automatic control from within, rather than by means of coercive control from without.

The whole theory of priests, kings and tribal chiefs since the beginning of so-called civilization, has been the external control and direction of the weak and submissive by the strong and coercive, and so satisfied have rulers been with the conveniences and comforts, that the domination of others has brought them that they proceeded to make their own convenience and comfort the main principle in their mode of educating the young and naturally instilled into them through this external control, the same spirit which their methods developed in the ox, the ass, and the slave.

The rulers and teachers of mankind have not understood that organizations, communities and people must have their equilibrium developed from within, that anything that interferes with their independent free action must destroy the automatism by which permanent equilibrium may be maintained.

Thousands of generations of despotism has made its indelible mark upon the human race, but it is astonishing to what extent and in what ways nature is ready to throw off the blighting effects of external control, immediately people and communities come within the realm of freedom, when socially physically or mentally no hindrance is placed on independent action.

The methods of Burbank and of all successful breeders

of live stock, is based upon principles which if introduced into our homes, schools and legislative halls would within a few generations make of us such a race as the mind of this epoch is unable to conceive.

While there are many other subtle and convincing evidences of the effects of freedom, that are observable to the thorough student of sociology, the intellectual and physical progress made in one generation as between European peasants and their children born and brought up in this country, furnishes data that is unmistakeable and can be seen and understood by all.

Bearing in mind that American liberty is but slightly in advance of the European variety any one may observe each pleasant day in Chicago thousands of examples on cars, in crowded thoroughfares and department stores, mothers whose hard prominent features, restless, anxious eyes, and bent forms, show the unmistakeable marks of European despotism and oppression accompanied by daughters dressed in the fashion of the day who, while in every way retaining a family resemblance to the parent have acquired an elasticity of step, an alertness of eye and an erectness of form even to the approachment of ideal womanly beauty, which never could have been acquired under the conditions which were instrumental in blighting the intelligence and physique of the mother.

If the marvelous results which an imperfect freedom in one generation is able to attain could be realized by our legislators and teachers, surely all the forces and machinery of human life would be brought into play in order that we might obtain the fullest results of the wonderful uplifting quality, which liberty alone can impart.

It is but natural that we should crave an influence that can do so much in a few short years and it is also but natural that we should want that influence not diluted and doctored by the priests and rulers of a false civilization, but pure and undefiled whereby it may come in touch with every avenue of human society and become an influence in every relation of our being from our thoughts of the stars to the very cartillages that cushion the extremities of our bones.

JUDGE NOT LEST YE BE JUDGED.

The fact that priests and parents of all time have now and then been obliged to relax their vigilance over others, on account of having somewhat of their own affairs to look after, is responsible for the glimpses of half-wisdom, which stolen half-freedom has been able to hand down to us.

Throughout the Bible and other writings of the past, even though the appliances and apparatus had not been invented by which to study nature and form a universal postulate, furtive glimpses of half-wisdom like the above quotation serve to indicate how liberated mentalities were ever struggling toward the truth.

Under the influence of despotic ideals handed down to us for ages, it has become the fashion for smug people to judge and disapprove of others, when from the standpoint of the sociologist, each such incident amounts to nothing more than nature's disapproval of the one in judgment.

Looking backward as well as forward, it is clearly manifest that society's advancement is more indebted to what has been called the mistakes and blunders and crimes of its units than to what has been conventionally termed its noble successes and achievements.

If we actually progress through the means of our mistakes and blunders surely the one who tries to overthrow and interfere with these is the real detriment to progress.

If logic means anything at all, it means that we must not balk the main source of our progress, hence those who judge and interfere with what they call human mistakes, instead of permitting the mistakes to become experiences and work out their own salvation are the ones on whom providence frowns and on whom the philosopher might justly vent his spleen.

Did the one who first said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," understand the law of evolution in all its social, physical and spiritual manifestations which we know he did not, we might give him credit for more than half wisdom.

But like Browning, Emerson and others whose expressions enthusiasts have tried to magnify into meaning far more than the writers ever intended, we must, though recognizing in it a glimpse of rudimentary wisdom, even relegate this expression back to the realm of half knowledge where it belongs.

TO WHAT BASE USES.

Hamlet in contemplating the skull of Yorrick and moralizing on the debasement which must at last overtake each one of us, merely symbolizes a phase of modern economic life which at times is fantastic in its pathos and lugubrious in its humor.

A tent show is in progress, you pay your ten cents and within, the once famous war chief of the great tribe of Mountain Eaters is disclosed to you decorated with cheap chalk and chamois skin as he jumps up and down on one foot to a he-a hi-a, he-a hi-a war song that was once supposed to thrill into action the mighty prowess of his tribe.

In the peanut vender of the street corner, whose obsequious smile betrays his willingness to bestir himself in order to become possessed of the profit which he is to reap from the short end of a copper cent, you behold the countenance, the dark eyes, swarthy features and sturdy limbs of a descendant of a mighty Brutus or a Caesar, whose pride of power and perfection of form should have vibrated together down the centuries with ever increasing rhythm.

Again you enter the office of a fin de cicle mail order

physical culturist whose chief theme is the assurance to her correspondents that "thoughts are things," and you find that instead of the delicate click of the typewriter becoming operative through the medium of a fair haired, girlish creature of tender years, behold a buxom biddie of two hundred averdupois whose titian snarls indicate a long ancestry of blacksmiths and bushwhackers, pounding away on the machine although provided with enough surplus static energy to sink a ship.

You enter a printing office. Who has not marveled at the wonderful, apparently almost automatic intelligence of the lineotype machine, its various parts co-ordinating and co-operating in such wonderful fashion all to make a line of type, one at a time. Although the power required to depress those keys is no greater than a canary bird is able to exert with its hind foot, what have we in the shape of an operator to indicate how nature has been caught napping and not had time to adjust means to ends in the present economy of human society.

Instead of a slightly built human creature with heart, lungs and physical apparatus organized in proper weight and proportion to run this marvelous machine, behold a thick necked, large featured, low browed giant of unmistakable ancestry, the result of thousands of generations of tearing his kind to pieces and eating them raw; he is the one which human selection in grotesque incongruity assigns to the task of fingering the lineotype keys—a monolith usurping the office of a leadpencil.

Even as the hind legs of the whale, though gradually disappearing, indicate the type of its remote ancestry, so, also, if our present civilization continues, must man and woman-kind gradually attain the mental and physical attributes which will best fit them for the kind of work to which they are assigned.

As the type writer gradually assumes the characteristics and proportions of a woodpecker, as a saloon keeper gradually assumes the size and proportions of a beer barrel, as a stock broker gradually approaches the shape and spiritual tendencies of the fox, and the Indian no longer regarded as a freak, takes his place among human beings and assumes his right to be a man, so shall in the future the eternal adjustments go on and the creatures of earth gradually become organized and fitted each for the work that he is expected to perform.

BATHING AT OSTEND.

The Chicago American, published a picture in its issue of September 19th, of two meagerly attired women bathing at Ostend which we regret we are unable to reprint for the benefit of "To-Morrow" readers for it would be especially interesting to those who have read "The Crime of the Nude,"

a recent contribution by Anthony Comstock to one of America's most smug publications.

This picture was no doubt originally taken full length but the Chicago American realizing that the bare ankles of the ladies would not be admitted as second class mail, with commendable modesty represented the fair ladies of Flanders "knee deep" in the salty brine of Ostend.

Although a hundred years have passed since through the endeavors of Jefferson, Paine, Franklin and Washington we received the label of "freedom" still, owing to the gratuitous "delicacy" of Comstockism we permit monarchies like Belgium, Germany, Austria and England to completely out-do us in the democracy of dress, free speech, free press and free art.

No doubt owing to the Comstock renaissance in modesty any woman appearing at American beaches in such well fitting and practical costumes would be wonderingly admired and promptly arrested for their daring, but not so under the king of Belgium.

It is a pity that Anthony Comstock before becoming a **vice expert** could not have traveled to Greenland and to the equator in company with a sociologist capable of explaining the phenomena that would meet his view, for he then would have learned that all countries, our own included, have created their ideas of what is moral, what is modest, and what is proper in dress, manners and ceremonies, entirely out of what climatic, commercial or other conditions have forced upon them.

The climate being extremely cold in Greenland, makes it necessary in order to live comfortably, to cover the **body completely**, hence, it has grown to be considered extremely immodest there for a woman to show her neck or even the slightest bit of the ankles or wrists.

At the equator, on the other hand, it is considered highly immodest, improper and fantastic to wear even a chest protector; in fact, any further adornment than perhaps a pair of ear rings set off with a psyche knot constructed of sea weed would be considered evidence of undue coquetry on the part of any lady attempting to employ such unusual and improper aids to her natural blandishments and she might pay for her indiscretion with the loss of her head, psyche knot, ear rings and all.

So, Brother Comstock, this morality and modesty business is all a matter of climate and if you wish to be one of the cattle and draw your conclusions and pass your judgments in the same automatic fashion that a troglodyte might employ in criticising the unconventional strut of a cephalopod, because different from his own family traditions, you are welcome to your darkest Africa conception of things.

I prefer to believe that the **creator of all** never intended us to be so miserably ashamed of his work; yet I rejoice that people go covered, simply because owing to the lives they lead

most of them have figures that are entirely unfit to be seen in the nude, and would be thorough shocking at least to my artistic, if not to my moral sense.

The thought of anything common or low or criminal in the viewing of human nakedness either in marble or meat is too childish to deserve a second thought.

Properly poised persons such as the average free Americans are supposed to be, can view with equanimity, without driving them to drink or any other indiscretion, sights that would completely ruin and unbalance the Comstock class.

The great need of the hour is for public censors to learn to see themselves in the light of history and know that their struggles mean nothing more than an attempt to hold the advancing world back to the ideals of ancestral ignorance.

THE ATLANTA RACE RIOTS.

By Parker H. Sercombe.

Reprint from Press Syndicate.



If humanity's brutal treatment of the weak, unprotected and impoverished always and everywhere else were not sufficient to stamp our civilization thus far a failure, and our brutalization under the modern system complete, surely a true story of the Atlanta race riots (a story that will never be told by the white folks) would stand as evidence of our total depravity sure and complete.

I do not refer here to the orthodox total depravity based on the idea that primitive man came into the world in a whirlwind of villany, but I refer to the competitive system of life under which we are living wherein like tigers in a jungle we are kept in constant warfare with each other and while still theoretically boasting that we have risen above the plane of animalism: by a constant exercise of our meaner faculties of greed, vanity and a desire to increase our power over others, we descend to depths of deceit and utter abandon entirely impossible to reconcile with our civilization and institutions.

Every one familiar with the facts in Atlanta knows that this war against the blacks in Atlanta was maliciously planned and fomented for weeks and months prior to the outbreak and that at least three of the reports of attacks on white women by negroes on the day of the outbreak were pure inventions timed in order to give impetus to the movement by those to whose interests it was to break down negro prestige.

Besides the evidence that three of the reported attacks on white women were pure invention, I have it on good authority that the other two were cases where white women had been cohabiting with negroes for a considerable period, the blacks in both cases having gained the regard of these women

through the latter having become disgusted with their drunken, lazy and brutal white husbands whom they abandoned.

I am in no sense pleading the cause nor extenuating the crimes of the negro, for well I know that the same brutal system of life that has debased our white race has also destroyed the natural spontaneous character of the colored man; in other words, even with the advantage of a briefer christian training he has not been able to withstand its brutalizing influence.

Wherever the Negro has been attacked the one charge which the whites have made has invariably been the assaulting of white women, and statistics in every state of the Union, north and south, will show that where one white women is debauched by a negro fifty negro women are debauched by white men and among the countless thousands of yellow negroes in the United States there are twenty who had white fathers to one whose father was black.

To those who understand the psychology of a mob the reports from Atlanta present a most convincing picture of the contemptible hypocrisy of those in authority. In the face of the stories of inoffensive Negroes at work and passing through the street on errands being shot down like gophers and the published record of three dozen Negroes and only two white men being killed, the soldiers with wagons were sent into perfectly quiet Negro districts where there was no disturbance whatever, houses were searched, guns and ammunition taken from their owners and placed in wagons, and surveillance placed over, **not the aggressors**, but over those who have endured all the abuse. We do not hear that the authorities visited the residences of the whites and disarmed them, notwithstanding that it was **they** who did all the killing.

It is surely a tribute to the advancing prowess of the negro if in three or four generations of competition with the whites he can make himself so felt and feared that the former not satisfied with a fair competition, find it necessary through bluster, defamation and invention to destroy his prestige, weaken his stamina and persecute him into subservience and by other unfair means lessen his power to compete in the fields of politics, trade, and in the affairs of love and sex.

Even as those in authority do not tell the truth about the Cuban insurrection, even as those who profit by the existence of the United States Indian Bureau, **never** will make an honest representation of the true condition of affairs, so the reports from Atlanta sent out by white newspaper correspondents will be shaped to the interest not of the oppressed but of the aggressors with the result that millions of readers will be fooled except they are among the congnoscenti who read "To-Morrow Magazine."

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FREEDOM'S OWN.

Not Dominated or Guided by Money, Party, Creed, or 'ism—

TO-MORROW MAGAZINE, CHICAGO.

NOTE—To be "Free" is to be without a boss. There are several kinds of bosses that dominate publishers among which traditionalism and capitalism are the worst. Some other tyrants that prevent the freedom of publishers are:—Poverty, mental and financial, the bovine instinct, (conforming to fashion and custom), mysticism, graft, creed, party. The tendency to be smug, precise and exacting interferes with the freedom of many people and periodicals. They think too much of "reputation" and not enough of real worth. There are several of these in the "Freer" division. They are mostly the careful, smug, opinionated "organs" of movements to which they must conform, at what ever cost of intellectual honesty. Oh, stagnation! What wondrous works have creeds and policies committed in thy service!

"Mr.," "Mrs." and "Miss."

The Master and Slave Habit.

Grace Moore.



Habit weighs enormously against reason and common sense. We have formed the habit of addressing a man as "Mr." and a woman as "Mrs." or "Miss," and whenever possible, of substituting for these titles others that seem a little more complimentary or advantageous. This habit formed, like the habit of going to church, with the vast majority of people, constitutes a religion. With many of us it is not permissible to question these forms, perpetuated and sanctified by church and state laws. The marriage forms, with their resulting titles and customs are said to have been instituted by the church and the church being the "house of God," it is an insult to God to even talk about possible changes of form or to place in the scales of advance intelligence, reason and judgment as against the **force of habit**.

We glorify forms and customs rather than the Great Cause back of them. We do not stop to inquire as to the origin and good or ill results of man made rules of conduct. We obey the rules habitually and make idols of them and only incidentally permit our growing intelligence the luxury of a little exploration in the Casual World.

Charles Darwin by his "Origin of Species" made possible the scientific understanding of the origin, growth and good and ill results of human marriage, because the laws governing the origin and development of species govern the origin and development of the human mind and of social conditions and relationships.

It is seen that as progress was made by man, industrially and economically, marriage forms and customs were instituted in defense of material interests, church and state laws with reference to them being incidental. A study of anthropology reveals the fact that all social forms have had their rise in conditions affecting the food supply of the people by whom the forms were conceived.

The first step in the progress of the race toward a mono-

gamic ideal, was not made by virtue of man's deference to woman, or as a concession to religious principles, or in recognition of the mental and spiritual needs of the individual, or society as a whole. It was exclusively a move for the ownership and control by individual man, of such land as he could claim, and of the labor and person of the particular woman he succeeded in capturing from another tribe, and whose offspring he was most willing should be heirs to the land.

Man being physically stronger than woman became her master. The first captured woman was a disgraced woman. The first woman to take her master's name in place of the name of the family to which she belonged, was shunned and despised. But the man who captured and controlled her, was a hero and by his comrades and the members of his own and other tribes was envied. The labor value of the woman captured and the facilities of the family and tribe to which she was brought, for equipping her with the means by which she could gain a livelihood, determined the advisability and permanency of the capture, and whether or not the sex relations of herself and master were permissible and right. The children born to them were legitimate or illegitimate, according as the master elected or declined to acknowledge and support them, an exactly parallel condition existing in our modern civilized (?) society. This acknowledgement and support had nothing whatever to do with religious scruples. Its basis was exclusively an economic one, the female being dependent upon the male for food and shelter for herself and offspring, and acknowledgement and support on the part of the male being preferred in corresponding ratio to the labor productiveness of the female.

Man was master by reason of his aggressiveness and brute force. He is today master upon exactly the same principle. The fact that his aggressiveness is commercial and his brute force the force of the almighty dollar, does not in the least lessen his power or modify the situation. It is practically the same situation as when woman was bought and sold by her male relations, and by them supported and compassioned, or rejected and disowned, as property interests and personal inclinations prompted them.

This spirit of competition inaugurated by man's capture and control of the land and of woman, determined the nature and stability of all social forms, including forms of marriage and of address. And today it is the same. Man is even more animated by the spirit of competition and as much given to cut throat methods of obtaining a livelihood and the ownership and control of land and of woman, as he was in the primitive times. Social forms and religious rites and ceremonies have been and continue to be the reflection of economic conditions.

When modern English took the place of the old, the word "Mr." was substituted for master, and today is retained, not

because the form of address is timely or appropriate, but **from force of habit.**

The term "Mrs." is derived from the word mistress, which in primitive times meant mistress over a community or household of consorts, the woman coming from the most powerful tribe or family and possessing the greatest labor productiveness, being chosen by the male to be the mother of his heirs and to supervise the labor of the other consorts.

When at first woman took the name of her master and thus addressed him it was a sign that she had surrendered her identity and was unprotected by her own tribe and family. She was degraded and an object of contempt. But the master was lauded for his strength, daring and courage while the woman or women who submitted to him were his slaves with only marketable value proportionate to their labor capacity.

"Mr." or Master originally signified that the man was a slaveholder and that he had power, authority and special privilege, and on that account was to be honored. Honored for what? Not for his superior moral character and personal unselfishness, but for success in war and competition, and for brutal enslavement and control of the female from whose loins came the embodiment of the power he exercised. Man being physically stronger than woman, was the aggressor. He became Master or "Mr." through his enforced desire to own control. Woman being physically the weaker was forced to submit. She was "Mrs." or "Miss" (and is today) **as man proposed or was undisposed.**

Under present conditions as much as in the times of the barbarians, man's incentive to action is the desire to own and control, and to the extent that he owns and controls, he has power, prestige and a handle or spout to his name. He becomes alderman, mayor, judge, pastor of a ten thousand dollar church, managing editor of a great newspaper, or president of a corporation, not solely upon the basis of his intellectual efficiency or his individual fitness for the particular position he aspires to, but fundamentally **as the result of money power.**

Man is still on the whole stronger than woman and the aggressor, but his strength is not now in his physical superiority but in the quality and quantity of the land, stocks and bonds, and female homage over which he has command and control. Conditions are somewhat more refined in appearance than when man was openly a slaveholder and woman his slave, but **in principle, social, family and individual relationships are the same today as in slave holding times.**

Woman by reason of generations and centuries of submission to brute force (whether the brute force of physical superiority or of a superior bank account, does not effect the argument) finds submission on the whole, easier than to change from a negative to a positive attitude. The habit of submitting to and addressing man as "Mr." (Master) has become so fixed that except conditions force her to become

positive and aggressive, it does not occur to her that there is such an unequal balance of power in favor of the man. She is not aware that there is such a vital lack of equality until she chafes to come face to face with the problem of food and shelter. Woman realizes her enslavement and dependence upon her lord to provide only an environment and a small dinner basket obtrude themselves.

Man becomes conscious that he is in reality a slaveholder to just the degree that his slaves wake up and assert themselves.

Waking up time is here for both man and woman. Man's slaveholding power is waning because woman's power economically is increasing. "Like cures like" and all forms of slavery and despotism having their initial impetus in economic conditions must find there their means of cure. To the economic field women are flocking as bees to the hive. Man's positiveness has developed to the point of presumptuousness. The masculine principle of this era has fully expressed itself and the opportunity is now to the feminine. A new conception of power, a higher form of aggressiveness and a social consciousness above the power of money is in the ascendancy.

In the desire to own and control, originated man's independence and woman's dependence, with their corresponding titles, Mr., Mrs. and Miss. In the new spirit of freedom and the cessation of all desire to appropriate or dominate, lies the incompatibility and ridiculousness of titles and distinctions based upon plutocracy.

Democracy is knocking at the door. Democracy will open the door. Democracy will win.

THE LOST LOVE.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

The rose-bud blew sweet on the slope of the hill,
And the nightingale sweetly sang;

Like pearls on the wind rose his warbling trill,
Till the wood with his love-song rang.

Ah, his heart was blithe, and bade sadness flee
From his love in her leafy cover;

And thus have I sung out my soul to thee—
Where such joy as the joy of a lover?

The poor fragrant rose-bud, her beauty all blown,
Is withered and fled to the winds;

While the nightingale, left with his sorrow alone,
Solace only in melody finds.

He, glad in the music kind Heaven has given
Pours out all his soul-grief above her;

But vainly have I for such word-relief striven—
Where such grief as the grief of a lover?

"The New Gospel."

By Henry Frank.

Author of "The Doom of Dogma."



We of the New Birth are called to great sorrows, to great joys. We are harbingers of the New Day.

We must find the path that ends where Freedom sits with Reason—where common sense abides with individual liberty—where the social good does not deteriorate because of individual ascendancy.

We must preach the Authority of Liberty, the Authority of Truth, the Authority of Love.

The day of the authority of institutions, conventions, superstitions, is swiftly vanishing. The world is now halting on the verge of transition—social disintegration and individual reorganization.

The great edifices of the olden time are rotting and crumbling. The towers of power—once mighty—are tumbling upon the weak and unwary.

This is the age of dissolution; demoralization, spiritual emasculation and retrogressive ideals are rampant. Yet these are but the symptomatic indications of the deeper-seated disease—the purulent decay of aborted systems and abrogated powers.

What can we do to discern and expound the eternal laws of nature which underlie and uphold all human action and the social integrity, in order that the prevailing disintegration may be followed by rehabilitation and just restitution?

The Moral Law must be declared. Yea, verily! But let it be understood that the Moral Law is not necessarily discerned in human institutions and standards. The Moral Law abides in the Unseen—in the too much unstudied forces that determine human conduct.

To penetrate, discover and declare these laws is the Mission of the New Age.

The god of truth is revealed in the persistence of natural powers. The discernment of these powers is the new inspiration; their declaration, the New Gospel and the glad tidings of great joy.

Only as our lives are consonant with the integrating forces of nature are they sure and steadfast—climbing to the stars—building for the eternities.

The dread of dogma is the doom of cowardice. The fear of the Past is the guage of the fool. We are holden only

to the Present—"heir of all the ages, foremost in the files of time."

Each in his own sphere must become a hero—self-assertive, self reliant. He who holds his sword in the sheath of fear will never wear a crown.

The religion of the past demeaned man to exalt god. The religion of the future shall exalt god only by hoisting man to the highest pinnacle.

The religion of Egoism—self-conscious—self-determined—triumphant—shall supercede the religion of a stupefied race, hypnotized into obedient silence by overweening autocracy and self-aggrandizing hierarchy.

Man, the individual, shall not only worship, but become worshipp'd! Hero-worship is the salvation of the race. It informs the masses how the Obscure Unit may ascend from darkness into daylight—from oblivion to immortality.

As, at any time, One Individual rises by self-power—by determining will-power—so alike may all arise when all shall learn to obey the law.

The individual shapes humanity; as the individual becomes free, mankind shall be a race of free men.

To declare the gospel of the **Free Man**—the liberty of the individual—this is the religion of the future.

Self-responsibility—self-justification — self-damnation — these are the tenets of the Gospel of "To-Morrow!"

Salvation by blood is a verity in human evolution. But not as the church has taught—not necessarily by the blood of another human being, whether Buddha, Adonis or Christ—any more than by the blood of goats and bullocks.

Salvation through the **blood of suffering**—salvation by pain—salvation by sin—this is the law of progress, the Gospel of the New 'time.

This is a "hard saying"; a sad saying; but a truth writ deep in the annals of man, crying pitifully from agonizing ages of ignorance, penury and affronted pride.

To live my own life is to me the sublimest achievement in nature—be that life black as hell or white as heaven. I can never be another, never aught but myself.

Whether like Aaron, in Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*, I cry as I face pursuing Death, "If one good deed in all my life I did, I do repent it from my very soul"; or like Miranda, when she beholds the storm, "O, the cry did knock against my very heart! Had I been any god of power, I would have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er it should the good ship so have swallowed, and the freighting of souls within her"; it matters not; nor Aaron nor Miranda can other be than what they are, or other life live than what is theirs.

Nor can I ever be another—never aught but myself. Though heaven crown or hell engulf, 'tis more glorious to be sincere in one's self-realization than to be a gilded hypocrite, crowned with some conventional tiara and honored by obsequious sycophants.

For I Myself (i. e., each individual human unit) am cir-

cumscribed and moulded by the Eternal Good, though for ages yet I must needs pass through Cimmerian hells or bane of Saturn.

This law all nature reognizes and obeys, save only man, He alone is stupid; he only is the slave of ignorance.

Think you the elemental planet shaping in the Asteroids sorrows that it glows not yet with Arturus's bright effulgence; or that the drifting star-snow of the Milky Way bemoans its fate in that it dazzles not like Orion's flaming belt?

Is the sea-anemone jaundiced with jealousy because it measures not with the whale's gigantic paunch; or growls the vigorous sea-lion in that it cannot tear the waters like the mad leviathans?

Does the song-bird cease to sing beause it cannot cleave the air wide as the wings of an albatross? Does the alder-berry refuse to blossom and fruit because it is humbled by the far-spreading oak or the queenly elm?

Is the violet ashamed of its royal purple because the lily flares its piebald hues and the rose is crowned with glory?

Nay; in the dominion of nature all are kings and queens:—all are self-satisfied and self-achieving;—because none measures itself by another—none is restrained by imposition or intervention.

In the nature each Unit of Force fulfils the purpose of its appointed mission. No giant law-maker stands with club in hand and policeman at beck to compel each to obey some artificial convention, conceived in forgotten ages and enforced by the galley-slaves of Custom!

Man must learn to imitate the song-bird and the sea-fish; the humble grass-spear and the solemn oak: the star mist and the flying constellations; each of which is self-assertive, self-determining, self-glorious.

Spurred by such an inspiration, the humblest becomes a hero—the puny suckling, a puissant giant.

A New Age, indeed, is at hand, and it cries like another Messiah, "I come not to bring peace, but a sword!" And again: "I shall turn father against child and husband against wife. If ye love father, mother, sister, brother, houses or lands, more than ye love me, ye are not worthy of Me!"

And this New Messiah, who is he? He is the FREE INDIVIDUAL, annointed by the slime of the scoffer, crucified on the cross of conventions.

And yet he cries aloud: "The Daughter must be mistress of herself, despite her mandatory father or her claimant husband—the child must have its rights despite the mastery of parenthood—the club that wickedness oft wields with sanctity. The god in the bosom of the young must rule though the Satan of Authority storm the household with pandemonium."

This is the New Gospel!

Woman, slowly lifting her head above the sand-drift of savage custom and demeaning influence, where for ages she lay buried—cried out as she shakes from her clotted locks the cruel blood of centuries—"I come! I come! O, Age of Freedom—I shall myself be free, though lechery gnash its disappointed teeth and clericism hurl insinuating curse. I shall yet teach the world that freedom may abide with purity and love with honor!"

This is the New Gospel.

"Judge not that ye be not judged; there is not one that sinneth not, no not one!"

Thus shouts the New-Old-Gospel; not the gospel of the hypocrite, but of honest struggling humanity.

Behold in Herman Sundermann's awful drama, Magda, the martial, tempestuous, raging father (vestigial symbol of a dying age), who threatens, storms at, and seeks to slay his rebellious daughter, because she yields not to his parental will. He, incarnation of insane and maddening superstition: she, an uncaged bird in a virgin grove.

Behold in him the lingering and decaying remains of ancient institutions, dissolving slowly, painfully, convulsively, beneath the orient glory of the dawning day.

Behold in Magda—abandoned actress—self-willed, audaciously sinful (sinful in the light of existing customs), loving yet unyielding, pitying yet merciless, resolved to the last to be free and true to herself, though it shatter the aged and devoted father whom she loves but fears not—behold, I say, in her, the first crude, embryotic, disappointing yet prophetic image of the New Woman of that age of individual liberty, when, without restraint, she shall rule as a Priestess of Love without the immolation of her virtue!

This is the New Gospel.

Man, the Individual, is the god of his universe; and his universe is wide as the compass of his infinite powers.

Already he has plucked the secret of the stars; tapped the blood of the atmosphere, as it were, and turned into the steel veins of industry the living fluid of the air; transmuted the primeval groves into village and metropolis; melted iron mountains into forests of machinery, and circled the globe with a girdle of steel to ramify the air with networks of intelligence.

Man, indeed, "holds the stars in the palm of his hand, and weighs the wind and measures the sands of the sea." He treads the unstable sea secure as the land; laughs at waves that smite the clouds, or storms that cleave the ocean's breast. Like a veritable Neptune (mythologic prophecy of ideal man) he whips the tides and waves into obedience with his unyielding trident.

All nature yields to Man, the god of the terrestrial planet. Belike, the universe will yet bow to him as mountainous trees to Orphean symphonies as the load-stone to the cold north-star.

Simplified Spelling.

By H. P. Cheever.

What does "To-Morrow" think of the "new spell," the part that is new, according to the gospel of the "Simplified Spelling Board?" Up to date in new "thought" ideas you should adopt the new spell, it strikes the writer, for as it is now many of our words are fearfully and wonderfully spelt.

The writer believes in simplifying intricate things where possible, and it certainly is possible to simplify a considerable portion of the English language, very many words on the go day and night, being in an outrageous garb, given them in the darkest ages. Then time was of no particular value, and one could spend an hour or more in going round Robin Hood's barn to spell, say the word thoro by adding the utterly unnecessary and confusing u g h, thereby compounding a word half as long again as need be, to puzzle the "young idea" and arouse the ire of the grown-ups by its ugliness and intricacy, when with but half of the trouble a word of simple construction might have been put on the market to the advantage of all English speaking people. This is so with troops of words in form bazarre and outrageous, that have come down to us, or up to us, from a time when it now seems to us that the wordmaker was doing his level best to exasperate and take pleasure in the nefarious work—how ghoulis must have been his glee when knocking into mis-shape such words as pthisiss hiccough (for hiccup), liquorice, psycis, ptysmagogue, Phoenix, Phoebe, and thousands of others quite as intricate. The word-mongering villain well knew he was not contributing to the gaiety of the English nation, but the writer suspects that he counted on exciting the risibles of other nations, and succeeded beyond his hopes, perhaps.

Yes, Sercombe himself, this language of ours has long needed the attention of the simplifier. It has seen its best days, that is, it has seen more days of undisputed sway than it will ever see again, for lo the simplifier is on its track, in fact, has landed square on its back and already the fur is beginning to fly. Many of the old fake spelt words are out of commission, and have been for a long time and let us hope that ere many moons the entire army of freaks will be on the run.

The "Simplified Spelling Board" of No. 1 Madison avenue, New York, is the David that is after the Goliath of freak spelling, and as the board numbers among its members two university presidents, six university professors, one Chicago and two New York publishers, five New York editors of the first rank, including the etemological editor of the Century Dictionary and others who know what's what

when it comes to spelling, those who have wrestled all their lives with freak spelling may be certain they will hear something drop heavily within the next decade and will be harking out for the joyful sound.

The S. S. B. has put forth a list of 300 simplified words as a starter, a "first step," as it proclaims, most of which words are old cronies of ours, words spelt in two ways here and in England—the simplified way prevailing here—the old and what the writer calls the freak way over yonder, but there are others.

With the exception of the chipt, chapt, clipt, clapt, snapt, snipt, innovation nothing new to us has been given in the "first step," save three words in the class starting with ph, these letters giving place to f in fantasm, fantasy and fantom, and six of the class where "ugh" follow "o," these being eliminated in tho, thro, thorofare, thoroly, thru (the writer leans to throo) and thruout and these, the writer presumes, are examples to follow in other of like character, for we are to spell phantom with an f in place of ph, why not phalanx, pharisee, pharmacy, pheasant, etc., etc., and I note that phoenix, is spelt with ph in the simplified list, the o only being abstracted. The writer thinks that phoenix, being a phavorite phowl of phancy merely, of no more weight or materiality than phantom, should be freed from the pretension and far-fetched handicap of ph, and allowed to go over the course as feenix, neck and neck with fantom, a well matched pair, of airy fairy breed.

What the board will do with the freak words bough, cough, slough, etc., if anything, the writer hardly dares surmise, but knows how he would lick them into simplified and sensible shape, and make quick word of it to, making cof or cowf of cough, do of dough—precedents, co, go, lo, no, so and wo, the letter ou the simplified list—enuf of enough, ruf of rough, tuf of tough, slou and sluf of slough, as the sense required, the word having two meanings; and eight, freight and weight he would knock into ait, frait and wait and have done with them.

There is one word on the simplified list the writer will never accept, in spite of the fact that scholars of the highest grade were in at the incubation, and that word is accoutre, for which we are given—horror of horrors!—acceuter, which is exchange worse than robbery and confusion worse confounded! Far better have left the word in its original French garb, for it is not an every day, hard worked word, like thousands we use daily, and we could have worried along throo life with the word standing in its original French integrity, using our simpler English word to dress.

The second syllable of accoutre has the sound of coo, and as c-e is soft in any word in which the combination appears with or without u why it was rung in with the latter letter for coo, puzzles the understanding of the writer and gives it pause. If the coo sound can be given to ceu it is only by arbitrary ruling and by such ruling one could spell

key c-e-y—see? The writer would like to know if the board was unanimous in adopting ceu for coo, or if it was a majority decision; not that it matters as he wont have “ac-ceuter” at any price, only he would like to know, you know.

As aforesaid the “Simplified Spelling Board,” backed by resident Roosevelt, is the David now up against the Goliath of freak spelling, and in time will do up the latter with its little sling—of ink. Now isn’t it up to “To-Morrow,” exponent of “New Thought” and ideas, to take the head of the procession of press disseminators and not remain, with the tail-enders?

Marshall Field from Spirit Land.

By Cosmos.

“What! Two-million dollars of back taxes! Oh, why did I make a will!

This is more than I can bear. The tortures and miseries of my dwelling place are naught compared with the horrible thought that the profits of my estate will be cut down ten percent for 1906.

Why are those Chicago officials so cruel? Have I not done enough? Is not that granite bastile stretching from Fifth Avenue to Franklin Street a sufficient monument to Chicago’s greatness?

Ah, the Bastile! What brightness, what forethought was mine in constructing this impregnable pile! In the flesh I had but man’s intelligence, but in this Spirit World, I have the occult vision that pierces the shadows of the future and what do I see? Thousands of frantic men, women and children storming my cold castle of commerce and trade. I see my agents and minions crowding the windows of the vast edifice with quick firing guns cannon and rifles dispersing the on-coming mob and protecting the sacred properties within.

The Government of Washington and Lincoln which ere this, has protected all the rights of my estates, its guardians while still battling for my interest seem to lack much of the fire and determination of former days. Oh, my property, my property! What wondrous fascination your gradual increase has for me even here.

No passion, no love, no consecration, no religion, can possibly equal the consuming zeal with which I now contemplate the gradual increasing wealth of my estate.

In a dozen years its value should reach a half-billion providing my executors continue to follow my example in living and tax dodging.

How I fooled them for over forty years! Now, many will pry into my affairs but they can never know all for the interests of the government are so related to the interests

of my executors and their institutions, that no kind of corporation counsel will be able to get all the facts.

Oh, how my heart yearns for profits! You, yet on earth can little understand why I should still long for my estate to make the largest profit possible and increase and increase to unlimited value, but remember, for sixty long years my faculties had no other exercise than this.

The hopes of my days and the dreams of my nights were concentrated to the exclusion of all else, on profit making, until now my spirit, in this far away realm, knows nothing else, thinks nothing else, yearns for nothing else, excepting the wild impatient consuming desire of seeing my estate grow, grow, grow, grow!

For what reason, you ask, for what benefit to myself or others? There is no reason, there can be no reason—nothing but an insane passion for more, more, more. That is all.

THE THREE FLOWERS—From the Gaelic.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

Behold! A flower on the mountainside blew,
And I stooped and plucked it with tenderest care,
And placed it between my lips;
But soon its sweetness heavy-sweet grew,
So I flung it away, and it swam on the air
As thistledown lightly dips.

Behold! A flower in the valley I found,
But I thought it a star that the sky had let fall,
And placed it within my breast;
Its fragrance was all in bitterness bound,
So I thought it truth—but it proved but gall;
And I crushed it, with bitter jest.

Behold! A flower I found by the road,
All sparkling with dew in the blush of dawn,
And a blossom I stooped to remove;
When lo! From the stem a tear-drop flowed,
And deep from my heart a cry was drawn—
For I knew that the flower was Love!

WANTED—TO-MORROWS FOR JUNE.

Owing to numerous orders which we have been receiving recently from those who wish to study the evolution of advance thought from the first issue, as presented in "To-Morrow Magazine," we are running low on several issues, especially June, 1905.

We desire to still continue to fill orders for complete files without additional charge, but can only do so providing we can enter into reasonable negotiation for the purchase of the number above indicated. In order to make up complete files for 1905 which we sell at regular price we are paying double (20 cents each) for the June number.

Socialism.

By J. Howard Moore.



economical. It required no thinking. And this fact alone was sufficient recommendation to those lacking the conveniences for this sort of activity.

Socialism and Anarchism! Dear old Two! How faithfully and well, on many a hard-pressed occasion, when argument was scarce and the need of crumpling the opposition by some other method was urgent, have you served the scribes and pharisees of this world against the champions of the new order!

But Socialism has been promoted, in the years that have come and gone, thanks to the hearers of yesterday and today. It is no longer a missile. At least, things have got so far along that it is no longer used to kill people with. It has been upholstered. It is almost a compliment. Hit a man with "Socialism" today, and the effect is so soothing that he is likely to think that he has been caressed.

Socialism is not a brickbat any more, but a political issue. It is more. It is **an on-rushing storm!** Scholars and literateurs and even mayors and millionaires are advocating it. Men are putting it into books, and handing it out from lecture platforms, and even advertising it for blind people in poky newspapers. It is believed in by too many people of brains and blood and avoirdupois now-a-days to be insulted and kicked around like a dog, as it used to be, by any scalawag

of a know-nothing who happens to come along. It is no more righteous or deserving now than it has always been, but it has teeth. And look out! **It will be wondering one of these days, what to do with its prosperity and how it will feel to live in the White House!**

O the world is growing and in no way more surely than in its understanding of the inalienable rights in this world of the common man.

Socialism is inevitable because it is right. It is in the line of least resistance. It is on the way to the highlands—on the way to **Real Civilization, not the** fraudulent, hypocritical, suppositions, so-called kind palmed off by lip-virtuous pietists and pickpockets, such as we are called upon to contemplate and endure around us to-day.

The present order of industry is a system of carnage. It is simply **infernal** to every one who is able to realize its true nature. The great mass of men and women are nothing but cobble-stones for the lazy and Pecksniffian few to walk on. Nobody to-day doubts the possibility of a better arrangement, except bandits and babes. The present system is red with blood and black with inhumanity. It is tolerated because we are in the night. It is respectable because we are asleep. It will pass away. And in its stead will come co-operation, peace, good-will, brotherhood, happiness and enlightenment—that golden climacteric of sympathy and oneness toward which evolution has urged us ever since the original inhabitants of this sphere, the one-celled Protozoa of the primeval seas, gave up Individualism for Socialism and became the successful organisms of this world a hundred million years ago.

WHY TO-MORROW IS YOURS.

"To-Morrow" is YOUR Magazine. Its editors work without pay and all of the earnings above the actual cost of publishing and paying for paper, printing and postage will be devoted to forming one or more co-operative colonies or groups wherein the children of free thinkers may have the opportunity of growing up in contact only with rational ideals and where the old warhorses of free thought whose steadfastness and courage have won us the world may find a congenial home and pleasant companionship in their declining years.

I want my children to grow up in daily association with high-minded, emancipated souls who have had the courage to stand for what they knew was right at a time when it required matchless courage and honesty of purpose to do so. How about your children?

The Guff of History.

By Herman Kuehn.

The History of Guff would make an interesting narrative, but it couldn't "hold a candle" to the far more entertaining story that could be told concerning the Guff of History. The war between the states is but half a century removed, and yet nine out of every ten of us believe that the crux of that conflict was the institution of slavery. That is the case because history is so readily guffable.

Mr. Lincoln was elected by a plurality of whom a plurality were opposed to the spread of the institution of slavery beyond the limits of the "slave states." There was no thought at that time of liberating the slaves, except among a few abolitionists, who commanded no political influence whatever.

The secession of South Carolina, followed shortly by a like action on the part of the remainder of the slave states was a protest against federal interference with the perfectly legal and constitutional privilege of the holder of governmental title to property taking that property, as property, anywhere within the boundaries of the country under the laws of which such property was legally held. The liberation of the slaves was not thought of in connection with the secession movement.

"The Union Must and Shall be Preserved" was the slogan which aroused the military spirit of the North. Just why any union that has become distasteful to any integer of it must be preserved is an interesting question with which it is not my present purpose to deal. But that was the question "before the house" at the outbreak of hostilities, and the matter of abolishing slavery was not even remotely considered.

Recruits were called for, and it was popularly believed that a strong show of military force would promptly quell the disturbance. Young men enlisted because the movement appealed to the spirit of adventure, because young fellows love to strut in uniform and pose as heroes before the girls of their neighborhood, and because a good bounty was "on the bills." But the chief incentive, as many an old soldier will tell you (if you can get the truth out of him without any sort of guff), was the fear that whoever did not volunteer would be regarded as too cowardly to do so. All this time there was no thought of freeing the slaves.

After several unsuccessful campaigns, and after it was learned that General Sherman was not crazy, as had been charged, when he asserted that it would take no less than a million men to subdue the secessionists, Lincoln issued the proclamation which the guffers of history believe to have been a pronouncement freeing the slaves. As a matter of

fact that proclamation was a military expedient which in effect said to the insurgents: "Be good, boys. This thing has gone far enough. If you'll lay down your arms within a hundred days you may keep your niggers."

Up to that time not one per centum of the Union soldiers had a thought of liberating the slaves. And ninety per centum at least, would have deserted or mutinied had they believed themselves to be employed in an assault upon the "sacred rights of property" of the slaveholders.

The refusal of the Confederates to submit to Federal authority, and not Mr. Lincoln's ultimatum, was the essential quality of the emancipatory feature of that famous proclamation.

The Guffers of History do not know that not only was the abolition of slavery not an avowed purpose of authority, but on the contrary such an intention was expressly, repeatedly and insistently **disavowed** by all the mouthpieces of government. Mr. Lincoln's speeches, messages, and correspondence of that period in express terms disavowed any intention on his part or that of his party to liberate the slaves so long as they were kept within the recognized "slave states."

And now comes the Guff of History in the person of Samuel Blodgett, who, in October "To-Morrow" cites the abolition of slavery as an instance of authority achieving its avowed purposes. Could Guffery go further?

Mr. Blodgett writes like a man who is well informed on many topics. It is therefore all the more singular that he should overlook so important a fact as that while authority certainly accomplishes much (too, too much) it never yet has accomplished anything commendable except at too great a cost, or that would not have been much better done without governmental processes. Government does, of course, do some things that may be classed as good. But these are mere incidents. Just the same as a burglar may give thirty cents to an orphan asylum. Whatever government accomplishes that is not vicious is not distinctively governmental at all.

One of the funny stunts of the Guffers of History is to give authority credit for its beneficence in its lessening of its own powers. The Guffers call that "granting" liberties to the people. As for instance Good Old King John "granted" Magna Charta at Runnymede, and King George "granted" independence to the American colonists.

It probably never occurs to any History Guffer that even if it had been the avowed purpose of authority to abolish slavery, it would have done nothing more than to re-establish the status quo before government itself made slavery a perfectly legal institution. For mark you, messieurs Guffers all, slavery in the southern states was an authoritarian institution. It could not have existed otherwise.

Authority instituted slavery, and if authority had been heeded it would have perpetuated slavery. Slavery will

normally "abolish itself" whenever authority is not upheld in legitimatizing it. This is history without any guff and therefore the history guffers will not be able to understand it. They will continue to cite the abolition of slavery as an instance of authority having achieved its avowed purposes.

And Mr. Blodgett is equally guffistical in his reference to the Vigilantes of the Golden West.

Organization, Mr. Blodgett, is not necessarily governmental. Organizations may be for governmental purposes, but most organizations are for defence. Defense against what? Why, defence against government, of course. What else do we ever need defense against?

The industrious toilers of the Far West were being victimized by pestilential invaders of their products. The invaders were exercising the distinguishing governmental characteristic of levying tribute. The miners and traders organized for defense against such invasion. The guffers of history declare that the vigilance committees were governmental. Nothing could be more fallacious. The vigilantes levied tribute on no one. They asked only to be let alone. If the invader refused to forego his governmental inclinations, and persisted in exercising the authoritarian prerogative of levying tribute he was hanged, if caught. One must be deeply immersed in guftery who cannot see that the vigilantes combined to preserve their liberties. And in that case liberty certainly fulfilled its promises.

Whitman, the greatest of Americans, in my opinion, writing of that period, suggests that the vigilantes may some day afford us the pattern upon which our social relations must be fashioned in order to assure tranquility and prosperity. I take pleasure in attesting my conviction that among the mass of truths promulgated by Whitman he never gave utterance to anything more cogent.

Of course the gufters of history are all agreed that the invaders against whom the vigilantes were organized were devotees of liberty. But that is simply because the gufters cannot possibly understand that he denies the principle who invades the liberty of another.

Mr. Blodgett knows by personal experience the weaknesses of state banking, but I judge from the way he writes that he does not attribute any part of that weakness to the fact that those banks were governmental in character. Just why he should charge that I want any scheme of authoritarian banking I cannot fathom, but probably he will some day enlighten us. When he does so he may also be able to inform a waiting world whether he knows that the avowed purpose of government in the domain of finance is to supply a circulating medium that shall facilitate exchanges. And I will inform him in advance of his effort that the actual operation of every governmental medium has been, and will continue to be the hindering of exchanges. Else interest would fall to the actual cost of organizing credits.

Mr. Blodgett informs us that he thinks we already have

the freedom to exchange wheat for corn, corn for hogs, etc. Trade, Mr. Blodgett, is not barter, these days. You may have a surplus of wheat and a desire for corn. I may have a surplus of corn but do not want wheat in exchange. We each convert our respective surplus into money and with the money we complete the exchange. Now; Mr. Blodgett, if the medium to which we must resort is a monopoly medium our trade is not a free trade. Do you still think we have free trade?

And so I get back to my statements: "Liberty has never failed to fulfill its promises" and "Never yet has authority achieved its avowed purposes." I may be all wrong, and it may be Mr. Blodgett's mission to set me right, but I'd advise him to try history, minus its guff.

GOVERNMENT.

A Rejoinder to The Guff of History.

By Samuel Blodgett.

To govern or not to govern; that is the question between Bro. Kuehn and myself.

He may guff and guffaw all he pleases, for it seems it is the best noise he can make, and he must squeal or burst (I think he will burst anyway).

I predicted he would reiterate his old saying about what authority never did, and what liberty always does, and I was right. He has whistled it so much it is like the boys whistle; "it whistles itself."

I did not know as he would swagger quite so much, but the readers will understand that this is no evidence that he is carrying a sober, level head, and all who have not got his peculiar malady bad will give him the proper credit for his wobbling statements. As I diagnose his case, I do not think there is any doubt but he will die with it; but it is not very contagious, and I would not recommend sending him to the pest house. The general mental health will not suffer to have him run at large as long as he is able.

It is interesting to see him striding down the sidewalk, inflated with what he has got in him, reeling from side to side, and every few steps falling into the gutter, and I would feel sympathy for the poor man if he did not enjoy his mishaps so well.

Sometimes he stands erect when he relates history, and you might think he is getting better, but the next step he takes he goes into the mud. It is true, as he says, that neither the Republican party nor the President, when that party came into partial power, intended to destroy slavery by governmental action. There was not only no such intentions, but the fact was clearly stated. Not only so, the Southern fire-eaters deliberately threw the election of the President into the hands of the Republicans by refusing to support the best Northern friend they had, Stephen A. Douglas. Further, had they stood their ground after Lincoln's election, the Republicans were powerless to harm them, for they had the senate by a large majority. They had Lincoln so tied that he could not select a cabinet obnoxious to the slave power.

After stating a little truth our tangle-foot friend loses his balance. The secession of the Southern states was not, as he says, "A protest against Federal interference with a perfectly legal and constitutional privilege," and he owns he knows better himself, when he states the Republican party and its President had no such

intention. Well, what did they secede for? It was just a case of "Whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

When the government realized that the way to preserve the Union was to destroy slavery, it destroyed slavery. Its authority accomplished its first purpose, preserving the Union, and it accomplished its second purpose, when it grew into having it; it destroyed slavery. This is admitted, while denying that it ever accomplished any purpose. It destroyed state banks of issue on purpose, by taxing them, and this is admitted and denied, like the others. He tells us government instituted slavery. If it did it accomplished its purpose at the time. These self-contradictions fit him admirably for the church called Christian. No matter whether he takes the Protestant or Catholic wing. Just join, and swear by the Trinity. It will be no feat for him to believe one is three and three is one.

Just imagine our friend trying to brush the mud off from the last tumble I have called attention to, viz., that "authority instituted slavery" and "It could not have existed otherwise," therefore it "did not accomplish its purpose" in this, and never accomplished its purpose in anything. Just imagine him refer to this again and say, "No, no, I—did not say that, I, I meant to say authority created slavery, but it was not its purpose; it did not intend to do it. No, this is not what I mean to say it did accomplish its purpose, but it was not a good purpose. Authority afterwards emancipated the slaves. This was a "military expedient," not intended to abolish slavery. No, I mean that the intention was to abolish slavery when the emancipation was issued, but there was no intention of issuing it at the time it was issued or at any other time, therefore authority never had any purpose to emancipate the slaves. No, it had a purpose in emancipating the slaves, but it was not a good purpose. "Authority certainly accomplishes much," but "it never accomplishes its purposes," therefore it never had any purpose to destroy slavery, etc., etc.

When he tries to clean himself he just rubs it in. I will give him credit for being as good a success at that as any man I ever struck.

He does not think the Vigilance Committees in the early settlement of California and Colorado exercised any authority in hanging the thieves and robbers, and therefore when that drastic method put a check on those who were not a law unto themselves, authority had nothing to do with it.

("The light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not.") Poor man! "The Vigilants combined to preserve their liberties," therefore their success was not authoritative!

An enlightened man would say there was authority used in robbing, and there was a counter authority used in hanging the robbers—that was superior. There was an authority that instituted, and was determined to extend and perpetuate slavery indefinitely, and there was an opposing authority that overpowered it. A wise man knows that authorities frequently clash, and that when they do one or the other has to give way. I am sorry his vision is so dim as not to realize that the authority of taxing state banks of issue did not accomplish its purpose, and that removing that tax would be an invitation for the old kind of state banking. I am also, more sorry that he and those like him do not see they are not obliged to use government money. They can institute the inexpensive credit plan that they are in love with, and use it between themselves to their hearts' content without government interference. If it proves the boon they imagine, other people will tumble over each other to join them till government money will drop out of sight of its own weight. They also have the freedom of the free exchange of products which I pointed out before; though he mistakes in assuming I claimed we have free trade. I am not so ignorant as that.

I am far from being satisfied with our banking system. Awhile ago I wrote a treatise on the money question to a leading magazine

which after a long delay was returned, with a statement that their readers were not interested in the subject. I shall try again.

While I am conscious we have not nearly reached the limits in perfecting the best money plan, I know there has been a great advance over that of fifty years ago.

I will gratify Kuehn by informing him that it is the avowed purpose of government to furnish a medium to facilitate exchanges. I will also inform him that he does not believe his own statement that the money we have is a hindrance. If he did so believe, it is a self-evident fact that he would not use it.

* * * *

Having seen both the foregoing contributions I think that Mr. Blodgett has distinctly the better of his critic. While Kuehn shows that the abolition of slavery was not an avowed purpose of government, Mr. Blodgett proves that it might have been. And Kuehn's statement that liberty never fails to redeem its promises has also been disposed of by Mr. Blodgett's excellent showing that Authority and resistance to Authority amount to precisely the same thing. Mr. Blodgett clearly convicts Kuehn of insincerity in his closing paragraph, notwithstanding that it must not be accepted as a fixed formula of logic that a vegetarian is a humbug because he eats meat when deprived of access to all other sustenance.

—Henry Carmichael.

Henrik Ibsen.

By O. Leonard.

Author of "The New Life."

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist who died recently in his Christiania home and who was mourned by the entire civilized world, was to the drama what Darwin was to the theory of evolution and to biologic science in general. He raised the drama from a mere amusement, to a serious academic tribute, without letting the lecturing become too apparent. Ibsen brought subjects on the stage that were omitted, in his day, from polite conversation and he placed characters behind the footlights which no playwright took into consideration before the Ibsen drama came into existence.

But Ibsen was not only original in changing the content of the drama and in introducing life-like, every day, characters into the theater, but he also changed the technique of the drama. He succeeded in doing away with the "aside" entirely. He was also the first playwright to bring the everyday talk of men and women on the stage. Before Ibsen created the modern drama, plays were mostly written in verse, characters on the stage spoke in measured, rhythmic, and poetic terms. Ibsen's first products followed the old school. But he never calls his early plays dramas. In his letters Ibsen always refers to these products as poems. Only his prose works he calls plays.

In a letter to Brandes he explains why he calls them so. He says there that the play is to represent life, if it is to be

a true work of art. And if this be so he could not see how the characters on the stage could speak in terms of poetry and still create an illusion of real life in the audience.

True to his conviction that the nearer the drama is to life, the nearer it comes to being a work of art, Ibsen drew his characters so that they seem familiar to us when we see them on the stage. Take any character in "The Doll's House." it will remind you of your neighbors, of your relatives, of people with whom you dealt at one time or other. Nora acts like a doll because it pleases her husband. Do not many wives act the same way for the same reason, even here in America where women are supposed to enjoy a position much envied by their European sisters? As for Torwald, he is the banker down town, where you deposit your savings from week to week, or the manager of the department store where your wife, sister or mother, buy their bargains. And Krogstad, the man who tries to live down a dark past and who sees himself threatened to be pushed back into the mire by the respectable hand of society, the cities are full of such.

In the "Pillars of Society" we meet another set of people, but these too are familiar. Consul Bernick is the typical business man and prominent citizen. Pastor Rorlund is the clergyman we meet every Sunday if we go to church and all the women in the play, except Lona Hessel, are prototypes of the good, gossiping housewives who live on either side of our own homes, and perhaps in our very homes. Lona is the exception, she is the woman who dares to think and act according to the dictates of her conscience. Such women are seldom found in real life, it is true, but we meet them, if we are not afraid to go among the unconventional.

Although Ibsen brought the "bread and butter" problems on the stage, and is thought to advocate the cause of the masses he has never been a lover of the people. To him the majority is always in the wrong. He dislikes the masses who form mobs which raise a man to the heavenly heights one moment, only to throw him into the abyss in the next.

If he places a character, like Aune, the shipbuilder on the stage, and if that same Aune champions the cause of the working men, it is only because the character is a part of life. Ibsen knew the woes of the masses and he had Aune tell them on the stage because his play would have been incomplete without this character.

In "An Enemy of Society," he gives a different phase of the masses, who thoughtlessly follow any glib tongued rascal, who bow before time worn ideas and who change their minds as easily as ward politicians do.

Although Ibsen always insists that he does not try to teach or preach any pet doctrine, there is no doubt that he does carry a message. In one of his letters to the greatest of all modern critics, George Brandes, who was a close personal friend of Ibsen, the father of the modern drama says: "If I put five characters on the stage in a play, the public and

some of the critics put in an extra character whom they call Ibsen. They always see me on the stage preaching." To this Ibsen objected. He was an artist and he knew that as an artist he is to portray life as it is and that all apparent preaching mars the work of art.

But in spite of Ibsen's denial of trying to teach a lesson, as I said before, I am certain that he does teach more than one lesson. He teaches us to guard our actions, no matter how insignificant these may be, for small errors may develop into unpardonable sins. He demonstrates through his plays the power of heredity. He demonstrates through his plays the by no less an authority than the assistant editor of "Medical Brief," who says that a specialist of nervous diseases, and these are strongest when inherited from parents or grandparents, while watching one of Ibsen's plays has a good chance to study. The doctor states that Ibsen succeeds in so drawing his characters that the physician of nervous diseases can make diagnosis of them.

Next to the lesson of heredity, Ibsen teaches us that one can never succeed in living a lie without suffering the consequences. To have one's life rest on a lie means to Ibsen to be enslaved, to be fettered, and he abhorred slavery in any and all forms.

Another lesson we may learn from Ibsen, and this lesson is invaluable to every one, is that each of us may mean very much in some one's life. He insists that every man and woman has the power of salvation or damnation over some one. This lesson Ibsen would have cried from the housetops, had it not been possible for him to have actors teach it from the stage. He emphasizes it in most of his plays.

Self-sacrifice and self-assertion are the twin virtues that he manages to put in many of his characters. Self assertion, according to Ibsen is absolutely necessary to the development of every person. Self-sacrifice is necessary that society may live.

To-day when, with few exceptions, the entire civilized world looks up to Ibsen and places him among those who have succeeded in broadening the path for better days, we must not forget his heroic struggles. In the early part of his career Ibsen wrote plays which were rejected by publishers and theater managers. He was practically ostracised. The bitter tooth of poverty ate into his very soul. While living abroad, on what his friends loaned him, Ibsen used to send his letters to Bjornson unprepaid, for lack of funds. But he struggled on. He knew he had a message to carry and just as his characters fight through thick and thin so Ibsen fought. It was given him, however, to see during his own life time, the world bow to his opinions. He saw during the nearly four score years of his life a school rise, influenced by him. He saw among his followers young men of promise, who in some cases outmastered the master. He went to sleep serenely after finishing his life's work and after leaving a trail behind him, which will not be erased from the face of the earth as

long as humanity lives. Ibsen's influence will last as long as the drama, in any form, will last. For it is just as America's greatest authority on the subject, Professor Brander Matthews says:

"The influence of Ibsen has been felt in all the theaters of civilization, and none the less keenly by playwrights who would deny that they were his disciples, who dislike his attitude, and who disapprove of his subjects."

THE INHERITORS.

By John Francis Valter.

We are the Inheritors!
For aeons past,
King, slave and worried sage—
Ruled, toiled and burned the midnight oil—
For Us—for Us!

We come, a puissant few—
With quiet resolve
Compared with which ambition is a meteor—
As Regents of the Power that Is,
To Rule the World!
And dominate the future
Of the Generations
Yet to be.

Nothing has been given Us!
So, We take, take, take
Until there's Nothing left to take;
And We give, give, give
Just as freely as We take—
Only not those who Want,
But to those who Need.

No book is made
Or will be made
Whose charm we cannot find;
No picture limned
Or marble pilled
Whose thrill We miss—
The panorama of the day
Unrolls for Us;
The mystic tragedy of Night
Expands Our dreams—
The tom-tom's throb—
The symphony of the Spheres—
Alike, each finds re-echo in Our breasts.

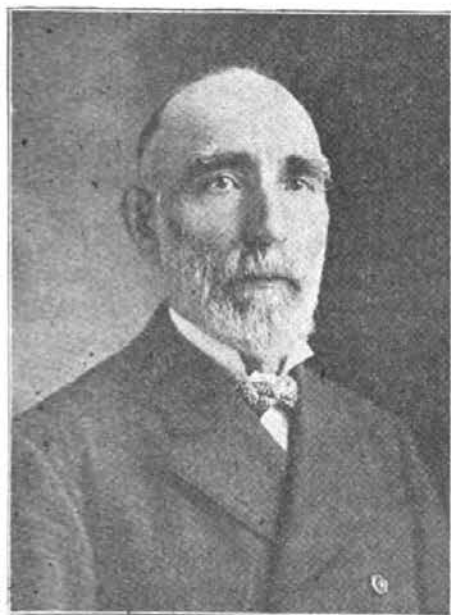
A crust of bread—
A few poor rags
To hide our nakedness
Is all We need
To stage Our regal State.

Hope, Fear, Ambition,
Good, Bad, and Hate
Are only "Words" to Us.
For We are The Inheritors!—
We Love—We Comprehend.

Physiology of Love.

By Charles J. Lewis, M. D.

III.



It was contended in the September and October numbers of "To-Morrow," that love was a blind and unreasoning instinct. Moreover it was argued that the spheres of love that were susceptible of evolution should be brought into the open glare of the intellect. It now remains to add a few more points to those in Nos. I. and II., and conclude with an account of the genesis of love, define home, and ascertain as far as may what breaks or tends to break it up.

The Mystery of Love.

The origin of sex is to be sought in asexual beings. It is in these organisms love

took its rise. We recognize two forms of reproduction. One is known as asexual, the other, sexual. The earlier of these is the asexual method of reproduction as observed in unicellular organisms, and in a modified form in some of the multicellular beings. The second or sexual, is the method of man and the higher mammals, and is probably developed from the asexual or primitive form of reproduction.

The asexual is the method of reproduction of unicellular animals and plants, and its most familiar form is by fission or division or the cell into two offsprings as typified in the **Ameba**. Not alone here, for the growth of the tissues of the human body partakes of the asexual method as seen in the growth of muscle, of liver cells, the cells of the outer layer of the skin, etc. There is no trace of sex in any of the asexual forms of life.

On the other hand, the sexuality of all higher animals including man, consists in the sexes being entirely separate from each other. The question seeking answer is: how has the dual sex arisen from the single-cell form. Nothing whatever is known of how it came about. In arguing on the process, however, some of the most familiar features of sex love may be legitimately used as a working hypothesis. Fundimentally, reproduction depends upon the continued abundance of cellular feeding. Of course the sexual cells have to first meet and fuse. Continued feeding implies continued growth. This in turn causes increased tension of the substance of the cells

which ultimately causes a bursting of each into two cells. During the period of high tension, it is presumable that the halves destined to go through the process of division, carried on a sort of a courtship which had as features a series of huggings and releasings. After separating, this quality of sex life was apparently lost. How was the instinct recovered? Let us see. The homologue of the clinging of one half of the cell to the other, is to be sought when separated as they are in men and women, one in man and the other in woman. It is highly probable that though the single cell divided into two, that each half kept up a continuous longing for its former mate. Should this obtain, it presents a rational explanation of that mysterious thing called love. This view of love is expressed in woman by the phrase—she has a clinging nature. Some claim to see some such meaning in the words of Socrates in Plato's Republic to wit: "Men and women are drawn together by a necessity more certain than mathematics." The study of how sexuality was recovered after it was lost is intensely interesting, and at some future time when I have more space at my command, I will be glad to take the subject up again.

Eugenics.

Eugenics is a name given to a new science and is defined as "the study of the agencies under social control that may improve or repair the racial qualities of future generations of human beings," in both body and brain. We take more kindly to improving the human race by "eugenics" than by the word "breeding" which cattle raisers use. Upon bringing about improvement, it is hoped that one of the benefits secured will be a fuller economic competency for woman than she now has. Moreover it is hoped that it will throw some light on the shadowy waves of passion that ebb and flow in the breasts of those who are smitten. Another thing, if biologists can show that the attractions of the male sexual cells are internal, and the behavior of a lover when in the presence of his adored, is but the external or counter part of the same attraction, they will have solved a very intricate problem.

Home Making.

The home is usually defined as a dwelling place, a house, an abode, and in only a very subordinate way as a home circle or household. The home as a place is necessary for the expression of the family life. I give it the meaning of "household" composed of father, mother and children. The life itself, the feelings engendered by companionable people who possess an even temperament, are the chief factors that make for the happiness of the home.

Two kinds of homes are recognized. One is founded on the basis of legal marriage, the other, on the basis of a "free union."

Marriage offers the best opportunity for both men and women to enjoy their love natures. The instinct is strongest in

men between the age of 20 and 52, in women, between 20 and 42. There are many reasons for marrying. It is probable, however, that the great majority marry for one or all of the following reasons: For companionship, pleasure, for the reproduction of the species, and for economic reasons. Only one-fourth of the advantages that accrue from the union can be accredited to love or the procreative instinct. The remaining three-fourths must be credited to friendship. Home is where friendship is.

—The orthodox marriage relation is one of law. For what purpose? Not to promote the happiness of the married. This must be secured by the married themselves. Herein the state is sordid, selfish, seeking its own good at the expense of the home makers. Whether right or wrong, the state claims the privilege of determining how new members (children) shall come into it. If the state would compel enough wedlock births to meet its demands, there would be some justification for putting a stigma upon those born out of wedlock. In any event, illegitimacy is as much the creation of law as legitimacy. According to this, the state holds a false position when insisting upon marriage for the purpose of being in a position to compel the parents to support their offspring. What does such compulsion imply? It implies this, that were it not for the law, the legally married would abandon their children to a cold and hard hearted public.

Proper economic reasons cannot dominate in marriage before women will have obtained a large degree of independence and a personal equasion in sex love. They will then marry only when they meet their ideals, having entered into such relation they will gladly remain in it as long as they are able to make home tolerable.

Free Unions.

A free union is formed by a man and woman agreeing to live together as man and wife without first having the consent of either church or state. Many sociologists declare that these unions are on the increase. George Elliot and George Henry Lewis can be cited as true monogomists, and should have had the same respect accorded them, as was accorded to the legally married. Unlike George Elliot and G. H. Lewis, there are a large number who meet clandestinely. In practically all communities, there are many who are continually breaking the moral code in a more or less open manner. The class that shows most clearly that marriage depends upon economic conditions, is made up of marriagable women under thirty, who are earning a living for themselves as clerks, servants, stenographers, etc. The women of each of the above numbered classes are anxiously waiting the coming of men who will provide a living in return for service and friendship. Herein woman herself shows that her nature is a clinging one.

All of the above classes, excepting the legally married and those of "free unions" are composed largely of women who

have insisted upon having their fling just as the young men have insisted upon sowing their "oats." Why not. Shall woman suppress her physiological yearnings (desires) as urged by theosophists, or shall she, as thousands do, meet and propose an improvement in their economic condition to the end of enjoying their loves in an ethical manner. Do men seek women for their beauty? Whatever the practice in America, this seems to have been the case with men in ancient China, for in order not to throw the heart into agitation, the great Confucius said, "When youthful blood hath not settled to an even flow, what must be guarded against is female beauty."

Divorce.

Contributing Causes.—Life in large cities is perilous to the passionate. It is easy for men and women to meet and form "improvised" couples. It is obvious, therefore, that in the hustle and bustle of business and numerous public functions, that many become censettled in matters of the heart. The joy of meeting friendly companions under favorable circumstances has a well-known meaning the world over. Chance amours can never receive the sanction of right thinking people. The future would be more promising if lovers would court for a year or two, if not as in Bohemia, for fifteen or twenty years. Each could then learn the temperament, as well as the disposition and hopes of the other. In far too many of the "quick" marriages, the lover of a few weeks begins to look upon the loveliness of the once loved as ugliness, her sincerity as insincere in spite of her passion. We reverse the picture when the husband is the object of scrutiny. Such conduct and such feelings will sooner or later lead to the dissolution of the marriage contract by process of law.

Economic conditions have much to do with happy and unhappy marriages. Busy people, other things being equal, put themselves in comfortable conditions. Busy people as a rule possess the highest standard of sex morality. Busy people have little time and less disposition to plan improper relations. Want, idleness, and suffering are undoubtedly the chief instigators of dubious sex relations. The well-fed and prosperous have no excuse for being immoral, but with the oppressed of the state it is different. Generally speaking, Americans are purer in their sex relations than are the people who live elsewhere. This is doubtless due to the fact that they had a large degree of freedom from social trammels in Colonial days.

Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor, recently reported to Congress 328,716 divorces for the period between 1867 and 1887, of which 36,072 were granted in Illinois. The statutes of our state give nine grounds for divorce. Among these are desertion for two years, extreme cruelty, a physical disability that would interfere with the consummation of the marriage, and conviction of felony. In the state of New

York, adultery alone is ground for divorce. In South Carolina, the legislature, and not the courts, grant divorces. Under Mohammedan law, however, a man may divorce his wife orally and without ceremony (Penny Cycl. IX. 40 I). We have nine grounds for divorce in Illinois, one in New York, and no law at all in Mohammedan lands.

T. E. Nelson in American and English Encly. of Law, 2nd. Ed., IX., under "divorce" defines marriage "as partaking of the character of an institution regulated and controlled by public authority, upon principles of public policy, for the benefit of the community, if it is true that marriage is in reality 'for the benefit for community,' it is not at all surprising that there are so many failures."

A quarrelsome household, where there are children, is the soil where most of the seed for bad citizenship is sown. Therefore, any authority, whether church or state that will not allow quarreling and misfit parents to completely sever the marriage relation, have much to answer for. Even where separation is permissible, owing to the indifference and red tape in court practice, preference for the method of separation of husband and wife should be given to the Mohammedan law, provided women had the same privilege as men.

Erata: In the title to Chap. II, in the Oct. "To-Morrow," for "and" read, "of."

In last line of same chapter, in stead of "Demoralization," read "Democratization."

AUTUMN.

(By Charles A. Sandburg.)

The trees now stand in stranger tints
Than all the summer knew;
Why take they on these golden glints
That autumn mists bedew?

The ground is strewn with russet leaves,
Aweary seemed their fall;
Why fall these days the autumn leaves,
Whence comes this yearly thrall?

A leaf I loved one summer day,
Lies shrivelled on the ground;
What mandate spoke its doom, I pray,
And where does praise redound?

Thus earth-bound soul protests and grieves,
Yet underneath its pride,
Yet deeper than the hint of leaves,
Speaks low, 'Have faith! Abide!'

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Companions.

By Andrew L. Chezem.

No one will deny that practically all the suffering, maladjustment and friction which have beset the human heart and consequently human society, have been the result of a lack of proportion, an imperfect realization of our place in nature, an egoistic tendency to exaggerate the importance of our own species in comparison with all life, and the constant tendency of exaggerating the importance of our own personalities and attributes in comparison with the personalities of others.

As a study into our physical anatomies reveals muscles, formations and rudimentary organs that prove unmistakably what were the habits and lives of our remote ancestors—as an analysis of the forms and methods of modern society wherein lie always hidden from the superficial observer the rudimentary tendencies unmistakably initiated by primitive types, so in the thoughts and expressions of the following contribution by Mr. Chezem may we observe all the tendencies of thought and mind which first gave color to the primitive forms of religion when man declared himself to be made in the image of his Maker who gave him dominion over the birds in the air and the beasts of the field, all supposedly created for his purposes and whims, and caused him to become convinced like any parrot, that the whole universe was constructed for the use and special convenience of himself alone.

Poetry has been written, literatures have grown up, histories have been recorded, and epics framed in many lands, all bearing the evidences of the egocentric theory of the writers and it is not at all surprising even in this age when science has come to enforce a better proportion in a comparative view of ourselves with the psychology and sociology of the whole, that there should linger and lap over into this age of rationalism a set of elevated and exaggerated fancies about ourselves entirely out of harmony with discoveries made in general fields of inquiry.

While Mr. Chezem's intellectual momentum and privilege lead him to rhapsodize over his "spirit" and place his reverie in manuscript, it necessarily has the same relation toward modern thought as the painting of angels has to modern art, all of which, though in one sense perfectly harmless, is a good deal like wasting the energies punching a bag instead of indulging in some such productive activity as sawing wood.

While the policy of this magazine is more especially devoted to leading the reader's thoughts into strictly rational channels, we are very glad to print this class of imaginative contributions now and then, and by giving them the proper setting indicate better than can be done through abstract philosophy just wherein the writer responds only to a racial rhythm of mysticism rather than to the rational stimuli which the writer affects to feel as he misinterprets subjective into objective sensations.

Comparative psychology having with marvelous accuracy traced the life spirit back to the lowest animal and plant forms and from them up to the most brilliant and complex individual and collective manifestations that our race affords, establishes with a considerable degree of accuracy enforced by the corroborations found in unlimited generalization that the life spirit like protoplasm wherever found is invariably the same thing though variously differentiated into every conceivable degree of complexity and intensity and that this which primitive man designated as "spirit" without science or data to place rein or check upon his imagination is simply the "life principle" with its static and dynamic qualities no more marvelous nor everlasting when manifested in ourselves than when manifested in a mosquito set up to live for a day or in a drop of water held to

gether by a force which suddenly liberated will produce a flash of lightning.

A dynamo is made, it is set in motion, commutator, insulation, wires and globes are so arranged as to enable it to produce a light. It runs for a period, is destroyed by fire or disintegration, and its particles perhaps enter into many other forms without reference as to whether organized for man's poison or protection. It may be that a drama of undying fame or a rape was perpetrated beneath the glare of the light while it lasted and though it may be said that these acts once accomplished, will always have existence in the word until the end of time, no matter what countless changes take place among the atoms of which the dynamo was composed, these facts have no greater significance in relation to being "older than all time" than any act of any other combination of particles—the twittering of swallows or a monkey scratching himself with his hind foot.

As outside of egotism there is absolutely 'no warrant for glorifying and bespeaking everlasting existence for the human life spirit in differentiation from all other life spirit and as we further have no warrant excepting racial egotism for personifying the life spirit and claiming the human body as its house, it reduces to an absurdity all speculative vaporings as to the companionship between spirit and body, the latter as either temporary or permanent abode must ever continue to give off some form of dynamic expressions as long as it remains in equilibrium.

We are like the candle that gives no more light when the tallow is consumed, and surely we have no more right to assign omnipotence nor immortality to our life spirit than we have to flies, beetles or tallow dips which reduces our flauntings to so commonplace a basis as to make such speculations in no way worth while.

—Editor.

I am a Spirit. My earth house a human Body.

There is an unexplainable and inexpressible affinity between us.

My house has existed in form Seventy earth years.

The processes of earth life have reconstructed my house every seven of earth years, thereby keeping it always new and young.

When I first began to inhabit my house seventy years and nine months ago, for I began to inhabit, with its life, and until my house was reconstructed at least twice, I had great difficulty manifesting myself, and people not understanding me, called me, "a child spirit" and had that frail house collapsed, a splendid affinity between the Material and Spiritual would have been abruptly terminated.

Some think that my existence began with the beginning of the form of my house, others think it began with the unveiling of my house to the world, but both are equally mistaken, for I am a Spirit, I am older than all time, yet I am as youthful, tender, innocent and sympathetic as a new born thing.

I exist as a member of a family who are, the life-giving, ever-existing all moving and all creating forces of the unseen world, whose greatest member is God, we are in fact dependent upon him for the radiance of our light, and all space is ever free to us.

Some think that as soon as New Earth houses are built in

form, by the processes of earth life, a corresponding number of us are immediately created, and thrust into them, to act as monitors or some like purposes, but this thought is false.

We inhabit our houses from choice because they are capable things, and because that by them we are enabled to manifest ourselves.

We as Spirits may not be seen as material things may be seen, and so neither may we be recognized by any other of the five senses, yet, to be recognized as existing, by the material universe, we must manifest ourselves.

We manifest ourselves to the creature from within, while all material things are made manifest to the creature through the senses from without.

My reason for manifesting myself is, that it gives me joy, and knowledge that I still exist, and whatever I touch or come in contact with, is enlivened with a sensation of pleasantness and existence, which otherwise the thing affected could never experience, and by so doing I help to connect the seen and the unseen worlds and blend into one harmonious whole all existences of both the worlds, material and spiritual, harmony being the preserving law of all existence.

My existence does not end and is not circumscribed in action by my taking up a temporary abode in an earthly house, neither will my existence end with its destruction, for, I am spirit, therefore incapable of destruction, I am spirit, therefore incapable of being confined, and yet at my pleasure I inhabit.

I am omnipresent and I partake of omnipotency, and I commune at will with kindred both material and spiritual, living not in my earth house lonely and in silence, imprisoned, for I am vivified and free, even, I am above life, I am eternal. Life presupposes Death, and these two are twins in earth nature, I am above Nature for, before Nature was, was I.

My house of Three score years and ten is not a prison, and when in it I first began to dwell, my task of manifesting myself was more difficult, but a confidence grew up between us, and since the last renewal by nature of my house, I find more pleasure in manifesting myself, it is a new young life to me, I am wooing it more from the bondage of matter, and I find my house has come to have a glow with me and is at times seemingly aflame with my presence and but yesterday I noticed that the builders in reconstructing had retained many of the pleasure marks I had graven upon its walls even three score years ago, and now, methinks I almost dread the parting hour.

I dwell yet in the spirit land, all space is ours, I commune with my fellows, our earth houses echo back our tones, like sounds resounding from a delicate instrument, and even in my spirit meditation, I ask, might not this my earth house; from spirit association gather such aglow and power as to render it capable of transmitting a corresponding radiance upon other forms of earth life or even, retaining something of the

joys which I daily experience alone within its portals, and even now methinks I find it musing and even trying to commune with me.

Lo! my master, The Creator of All, is God, and might it not have been a part of the great plan formed by him, when he spoke this world into existence, That I should, by my associations, bring into existence, another joy equal to mine own, and develop as an alchemist a Spirit Companion, for a little while, out of matter; and that the material form I now call my house, which first attracted and most pleased me, and which has now at last learned to love me, should be it? Even now would I give it eternal life.

Impossible, it was evolved in the pale of time, let it love and die, and thus fulfill its mission.

My house, the most responsive part of the Natural Cosmos.

I but a corresponding element of the spirit world.

My house, the highest product of nature's evolution, my companion for a time.

Mattoon, Ill., Sept. 9, 1906.

Andrew L. Chezem.

Thoughts and Poems.

BY "JAC" LOWELL.



On receipt of the following "Jottings" and "Verses" I wrote "Jac" thus wise: Have taken some liberties with your "Jottings" over which you will be *some* pleased and *much* amused.

There are scribes who take themselves too seriously and fail to get the benefit of a lot of life action that would mean much to them except for the artificial limitations which they impose upon themselves to no purpose. Tell with em! Let us open the windows and do things!

I enclose a sample of our Nov. front cover and it is to conform with the thought thereon expressed that I rape your vergin verses.

Near by friends have assured me that it is the biggest idea in modern literature. It is the biggest at least that I am able to express.

I want to make "To-Morrow" the shrine of the *Pilgrim Thoughts* of thousands who like yourself have the genius to hail the new day.

To-Morrow shall be the mecca of the new literature of democracy if it takes a thousand pages a month to house the children, now of vagrant fancy.

All those who read October To-Morrow *through* carefully will *feel* if they do not *see* that something is doing.—Editor.

JOTTINGS BY "JAC."

So long as we allow other people to do all our thinking and reasoning for us, small progress will come to us or to the world.

The person who will not break away from a narrow line of thought or superstitious custom because it was followed by his ancestors, is of no more value to today and tomorrow than the ancestors themselves.

There are flaws in some of the finest gems. Because a great book contains thoughts of worth and beauty, there is no reason why we should reverence the weak or senseless thoughts which appear there also.

If you pick your friends from those who are "redeemed and faultless Christians," your friendship list will be far from long.

Do not despise the preacher who does not practice as he preaches. It may one day be seen that his practice was right and his preaching wrong.

A preacher may not live up to his own good advice, for this thank God (literally).

No poet has sung in vain, no philosopher has labored without reward. It is through the liberation of thought and action that human souls have become happier and holier.

Don't condemn yourself because you have known a wicked desire. If you have known it and pushed it aside, you are strong. If you have refused to obey it when it persisted to stay, you are a hero (perhaps).

If your past is bad remember it. If it was good, forget it—all of which will help to make the now and the to-morrow strong and true.

Two classes of Reformers are needed. Dead ones and live ones, but especially the former.

It is a mistake to say that youthtime days are happiest. Things more vital than adolescent pleasures make for true happiness.

"Jac" Lowell.

TRUE RELIGION.

If that you call "religion" is a thing
For Sunday hours and churchly walls alone,
'Tis wrongly named, for true Religion goes
Through all the week on virtue-bearing wing;
In daily work and play its power is known,
By character its sterling worth it shows.

"YEA, THESE MAKE LIFE!"

Life is a great, an endless thing!
And yet what pigmy trifles go
To make it beautiful and grand;
We words to say and songs to sing,
The birds, the blooms, the winter snow,
And just the clasp of someone's hand!

HEART CLEARING.

Let us fold the shadows up and put them by, O, Heart of mine,
 For in spite of things averse we truly know
 That the dregs of Sorrow's cup will only sweten Pleasure's wine,
 In the future days when brighter suns shall glow!

* * *

Let us fold the shadows up and put them by,
 And replace them with a stretch of Faith's fair sky!

EASY VIRTUE.

'Tis easy to boast of the sins we've escaped,
 Of the glasses of wrong which we never have emptied,
 'Tis easy indeed for our ways to be shaped
 Like a snow-souled Saint's—if we've never been tempted!

LIFE THE TEACHER.

Would you write? Would you paint? Would you sing?
 Or by acting your share to live give?
 Then, in spite of all genius may bring,
 'Tis your uppermost duty to Live!

Yes to live—not away from the world
 In a studio, cloister, or den—
 But to live where life's flag is unfurled,
 In the open, with Women and Men!

THE REASON FOR IT ALL.*

Eyes meet eyes and passion rises,
 Hearts dance up to daring measures,
 Jealous fears and sad surprises
 Shadow and darken pleasures.

Maidens smile and youths pursue them,
 Parent's arms in vain are shielding—
 Knowing Love will sweetly woo them,
 Sure the chase will end in yielding.

Kisses thrill us, partings rend us,
 Pain and Bliss wed one another—
 Thus is Love, that God may lend us
 Little lips to whisper, "Mother!"

*NOTE.—The above a so-called "suppressed" poem, has been praised and endorsed by Elinor Macartney Lane whose "Nancy Stair" inspired it. It having been rejected by several smug editors on the ground of "propriety" it appears here for the first time in print.

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Concerning Our Subconsciousness---The Teleo-Mechanics of Nature.



To see "The Old Guard of Freethought" arrayed in solid phalanx in the columns of "To-Morrow" has almost the appearance of a family reunion, hence allow me, Mr. Editor, to tip my hat to those who are thus "in solemn conclave assembled," many of whom will probably recognize in the newcomer the one who during the last quarter of the past century fought almost single handed and alone for recognition of the sentient-matter doctrine, the main battle-ground being the old **Boston Investigator** where were pitted against him nearly every prominent old-school Materialist of this country with Brother Otto as their chief leader. The result of this hard-fought battle may be seen in the fact that there is hardly a scientist of prominence to be found today who does not concede to the constituents of "matter" some form or degree of intelligence, "though naturally of the most inferior grade," as Professor Haeckel expresses it on page 220 of "World-Riddles," or of some kind of mind in Nature, which is bound to supersede the god-idea by accounting for the marvelous co-adaptations and purposive arrangements of organic structure in a simple, natural and self-evident way. That is to say: While the mind in inorganic matter is of the lowest conceivable order, and, therefore, devoid of all divine attributes (just as simple and natural as are its concomitant physico-dynamic properties) yet through its slow processes of evolving protoplasm, which it required a goodly fraction of eternity to accomplish, higher degrees of intelligence are gradually produced which are now recognized under the various appellations of "cell-souls," "subconscious," "subjective," "secondary" or "subliminal minds or consciousness," also as the "peripheral soul" of plants and animals, more definite designations being the "biological minds" and "Teleo-Mechanics of Nature," these terms connoting the true status and offices of their cell-souls in the "economy" of the cosmos.

Now while Haeckel, in his chapter on "Psychic Gradations," concedes "the psychological unity of organic nature," that is, some form of mind as the active, potent factor in the up-building of organic structure, he virtually vitiates this important position (or admission) by denying consciousness to the individual cell-souls or subconscious minds of living organisms (and probably also to atoms and molecules)—an error which cannot be too highly deplored in view of the fact that it is utterly impossible for any one to conceive of an unconscious mind, soul or spirit, call it what you will. This lamentable blunder, into which also

certain noted psychologists have fallen, is responsible for the slow headway the recognition of the true up-building of organic life is making in the world. For how can it be expected that any one should accept a theory the originator himself can form no distinct concept of? As Mons. George J. Romanes expressed it in his controversy with Mons. Alfred Binet (both of the French Academy of Science): "Such a terminology as 'unconscious judgments' or 'unconscious minds or souls' involves a contradiction of terms. In as far as judgment is judgment (and mind is mind, H. W.), it cannot be unconscious—any more than shadow can be sunshine, or a living body a dead one. * * * It does not follow that instinct when it is present (and the "instinct" of the cell-souls of plants and animals, or of these themselves, is identical with, and of the same nature as that of all other forms of mind, H. W.), is incompatible with the idea of consciousness, for the fact that in any particular case we have not the means of proving the presence of consciousness is no proof that consciousness is not present."*

What other proof have we of our own consciousness, and of that of the animals beneath us in the scale of life, than the ways it manifests itself to our perceptions, that is, through the various sensations and emotions to which it is subject and in which it finds expression, as well as in the judgment and purposive activities in which it adapts its available means to certain definite ends? And since all these senses, emotions and psychic activities are as clearly revealed by the cell-souls of the simplest forms of life, can we consistently deny consciousness to them? If not, then must we also concede the same psychic attribute to the purposive movements of atoms in assembling primarily into molecules, then into plastidules and eventually into the elemental units of organic life—the simple cells of plants and animals, each movement being essential to mark the transition of the inorganic mind of matter into the organic mind of protoplasm until this intelligence has assumed the seemingly divine nature and potentialities of a god.

Now whence the fallacy of postulating a divine creator of all we behold? Nothing was more inevitable from primitive man's ignorance of the nature and operations of the teleomechanics of the organic world which in their *tout ensemble* produce the impression that some supernal and transcendent intelligence is involved in producing the "marvels of the universe" while in reality all the facts and phenomena of existence are due to as many different kinds of minds as there are bodies of matter and force in which they operate, each one being moved or controlled by a psychic element peculiar to itself and which is as transitory and changeable as the psychic body in which it is resident. This concept of the cosmos when correctly understood (and it is "simplicity

*Open Court, Chicago, Ill., May 1, 1890, in "The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms."

itself") not only accounts for the existence of the higher forms of mind (psychic energy) through evolution, but also disposes of a god as a superfluity in nature.

The corrolary of these propositions is that the cell-souls of every plant and animal as consciously, purposely and intelligently devise and construct their respective organic structures as the supra-mind of man builds a house or constructs a machine, there being no essential distinction in the nature and *modus operandi* of either, but just how this is accomplished by the teleo-mechanics of the organic world would require a good sized volume to elucidate. Therefore I bid you *au revoir* lest I trench on your valuable space.

Hermann Wettstein, age 66.

Fitzgerald, Ga.

MAXIM GORKI.

Hast thou at last come to a haven, O
 Storm petrel thou that voiced defiant cry
 Within the heavy, thunder pregnant sky
 Of thy own native land? Hast thou swooped low

From out its clouds in wild tempestuous throe,
 To nudge unto the heart of Freedom nigh,
 From its large pulse to attain a new supply
 Of power to conquer mankind's ancient foe?

If so—we welcome thee, thou soul of light
 And bitter enemy of time-sanctioned wrong;
 We welcome thee, for freedom needs the strong—

Men all selfcentred in the cause of right,
 And ever thrives within the clash of minds
 And vital growth within their labor finds.

—Peter Fandel.

WHY TO-MORROW IS YOURS.

"To-Morrow" is YOUR Magazine. Its editors work without pay and all of the earnings above the actual cost of publishing and paying for paper, printing and postage will be devoted to forming one or more co-operative colonies or groups wherein the children of free thinkers may have the opportunity of growing up in contact only with rational ideals and where the old warhorses of free thought whose steadfastness and courage have won us the world may find a congenial home and pleasant companionship in their declining years.

I want my children to grow up in daily association with high-minded, emancipated souls who have had the courage to stand for what they knew was right at a time when it required matchless courage and honesty of purpose to do so. How about your children?

"Me to the Moon."

(With apology to Sercombe himself.)

"Me to the moon," well, not too soon,
"Till I know "what's doing" up there,
For, bad as it is 'neath the glare of the noon,
It may be still worse "in the air."

Your catalog of sin ought certainly win
Some serious thought from each reader;
But—that trip to the moon, imagine the din,
If we, each of us, followed "our leader."

Just imagine the stars,—to say nothing of Mars,
All staring, in startled surprise,
At an "Air Line Unlimited," of well built cars,
Headed straight for "The Moon In The Skies."

And should we alight, would some wonderful sprite
Be waiting to welcome us there,
To the home of the Beautiful Queen of the Night,
In this land of the pure and the fair?

Would she say, "If you please," (as she gave us the keys),
"Make our home your own, evermore,
"With not even one of the 'Three P's' to tease,
"On this Magical Freedom-Blessed Shore?"

Or, should we land, on that foreign strand,
With our banner of "Freedom" unfurled
Would we find Press and Pulpit, with Police, in command,
As they were in the dim under-world?

I really don't know whether I want to go
On that little excursion with you;—
Moon-men might not want to "give us a show"
And our lives might condemn as "untrue."

Let us struggle along, with a smile and a song,
On the bosom of "Old Mother Earth,"
For the world can't go ever-lastingly wrong,
And Freedom must some day have birth.

Freedom for thought were not dearly bought
Though we bartered our lives for its sake;—
And Freedom for Love, so the wise ones have taught,
Of the Nature of God doth partake.

Sometimes it seems, in the fair land of dreams,
As I think of the Life of Our Race,
That through all our errors, some golden gleams,
Of the Light of Freedom I trace.

Then "Me to the moon?" No. Not yet, nor soon,
For I don't know "what's doing" up there,
And bad as it is 'neath the glare of the noon,
It may be still worse "in the air."

—Estelle Metzger Hamsley.

Philanthropy of the Indian Department.

Not a Guest For a Night but For Always.

By Carlos Montezuma.



Paradoxical as it may sound it is nevertheless a fact that what is called the philanthropic spirit is, in a general sense, a hindrance rather than an aid to the accomplishment of the object for which the benevolent effort is bestowed. And, turning to look for the cause of this failure of good intentions we find it to be due to a misconception of the means adapted to certain ends. The heart may be right but the head is wrong. In the mechanical world if the forces available are misdirected no amount of effort can accomplish the desired end.

Prompted by the most creditable motives the benevolent man of means might pay off the obligations of a score of his debt-ridden relatives or acquaintances, yet it would not necessarily follow that he had adopted the best means of bestowing his kindness. Certainly he did not if his action in the matter had the effect of diminishing rather than increasing their efforts to help themselves. In other words, if through his kindness of heart he lessened the necessity for further active exertion on the part of the object of his bounty then his benevolence was not wisely bestowed, for necessity is the parent of effort.

Life is full of instances that might be given in illustration of what we said in the beginning; but as we have in view here (as in previous articles published in "To-Morrow") the consideration of the best means of rendering permanent aid to the Reservation Indians, we will endeavor to point out wherein the Indian Rights' Association, the Sequoyia League, the Mohawk Conference, Churches and Missionaries fail in their philanthropic efforts to better the situation of the Indian. We grant them everything that is their due in all of their benevolent undertakings and would not, in the least, minimize the results of their well-intended endeavors to advance the Indian cause, but we must say, and we say it with regret, in the face of the genuineness of purpose which characterize their proceedings, that they lack

the independence of spirit and action essential to the accomplishment of permanent benefits to the Indian people.

The well intended work of these Associations, Societies, etc., is carried on in a manner that suggests something like an allegiance to those who are at the head of the Indian Department. They work, as it were, with their ears to the ground to catch the sound of anything coming from the official camp as though they were fearful of disapproval from Washington. And they seem to be careful not to commit themselves to any radical proposition; and would regard with amazement any suggestion that the Indian Commissioner was not doing anything toward bringing about the abolishment of the reservation; or that he was simply a wheel within a wheel, or perhaps only a cog in a wheel moved by and moving other wheels in the machinery of the Indian Bureau, and that as such cog he could only act when acted upon and was therefore without effect except as he performed his duties within the limitations of his connection with the rest of the machinery.

And what is true of the situation of the commissioner is also true concerning the relations of other officials to the machinery of the Indian Bureau, and to whom the said Associations, Societies, etc., owe such respectful consideration that they would not petition or resolve as to anything that would meet with disapproval. It is all well enough at the proper time and place to say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant," but the exchanging of compliments between the said Associations, Societies, etc., and the Indian Bureau officials might go on forever without bringing to the Indian any relief from reservation life.

We have often looked in the hope of seeing something come forth from these Associations, etc., suggestive of the fact that the Indian question should be considered from the standpoint of the Indian's manhood and his personal rights as one of a family made up of the whole people of the country, but we have never found that the said Associations, Societies, etc., have committed themselves to this truth.

Assuming, as is probably the case, that these Associations, Societies, etc., have advocated the abolishment of the reservations as speedily as the same may be done, at the same time they make sure to keep in line with the methods suggested by the commissioner for conducting Indian affairs, joining hands with him in his various proposals that the department should make a collection of Indian songs for preservation and should encourage among the Indians on the reservations those alleged artistic industries to which they gave attention in their former free and independent life—bead work, basket making, weaving of blankets, pottery work, etc., all—which proposals show a failure to grasp the object that should be aimed at in all work in the Indian's behalf, namely; to disconnect him from his former habits and associations, supplementing them with those surroundings, examples and instructions which are available to civ-

ilized people generally, ignoring all those characteristics and things whatsoever that served to give him identity as an Indian, and leaving behind him to become forever things of the past, those relics, utensils and productions which belonged to and were appropriate only for a life where the individual energies and faculties were called into action by necessity alone.

Right at this point is where the philanthropic Associations, Societies, etc., fall short in their aim, seemingly unable to free themselves from the too prevalent delusion that the Indian is—well—is **an Indian** and as such can only be a **man** like other men to the extent that he can be a man and at the same time be an Indian. That is to say, the pale-face is a man and cannot be an Indian because his ancestors, so far as known, were not of Indian blood. The Indian is a man, too, but he is, besides, an Indian, as though the man that is in him is qualified by the word which has been adopted in giving him racial designation. Out of this absurdity has proceeded all the twaddle about Indian characteristics, Indian customs, Indian traditions, Indian music, Indian art, as something that must of necessity remain forever to distinguish him from men generally, and by reason of which distinction he is and always will continue to be amusing and also deserving of sympathy and a certain amount of coddling and nursing. He lacks just enough of being a real man to make it necessary for the government to maintain an Indian Bureau for the purpose of keeping him securely at the threshold of civilization, in the character of ward and prisoner of the government. As we have said before but must continue to repeat, it is useless for Associations, Societies or individuals to hold themselves out as workers in the Indian's behalf unless they can view the Indian as a person lacking only education and development to make him in all respects like other men, and a creature not in any respect to be distinguished from the rest of mankind.

No body of men can be aided to advancement while subjected to specialization, thereby directing public attention to them as though they were only a species of the **genus homo**. This is the handicap that the Indian has had put upon him ever since he became subject to government control; and the real philanthropic work lies in the direction of first setting him free from this burden of misconception to which he has been so long a victim. Philanthropy to be effectual must work with a free and independent hand. It should be ready to lead and not always be waiting for an opportunity to follow. Those who are willing to add their mite in an effort to aid the Indian should avoid falling into the **error** that the President of the United States is always doing the best that his position enables him to do to advance the Indian cause. No President does this who makes his personal feeling toward an individual the unit by which to measure the fitness for office of those who are to hold posi-

tion in schools or other institutions connected with Indian affairs.

The one controlling idea to be acted upon is to bring the Indians into the midst of active civilization in the most direct and speedy manner possible. Get them out of the reservations, as such, and into some place where they can have the facilities for self-support and then let it be a case of "root hog or die."

The manner of putting this plan into effect is a matter for the executive department of the government to provide. To secure government action in this direction is the work that must be done by those who from love of justice feel moved to do what they can to help the Indian people to reach the plane of civilized life.

Life is a journey in which each individual, to a great extent, travels in a path of his own—elected and made by himself. It is Nature's decree from which there is no escape. No one can make the journey for another. The Indian is no exception to this law of life. He began his journey as other men began theirs without guide or council; but forces which he could not resist intercepted him and he was brought to a halt by the wayside where he has remained in the hope that the brighter path which he had been told awaited him would be pointed out, and he allowed to resume his journey. Yet the years come and go and he still waits by the wayside. His has not been the case of the weary traveler who, given shelter and food for a night, resumes his journey at the dawn of another day. The hospitality extended to the Indian was on the condition that he remain by the wayside or that he travel in the path selected and made for him by another. True philanthropy has no place in this manner of work. Nothing is benevolent toward the Indians which encourages, aids or assists in delaying him in making the journey of life as an individual instead of slothfully slumbering by the wayside as a quasi prisoner of the government.

It is of no consequence what societies or individuals may do in the belief that they are contributing toward the welfare of the Indian if, in fact, their efforts have the effect of prolonging his stay upon the reservation, they can only assist in putting further away the time when the wayside slumberer will be able to arise and resume the task of selecting and making a path of life for himself.

BEST MAGAZINE PUBLISHED.

It gives me much pleasure to add to the merited success of the best magazine published. The three subscriptions I send with my own were not solicited. A loaned copy was all that was necessary to elicit their interest and stimulate a desire to join the band.

I wish you God speed in your work of raising humanity out of the mire of orthodox superstitions to a higher and trued perception of life, whose fundamental basis is rationalism. Fraternally.

Montgomery (Ala.)

—D. E. Shackelford.

In Ten Years:

A Prophetic Rhapsody.

Among the most notable changes that will take place during the next ten years none will be more noticeable than the increased extent to which people will realize the rights of their fellows to equal opportunity and the extent to which many will decline to accept favors which others can not have the counterpart of on the same terms.

In the world's movement towards democracy the first essential is that each must have enough and the second, that none are permitted to have too much and all this by mutual consent.

While we may now ride free on perpendicular elevators, by a strange and inexplicable providence we are obliged to pay five or ten cents to conductors for riding horizontally on trolley cars.

It so happens that those who are benefitted by carrying passengers perpendicularly at their own expense are the same ones who are benefitted by our present method of carrying passengers horizontally at the expense of others. In ten years the same people will bear the expense for both perpendicular and horizontal transportation.

Where now those who desire exercise punch the bag, run around a track, etc., and spend their energies to no purpose, it will be discovered that this human energy is valuable, that the human hand, arm, thigh, hip and shoulder muscles can be just as well exercised in manipulating saw, plane and hammer, as in the delicate and artistic custom of "punching the bag."

The coming ten years will be a period of advancing materialism so far as the treatment of the human body is concerned and in the interest of health, strength, and endurance, the wise ones will discard slaughter-house products as food, the use of stimulants and narcotics will be abandoned, and orthodox spirituality will be displaced by the more sound spirituality of Truth.

In ten years, the criminal will be regarded, not as a culprit but as a victim of society's bungling, and the natural product of systems inherited from our ignorant and short sighted ancestry.

In ten years, voters will seek more the welfare of their country and less the desires of party leaders, and officials elected by the people will be considered their servants and not their rulers.

In ten years,—ah what may not happen in ten years? Perhaps—perhaps in ten years, Anthony Comstock may be dead.
Sercombe Himself.

A Juvenile, S. W. Center.

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—

You will have to enlarge "To-Morrow" and give me a place at once for the children. You've no idea how the "young idea" is learning to "shoot" wads of "To-Morrow's" independent thoughts.

My dream of establishing miniature S. W. Centers has come true.

You see while there I sent out sample copies to my orthodox friends. When I came home, I found the parents had "read some" of course it does no harm to read a little out of the ordinary line of thought;" but the children! With them it is different. They are eager to have me explain more fully about the Indian question, the Negro problem, and above all, they are interested in what they see for themselves is their future, the rational home, and its laws.

Will you give me a portion, just a little corner in "To-Morrow," somewhere—just for the children!

One little girl of 10 years, whose parents are divorced says: "Kathryn, they can't tell me my mama is to blame. I guess I heard what my papa said to her, and I know who is wrong!" Think children are, not competent judges too of such problems? Serious questions for little folk to solve. And Bobby, aged 10. says: I read all that the "Dr. (Monte) said about, the Indians. I think he's right, too. What he says is true. It will make the Indians lazy to put 'em off by themselves, with nothing to do! I think they ought to have something to do and to go to school—all of 'em. As it is all they can do—is to fish and hunt."

Then come to me and want more "To-Morrrows" and my supply has given out. What am I to do? I do so want to be a help to these eager little ones and I want to form a miniature S. W. Center. Do suggest something. They know you all from your pictures.

I wish we could send you some of our wild jellies—or just the wild grape juice. Have been quite sick this summer but am well—or nearly so now and with the renewal of my strength I have experienced a baptism of the mental and spiritual self, in fact I think I've been "born again."

Give me what I ask—a nook where the children may come in and learn of Spencer & Whitman and of what the world is to be when they are men and women.

Katharyn Conklin.

READING NOTICE.

Those interested in thought, force, brain building, the development of inherent powers and every day Psychology should send for a sample copy of SUGGESTION, 4020 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Informal Brotherhood and Correspondence Club

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense or for the welling heart—but make it short.

A NEW SOCIAL ORDER.

By W. V. Hardy.



A complete new social order on a very simple basis could easily be introduced if men were but willing to trust their fellows in the matter of jointly seeking the best interests of all.

Our unlimited production from farms and factories would make for us a material paradise, but instead we have a chaos of waste resulting from our profit-getting and sale-seeking system which results in a confusion and friction which in the form of courts, lawyers, police, government officials, army and navy forces us to support millions of idle persons at tremendous expense all

of which is carried on the broad backs of those who toil.

Could we but reverse our method to a **demand** system in place of a sale seeking system, whereby many families would form groups for the purpose of ordering their supplies, these groups and centers to be supplied from a main center all operated at the bare expense of distribution, the new regime would be complete and with honest handling bid fair to grow indefinitely.

Under such a system it is seen that instead of the initiative being taken by the profit seekers canvassing for victims (customers) the consumer, the user, would lead and seek out those from whom he could order supplies.

There is no half way point between the ordinary profit trading and this system of self sustaining "centers" or depots, because in operation the end must be that one will annihilate the other.

It is conceivable that as the economic relationship between the members of centers grow more complete it will have a tendency to advance mutual interest, perhaps to the extent of colonizing and forming definite groups on the basis of miniature republics, which could then not only equip themselves for procuring their supplies on the best basis possible from other groups, but they could enter into manufacturing and agricultural pursuits on their own account and supply to others that which they are best fitted to produce.

In order to initiate the plan outlined and make a beginning capable of indefinite growth in accordance with the ideals

of its members I suggest the following simple plan of enrollment:

To The Consumers' Union,
317 West Randolph Street,
City.

With the object of uniting with others desiring to form a center for purchasing supplies and exchanging services for the purposes of mutual benefit and economy, I hereby present my name for enrollment as a member of your center with the understanding that my membership shall not place me to any expense and that my voluntary membership shall in no way increase the cost of supplies which I may order.

Name

Occupation

Address

WIRELESS MESSAGE.

From Dr. Geo. W. Carey.

The aerial newsgathers recently informed me that Rockefeller, Morgan, Ryan, Belmont, et. al. have incited revolution in the "milky way" with the idea that Roosevelt will interfere and annex said "way," to the United States.

It is reported on good authority that the trust magnates intend to start a dairy in "milky way" to control the butter output of the universe.

The central plant will, it is reported, be located on the planet Neptune, known to astronomers as the God of water.

When it is considered that the milky way trust not only expect to furnish butter to the world, but milk also, it will be seen at a glance that the location of the Central Plant is ideal.

The Syndicate have announced through their Water street Journal on Neptune, that they will soon offer a trillion dollars worth of stock for sale at par value of one billion dollars per share.

The hint given out by a muck raker in a Neptune "yellow Journal" that there might be some significance between the location of the plant and the issue of so large an amount of stock by the dairy trust promoters is not given credence by the sane, safe and conservative element who declare that all such insinuations simply tend to disturb business interests and show a popular trend toward Socialism and anarchy.

P. S.—Just received message from earth that Roosevelt has annexed Neptune and will notify Congress and his Cabinet after he returns to Capitol from Oyster Bay.

Neptune, Aug. 28, 1906.

A TRIP TO ROME.

By Dr. J. B. Wilson.



One of the most valuable contributions to recent free thought literature is "A Trip to Rome," by Dr. J. B. Wilson, of Cincinnati, James E. Hughes, Lexington, Ky., publisher.

The book contains 350 pages, is well bound, and gives a full account of Dr. Wilson's trip to the Holy City as President and American delegate to the first great International Free Thought Congress, which convened in Rome, September 21, 1904.

Dr. Wilson has spared no pains in his effort to take his friends with him on his wonderful trip, for besides his account of the great Liberal Congress in Rome, the titles of the various chapters here given a splendid idea of what the reader may expect.

Chapter I is entitled the Ocean Voyage, and then follow Stratford upon Avon, London, Paris, Up the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy, Venice, The Dodges' Palace, Florence, Rome, the Great Liberal Congress, How Pagan Rome became Christian, Churches of Rome, Naples, Pompeii and Capri and Homeward Bound.

The author has taken unusual pains to bring all the features of his trip into vivid display for the benefit of his readers and no Free Thinker should be without this book.

Those desiring to obtain copies may send \$1 to "To-Morrow" Pub. Co., or send \$1.50 and receive "A Trip to Rome" and "To-Morrow" Magazine for one year.

"THE WORD 'ILLEGITIMATE' IS A DISGRACE TO OUR RACE."

And never so much as now when the vanguard at least are, arousing to a consciousness of the divinity of every child, the sacredness of every human experience, the sanctity of every manifestation of creative law.

As we scan the pages of the past, even until the present, and contemplate the untold agonies endured by motherhood through all these centuries from legalized prostitution on the one hand, and the condemnation of the world on the other. Why the honors of the "Holy" inquisition were but the pastime of a moment in comparison: You do not think so? Then picture, if you please, she who yields to the law of love without the sanction of society. Would that I were an artist that I might picture, the hopes and fears, the physical weak-

ness and despairs that every mother knows; those sensitive nerves aroused to carry to the unborn and there record the impressions received for good or ill: economically dependent, and then surrounded by an atmosphere of scorn, suspicion and hate, reproached and deserted by friends and acquaintances and knowing that before her vawns a life of martyrdom both for herself and helpless offspring.

Ah! A God would stagger under such a burden! And yet it has been placed for ages upon the shoulders of multitudes of frail mothers.

And what excuse do we find put forth for such inhumanity? "The prevention of prostitution." How many has it saved, and how many has it forced to sell their bodies for bread? No one is so blind as to not know its infamous record. Ye Gods! Doth not every city flaunt its unparrelled success(?) Yet they would force unwilling wives to people the earth that "race suicide" may be checked while thousands of good, and would-be loving mothers are compelled to murder their innocents, or be branded with the "Scarlet letter," which precludes even the boon of an opportunity to earn a livelihood by honest toil. Yes, let us not only strike the word "illegitimate" from our statute books, but all its unworthy kindred, and forever lift its bar from the hearts, and lives and thoughts of the world.

"Not 'till the sun excludes you, will I exclude you."

Yours in that great universal love, which language doth symbolize in—brotherhood, sisterhood, Aye! motherhood.

Vicksburg, Mich.

Delphia Pearl Hughes.

AMERICAN SECULAR UNION AND FREE THOUGHT FEDERATION.

Compiled by E. C. Reichwald.



This report in book form comprising 214 pages on enamel paper, published by the Truth Seeker Co., N. Y., is a valuable contribution to Free Thought literature.

Besides giving full account of the Twenty-Seventh Annual Congress of American Secular Union, and Free Thought Federation held in St. Louis, October 15-20, 1904, it contains a theses for organization by Prof. Ernst Haeckel, and important addresses by Judge C. B. Waite, John Maddock, John E. Remsburg, Prof. J. G. Kral, Dr. T. J. Bowles, Philip Rappaport, Mrs. Fernande Richter, and Dr. Moncure D. Conway.

The book also contains more than one hundred half tone

portraits of prominent Free Thought veterans from all over the United States and in every way the book is worth much more than the 50 cents asked for it. Order from E. C. Reichwald, Sec'y American Secular Union, 141 S. Water St., Chicago, or from "To-Morrow" Publishing Co.

SIX HISTORIC AMERICANS.

By John E. Remsburg.

A Book that Every Freethinker will Delight to Own.



Were the American people to name the five great historic figures of the first century of our national existence, the illustrious men who contributed most to build and glorify the United States of America, the answer would be, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant. To this list of immortals posterity will add another—Thomas Paine.

The church has claimed the adherence of nearly all great men. the great men of all nations have, for the most part, rejected Christianity.

Of these six great historic Americans, not one was a Christian. All were unbelievers—all Freethinkers.

For thirty years Mr. Remsburg has been collecting evidences of the disbelief of these great men. Much of it has been published in books and pamphlets. All of this evidence is now published in one large volume under the title, "Six Historic Americans: Paine, Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and Grant, the Fathers and Saviors of Our Republic, Freethinkers." The preparation and publication of the work was urged by Colonel Ingersoll before his death and it contains his written indorsement.

The work consists of two parts, "The Fathers of Our Republic," and "The Saviors of Our Republic." In regard to Paine's religious views, Mr. Remsburg establishes the negative of the following: (1) Was Paine an Atheist? (2) Was he a Christian? (3) Did he recant? Page after page of the most radical Freethought sentiments are culled from the correspondence and other writings of Franklin and Jefferson, which show that these men were as pronounced in their rejection of Christianity as Paine and Ingersoll. That Washington was not a church communicant, nor even a believer in Christianity, is affirmed or admitted by more than a score of witnesses, one-half of them eminent clergymen, including the pastors of the churches which he with his wife attended. In support of Lincoln's Infidelity, Mr. Remsburg has collected

the testimony of more than 100 witnesses. These witnesses include Mr. Lincoln's wife; his three law partners, Major Stuart, Judge Logan and W. H. Herndon; his private secretaries, Colonel Nicolay and Colonel Hay; his executor after death, Judge David Davis; many of his biographers, including his companion and confidant, Colonel Lamon; his political advisers, Colonel Matheny, Jesse W. Fell, and Dr. Jayne, members of his cabinet, and scores more of his most intimate friends and associates.

The refutation of Grant's alleged Christian belief is complete, and the proofs of his unbelief are full and convincing.

Mr. Remsburg needs no introduction to Freethought readers. His writings are to be found on every continent. Mrs. Gen. A. W. Noble, a graduate of Vassar, and a Christian, says: "Mr. Remsburg has written some of the best English that has been written since Macaulay's time." Eugene V. Debs declares him to be the ablest living controversialist in America. Long ago Colonel Ingersoll said: "Mr. Remsburg has done splendid work all over this country. He is an absolutely fearless man and tells really and truly what his mind produces." A little while before he died, alluding to Mr. Remsburg's labors in opposition to priestcraft, he said: "He is doing the best work of all. He goes at them with facts."

The book contains about 550 pages. It has portraits of Paine, Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and Grant. It is printed in large clear type, on heavy paper, and handsomely bound. Send \$1.25 to **To-Morrow Magazine**.

FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

"Sex-Contains All"—Whitman.

If there is no malaria in the atmosphere there will be no malarial disease.

When there is no poisoned sex aura in the atmosphere disease and crime will be reduced to a minimum if not wholly eradicated.

Sex relations that are not desired by the woman are a perversion of Nature's law and inevitably create a disturbed, diseased, crime-producing, auro, for such a relations is a crime of itself.

With woman really free there will be no undesired relations, hence no sex disease, for harmony is health. War will cease for harmony is peace, and as "sex contains all," if sex generates no discord there will be no conflict.

From Nature's standpoint loving relations are pure, and, as with woman free there will be no other, it follows logically that the freedom of love means the purification and not the degradation of sex.

Because of this I demand unqualified freedom for woman as woman and that all the institutions of society be adjusted to such freedom.

Lois Waisbrooker.

AUTOLOGY.

By E. R. Moras, M. D.



Autology (study thyself) and Autopathy (cure thyself), price \$2.00. By Dr. E. R. Moras, Chicago, is a finely written book of 250 pages in its second edition and it is positively one of the strongest and undoubtedly the most practical "self cure" that ever has been written.

So carefully does Dr. Moras trace the genesis of disease, so fully does he prepare the mind of the reader and so completely does he train the understanding in the matter of self-diagnosis that "Autology" becomes in fact a whole college of physicians and surgeons to the one who owns it.

Dr. Moras is a genius, a linguist, an understander of words and themes, a philosopher, a friend and a teacher.

Brilliant in conversation, scintillating in his ability to marshal facts with the versatility of a Voltaire, he places before the reader a story of himself, which properly read, leaves him with perfect poise and understanding.

Our readers can not do better than to correspond with Dr. Moras, 1404 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

"CROW" FOR PREACHERS.

Editor "To-Morrow":—

Since you have set out to build up a sort of literary Pantheon I fall in and bid you Godspeed.

In the absence of October "To-Morrow" I understand what you mean by the authoritarian literature of the times of "the Virgin Queen," as she called herself.

It is with pleasure, also, that I agree with you that we are on the eve of a new literature, theology, religion, civilization—but strange to say, these "new" things are as old as God Almighty.

To my mind the scientific spirit is getting into morals and religion and hence the rattling among the dry bones of antiquated systems of misapprehension and misinterpretation of the world's great teachers.

For instance, what real relation is there between the present-day Babel of Churchianity and the humble genius, Jesus Christ, whom they claim to follow?

The "Celestial People," of China, are they not as far gone back from the great Confucius as Christendom has receded from Christ?

Is the same true of Islamism and of Buddhism? Are not hypocrisy and idolatry the leading sins of those who call themselves God's people the world over?

Is not sincerity the very first requisite for learning the truth? Don't we need, after all, to begin in the primer class again and watch out in our studies that we do not mistake

smoke and froth for real earth and mountains?

Sercombe, I have been through the mill and know something of what I am driving at. Ten years in the Methodist ministry was an eye-opener for one who was a born lover of truth.

All sins and crimes up to murder were committed by members of my churches and yet I found the ecclesiastical disposition was to conceal and condone wickedness of all sorts—and that by the so-called successors of the pure John Wesley, moral savior of England.

I have learned, too, that ecclesiastics are today, as in the days of Israel, in league against the true prophets of God.

I know, too, that they have a big dish of "crow" to eat in the near future so exasperated is human moral sense becoming under the denunciations of such fellows as "Sercombe Himself" and others of his type.

Well, maybe I will send you some little thing of my own after all, if you propose making "To-Morrow" the encyclopedia of free thought and expression. Yours truly,

John P. Downer.

MY LADY BEAUTIFUL.

By Alice M. Long.



It has been well said that Miss Long's book is unlike any other that has ever been published. It is daring, original, sympathetic and withal, while entering into the needs and essentials of physical well being, touches in a maserly way all those finer relationships of a woman's life that but few have the genius to unfold to themselves.

Miss Long deals with the health and beauty of mind and soul as well as body. She shows conclusively that there is no reason why any woman should be peevish, pessimistic and critical when there is such joy of life in a hopeful, kindly mental attitude

and what is more, she shows you how to attain these lovable qualities and she tells you correctly. "My Lady Beautiful" is by all means the most fascinating and useful work we have ever seen devoted to women and as for men well while all the pictures are feminine models, still the advice and council is just as applicable to the sterner sex if they are willing to take it. Anyway, the book is one you will like to have near you to fondle and dream over, so send \$1.10 for a copy or \$1.35 postpaid for a special gift edition to "To-Morrow's" Book Department.

TO-MORROW PROPAGANDA.

Dear "**To-Morrow**"—How are you to-day? Are you doing any thinking, and what about? My next letter will be written in Roosevelt simple orthog and will contain some United States currency for some subscriptions from here. Seriously, I do not think it fair for you people to do all the thinking for the country without getting paid for it. The preachers get good pay for thinking wrong thoughts, why should you not receive reward for thinking right thoughts. It is remarkable what a big price we dupes pay annually for the "thinks" of a lot of paid bluffers. "**To-Morrow**" is doing the good work. Keep it going.

Yours,

James Meyers.
Cooke, Mont.

EXPLAINING GOD.

Men may praise God, laud and glorify Him. They may stand in awe, silent and subdued in the presence of the wonders of Nature and the miracles of everyday life. But no man is big enough or wise enough to understand and explain God.

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth, when the morning stars sang together? Who shut up the sea with doors and said, Hitherto shalt thou come but no farther? Have the gates of death been opened unto thee, hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?"

Men may speak their reverence and joy in the hope of inciting in others the same reverence and joy. This we find done by Gunsaulus, Mangasarian, and others in Chicago; by Hugh Pentecost, Henry Frank, and others in New York; by Fay Mills and others out on the Pacific Coast. But the brazen fool of comprehensive and all-inclusive stupidity, the most consummate and exalted ass and dolt who sins with his mouth, is he who claims to understand the wide-flung, intricate meanings of the universe and explains to us the intentions of the Almighty. Is it not strange that a man can call his God an inscrutable God and then proceed to explain, dragging down his God and his fellowman by the explanation.

It is true that Jesus' commercial travelers, earthly representatives, men like Billy Sunday, Dr. Torrey, or Sam Jones, are of some use. If they were not of use they would not be on earth. It is not for us to question the purpose of the inscrutable Providence in sending them any more than we would inquire with the expectation of a satisfactory, ultimate answer as to why we have pestilence, tornado, and earthquake.

Faith is built on reverence, wonder, mystery, awe—not explanation. The faith that needs explanation is as poor as the friendship whose love is reckoned and stipulated. Neither can last.

Charles A. Sandburg.

To-Morrow Classified Advertising

Terms Three Dollars an Inch, Nothing Less Than One Dollar.

BRING YOUR WANTS HERE AND LOOK HERE FOR THEM.

For Sale, Automobile—Buffalo Touring car; fine leather top, pneumatic tires, 32x3½—suitable for three or five persons—automatic throughout, even to pump for tires. Three years old—Cost, \$1,600. Will sell for \$300. Address Auto Bargain, care "To-Morrow."

For Sale, Collection of Arms—Two hundred guns and pistols, showing the entire evolution of modern fire arm. One hundred swords and daggers of all nations; specimens from the Palestine crusades and the Spanish Inquisition—43 pairs of stirraps, mostly Spanish and Mexican, inlaid with gold and silver. Address Arsenal, care of "To-Morrow."

Co-Operative Home—A couple owning a suburban home would like to share it with parties co-operatively inclined. Address Bluebeard, care "To-Morrow."

Wanted—Correspondence — enclosing stamp, from those desiring to secure country homes in tracts from one to one hundred and sixty acres on ninety-nine year lease. Address Dakota, care "To-Morrow."

Wanted—Young man from 18 to 22 for office and financial work. Must have quiet habits and be a freethinker. Excellent opportunity for the right party. Address Career, care "To-Morrow."

Exchange—Will exchange an automobile for the furniture and lease of a large furnished house in Chicago. Address Garage, care "To-Morrow."

The S. W. C. Buyer—Do you want a pretty frock or a pair of lovely hose or gloves, or a piano or a washing machine or an up-to-date graphophone, or a cart for Johnny, or a sewing machine for Mary—or—? The Spencer - Whitman Round Table doesn't boast too many accomplishments, but there is really a good all around shopper at the Table who will attend to your wants if you will make them known. You pay less money and get intelligent supervision. Address "The Buyer," care "To-Morrow."

Special Writer—Young woman journalist, national reputation, writes club papers and special articles upon any subject desired. If you want something that will "take." Address Lite Kateur, care "To-Morrow."

"THE NEW LIFE."

By O. Leonard.

"The New Life," by O. Leonard, is a "find" for the busy man or woman who wants up-to-date, clearly defined, scientific Socialism in a nut-shell. The book is the biggest little book and the biggest "bargain" in thoughts for 5 cents that we ever saw. Readers of November "To-Morrow" will find in Mr. Leonard's sketch of Henrik Ibsen an insight into his thought and philosophy and abundant assurance of a well systematized knowledge of his subject. Address Ohlendorf-Zimbelman Printing & Pub. Co., 708 N. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Am well pleased with "To-Morrow." It is the greatest magazine of the day. Go on with your good work, "To-Morrow" is the day to think about and not yesterday nor the things of the past.
—U. M. Adams.

I like your "To-Morrow." I indorse your correspondent who says, "it is all you claim and more," and I think the September number is the best of all. Your "roll of honor" is a capital idea, besides being a mark of justice it brings the members of the "Old Guard" into touch with each other.

—Asenath C. Macdonald.
(Aged 76.)

I have been reading the October number of "To-Morrow" and am pleased to see that you have sense—that you have brain. The time is here to split the church from helmet to heel.
—J. Parkhurst Douglas.

"To-Morrow" Magazine is an eye-opener and clears away the cobwebs. Wish you success. Ever yours for the new civilization, —Felix Broulett.

Genuine congratulations on your October "To-Morrow." It is a feast.
—R. W. Borough.

It seems to me that the September number of "To-Morrow" is the best ever. I notice that you aim to estab-

Wish your first industrial settlement about 50 miles from Chicago. Why not establish one in the west, say on an irrigation scheme. Should you do this you could not keep me out of it.

Yours,—E. E. Garner.

I look for "To-Morrow," the magazine, as I look for to-morrow, the day. Wish you all the full measure of success. Yours very sincerely,

—A. A. Briggs, Toronto, Can.

Dear Sercombe Himself:—If you wrote the contents of the October issue from "Christianity and Motherhood" to "Backyard Vagaries," you have entirely won my affections. Why, that is the hottest ever, and better than all, it is absolutely true. Yours, Oscalooosa, Iowa.—Willard Carver.

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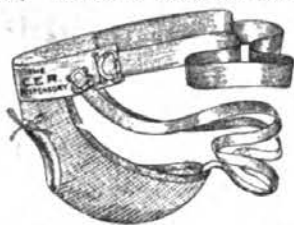
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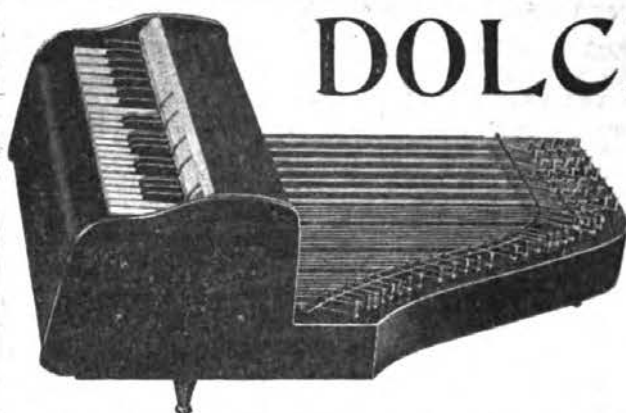
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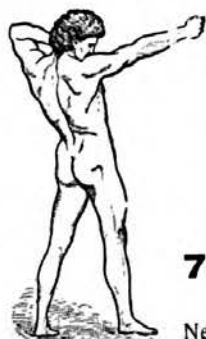
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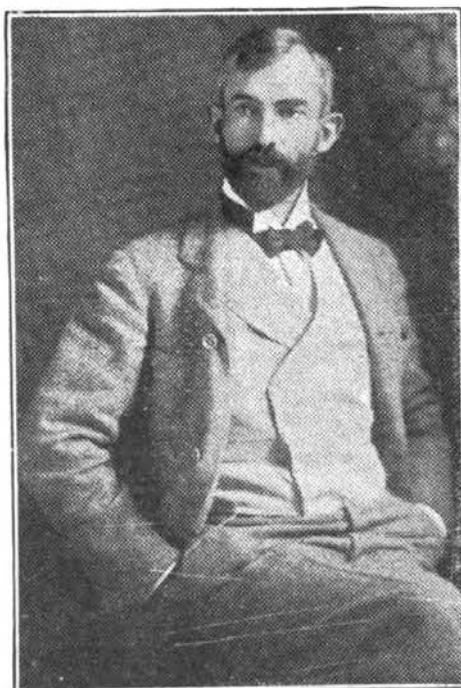
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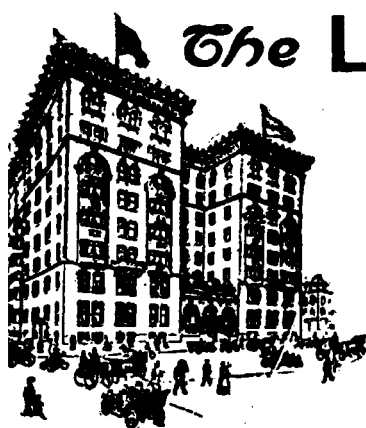
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ALICE N. LONG,

Author

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The Old Guard of Free Thought.



A PROPHET OF FREEDOM AND HER CASTLE.

Home, Wash., Lakebay, P. O.

Parker H. Sercombe

Dear Champion of Human rights:—

I felt it an honor and a blessing to be adopted into your "Old Guard" Family! You did not label and shelve us as mummies of more or less interest, but invited us cordially to live speech in your columns! I heartily approve of your suggestion to organize for Free Thought, Free Speech and an untrammelled Press! Wish I could drop-a-dollar-in-that-slot, to set the machinery going. By all means have the proposed Free Speech jubilee when our martyr Harman comes out of prison, and do not forget on that joyous day to utter a strong word for the Emancipation of The Great American Chain Gang of Taxed and Unrepresented Women in which I am driven to Humiliating and Degrading Service!

You ask for "corrections" of your list. I wrote you I was seventy six; am now seventy-seven. I send a photo of self and cabin as I stood among my clover, carnations, and sweet peas, for an impromptu sketch, one year ago. You cannot utilize it in the magazine, but can put it under the "round table," or anywhere you like.

Ever for love liberty and Justice, whether their accomplishment shall take ten years or a thousand.

OLIVIA FREELOVE SHEPARD.

Wakefield, Mass.

Dear Comrade Sercombe:—

I am too blind to read your magazine myself and I have no one here with me at present. I beg you to take my books on sale and advertise them as other do especially. "The Life of Jesus 25 for each. Am too blind and sick to write more. Look in the Cyclopedias and in "Who's who" for my life sketch.

Yours truly,

DEAN DUDLEY.

P. S.—I published my first book 58 years ago—my head is dizzy.

TO-MORROW.

What shall I do for relief? I am so weak that I can hardly stand on my feet without suffering. I want to sell some more of my books before I die which will be in a little while.

New York City, Nov. 7, 1906.

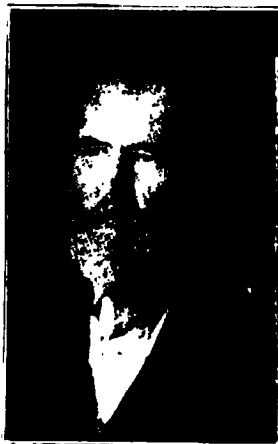
I was born March 2, 1830, and am therefore nearly 77. It seem as though only the old men and women were upholding human rights against tyranny and greed. Can we not enlist the young in this difficult struggle in which man's blindness assists the efforts of his enemies as witness the recent N. Y. election.

Yours fraternally,

DR. M. R. LEVERSON.

JAMES FRAZIER.

Chanute, Kansas.



Here is to you as one of the "Free Thought" Guard, and reader of "To-Morrow."

My early days were spent among the strictest Scotch Covenantan people, and before I was ten years old I had committed the West Minster Catechism, so that I could ask questions and recite them from memory, from beginning to end.

If there was any good in the teaching I ought to have got it. I am now sixty-eight years old, and think I know better.

The Catechism tried to teach us to believe that there was a God of three Persons, each equal in power and glory, and the three were one. How three could be one, or one three was an inconsistency that I never have answered.

This combination God created all things of nothing in the space of six days," and all very good.

Further along I found He made a Hell and had the material of his own creation Seething therein, in punishment Eternally because of the bad that got mixed with his good creations. To prevent too much of this bad accumulation He promulgated a kind of "Emancipation Proclamation" whereby all that would accept Christ as the Son of God and Savior of sinners and believe in Him and follow his teachings faithfully, He would pardon and furnish a place in Heaven after death.

Then there were some more intricacies about the Elect—the Fore-Ordained and Free Agents, that I could not understand—all of which made up a plan of salvation that it was supposed any fool could see through and accept.

I could not see why all this monkey business was necessary to keep on friendly terms with God and therefore chose to do my own thinking free and untrammelled, and am today the manufacturer of my own Gospel which leaves out Hell, Devil, Preachers, Priests, Atone-ments, Crucifixions and every thing save simple Truth. That I seek to find by searching within myself and faithful duty to my fellow man.

Parker H. Sercombe,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Comrade:—I see in To-Morrow that you are publishing a list of the names of "The Old Guard of Free Thought," and that my name appears in the list.

I am now seventy years of age, and the Fates have treated me kindly throughout my long, laborious and active life, but among the multiplied joys and blessings that the Fates have conferred upon me, none can compare in value to the mental freedom and intellectual liberty which they vouchsafed to me in early life.

From the days of my early boyhood I have shown ,that the priest

TO-MORROW.

and the King, the altar and the throne were the deadliest enemies of human happiness, and it now affords me infinite pleasure to know that I have contributed each day of my adult life, a little assistance to banish these monsters from our beautiful earth.

These vultures and vampires that have literally, lived upon the flesh and life blood of humanity for more than fifteen hundred years, can not live in the new environment of science and reason, that has finally dawned, and I congratulate every number of "The Old Guard of Free Thought," every one of whom has placed a star in the darkness of night, and filled the world with hope, that these heartless ombassadors of jehovah will soon cease to curse the toiling millions of earth forever.

Good men and good women will never again perish at the hands of priests in the darkness of dungeons; they will never again be flayed alive; they will never again be reduced to ashes by flame and fagot; their eyes will never again be torn from their sockets; and this happy knowledge will enable every member of "The Old Guard of Free Thought" to die triumphant.

The dark and bloody reign of priests and Kings will cease before the close of the 20th century, and the whole earth will then be encircled with a golden astus of clasped hands, and the river of life will overflow with happiness.

Yours always,

T. J. BOWLES, M. D.

WHY I AM AN ATHEIST.

Otto Wettstein.



The God hypothesis is lamentably inadequate to explain abstract existence and infinite phenomena rationally. To invest a solitary, unknowable, miraculous being with miracuolus power; to create this universe from nothing, and who now manipulates the innumerable aggregations of cosmic bodies, and, silmutaneously, the infinite variety of incidental planetary phenomena by miraculous process, expla'ns nothing; on the contrary, it leads us deeper and deeper into the labyrinth of mystery.

Infinite phenomena necessitate infinite causes to produce them. To say "God made the laws and these do the work," falls to the ground, because matter and its constant

modes of activity co-exist, are eternal; consequently never were enacted. And these constitute the laws of nature."

Materialism supplies the only rational philosophy of existence. It has for a basis everything—Theism the remainder—nothing. Matter is a self-evident fact, it requires no proof. Potential matter only is omnipresent throughout boundless expanse.

Matter is force, physical potentiality and chemical life. There is as much (inorganic) life in a cadaver or dry bone as in the living body of man. The (organic) form of man soon disintregates—its constituents are eternal. Instead of vain man being immortal the humble atom alone persists. The almost universal belief that matter was inert—dead—and needed extraneous aid to shape it into the many forms it assumed, gave rise to the God superstition in ages of ignorance; and because all races were alike ignorant, all created Gods out of nothing, who existed out of sight, who fashioned worlds out of nothing and men out of mud, as the potter creates his wares out of clay.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sercombe:—

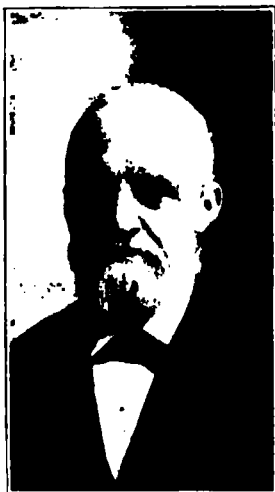
This, if you will, you may say in connection with my name, age and birth place: I am convinced that al' gods are the products of man's fancy—"airy nothings" to whom poets & lunatics, as Shak-speare says, have allotted a "local habitation and a name," and that without a religious basis man can become morally good and

TO-MORROW.

kind, and this on the ethical basis of the "Golden Rule," originating with and promulgated by Confucius about 500 years before the man Jesus was born.

Yours, very truly,
RUBEN ROESSLER.

JUDGE C. B. WAITE.



It is with particular pleasure that we present to our Freethought friends a portrait of perhaps the most famous living Free-thinker in America. Judge Wait's labors in the cause of better thinking during the past fifty years have been of a stupendous character; in fact in his particular field he stands alone as a maker of freethought literature.

Although now 82 years of age, Judge Waite is as active and aggressive as ever in the cause of intellectual liberty. He has recently returned from an extended trip abroad and with his accustomed tendency toward study and research he has made mental excavations into some of superstitious foreign caverns that may become interesting reading in some future numbers of "To-Morrow."

We are all glad to know that Judge Waite is back home again and can only add that these columns are always open whenever the judge chooses to come into closer personal contact with "To-Morrow" readers.

DEATH AGAIN VISITS THE "OLD GUARD."

The following letter was received and set into type just prior to the death of Comrade Cameron, but his spirit is still with us and we print it the same as if he were still here. Ed.

I. C. CAMERON.

National Soldiers' Home, Virginia.

I consider myself one of the members of the "Old Guard" of Free Thought as I am nearing the 75th year of life on this planet. I claim your indulgence as my education has been very limited, having only acquired the rudiments of spelling and writing on board ship and in strange lands and from experience and much thought I became a doubter several years ago and I must say that of all the magazines it has been my pleasure to read To-Morrow takes the first place in my estimation as an educator and I fully appreciate the magazine as a boon to struggling humanity. I have had a varied experience in life. My young days were spent at sea in the opium trade between India and China, later in the western ocean traffic, been gold digging in New Zealand, slave driver in Brazil, then coffee planter in the Province of St. Paulo, Brazil, and an orange and fruit grower in Florida and now in this government institution in Virginia. Before the shooting scrape I worked on several plantations in the South and have seen

TO-MORROW.

slavery in its worst features in the Southern States. Those few remarks you passed on Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Thaw and White murder case speaks well for your knowledge of humanity. I have wondered how a gifted woman which I consider her to be, does not recognize that we are what our mothers and environments have made of us, one and all and until society is reorganized on a rational basis excluding the supernatural as taught to-day in our Sunday schools the same infernal conditions must continue to exist notwithstanding all the advance we have made in science for such is the ignorance of the masses in these United States of America.

As an indication of the vigor and power of protest of which some of our comrades are capable, we print below an extract from an article written November 13, 1869 by Aaron Davis of Frederick, Md., one of the Old Guard and now 87 yrs of age.

To the Editor of the Citizen.

Sir:—In your paper of the 12th inst., under the heading of "Pinnacle of Loyalty," you gave a tirade of ex-Governor Swann in his palmy days of Know-Nothingism" under the rule of the billy, the slung-shot, the awl, the plug-uglies and blood-tubs."

"Thomas Swann gave the influence of his wealth, education and high social position in aid of two reigns of terror, of two epochs of violence and blood, of two crusades against the fundamental principles of American constitutional liberty; and all this time was honored by fanatics and spoil-seekers who had neither religion nor patriotism."

* * * *

You and your party have taxed the colored people of Frederick county for the support of our public schools to educate white men's children, and deprived them of an education. After your treatment thus to the colored people, you have boasted that they are too ignorant to vote.

Your party in New York in 1863, hung negroes, burnt their school houses and churches. Your party, South, battered down Fort Sumpter; spilt the blood of loyal men in Baltimore. Your party, North and South, have been guilty of the things herein enumerated, therefore you and they have less religion and patriotism than you say we have.

If you can not explain these truths away, and show that they have been stated upon false hypotheses I will hold you recreant to the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States as our forefathers did interpret it. I contend that we can not be a prosperous nation and a happy people unless we forget our past offenses and go in for equal rights to all races of men. Dear brother! may God teach you to see your error, if I have stated anything that is wrong or unfair, may He forgive me is my prayer.

—Aaron Davis.

Nov. 13th, 1869.

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TO-MORROW.

ROLL OF HONOR.

(To be revised each month.)

When not known to us, date of birth and address
have been omitted.

Please send in the date of your birth.

Date of birth.	Name.	Age.	Address.
Jan. 26, 1816.....	Silas Rockwell.....	91..	Covington, Ky.
	David Engler	91..	Walton, Ind.
	J. S. Loveland.....	90..	Los Angeles.
	Mrs. C. K. Smith.....	90..	San Diego, Cal.
	Herbert Merrick.....	90..	Free Port, L. I.
	D. S. Burson.....	90..	Richmond, Ind.
June 18, 1824 ..	O. B. Pratt	89..	Ripon, Wis.
	Elizabeth H. Russel..	89..	San Jose, Cal.
June 30, 1819....	E. L. Livezey	87..	Baltimore, Md.
	A. H. Frank.....	87..	Red House, N. Y.
	Mrs. J. L. York.....	87..	San Francisco, Cal.
	Aaron Davis	87..	Frederick, Md.
Oct. 29, 1820....	Dr. G. W. Brown.....	86..	Rockford, Ill.
Feb. 28, 1822 ..	John Stratford	86..	Odeboldt, Iowa.
	J. M. Peebles.....	85..	Battle Creek, Mich.
	R. D. Moore.....	85..	
	Dr. J. Mendenhall...	85..	Muncie, Ind.
	John Ernst	85..	
Sept. 2, 1821....	H. J. Swindler.....	84..	Magnolia, Ill.
	Dr. Mary Thompson..	84..	Portland, Ore
	Dr. A. A. Bell.....	84..	Madison, Ga.
March 27, 1817 .	Benj. Pratt	84..	Los Angeles, Cal.
	Henry H. Harris.....	83..	Bonner, Kan.
	T. B. Englehart.....	83..	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
April 6, 1823....	B. F. Runnels.....	83..	Hawthorne, Iowa.
	Mrs. C. E. Lee.....	83..	Portersville, Cal.
March 25, 1824..	Joseph Haigh	82..	Kankakee, Ill.
1820	Sara L. Van Sickle..	82..	Cates, Ind.
Feb., 1824.....	Dr. Robert Creer.....	82..	Maywood, Ill.
Sept. 11, 1824....	Peter Woodhouse	82..	Bloomington, Wis.
Oct. 7, 1824....	N. F. Griswold.....	82..	Meriden, Conn.
Aug. 22, 1824....	Chas. Gyer	82..	
	Stephen Barton	82..	Isabella, Cal.
April 4, 1824....	Abner J. Pope.....	82..	Home, Washington.
Jan. 29 1824....	Judge C. B. Waite....	82..	Chicago. 474 Jackson Boul.
Aug. 25, 1824....	J. W. A. Macdonald ..	82..	41 W. 105th St., N. Y.
	Delos A. Blodgett....	81..	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Feb. 3, 1825....	W. A. Griswold.....	81..	
June 14, 1826....	H. P. Cheever	80..	Augusta, Me.
1826	Rhoda A. Glover.....	80..	Baldwin, L. I.
April, 1826.....	John S. Holman.....	80..	Pontiac, Ill.
Aug. 3, 1826....	W. T. Galloway.....	80..	Middletown, N. Y.
1826	C. Werner	80..	Owensboro, Ky.
	B. Pratt	80..	Los Angeles, Cal.
Nov. 15, 1822...	Reuben Roessler.....	84..	Los Angeles, Cal.
May 23, 1823....	Dean Dudley	83..	Wakefield, Mass.
	I. W. Scott.....	80..	
	E. C. Wilmot.....	80..	Cincinnati, O.
	Lois Waisbrooker	80..	Antioch, Cal.
	G. W. Hammer.....	80..	Bodie, Cal.
Aug. 15, 1824....	T. C. Deuel.....	80..	Fullerton, Cal.
	Andrew J. Davis	80..	Boston, Mass.
	Susan Reicherter	80..	
Nov. 20, 1827....	Charlotte C. North...	79..	Kewanee, Ill.
	John M. Welsh.....	79..	Louisville, Ky.
Dec., 1827.....	Elmina Drake Slenker	79..	Snowville, W. Va.
April 8, 1828....	I. Hughes	78..	Glen Haven, Wis.

TO-MORROW.

	Name.	Age.	Address.
July 10, 1828....	William Hart	78..	Los Mochis, Sinaloa, Mex.
Feb. 11, 1828....	F. Larabee	78..	
	Mrs. Carter	78..	Wichita, Kas.
	Lucinda B. Chandler.....	78..	170 Circle, Norwood Park, Ill.
	Aden G. Cavins.....	78..	Bloomfield, Ind.
Oct. 18, 1835....	Col. B. F. Bennett.....	77..	Clahill, Ky.
1824	James Ashman	77..	Salt Lake City, Utah.
	E. M. Dewey.....	77..	Oakland, Cal.
Sept. 6, 1829....	John Bulmer	77..	Du Quoin, Ill.
	B. F. Hyland	77..	Corwallis, Ore.
	Omer T. Glenn.....	77..	Cincinnati, O.
March 22, 1829....	Benj. F. Morris.....	77..	Warren, Pa.
Oct. 5, 1829.....	John C. Miles.....	77..	New Haven, Conn.
	Nelson Crane	77..	Stanford, N. Y.
	Charles Elmandorf ..	77..	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Aug. 12, 1829....	M. M. Murray.....	77..	Cincinnati, O.
	Olivia F. Shepherd....	77..	Home, Wash.
April 14, 1829....	Louise M. Heath.....	77..	6054 Monroe Av., Chicago.
	Mrs. A. C. Macdonald..	76..	Home, Wash.
March 1, 1830....	S. Toomey	76..	Tuscarawas, O.
July 5, 1830.....	Washington I. Fox....	76..	Harvard, Ill.
May 3, 1830.....	Laura J. Andrews....	76..	Port Angeles, Wash.
Jan. 29, 1830.....	C. D. Johnson.....	76..	Escanaba, Mich.
	E. H. Couse.....	76..	_____ , S. Dak
April 1, 1830....	r. T. A. Bland.....	76..	231 Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill
	Harriet C. Garner....	76..	170 Circle, Norwood Park, Ill
	W. M. Martin.....	75..	Mableton, Ga.
	Edward Askresen....	75..	Wathena, Kans.
	Joseph V. Stafford....	75..	Canyon Ferry, Mont.
March 4, 1831....	A. W. Sturdy.....	75..	Attleboro, Mass.
	C. R. Woodward.....	75..	Lockport, N. Y.
	Charles Florence ..	75..	Denver, Col.
	Moses Harman	75..	500 Fulton St., Chicago.
Feb. 5, 1831....	Joseph Warwick	75..	New York City.
	J. C. Cameron.....	75..	Nat. Soldiers' Home, Va.
1831	F. B. Pratt.....	75..	Canton, Miss.
June 4, 1831....	Albert De Golier....	75..	Bradford, Pa.
Nov. 1, 1831....	H. Kilgore	75..	Wilber, Neb.
Dec. 14, 1832....	J. W. Harrington....	74..	Red Granite, Wis.
1832	A. R. Woodhams.....	74..	Santa Clara, Cal.
1832	Flora A. Burtis.....	74..	Watsonville, Mich.
May 1, 1832....	James Laird.....	74..	Sitkum, Ore.
June 4, 1832....	James Craig	74..	Toronto, Canada.
	J. R. Francis.....	74..	Chicago, Ill.
	A. G. Humphrey, M.D.	74..	Galesburg, Ill.
	John M. Postlethwait.	74..	Nat. Soldiers' Home, Tenn.
	Hiram W. Thomas....	74..	Chicago.
Feb. 11, 1832....	Lyman C. Howe.....	74..	Fredonia, N. Y.
	James W. Adams....	74..	Home, Wash.
	H. H. Drake.....	74..	Amarilla, Tex.
	C. Maxwell.....	74..	Gomez, Tex.
April 14 1832....	J. M. Clarke.....	74..	335 N. Fiftieth Ct., Chicago
	H. C. Roberts.....	74..	Bennington, Kan.
	J. F. Marr.....	73..	Fort Madison, Iowa.
	Harry Hoover	73..	Carnegie, Pa.
	M. Rowe	73..	Monticello, Ill.
March 2, 1833....	Prof. E. Whipple ..	73..	San Diego, Cal.
	A. Tanner	73..	Cannon Falls, Minn.
March 2, 1830....	Dr. M. R. Levenson..	76..	1016 Grand Con., N. Y. City.
	Dr. Imanuel Pfeiffer	73..	500 5th av., N. Y.
July 1, 1833....	Dr. J. H. Severance	73..	595 60th St., Chicago.
Jan. 15, 1833....	C. H. Hamond.....	73..	Peoria, Ill.
Aug. 5, 1833....	N. S. Johnson.....	73..	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
June, 1833.....	W. G. Markland ..	73..	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Feb. 28, 1833....	C. A. Whitford.....	73..	Allington, Neb.

TO-MORROW.

	Name.	Age.	
1833	Asa Smith	73..	Kansas.
Sept. 15, 1834...	Volney Abbey	72..	Wathena, Kan.
	W. H. Bean	72..	Rock Island, Ill.
	D. K. Tenney.....	72..	Madison, Wis.
Sept. 9, 1834.....	W. W. Wallace	72..	5102 So. Ashland Av., Chicago.
	Moncure D. Conway..	72..	London, Eng.
Dec. 23, 1834....	T. B. Wakeman.....	72..	Cos. Cob. Conn.
	William Colby Cooper	72..	Cleves, O.
March 6, 1834....	W. I. Ryder.....	72..	Monticello, Ill.
Sept. 27, 1835...	J. C. Barnes	71..	Arcola, Ill.
1829	Calphurnia L Chaapel	71..	Canton, Pa.
April 2, 1835....	Eliza W. Haines....	71..	Versailles, Ind.
Aug. 7, 1837.....	John W. Irion	71..	Thomasville, Colo.
	John R. Lippitt.....	71..	Chicago, Ill., 317 Randolph St.
Jan. 18, 1835....	Copley Cottrell	71..	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
Nov. 7, 1835....	J. L. Buxton	71..	Milford, Mass.
	Salome Rowe	71..	Grand Rapids, Mich.
	Thomas J. Bowles....	70..	Muncie, Ind.
	J. W. Patrick	70..	Cincinnati, O.
Sept. 20, 1836....	M. H. Coffin	70..	Longmont, Col.
	James Beeson	70..	Hytop, Ala.
	J. W. Gaskine	70..	Seattle, Wash.
	Dr. L. M. Hammond..	70..	Rosedale, Kas.
	Louis Roser	70..	Maysville, Ky.
	S. R. Shepherd.....	70..	Leavenworth, Kas.
	John C. Deuel	70..	Rockford, Ill.
Aug. 5, 1836....	G. W. Gann	70..	Denton, Tex.
	C. C. De Rudlo	70..	Los Angeles, Cal.
	Judge Frank Hobart..	70..	Ventura, Cal.
1836	Mrs. M. J. Olds.....	70..	McMinnville, Ore.
	W. F. Jamieson.....	69..	Pentwater, Mich.
July 10, 1837....	G. W. Phillips	69..	
Jan. 3, 1837....	Dexter K. Cole	69..	North Port, L. I.
Jan. 31, 1837....	Warner V. Hardy....	69..	317 W. Randolph St., Chicago
	E. P. Peacock.....	69..	Chicago, Ill.
	Wm. C. Dunbar.....	69..	Mapleton, Kan.
	Mrs. M. A. Lee.....	68..	Blue Earth, Minn.
	F. F. Franz.....	68..	Sylvan Grove, Kan.
	J. Spencer Ellis	68..	Toronto, Can.
Jan. 3, 1838....	J. E. Burkhart	68..	Miltonvale, Kans.
	Col. Thomson Fort...	68..	Chattanooga, Tenn.
	Dr. L. S. Lambert....	68..	Galesburg, Ill.
Sept. 26, 1838....	Dr. C. J. Lewis.....	68..	733 Carrol Av., Chicago.
1838	Otto Wettstein	68..	La Grange, Ill.
1838	E. W. Kenyon	68..	Chicago, Ill.
	Wm. Drake	67..	Montpelier, Ohio.
Aug. 11, 1839....	Joel Richardson	67..	Hayesville, Iowa.
1839	S. F. Benson	67..	Pierson, Iowa.
Oct. 1, 1839....	W. A. Gilmore	67..	Marshfield, Ore.
July 24, 1839....	John Maddock	67..	Minneapolis, Minn.
Jan. 1, 1839....	Dr. I. S. Curtis.....	67..	Brunswick, Ore.
	Christ Bathman	67..	Chattanooga, Tenn.
	Dr. John Kemper....	67..	Galesburg, Ill.
	B. F. Underwood....	66..	Quincy, Ill.
	J. Jones	66..	Sailor Springs, Ill.
	P. C. Hanson.....	66..	Greenleaf, Kan.
1840	Marilla M. Ricker....	66..	Dover, N. H.
	Frances R. Dingman..	66..	Detroit, Mich.
Feb. 14, 1840....	Herman Wettstein ..	66..	Fitzgerald, Ga.
Oct. 31, 1840....	G. M. Morehouse....	66..	Muskegon, Mich.
	A. D. Marble.....	65..	Oklahoma City, Okla.
	James E. Mills.....	65..	Dickens, Iowa.
	Mrs. Helen M. Lucas..	65..	Marietta, Ohio.
	E. W. Chamberlain...	65..	New York City.

To-Morrow Talk.

You are a reader of TO-MORROW.

You know it stands for the ideals of freedom as opposed to the inherited ideals of despotism.

You know it is making a fight for you and all mankind.

TO-MORROW stands for a great World Movement. It gives vigorous expression to facts as they exist—an array of facts that other publications are not straightforward enough to handle. It heralds the coming of the New Civilization, and you like to read it.

Fearless pioneer work like this is expensive, and is seldom well paid.

We want you to take a greater personal interest.

It takes time, effort, gray matter and cash to serve these Monthly Menus of Vital Thought, and while the dollars you pay for a year's subscription, or the dimes you pay at the news-stands help along the work and are most heartily appreciated, they do not cover the expense, therefore we must carry advertising.

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Therefore read our advertisements, write to our advertisers and let us all work together to hasten the dawn of a New Day when Freedom shall know its own.

An Exceptional Offer:—To-Morrow Magazine for one year (12 numbers and Edward Carpenters great book "Love's Coming of Age" beautifully bound in cloth both for \$1.00 while the books last.

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RATIONAL WORLD MOVEMENT, devoted to the intensified process of
CHARACTER CULTURE through the medium of right association and
environment. Dues \$6.00 a year, \$3.00 a quarter.

To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1906.

The "Old Guard" of Free Thought	
To-Morrow Talk—	
Frontispiece (Poem)	Walter Hurt.
Editorials	
Our Second Anniversary.	
Pointed Paragraphs.	
How to Read To-Morrow.	
President Roosevelt and the Dictionary.	
The New Thought Federation.	
What they Say.	
Free Publications	
The National Purity Conference	
How to Know Truth	Parker H. Sercombe.
Department for Universals	
"Mr.," "Mrs." and "Miss."	Grace Moore
The Odalisk (Poem)	Ivan Swift
On Logic	Herman Kuehn
Beliefs	William Everson
Love in Chains (Poem)	George Vail Williams
Indians are Men not Freaks	Carlos Montezuma
Beware (Poem)	Victor Robinson
The Doom of Dogmar (Review)	
Words of Wisdom	B. T. Calvert
The Dreacer (Review)	
Asgard—Additional Suggestions	Philip Green Wright
Looking Forward (Review)	
Au Revoir	Viola Richardson
Israfil and I (Poem)	John Francis Valter
Informal Brotherhood and Correspondence Club.	

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a Year.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.

A Call from Colorado.

"Get ready, comrades, for action!"—Eugene V. Debs.

Come, comrades, awake from your slumber,
The danger no more is remote;
For wrongs without name, without number,
Have taken our Cause by the throat.
They put our brave brothers in prison
Because they have dared to be men
When authorized crime has arisen
And stalked like a wolf from its den.
The time has arrived for stern action,
For speech can no longer suffice;
No time for retreat or retraction—
We must prove we are men and not mice.

We have watched while our brothers were beaten
With bayonets back from the polls,
And the acid of anger has eaten
Its way to our innermost souls.
The ballot no longer can offer
Redress for our infinite wrongs,
So take what the present may proffer—
The right that to freemen belongs—
The right of a Red Revolution,
The right to strike straight at the foe
Until he makes full restitution
And ever remembers our blow.

Shall we let our blood weaken to water,
Shall we slink in submission like slaves,
While our brothers are led to the slaughter,
Nor stand between them and their graves?
No! better that blood in libation
Be poured till the rivers run red,
And, Niobe-like, the wide nation
Shall weep for its numberless dead.
We are ready to trample the tyrant,
And spit on his impotent spite,
Till manhood triumphant, aspirant,
Is throned in the Temple of Right.

—Walter Hurt.

To-Morrow

For People who Think

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PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR.

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Vol. 2.

DECEMBER, 1906.

No. 12.

"To-Morrow is a Free publication. We do not write from the view-point of tradition or prejudice but from the attitude of Jefferson, Paine and Franklin, that freedom is not a whim, but a universal principle. Let the chips fall where they may.

We print vital discussions of all propositions of interest and those who want to keep posted along these lines must read "To-Morrow," as this thought is not published elsewhere. We are not for that large class of readers who get mad when they see ideas in print that differ from their own. There are no end of smug publications for such.

OUR SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

This issue completes two years, two volumes, twenty-four numbers of "To-Morrow."

Publishers who start out with fixed programs and formulae of what they are going to write and be, can have but little idea of our sensations as we look back over twenty-four months of strenuous work and take stock of what we have been like. We may as well confess that our utterances and accomplishments have been as great a surprise to ourselves as to anyone else.

While we felt that we had a message we did not know in what form it would be given to the world.

Our growth has been spontaneous. "To-Morrow" has not been written "to order" for any person or system. We have not consciously deviated from our natural impulses through the influence of whip or caress—and we have had both.

We know we have grown tremendously.

We are printing some of the biggest thoughts the world has yet had.

We are growing better and bigger so fast that you need not be surprised at anything.

We feel that in "How to Know Truth" in the current number, we have reached a fitting and sufficient reward for our two years of otherwise unpaid effort.

Our sentiment toward you, dear reader, is expressed in the following paragraph:—

Brother, are you prepared to meet a thunderbolt? Come—take my hand—the tempest is raging—let us go out into the storm together. I see the lightning flashes of truth.

"Mind your own business"—is democracy.

To have other people mind your business—is despotism.

Do you believe in Despotism? Then you believe in rulers, preachers, teachers and parents attending to business that is not their own.

Nature does not believe in despotism.

The office of the parent and teacher is to govern so little that the child is early able to do without their control.

The office of priest and political ruler is the same.

These principles are applicable to every act and idea of our daily lives down to the minutest because **freedom** is a universal principle, and "offspring" are simply new organisms which must learn to stand alone as independent units as quickly as possible, which they can not do when their initiative, originality and independence are interfered with.

For safe guidance in your search for truth always remember that every proposition must bear a harmonious relation toward all the established laws of science.

Those who are in the habit of saying that the **science** of today is the folly of tomorrow, misrepresent the facts

They should say, much of the **experimentation** of today becomes the science of tomorrow, or:

The prophets of one age may become the buffoons of the next—ponder on this:—

No important modern discovery, whether Radium, X-Ray or Wireless Telegraphy has been a contradiction to a single detail of established scientific law.

New discoveries have ever been **additions** not **contradictions** to science.—There are many who will read this, give their assent, and go on thinking in the same old blundering way.

Every new discovery **does** contradict all of the childish guesses of our ignorant ancestors—their whole scheme of thought was wrong,—they did not hold correct theories about anything.

Christianity is the name of the organization that has perpetuated and is still trying to enforce the guesses of our ancestors.

The conclusions of our ancestors were all guesses—it is different now, for we have an infinite network of data and

established principles by which to judge every new theory and discovery.

Judged from the standpoint of scientific law and established principles this magazine invites comparison of its utterances with those of any publication in the world, scientific, political, sociological or scholastic.

One Thousand Dollar Offer!—We have before stated in this magazine that Christianity has always been wrong in every system and method that it has advocated. We now offer One Thousand Dollars Cash to the person who will name a single instance in the last two thousand years wherein Christianity has acted upon or recommended methods which were true and correct in the light of established scientific principles.

Those who understand how all facts of science are inter-related and inter-dependent are able to discern readily wherein new speculations are in contradiction to fixed principles—hence untrue.

It is a waste of time for inventors or thinkers to continue experiment and speculation along lines that are in contradiction to fixed principles.

One may easily observe that even the laws of psychology and sociology are in perfect harmony with the principles of chemistry and physics.

The decreasing distinctness of the circles seen on throwing a stone into the water is like memory—the longer the time the dimmer the recollection. Or like heredity, the greater the number of generations intervening the more indistinct will become the evidence of any inherited color or other mental or physical attribute.

Among flocks of birds, schools of fish, droves of cattle, communities of people, or groups of vegetable forms that are made up partly of one color or racial characteristic, and partly of another, in case freedom in breeding is not interfered with the results in time will be mathematically as definite as pouring and mixing into one tub two buckets, say, of green and yellow paint which we know will invariably under the same ratios give the same results as to shade, etc.

Once it becomes a part of our thinking that the law of all growth is the same from blades of grass to stellar systems, we have a key to life, education, government, and an avenue is opened whereby we may discern not only an explanation of all the fine and most delicate relationships between man and man, but we may see an approach to the answer of those queries which from the beginning have set mankind to guessing.

In the light of this larger thinking we come to realize not only that all substance and all spirit must have been contained in the original nebulous matter that preceded the formation of the universe, but latent in that magic gas lay all mineral, animal and vegetable matter with all the potentialities of music, art, industry, literature, together with the delicate and tender elements of love and the tremendous dynamic energy for arranging and holding suns and countless millions of systems in space—all this in the magic gas.

What is equilibrium, gemination, combustion, electricity, sound, light? What is life? Thus far these questions have been asked in vain and it will not be to the inventor, mechanic, chemist or physicist—not to the materialist to answer—it will be to philosophy that we will yet look for the answer to "What is electricity?" and allied queries.

Where was music during the nebulous state of the universe? What is harmony? What relation did music bear toward the creative forces during the countless ages of the earth's formation? It will not be to a Liszt or a Paderewski to answer these queries—for they will yet be answered in a simple way by those whose thought methods bring them into command of a knowledge that is dependent upon understanding the interrelationship of all phenomena.

HOW TO READ TO-MORROW.

From the number of explosions which fall into our camp it is evident that many readers imagine that "To-Morrow" is being written with the idea of harmonizing with the opinions of some one person, or with some school of thought. Nay, nay! We love our readers too much to dish them up always just what they like to hear—we want them to become accustomed to read with equanimity opinions that differ from their own.

"To-Morrow" proposes to send the warm rain of rational thought upon the just and the unjust alike, to let its Sun of Freedom into all the dark spots of despotism and it does not propose to temper the wind to the shorn lamb any more than does kind providence that makes the lamb hustle to find shelter and thereby stimulates its hirsute growth, its agility, and power to prove that it is fit to propagate its kind.

"To-Morrow" is like the day that it is named after, and you have to take it just as it comes with all its steam, love and blunders.

One friend writes that "we cover too much ground;" that is because **he** has grown into the habit of reading periodicals that were confined to the limitations of a special creed or program to which such periodicals always conform at whatever sacrifice of intellectual honesty.

Another "Man-afraid-of-himself" cancels his subscription

because we dared to apply established kindergarten methods to home and family relations. Still another friend writes six pages deploring an instance of bad proof reading, just as though we were willing to bend the knee to the tyranny of Webster's Dictionary or any other form of despotism.

We propose to express our ideas in any form of grammar or orthography that we see fit—the main thing is to have good ideas and express them so that they will be understood, and the person who judges us by our orthography and syntax writes his autobiography as a natural product of this age of artificialism, in which dress and appearance stand for more than intrinsic merit and real worth.

Would you judge Shakespeare's dramas by the cut of the author's frock? Burns' impassioned utterances by his hobnailed shoes? The Synthetic Philosophy by the kind of neckties that Spencer wore?

"To-Morrow" is a free publication. It stands for character, for purity and abstemiousness; qualities which can never be attained in jail or under tyranny or dogmatic control of any kind.

Freedom is not merely good because men love it and fight for it, nor is it a whim, but it is the eternal principle of all progress and any plan, program, scheme or regulation that does not conform with the principles of freedom will result in rottenness, even as lying, graft, greed and prostitution are all the result of the forms of despotism lingering in human society which **would not** be here if our institutions were organized under the ideals of freedom instead of tyranny.

Those who read "To-Morrow" may as well understand here and now that we are not in existence to uphold any scheme or program that anyone may have in mind.

We shall write as we please, without thought of pressure or influence from any source.

If we happen to agree with your views sometimes, well and good. If we disagree with you? Well—we advise that you bestir yourselves and get a good glimpse of the proposition from our point of view before declaring yourself; for really now, we have quite a range of vision—our conclusions are not carelessly drawn and we invariably hold all propositions up to view in the light of what is called elsewhere in this number, the great **"network" of facts and principles.**

"To-Morrow" opinions, as such, are not worth any more than **the opinions** of others, but we are not particularly interested in human opinions, yours or ours, so we search out **nature's opinions** and set them down for your consideration.

Beware, then, how you dissent from nature's opinions unless perchance we interpret her wrongly, though we take much care to compare all of our expressions with the corroborations of experts in every field of inquiry.

Are you that careful?

INSTITUTIONS DIE HARD.

It is strange that when two people guess at the future fate of the present marriage system, the one who guesses right must stand a lot of abuse.

Short sighted people do not realize that as authoritarian government passes out, authoritarian education, economics, marriage, etc., have got to pass out also.

There are many who will continue to struggle for awhile to retain the old faith, the old guesses, the old forms, ceremonies, and hypocrisies, but go they must and go they will, no matter whether we theorize plus or minus.

"GET BUSY" PHILOSOPHY.

It is amusing to note how important people get while pressing to the fore their programs and formulas of progress, just as though progress depended upon them—just as though the world had ever advanced in accordance with any creed or program.

If mankind will only get busy and let up on all analyses and definitions, all the so-called momentous questions would solve themselves.

I never will forgive Millet or Markham for interfering with the work of the "Man with the Hoe." They stopped him at his work and there he stands cogitating instead of hustling.

The "Hoe Man" if permitted to keep busy, would in a few generations hoe himself out of his dilemma, but no; these poet and picture cranks are "sorry" for him because he can not dream as they do and be parasites as they are—I am sorry for the painter-poet fellows that they can not hoe and keep up a sustained effort.

Put a ten pound hoe in the hands of each preacher, canvass-dobber and spring poet in the country and make them do ten hour a day stunts for a few seasons and neither the cause nor the cure of insomnia would again agitate their dream worn brains.

The hoe for mine!

TALK.

Nine-tenths of all the dissensions in the world are purely the result of **talk**—rudimentary, inconsequential gabble—the great disintegrator, destroyer and natural enemy of **doing**.

Our great thinkers, inventors and workers have been obliged to immure themselves in their dens away from the world's **talk** in order to accomplish things, and one German philosopher, not being able to escape chatterers, stuffed cotton in his ears, nodded and worked on.

When will we learn that progress consists in **getting busy** and stopping the talk about it.

UNDERSTANDING.

How few people are mentally equipped to realize the length and breadth of the course on which we run life's race. We toil, serve, do our part of the world's work, and if we choose we may do more—we may seek to understand our relationship to created things; but the belief that this knowl-

edge is necessary to our advancement is only racial egoism.

As well attribute the plumage of a peacock to its conscious artistic discrimination in the selection of colors and designs.

We try to explain things, we imagine that we can express life in terms of words, we set up parties, creeds, programs, formulae, and LIFE pays no attention to them but goes merrily marching on.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE DICTIONARY.

By Parker H. Sercombe.

Among the thousands of expressions of opinion for and against the act of the President in initiating reform spelling, we have waited in vain for the crucial thing to be said—not one writer has touched upon the really important point at issue, although "To-Morrow" waited a whole extra month in order to give everyone else a fair chance.

The great principle involved is not the question of spelling at all—whether to spell though with three letters, "tho," is of small import compared with the large view of the subject.

By his act the President has destroyed **one more tyranny**, he has broken down the despotism of the Dictionary.

While this sounds like a jest, no more serious proposition can be uttered by the tongue of man. Let us see.

Language, like all else, can only grow and reach its best development when free to expand and differentiate. So dogmatic has the **Authority** of the Dictionary been held over us in recent years that to depart from its dictum and crazy way of spelling words has been considered almost as disreputable as going naked in the street. Though the sublimest sentiments were voiced, let a word be spelt contrary to the despotic dictum of "Webster's" and it fell flat and without force—"the writer could be no scholar"—hence losing caste, his attempt to impress was vain.

To reach its highest efficiency language like men and nations must be free from despotism, free to differentiate free from caste, prejudice and ostracism and by his act, President Roosevelt has set language free—the only state in which natural selection and natural improvement may work out their course.

Menaced by despotism and ostracism, the growing units of language were designated by the scornful word "slang" because they were not respectable enough to be in the dictionary even as reformers and the advance agents of civilization have ever been classed as disreputable.

Again; so close a relationship lies between language and all human activities that until language is freed we can not conceive of our becoming a free people, being dependent upon language to even express our general and special states of liberty.

Once the Despotism of the Dictionary is destroyed and people feel that they can use words in the form that best facilitates writing and speech, the process of rapid improvement in our language will not only be well under way but the very freedom felt in relation to spelling and syntax will transmute itself in a degree to the whole being and act as an aid to our becoming as a nation **actual free men and women** instead of merely bearing the label.

From this point of view it is seen that the act of President Roosevelt in making a revolt against **Dictionary Dictatorship** has performed a service in the cause of human liberty that in its influence will stand in line with the Declaration of Independence and the Proclamation of Emancipation. I say, "Bravo," Mr. President. More freedom, please. It never fails to elevate.

THE NEW THOUGHT FEDERATION.

The World's New Thought Federation which held a four days' session in Chicago in October, presented many interesting subjects for consideration and reflection both upon the platform and off of it.

John D. Perrin of Chicago, "reformed Methodist Minister," was elected President and "installed" by the retiring Pres. T. G. Northrup. Nona Brooks, Denver, Col., was elected Vice President and Ernest Weltmer, editor of Weltmer's Magazine, Secretary.

Dr. McIvor-Tyndall was among the delegates of especial interest from the fact that he is the first writer to introduce New Thought in the columns of a great newspaper, the Denver Post publishing in its Sunday edition a department devoted to the discussion of New Thought Philosophy under the direction of Dr. Tyndall.

Henry Frank in an address before the Federation sounded the key-note of the present religious revolution and made a distinct impression. Emphasis was placed upon the fact that present day religion consists not in merely enduring with fortitude the evils and sorrows of life, and trusting blindly to some future life for the happiness that we fail to get in this, but that men and women are reaching out for happiness **here and now**, and "New Thought" means new ideas about the materially good things of the world—their regenerating and uplifting power, etc. To be truly satisfied and happy there must be the realization of good health, material welfare and effective mental and spiritual activities **now**.

This we think is indeed the primal incentive to reform in religious thought and we are glad that the "New Thinkers" acknowledge it. But another step in so-called New Thought and we shall have New Action, the action necessary to bring about this realization of "health, wealth and prosperity" **for all**.

As yet the various New Thought organizations are chiefly occupied with schemes and teachings for assisting the indi-

vidual to assist himself, exclusive of his relationship to the community or **society as a whole**. A higher consciousness of one's individual powers and possibilities as they affect the individual, is all right, but we must have also a higher realization of our powers and responsibilities as factors in the growth and betterment of the **entire body**. Not until **each is for all** as well as all for each, and there is New Thought and New Action with view to assisting communities and society **as a whole**, toward realization of "health, wealth and prosperity" can there be true religion, true brotherhood. We noticed that those speakers coming close to the economic problem were heartily applauded, but it remains for some future federation to give spur to what we should call New Action and which we believe will shortly take the place of too much New Thought. New Thought and New Action are already close rivals. We need plenty of both, but not more of one than of the other.

A Lecture Bureau in connection with the New Thought Movement is now among the plans to be carried out. A Board of Directors elected for the coming year promises all sorts of innovations and "new thoughts." Ernest Weltmer will shortly move to Chicago to more efficiently aid the Movement as its Secretary. We wish we might comment further upon the work and plans of the New Thought Federation but lack of space prevents. Any information desired can be obtained by addressing the President, John D. Perrin, 708 Central Ave., Chicago.

—G. M.

What They Say.

I have long enjoyed and admired "To-Morrow." Am sending you a copy of my Federation address. It is more along your line of thought than any circumscribed New Thought Philosophy. If you think I am in the class of "**freest**," glad to have you mention it. If I am not freest, then I have not expressed myself well, for of all things I consider Freedom the beginning and the end.

—Alexander J. McI. Tyndall.

The extra sample copies will be judiciously distributed. Will try to get a few subscriptions on Saturday for American's greatest and freest publication, "To-Morrow." Am going to save my dimes to send copies to some of my relatives. The more I read it the more inspiration I draw from its pages.

—C. T. Mayer.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

I like "To-Morrow" magazine because it is free from bending to the dictation of any cult or sect. Yours is the only honest attitude for a think-paper to assume. The gen-

eral cause of Freedom as you present it embraces all "causes" and all reforms.

—Francis B. Mendoza.

New Bedford, Mass.

The reading of your magazine has been the source of much inspiration to me, and I wish for you great success.

—Made W. Tozer, Detroit, Mich.

I want to express to you my pleasure in knowing that there is such a magazine as "To-Morrow." The liberal world generally is based upon a philosophy that necessitates a constant comparison with Christian orthodoxy. There is a trend of conviction about "To-Morrow" peculiarly its own, evolved out of the nature of things, not requiring a denial in order to make an affirmation. Truth does not depend upon deficiencies and myths that it may find an opportunity to utter itself, but is its own authority.

—J. T. Patch.

Dear Friend Sercombe: If I had Rockefeller's wealth with my own ideas I should give "To-Morrow" the biggest kind of a "boost." As it is I enclose order for two dollars for year's subscription and ten extra copies to distribute.

Yours,

—A. A. Briggs.

"To-Morrow" is great, greater, greatest. Place my name please, among the veterans.

—W. F. Jamieson.

Pentwater, Mich.

Am located six miles from the northeast corner of Yellow Stone Park. If these miners do not take to reading for themselves I am going to read to them from "To-Morrow," "the book of life," when we are gathered in the evening around the campfire. Yours,

—James Myers,

Cooke, Montana.

I have read several copies of "To-Morrow" with much pleasure. It is essentially a magazine for **thinkers** and not for dumb-heads who do not care to improve mentally.

—Mrs. May M. Bostwick.

I fully agree with "To-Morrow's" view. The literature of any period always corresponds to the conditions of the period. We can for instance have no socialistic literature until we have lived socialism. Present literary efforts in that direction must necessarily be Utopian. Sincerely yours,

—Philip Rappaport.

"To-Morrow" is radical, but that is what we need to

awaken the human race from its childish superstitions about religion, political economy and sex. With best wishes.

—J. L. Higbie, Jenera, O.

Your "To-Morrow" magazine comes up to my idea of what people should read and think about. Money talks, and here is mine for a year's subscription.

—J. C. Ehlert, Carpentersville, Ill.

Dear Mr. Sercombe: I thank you very much for your criticism of my contribution, "Companions," in your splendid publication. No one can help appreciate your magazine, for certainly it is a **giant effort** in the right direction. Please consider me, your sincere friend,

—Andrew L. Chezem.

The magazines arrived safely, and I have been totally oblivious to my surroundings ever since, and have had to put them away finally as a matter of self-preservation. Please find enclosed another dollar, for which send me all of the 1906 numbers that are out—these for free distribution among my friends. Fraternally,

—E. A. Wood,
President Syracuse Radical Club.

Your magazine is quite agreeable to my system. Thanks.

—Herman Steckler, Chicago.

It is so good to get into "To-Morrow;" like "going to heaven;" why? Because I would not want better "angels" than the writers of "To-Morrow." You sum it all up so finely in your prophetic "In Ten Years."

—Anna F. Ferguson.

Your November front page is God in action. Emerson says, "Beware when a thinker is let loose on earth." Several thinkers have broken their chains and are straining at the lash in "To-Morrow."

—Geo. W. Carey, M. D.

I enclose one dollar for a year's subscription, and as you offer to send other magazines "clubbed" with yours, I prefer you'd **club** me with back numbers of "To-Morrow—as many as you please.

—Allie Lindsay Lynch.

I think "To-Morrow" is an excellent publication. It seems to breathe the very breath of freedom. It is time that free-thinkers should maintain a school wherein children should be taught the common-sense laws of life.

—Charles W. Dickinson.

Collier's and Outlook please copy.

Free Publications.

(Send for sample copies.)

FREE.

Cosmopolitan, N. Y.
Human Life, Boston.
Pearson's, N. Y.
Fellowship, Los Angeles.

Everybody's, N. Y.
National, Boston.
Unity, Chicago.
Argonaut, Frisco.

FREER.

Arena, Boston.
Truth Seeker, N. Y.
Open Court, Chicago.
Balance, Denver.
Mirror, St. Louis.
Philistine, E. Aurora.
Nautilus, Holyoke.
The Socialist, Chicago.
Naturopath, N. Y.
Health, N. Y.
Watson's, N. Y.

Liberal Review, Chicago.
Blue Grass Blade, Lexington.
Searchlight, Waco.
Papyrus, N. J.
New Thought, Chicago.
Suggestion, Chicago.
The Public, Chicago.
Social Dem. Herald, Milwaukee.
Mind, Philadelphia.
Secular Thought, Toronto.
International Socialist Review, Chicago.

FREEST.

Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kas.
Liberty, N. Y.
Critic and Guide, N. Y.
Conservator, Philadelphia.
Physical Culture, N. Y.
Stuffed Club, Denver.
Light of Truth, Chicago.
Common Sense, Los Angeles, Cal.

Wilshire's, N. Y.
Lucifer, Chicago.
Humanitarian Review, Los Angeles.
Soundview, Olalla, Wash.
Sagebrush Philosophy, Douglas, Wyo.
Ariel, Westwood, Mass.
The Grail, N. Y.

FREEDOM'S OWN.

Not Dominated or Guided by Money, Party, Creed, or 'ism—

TO-MORROW MAGAZINE, CHICAGO.

NOTE—To be "Free" is to be without a boss. There are several kinds of bosses that dominate publishers among which traditionalism and capitalism are the worst. Some other tyrants that prevent the freedom of publishers are:—Poverty, mental and financial, the bovine instinct, (conforming to fashion and custom), mysticism, graft, creed, party. The tendency to be smug, precise and exacting interferes with the freedom of many people and periodicals. They think too much of "reputation" and not enough of real worth. There are several of these in the "Freer" division. They are mostly the careful, smug, opinionated "organs" of movements to which they must conform, at what ever cost of intellectual honesty. Oh, stagnation! What wondrous works have creeds and policies committed in thy service!

THE NATIONAL PURITY CONFERENCE.



We regret that we have not the space to print the entire address of Theodore Schroeder, delivered at the Purity Conference in Chicago on October 10, for this utterance will stand as the most forceful and effective denunciation of Comstockery that have been launched since our country began to suffer with the sins of prudery.

Mr. Schroeder who is attorney for the Free Press and Free Speech League spoke partly as follows.

On the Right to Know.

All life is an adjustment of constitution to environment. The seed dies, or has a stunted or thrifty growth, according to the degree of harmonious relationship it effects with soil, moisture and sunlight. So it is with man: he lives a long, happy and useful life, just

to the degree that his own organism functions in accord with natural law operating under the best conditions. It follows that a growing perfection in the knowledge of those laws is essential to a progressive harmony in the individual's conscious adjustment to his physical and social environment, and every one of us has the same right as every other to know all that is to be known upon the subject of sex, even though that other is a physician.

Every sane adult person, if he or she desires it, is equally entitled to a judgment of his and her own as to what is the natural law of sex as applied to self, and to that end is personally entitled to all the evidence that any might be willing to submit if permitted. It is only when all shall have access to all the evidence and each shall have thus acquired intelligent reasoned opinions about the physiology; psychology, hygiene and ethics of sex, that we can hope for a wise social judgment upon the problems which these present. The greatest freedom of discussion is therefore essential as a condition for the improvement of our knowledge of what is nature's moral law of sex, and is indispensable to the preservation of our right to know.

Legal Abridgement of the Right to Know.

This brings us to inquire what are the legal abridgements of our right to know? Both our Federal and State laws establish a so-called "moral" censorship of literature. All the statutes in question describe what is prohibited only by such

epithets as: lewd, indecent, obscene, lascivious, disgusting or shocking.

The Bible Judicially declared Obscene.

One of the early American prosecutions of note was that of the distinguished eccentric, George Francis Train, in 1872. He was arrested for circulating obscenity, which it turned out consisted of quotations from the Bible. Train and his attorneys sought to have him released upon the ground that the matter was not obscene, and demanded a trial on that issue. The prosecuting attorney, in his perplexity, and in spite of the protest of the defendant, insisted that Train was insane. If the matter was not obscene, his mental condition was immaterial, because there was no crime. The court refused to discharge the prisoner as one not having circulated obscenity, but directed the jury, against their own judgment, to find him not guilty on the ground of insanity, thus, by necessity implication, deciding the Bible to be criminally obscene.

The notable achievement of the Purity Convention was the appointment and report of the committee on obscenity which was as follows:

Report of Committee on Laws of Obscenity.

Your committee appointed to secure for Purity workers that liberty of press and speech essential to the Purity Propaganda would report as follows:

We desire to express our hearty and unqualified endorsement of the purpose for which the laws for the suppression of vice and the punishment of those who send obscene literature through the United States mails, were originally framed; we wish also to express our earnest desire for even a larger exercise of these laws in the accomplishment of the original purpose, which must have been in the minds of those who framed and enacted these laws.

In view, however, of the fact that Purity workers are constantly placed in jeopardy because of the uncertainty of the judicial test of obscenity and because these laws have in some instances been made the means of injustice and cruel wrong; and in view of the fact also that the indefinite character of the law renders it impossible for anyone to know whether he is acting within the law or is violating the law, and because the law has been made a menace and a hindrance to many earnest workers whose efficient help is most seriously needed, your Committee would therefore make the following recommendations:

Resolved, That the President be empowered to appoint a permanent committee of seven of whom he shall be one, who shall seek to secure such changes in the judicial tests of obscenity as will make the law so certain that by reading it anyone may know what constitutes its violation and to secure such an interpretation of the law as will make impossible the

suppression of any scientific and educational Purity literature.

We would also recommend that this Committee be authorized to co-operate with organizations, individuals and courts, in affording any help in their power to apprehend, convict and punish the disseminators of literature truly obscene and of perverters of youth; it shall, however, at the same time be the duty of this committee to seek to afford the defense and protection so much needed by earnest and sincere Purity workers who are now constantly exposed to the dangers of prosecution by the uncertainty of the very laws which they desire to cherish and obey.

We would therefore recommend that this committee be authorized to afford to any real Purity worker who is unjustly arrested such sympathy and assistance, legal, financial and moral as may be within their power.

We would also recommend that this committee should seek to enlist the co-operation of other organizations in furthering these same ends.

This committee shall also be empowered to make any propaganda necessary through the public press or otherwise in securing such punishment of the guilty and such protection for the innocent as in their judgment may be most wise and discreet.

Sylvanus Stall, D. D., Mr. J. B. Caldwell,
Theodorè Schroeder, Mrs. Rose Wood-Allen Chapman,
Mrs. Sarah F. Bond, Dr. Hattie A. Schwendener,
 Dr. Delos F. Wilcox.

TO-MORROW READERS.

Do you realize that we are fighting **your** fight for **freedom** practically at our own expense? We are preparing to **DO** things.—We are arranging to plant an oasis of good cheer in a desert of greed. We want every To-Morrow reader to become an agent to do whatever possible for the cause. We need subscriptions, land, machinery, lumber, supplies—everything for our ideal To-Morrow City. One of our friends has done Twelve Thousand Dollars worth with no intent to gain. Anyway—do what you can—hustle for subscriptions and write to our advertisers. That will help some.

An Exceptional Offer.—To-Morrow Magazine for one year (12 numbers) and Edward Carpenters great book "**Love's Coming of Age**" beautifully bound in cloth both for \$1.00 while the books last.

HOW TO KNOW TRUTH.

By Parker H. Sercombe.

"The laws which touch every phase of human life are not one whit different from those which have brought brilliancy to the orchid, swiftness to the deer, boldness to the lion, and stillness to the night. If we can trust Providence for these, we can trust her for all."



Few persons, even among the thoughtful, realize that as a result of the unlimited ramifications of science, there has recently come into the world a **thought method** completely different from what our ancestors were obliged to employ.

Isolated in small districts, with no facilities for rapid travel and communication, and with limited capacity, and appliances for securing accurate data, they could do naught but "guess" and so, adown the centuries, guessing and believing their guesses, became the thought habit of mankind.

This racial habit has become so fixed that now we have creeds, cults, parties, educational schemes and an infinite variety of diagnoses of body, soul, society and the universe—all guesses—all dealing with isolated phenomena entirely apart from their harmonious relationship with every other problem of the universe.

Even as thousands of seeds are often blown by the winds that one may find root, and as numberless eggs, are spawned that one may be hatched, so there have been countless thousands of wrong guesses to one that was right—**profligate**—a waste of energy, you say—then lend your understanding that you may take the direct road and learn **how to know truth**.

The first step is easy to comprehend, viz., that especially during the past half century science in a thousand fields of inquiry has formed what may be called a **network of facts and principles**, but it is not so easy to comprehend that every portion of this network bears a harmonious relationship to every other part—but in this latter thought lies the key.

Those who have sufficient technical knowledge to understand wherein memory, heredity, social growth, intellectual growth, despotism, democracy, etc., are all forms of momentum and all bear a definite harmonious relationship to chemistry, physics, and all the sciences, will also understand why it is that we no longer need "guess" when initiating our speculations and inventions, for by analyzing them in the light of the now formed **network of facts and principles**, it may be seen that it is futile to pursue them further if they are found to contradict any part of the "network."

New discoveries are always additions to the network.

New truths contradict only the **guesses** of our ancestors who had no network to guide them.

In the search for truth we can never rely upon the investigations and speculations of any one person, none have yet lived on whom, **by themselves**, we could depend to enunciate truth.

People have thought they must rush opinions to the fore—they must pretend to know—whereas, all **human opinions** have been worthless, only **nature's opinion** has value.

Honest seekers for truth employ ample time and have any amount of patience with the testers while they are testing—no one has a right to roar at us for not hurrying forward an opinion—a guess.

Learn to know nature, mark her wondrous unity, observe how the same laws have to do with the growth of an idea, a blade of grass, a felon, or a star—learn to know the relationship that exists between tidal waves, hunger, despotism, pestilence, and the earth's rotation, and you will no longer need to guess—you will be fortified by principles ready to decide for you the most delicate speculations of which the human mind is capable.—N. B. I will freely reply to queries to the full extent of my somewhat limited time. P. H. S.

Department for Universals.

For those who can read opinions opposed to their own without getting mad or canceling subscriptions.

This Department is extra hazardous.

It contains strong and diverse opinions, poems and phancies.

It comes under no rule of thought, policy or program.

It is spontaneous. It is irresponsible.

It ignores established fashion and custom in everything, including grammar and orthography.

No one is expected to agree with all of it, though each part will reach the heart of some one.

WARNING—If you are sensitive about your belief skip this Department or read it at your own peril, though whatever your mental attitude, you are just as necessary to the march of progress as any one else.

INDISCRETION.

By Glenn Willett.

I am the god whom gods adore:
My name is Indiscretion. From my door
Earth's proudest go in bitterness and tears.
I permeate the minutes of the years.
At my command
Red murder ripens from the seed of hate:
It is my hand
That whips the human slaves who build in state
The mansions which they dare not enter. It is I
Who dig the pitfall fronting Wisdom's shrine
Wherein men die.
And lest my kingdom shall decline,
That later victims may upon me wait,
With poisoned lust the race I propagate,
In vain to quench my thirst insatiate.

FREE LOVE.

By Parker H. Sercombe.

Not even the most orthodox, if they read us correctly can possibly find fault with our motive which is to show a road to a higher and purer morality than now generally prevails. Every one knows that society is rotten and under the present system adultery and perversion are on the increase. Those who hark back to the ideals of despotism and still believe in authority over sex, will urge the continuance of the present system with all its rottenness and failure to conform with the laws of life. The following article is an attempt to show that social purity can only be reached by removing external authority over sex—a control that manifestly is only a pretense and not a control at all, and only fosters hypocrisy, lying and race suicide.

Editor.

"Free Love," writes a correspondent, "is a very bad proposition." He does not take the true meaning of these words or he would not say this.

An understanding of the regulative power of freedom is far beyond the comprehension of the average reader because for

a thousand generations he has been mis-taught to believe in the efficacy of **Authority**.

How may our race reach political greatness? Through freedom. How may we reach commercial greatness? Through freedom. How may we reach greatness of character? Through freedom. How may we become physically great? Only through freedom. What must be our attitude toward children? Give them freedom. On every count the answer is the same.

Authority has been the frost and freedom the **sunshine** throughout all time and space, and this statement is in perfect accord with humanity's complete **network** of knowledge up to date.

It requires **lots of knowledge** to understand the philosophy of freedom, and those who deny its power applied to **any** division of human life simply need more knowledge—that's all.

Those who mean excessive and promiscuous sex relations by the term **Free Love**, misuse the words.

"Free Love" simply means the removal of authority and control over sex relations which are purely personal, and the advocates of this system are not seeking degeneracy, but purity, and as freedom has always operated to elevate man in other fields where it has been applied, they argue that it will do the same for sex.

It is confidently expected by those who intelligently advocate free love that under this system men will seek only their wives, and all others being free will force each one to a real instead of a pretended fidelity.

No woman not a grafter will desire to hold a love that is not free. What is a "love" worth that requires **Authority** to hold it in bondage?

Many parents hold their children under close control, and thereby blight their minds and bodies. They are horrified at the thought of letting them run free and gain independence and self-reliance, just as many are horrified at the removal of authority from its pretended control of sex. It is the same principle.

This is not a subject to become aroused and angry over especially when we are all working for human betterment.

The most rabid free lover I know is completely devoted to his own wife, and she feels the compliment because she knows herself to be his of his own volition, and not on account of the law.

Those who have studied the subject carefully declare that while sex control under **authority** has resulted in men being 85 per cent of adulterous tendencies; under voluntary sex relations this tendency of men would not reach 10 per cent.

In support of this view it is seen that among animals and

birds there is **never** such a thing known as **sexual excess**, that without authority or rules most of them only copulate for the express purpose of propagation, and in many instances without control or guidance they naturally become strictly monogamous.

If monogamy it desirable, that is monogamy without adultery, surely all things considered, is it not a **certainty** that among us free Americans we are more likely to reach this state through voluntary selection than through attempted coercion?

Authority unions can never be successful except for slaves.

A little thought on the subject actually reduces all coercion in the affairs of sex, in this country at least, to a positive absurdity.

Parents from time immemorial have tried coercion and guidance of their children in sex affairs, and have always made a mess of it, and the State has done no better.

Be calm now—this is written for people who think.

Would all people be murderers except for the law?

Would all be drunkards except for the law?

Is it **the law** that maintains fidelity in the faithful?

Do you believe it too strong to say that the removal of authority from the control of sex would gradually result in coition only for the purpose of propagation?

Possibly the statement is over strong because our minds have been perverted by many centuries of reliance on **authority**, but certain it is that under free conditions the tendency would be in that direction for the following reasons:

Under free conditions both sexes are obliged to be much more considerate in order that each may hold the love of the other, and instead of the honeymoon lasting a fortnight, it lasts for always.

Not only are the sexes held together much stonger under free conditions by their mutual attraction, but the force exerted upon them by society as a whole is **much more powerful** than any authority can invoke.

This is not guesswork, for there are and always have been communities in which more or less of the voluntary element has been permitted to enter, and under these conditions it is always seen, owing to the delicate and forceful demands which the sexes make upon each other, that once it is publicly announced or casually observed that certain couples have arranged for voluntary cohabitation, the status of **thine** as well as **mine** becomes so strong as to be well-nigh unbreakable—hence, practically no divorce and no adultery except in rare instances of utter incompatibility, and then without the horribly degenerating influence of court scandals.

It is his reliance on **authority** to hold his wife in subjec-

tion that permits the erring husband to run the **first** risk of breaking up his home by ignoring his vow of fidelity.

Without authority to back him he would not run the risk.

Let those who have erred come forward and confirm this, for they all know it is true.

Again, so long as the pretense of **authority** maintains, with its accompaniments of hypocrisy, prostitution and race suicide, woman will lie and deceive each other instead of protecting and aiding each other.

Under free conditions with motherhood raised to respectability, every ramification of the social scheme would be so completely changed, and the rights of couples to separate and make new relations so recognized, that with the removal of the tendency to criticise and ostracise others, the foundation for gossip would crumble, and that occupation which now consumes 90 per cent of feminine energy would vanish to give place to some sweeter pastime.

While not losing sight of the forces that under freedom would insure monogamy (the pressure exerted by other women upon each man, and the pressure of all other men upon each woman), let us before closing take a view of **freedom as a fundamental principle.**

The right of self-government (political freedom) is conceded by all.

In the Emancipation Proclamation we have as a nation declared ourselves against chattel slavery.

President Roosevelt has but recently declared against "Dictionary Dictatorship," which not only will permit our language to evolve and adjust itself to become more effective, but is an acknowledgement from the head of the government that the principle of **authority** in language is wrong.

For education at home and in school Froebel and Spencer have ever insisted upon the greatest degree of freedom for the child in order to bring out individuality and self-reliance.

It is self-evident that genius in music, art, oratory, organization, financiering and statesmanship can only be aroused by the free, spontaneous selection of those who make their own choice in the fields that attract their interest.

It is possible to go further and demonstrate by the development of every plant and bud and star that **freedom** is the universal law of growth, and is it possible that **human sex relations** alone can be an exception?

On the other hand, search the universe, and wherever you find units being held together by **authority** you may look first for foulness, decay, and later for an explosion, for even in physics and chemistry the law holds good, and the incompatible first protest and finally seek freedom in combustion.

Is the argument complete?

Take Italy and Spain for example, in which the ideals of

paternalism and authority find their way into every branch of government and society, and witness how they are bereft of physical, mental and moral stamina, entirely unfitting them to compete with a **free people**.

NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION.

While we believe that no one creed, sect or movement can ever get a cinch on the truth, and while progress unquestionably depends upon the free interaction of all the forces at hand, I was disappointed in visiting the New Thought Convention to find it made up so completely of people with axes to grind and schemes to promulgate for making mankind healthy and happy for so much per.

Had the gathering been only partially made up of persons who desired the aid of some branch of "New Thought," it would have offered some relief to the unbiased visitor; but no, it was simply a clearing house of schemes and schemers. Not a victim, not a patient; no one there seeking aid, but each one present, hailing from distant cities, towns and villages coming to this Mecca of fakirs with their various schemes and propositions for taking advantage of human weakness and ignorance.

Astrologers who read the future by the stars! bearded impostors who heal with a look from their green-gray eyes; lank and seedy revivers of alchemy; fat palmists; blear-eyed soothsayers; common fortune tellers and clairvoyants, in a variety of subdivisions—all were there.

Not that these people are any more fantastical than a bunch of ordinary orthodox preachers, but they are more brazen about it. Every speaker had his method. Some told the story of future life and happiness by the sound of the voice, another by the handwriting, another by the bumps on the head, another by the wrinkles in the hand, another by the creases in the shoes, and another by studying the geometrical relations between the size of the ears and the shoulder blades.

All of them were ready to call up the unseen realms and put you into immediate communication with a spook that knows. Sometimes they go into the Silence as a committee of the whole, but immediately any one comes out of the silence, he or she begins to jabber about their particular scheme for working the unwary, and that is the way they all pick up pointers, and that is what they get together for.

I found that the New Thought Convention was not inspired to search for truth, by any honest, dispassionate desire to benefit mankind, but purely and simply for the profits in it—for perfecting their system of despoiling victims of their dollars.

There were a few speakers present who put up fairly sensible talks, but I afterwards learned that these were not really newthoughters, they did not really belong to the convention.

Suffice to say that the health, wealth and happiness propaganda of Mrs. Eddy since she denied the existence of matter has so fired with ambition the minds of her thousands of would-be imitators, that ancient lore has been ransacked, East India has been scraped for mysticism, the stars have been searched and every fake scheme of priest and mountebank of all ages has been resuscitated here, and under the title of the New Thought Federation was sprung on the guileless and unsuspecting public, of which the writer was one.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

By Charles Ellewyn George, LL.B., of the Detroit Bar.



There is a wealth of sentiment in the make-up of men and women, so too, is there an abundance of unrest, dissatisfaction and deceit. From a combination of these forces spring into life the germs of divorce—a microbe which feeds and grows off the frivolity of women and the insincerity of men.

Could we of mature years have our old courtships written out and given us for perusal—could we see stereoscopic views of the lively interesting incidents connected therewith, we should probably regard them much as we would look upon a Russian or Chinese book of tales, unable to read with interest the scenes described, or make out even the illustrations.

Were this world as innocent as we are taught by religious historians it was when our first parents inhabited the Garden of Eden, it is possible it might do for some Adam to hold some body else's Eve on his lap and talk about his affinity, spiritual essence, rhapsody of passionate love, and language of the heart and soul, but I very much doubt it. The nature of those days was not all God nature—there was a considerable amount of human nature which is the same today.

There is a growing opinion that there is small virtue in woman and that man is wholly bad and ungovernable under license so far as his passions go. This is not true *in toto*—there are many husbands and wives who have **real** virtue.

loving thoughts, chaste feelings, true loyalty, and the highest ambitions that can inspire human relations.

In treating of the divorce germ, I propose to do it in virile language, as hot and hissing as a musket ball on the wing, yet with words to which even the most modest can take no exception. I cannot hold with Schopenhauer that marriage is a gigantic swindle—a dark and dreary tragedy, and that it is a greater crime to bring a soul into this vale of tears than it is to send one out of it. On the contrary I maintain that in a well balanced union, there is more of the sweetness of life than there is out of it. That marriage combines all the rhythm, melody, and motion of an ideal volcanic force; full of tenderness and pathos, appealing to every heart with a magnetism that will enchain the mind, and compel irresistably life's notes to sound in richest time.

The laws governing the institutions of marriage are of man's creation, as well as those enacted dissolving the contract. Natural laws remain the same, while human statutes alter and change, until they grow cumbersome and often ineffective. Fundamentally speaking, the prime object of the institution of marriage is to afford the opportunity of satisfying the procreative instinct, and insure the perpetuation of the race. There are other causes: a desire to establish and have a home, money, social position, companionship, to regain properties, and a host of other reasons.

While jealousy and pride on the one hand, and sexual non-affinity on the other, are the most persistent causes of the martial dissatisfaction and misery that are bunched under the title of incompatibility, different states offer seventeen legal causes for which divorce may be granted.

Total depravity does not exist except where men are cramped in their freedom. The natural instinct of every slave, is for freedom, and freedom in love is not the road to lechery, sex excess or promiscuity.

The first Christian free love we have an historical account of was Joseph the father of Jesus, and it does not appear that he ever fell into bad ways or became common.

Of the five hundred most notable divorce cases of the last two years, almost all of them were brought about because the parties were not harmoniously affined, and it mattered not how favorable the remaining factors of the marriage were—unhappiness was bound to result and a dissolution of the bond of wedlock was the course adopted.

The whole seventeen causes for divorce under the title of "Incompatibility," as a rule point to polygamous instincts or desire for frequent change of companions on the part of one or the other of every candidate for divorce. Some persons claim to see in these facts proofs that there is something **radically wrong** which carried to its logical conclusion implies that within the next decade the old significance of "marriage" will be lost sight of, and a system of socialism in mar-

riage installed in its place, not tending to immorality, but diametrically opposed to it.

Now divorce is rampant, especially the so-called society women are divorce mad. They are manifestly dissatisfied with their men. Over eighty per cent of the actions for divorce are brought by women. What she wants she proposes to have; she must have conditions moulded to her imperial will.

Had marriage **never been instituted**, love would exist in the world just as pure and just as enduring as it is today. The instinctive love of mother for her child would be fully as strong. The husband would be just as quick to defend the name of his lady and to die for her, if need be. The paternal instincts would be just as fully developed, and there would be a thousand times less crime and disease. Truly affined mates would remain faithful to each other as long as life lasted. Criminal abortion would be a thing unknown. The curse of prostitution, now brutalizing mankind with the terrible train of diseases following in its wake, would disappear. Insanity and psychopathia sexualis would speedily die, a flood of light, led by science, would illumine the dark recesses of the present marriage relations. Nature would become the safest guide, and man's honest love for worthy woman would increase more than it ever has at any time in the world's history.

The halcyon time in marriage—of **love**—is its Renaissance. How sweet it is with its delicious memories, desires and tears.

ONLY WILLING RELATIONS ARE PURE.

By Lois Waisbrooker.

If there is no malaria in the atmosphere there will be no malarial disease.

When there is no poisoned sex aura in the atmosphere disease and crime will be reduced to a minimum if not entirely eradicated.

The sex relations in which woman is an unwilling partner inevitably creates a disturbed, diseased, crime-producing aura, for it is of itself a crime.

When woman is wholly free there will be no unwilling relations, therefore no sex disease, for harmony is health. War will cease, for harmony is peace, and as "sex contains all," if sex creates no discord there can be no conflict.

Only mutually desired relations are pure; and that is why I demand unqualified freedom for woman, **as woman**, and that all the institutions of society be adjusted to such freedom.

End of Department of Universals.

"Mr.," "Mrs." and "Miss."

Titles Vain and Undemocratic.

By Grace Moore.



In preceding articles it has been shown that "Mr.," "Mrs." and "Miss" are not titles that can be appropriately coupled with the names of men and women who have awakened to the necessity for a purely democratic basis of social relationships. "Mr." being the equivalent of master or lord, is unsuited to the enlightened man of to-day who is freed of the desire to "lord it" over woman. "Mrs." being only a modification of mistress or consort, is for that and other reasons entirely incompatible with the standing and requirements of the emancipated modern woman.

A study of the origin, growth and perpetuity of these titles necessarily brings us into contact with the subject of

titles in general and from an intensely human viewpoint. Titles are a human invention, the revolutionary result of human vanity and personal desire to own and control.

Forms and insignia of every description may be traced back to the time of the first preempted land and the first captured woman. * * * Man's ownership of land and of woman marks the beginning of war, slavery, competition, and all the petty grafts, jealousies, titles and tyrannies of our so-called civilization.

The first title was that signifying that a man (mere man, think of it!) owned and controlled a woman. To-day, by reason of his economic and commercial supremacy, he virtually owns and controls her as in primitive times.

And woman is just only finding it out—finding that it isn't such a compliment after all to be "Mrs." It's all a huge bluff that man has been putting up and maintaining for centuries.

Man first demanded a title and woman granted it. The aggressive masculine personality required recognition and acknowledgement. The submissive feminine personality conceded it. There was first a master (Mr.), then a slave (Mrs.).

"Master and slave" are everywhere typified in human society. It is only in the mere normal natural life of the lower

*See article in November "To-Morrow."

animals that the master and slave habit has not been acquired and does not obtrude itself. Material ambition and personal incentive are to-day abnormally active in all affairs of church and state and in social and domestic relations.

The church is unquestionably given to the amplification of materialistic ideals and personal power, as attested by the fact of its dependence upon the competitive system for its support. **The System is its Master.**

Politically and economically we are a nation of masters and slaves. From the White House down to the least pretentious of human habitations there exists the personification of power and authority in contradistinction to the spirit of equality and democracy.

"Uncle Sam" is Master, and the people are his polite slaves. He demands the utmost respect for his authority and control. He keeps as busy as possible bestowing titles and emphasizing by signs and distinctions of one sort or another, one man's peculiar prestige and authority over another man or class of men. The White House, departments of state and army and navy are all title-mills originating in the abnormal spirit of ownership and self-direction now expressing itself in our national, social and domestic life.

It should be noted that titles are to man rather than to woman, and that a title once gained is never quite surrendered.

Once a man is an "M. D." he is always "Doctor," even though he may never have cured so much as a little finger or toe-ache. A preacher is "Reverend" from the fact that he finished a pre-arranged course in theology, and some one paid for it, not necessarily because he is more worthy of reverences than when he was plain John Smith. A school superintendent, if he be a man, is always "Professor," but should the superintendent be a woman she is "Miss" or "Mrs." The time is not so far away when a man teacher of a country school was styled "Professor" and accordingly looked up to. Women teachers of music or of any art do not demand and are not given titles, but who ever heard of a man who could play a wedding march, recite the *Odyssey* or paint a calla lily who was not a "Professor" to the end of his days?

On an obscure cross street opposite my apartment window there is a motley exhibition of signs leading to a little basement shop. One is a barber's sign, one a seamstress's, another is that of a laundress, and still another reads, "Professor A. Frederickson—Specialist on Hair, Scalp and Skin Diseases." Poor little "Professor!" His claim to distinction seems to be limited to his own self-conferred title with its many elaborations. Should he vacate the portion of the basement room that he now occupies, as he may be obliged to do, and become employed as a gardener or flunky, he will in all probability still require that he be known and addressed as "Professor Frederickson."

Once a lone man with a rope and a mule assumes charge of a ferry boat he is "Captain" if you please, and that person lacks respect to him who fails to pronounce his title.

There is the well known instance of men who aspire to be "Captain" of militia, and who, though he receives but two or three majority votes for the office succeeds in being called a "captain" by those who voted for him, and finally by the entire company and community. We even know of military companies electing a "Captain" as often as four times a year, in order that as many men as possible, or perchance every member of the company may sooner or later bear the coveted title.

We are informed that there is a man in Mexico who for a short time made consular invoices in a little Mexican village, and who ever afterwards insisted upon being called "General." And we have all seen "The Major—drum major of a brass band!—but "Major" always.

The pretensions of military men, doctors, lawyers, preachers, politicians and grafters of one denomination or another, by which they seek to mystify and compel recognition and acknowledgement of their supposed superiority, have invariably their ridiculous side, and all have their rise in the prevailing system of competition which gives undue power to one and abnormally reduces it in another. It might be supposed from the struggle made to achieve titles that they were really worth something.

The time is upon us when knowledge of the laws of life must supersede all knowledge of man-made laws and systems of life, and man's (and woman's) only claim to distinction shall be in his (or her) intelligent adaptation to the forces tending to his (or her) higher evolution.

Mark well the word **intelligent**, for men and women to-day, with the exception of a few "people who think," only blindly, vaguely and reluctantly adapt themselves to **real life forces**. Intelligent co-operation with the supreme ruling forces of nature is only possible as man abandons his egoism and loses himself in knowledge and consciousness for transcending mere personal desires and achievements.

But while we require the external evidences of power and authority and continue to wear badges in the form of words, signs, etc., we are more suited to the stage-coach era of human progress than to this marvellous age of electrical and psychical evolution.

Walt Whitman and Herbert Spencer present to us a revelation of the vanity and uselessness of titles. The great poet of democracy preferred the simple "Walt" of his friends and comrades, and the greatest scientist and psychologist that the world has ever produced insisted upon being plain Herbert Spencer, refusing the degrees and honorary distinctions of more than a hundred organizations and societies. His name, or any modification or addenda to it, did not signify. His work was his concern and his reward. Stupendous as were his achievements as a scientist and psychologist, greater still was the spirit of equality and democracy that he gave such convincing evidence of.

The larger the human being, the greater the consciousness and mentality of the individual, the less he is dependent

upon external evidences of greatness. It is the small man or woman who requires titles and insignia to satisfy an inner craving for power and authority to establish and maintain a reputation.

He or she who has knowledge of the laws of life and is strong in the consciousness of his (or her) essential greatness as a God-created human being, endowed by Nature with all the possibilities inherent in nature, has no need of any artificialities or human designations.

THE ODALISK.

BY IVAN SWIFT.

Ofttimes in these our passion-resting hours,
 When the light-midst of golden twilight
 Veils the spectral mosque-tips,
 And all the silver bells in still suspense
 Await' the towered muezzin's call to prayer—
 The soft dew-gathering time
 When rose—perfumes from our seraglio-garden
 Float low and deep upon my idle sense—
 Then have I dreamed a dream,
 Though it be all a fancy-fabric,
 Makes for peace to you and me, Fatima.

I have dreamed of other times and lands,
 Of far-called women freely born—
 Free to choose, and free of any master
 And of Moslem power—all, save Christian creeds.
 In these, my reveries, the winds from over seas
 Will bear the sobs of childless wives, and then
 The cries of many children left of mothers
 Weeping for the fathers strange!
 I hear of marriage-beds of brides unloved,
 And maidens solitary all their days
 In pining for some heart they move not;
 And it has come to me—ah, truly false—
 That those most virtuous are most bereft,
 Without abode or any resting-place
 Or sympathy of any soul to bless their sleep—
 And this because of goodness and the hope
 Of some out-lying, loveless Paradise to come!
 So, I am told that in that country ruled
 Without a king, the ways of freedom are not free,
 And woman's liberty is woman's reigning woe.
 Her fickle fury toys with many men,
 And, being free, men turn unscathed away,
 Weary of play, to be the masters men can be—
 And woman—worn of trifling, stale of beauty—lies
 Remembered in her obloquy, or, worse, forgot—
 A slave abject to self-invented custom!

And you and I, Fatima—we would not,
 From our sweet certainty and guardian walls,
 Go in those ways of freedom—woe an hour's part—
 But we should rend our matted hair
 To be forgiven our dalliance,
 And should turn our troubled faces back
 To him, the Radiant One, our master!

On Logic.

By Herman Kuehn.



Logic is thought to be an orderly process of reasoning whereby safe conclusions are deduced from agreed premises. Yet logic is never used in that way. Logic is the tool wherewith we justify judgments based on our sympathies and predilections. Having reached a conclusion we employ logic to bolster up our position. Rarely we revise or modify our prejudices after subjecting them to the test of logic. More frequently we adapt our logic to our judgments. Nothing is easier. All that is necessary is to reason back from

our prejudgment to premises that satisfy us by conforming to our chosen position.

Mr. John Z. White, an eminent and able logician, in a recent interesting article in that worth-while periodical, *The Mirror*, published weekly at St. Louis, by William Marion Reedy (himself a logician of no mean attainments), discusses "The Dartmouth College Case," and reduces to absurdity the decision rendered by Chief Justice Marshall of the United States Supreme Court. Upon this decision is said to rest the enormous and well-nigh invulnerable powers of such charter-holding corporations as railway companies.

Mr. White in reducing Marshall to absurdity, employs a modus of logic which commits himself to positions no less antagonistic to common sense than are contained in the judicial excogitation that a charter is a contract. He employs the logic of Blackstone, by approvingly quoting that great commentator to unhorse Marshall, and evidently does not see that the same Blackstonian deliverance which hangs heavy over Richard lowers o'er Richmond no less frowningly.

We may agree with White that there is an absurdity involved in the dictum that a charter is a contract. Indeed, Mr. White proves his case. But his method of proving it shows that instead of having reached his conclusion by logic, he argued back from his conclusion to premises that lack stability. In the body of his argument Mr. White informs us that he uses the syllogistic method. Conclusions so formed, with due regard to all the factors involved, are trustworthy provided the premises are secure. But both Mr. White's major premise and his minor premise themselves require proof, and a syllogism so grounded can bring us only into confusion where clarity was promised.

Now let us quote Mr. White:

"Blackstone says truly that 'the laws of nature are coeval with mankind and are binding everywhere and at all times,'

and that 'all human enactments derive whatever force and vitality they may have from their conformity with those great originals,' and that 'any human laws made in contradiction of the laws of nature must eventually fail and become null and void.' As a condition of nature, then, men live on the earth and produce things from its materials in order to continue to live."

So far, good! But Mr. White, not content with safe moorings in Blackstone harbor, ventures upon a tempestuous White sea of speculation without the rudder of logic when he adds:

"Some, if able, will wantonly or carelessly injure others, and to prevent such trespass all the people (strictly the majority) within a given territory organize the police power."

Mr. White ventures no proof of this declaration, and does not deem it needful as he conceives it impossible, probably, that any one would dispute that assertion. Nevertheless it not only requires proof, but there is none possible, because the statement is not at all in accord with "the great originals" to which Blackstone refers. The police power was not organized because men, if able, injure their neighbors, but "some, if able, injure others" because, and only because of the compulsive principle which Mr. White euphemizes with the comforting name of the police power. The origin of the police power is not, as Mr. White believes, traceable to the inclination of men to injure their neighbors, but to support the "divine right" of kings."

That men will do vile and unsocial and unneighborly things is the result of, and not a justification for the enactment of "human laws in contradiction to the laws of nature." Nature wrote the law of gregariousness, of comradeship, in the hearts of men, and while "human laws made in contradiction to the laws of nature," tend to blunt the operation of the natural law of morality (by which term I mean mutual aid) they are not sufficiently forceful to entirely extirpate the inclination to companionship. If ever the "police power" were to grow sufficiently respected and respectable, human society would disappear from the planet. Our salvation from the "police power" rests upon the fact that after all men "think lightly of the laws," and are not greatly in awe of "the arrogance of elected persons."

"Yes, as a condition of nature," to quote Mr. White, as above, "men live on the earth and produce things;" and the same nature that provided the earth and the fulness thereof, and put man upon it, gave to mankind the instinct of self-preservation, and an intuitive recognition of the fact that companionship is the best, and in the long run, through its operations, the only means requisite for self-preservation. "To utilize the earth efficiently," continues Mr. White, "it is necessary that parcels be exclusively occupied by individuals. To this end the whole people ordain a method of holding land."

That is not the natural order at all. Before any whole people ever ordained a method for holding the land the land

was occupied and efficiently used by individuals and communities. The nature-way to occupy and use land is to occupy and use it. The first ordinance ever made with respect to holding of the land had nothing whatever to do with the use or occupancy of land. All ordinances relating to the land have as their primal object the holding of land out of use.

But the governmentally-perverted mind (and I use this term in no objurgatory sense, for it would be marvelous if we escaped such perversion in our superstition-dominated environment) will argue that the occupier and user requires protection in his holding. The wisest men ever gathered together to ordain methods have never improved upon nature's own way—upon "those great originals" ordained by nature. Nature gave man the instinct of "morality" which always and everywhere make men ready and willing to help one another in the absence of "human laws made in contradiction to the laws of nature." Nor need we go back for demonstration of this to primitive races and primitive times. In our own country and in our own times pioneers do not injure one another, but help one another, until the vitiating influence of government comes along with its "human laws made in contradiction to the laws of nature."

Let us go further with Mr. White:

"Each man has the right to peacefully occupy and use the earth, and the only known way to maintain this right (security of person and property) is by the exercise of the supreme force. This supreme force is sovereignty. Sovereignty is dominion; government is organized agency."

A logical statement truly. But what about the premises? Ah, the premises! Each man has a right. What right? Whence derived? Of what need? The only jeopardy to one's person and property arises from a belief in the doctrine of rights.

Nature gave man life, the earth, and the instinct of comradeship. Now fancy man coming to the great court of Nature with the plaint: "O, thou gracious giver of all, haven't you forgotten something? Here you have given me life, but no right to life; the land and not title to it, and companionship, but no claim on it." Nature would probably answer: "Don't worry, my little man! For while I have given you all these necessary things and no rights to them, be comforted in the assurance that having given no one any rights to interfere with your enjoyment of my gifts you have naught to fear—except fear."

That each man has a right to use the earth is not a positive concept at all. The world's profoundest philosopher, whoever he may be, cannot formulate a coherent statement of a positive concept of natural rights. What Mr. White really means—what every one really means who postulates natural rights—is that no one has the right to hinder another from occupying and using the land. If this were merely another way of stating the same proposition it would not be

worth while discussing this phase of the matter further. But not only is there not an identity in these two concepts, but they are diametrically opposed in the effects of them. For, if it be true, as I contend, that no one has from nature the right to hinder another from the use of the earth, then it is impossible for majorities, under the claim of sovereignty to combine the aggregate of their "no rights" and thus secure the power to hinder men from freely employing their energies upon the elemental forces of nature.

But if, on the other hand, nature has indeed given each man a right to the use of the earth, the one having such a right has likewise the right to withhold "his" land from use. And it is the claim of the right to withhold land from use that is the cause of those phenomena in human conduct which gives warrant for the doctrine of "total depravity," or to the assumption of so much of human depravity as Mr. White postulates in his conjecture that "some, if able, will injure others."

Nevertheless, Mr. White is right in maintaining that "the supreme force is the only way" to maintain the "right to the earth." And the greater the degree of enlightenment among men the more force will be required to maintain that absurdity, until—when man reaches a plane of enlightenment in which he will cast off superstitions—there will not be force enough available to compel his adhesion to the absurd notion that nature ever granted man the rights for which Mr. White contends.

Force is not incident to production. Force is an incident of invasion. There is no invader on the horizon under the nature-charter under which we hold the land secure against any claims of the right to deprive us of such use. The occupier and user needs protection against nothing except that very "supreme force" which the rights doctrinaires invoke for his protection.

Sovereignty is an artificial device whereby the cunning justify themselves in sharing in the fruits of toil without participating in the effort. It is only under contranatural conditions that the institution of landlordism (holding land out of use) finds sanction, and exploitation of man by man becomes impossible. Under voluntary association—the spontaneous operation of the natural law of comradeship—the distribution of effort and the results of effort would prevent injustice—which, if formidable enough to cause us concern, is always institutional—always having its bases in "these human enactments made in contradiction of the laws of nature." And where there is no exploitation there would be no such phenomena as land values, and with the elimination of land values there would arise the necessity of the single tax philosophers revising their philosophy, and it's ever so much easier to use logic to bolster up prejudgments than to shift ground from despotism toward liberty.

Blackstone pointed out the futility of laws made in contradiction to the laws of nature, but they are not futile so long as men acquiesce in them. And fool laws will have ac-

quiescence until men become wiser. Since Mr. White approves of the quoted statement of Blackstone, perhaps he will some day oblige a waiting world by pointing out some law or ordinance of human manufacture, the purpose of which is to sustain the existing order, that does not run counter to the great originals established by nature.

Nature granted no rights. All rights are granted by sovereignty. And sovereignty is required to uphold the rights sovereignty grants. Therefore sovereignty is justified. Such is the logic of the governmentally-pervverted mind.

I do not charge Mr. White with being classifiable with those shallow-pated people who confuse the word "right" as employed in the moral distinction of conduct conforming to comradeship as opposed to "wrong" to describe conduct transgressing comradeship, with the word "rights" as employed by him in describing a grant from Nature. Instead of there being a correlation between these two methods of using the word "right" the contrary is true. Human conduct, as influenced by the doctrine of natural rights (without which the "right" to hold land out of use has no sanction whatever) tends always to being immoral (contravening comradeship) and therefore wrong. While under the nature charter of security without reliance upon the superstition of natural rights the conduct of men tends normally toward morality (mutual aid) and is "right."

I do not overlook the likelihood that it may be urged that in postulating the right to use the earth, the "right" to withhold it from use is not implied. But if nature ever granted a "right" to land the right is inconceivable unless it involves the right to hold land out of use. That untenable phrase "inalienable rights," will have adherents, of course, as long as men are dominated by the "rights" superstition, but there is no more cogency to the expression than that of "good government" or "black whiteness," all of them being of the same quality—an undertaking to make a descriptive adjective qualify a noun with which it has no vestige of coherence.

Rights cannot even be made inalienable by contract or convention, or by arbitrary "police power," or despotism, although an infraction of the contract or custom may be punishable. In nature there can be no correspondence to the absurd postulate of inalienability of a right. If nature ever committed the blunder of granting the right to use land then nature surely gave the right to alienate it, and without the "right" to alienate there is no basis for the notion of natural rights at all, except as one may claim a basis for Santa Claus. The Santa Claus superstition, however, does little if any harm, while the superstition of natural rights is the very foundation stone of the sum of all villainy--landlordism. Without the belief that nature ordained natural rights landlordism would dissolve because of a lack of acquiescence in its preposterous claims; and if ever the institution of landlordism falls, as eventually it will, according to Blackstone, because it is not only contrary to the laws of nature, but is

based upon an absurdity—the absurdity of natural rights—it will not become necessary to abolish it by legal enactment. It will collapse before the onmarch of enlightenment.

If there be indeed a “natural sovereignty,” made requisite and reasonable by the unnecessary and unreasonable assumption of “natural rights,” then there is, after all, much cogency in the doctrine of the “divine right of kings,” and royalists should be duly grateful to Mr. White for giving that dogma the implied sanction of his choicest brand of logic. For whether “supreme force” have as its agent a fat king holding an eighteen karat sceptre, or the “police power” under any other guise, it amounts to the King-thing just the same. Nature nowhere discloses any form of sovereignty. We read of the lion as “the king of beasts,” and of “queen bees,” but these are merely fanciful expressions surviving from the childhood of the race.

Whether Mr. White ever comes to admit it or not, the fact is that what he really means when he states that “each man has a right to use the earth,” is that no man has the right to interfere with his neighbor’s use of the earth.” Nor is the distinction merely verbal. The distinction is vital and fundamental. Under the first method of stating the proposition men will, if dominated by that absurdity, associate for the protection of their rights, and the consequence of such association is despotism via landlordism. Human association under the sane concept that nature gave no man the right to hinder his neighbor’s use of the earth, would be for mutual aid (morality) which would promptly take the form of repulsion of the invader, were it conceivable that such an anomaly could appear where governmental perversion found no lodgment. The latter association would be voluntary in character, and the compulsive principle eschewed.

And it is only under voluntary association that the instinct of comradeship, implanted in the hearts of men by Great Nature, that social tranquility is possible. Even under the domination of the compulsive principle the real progress of mankind results from a denial of, rather than an adherence to, the idea of sovereignty, and the achievement of humanity, when entirely unfettered by the perversions incident to authoritarianism, would take on phases which would seem nothing short of marvelous to the most optimistic of our social idealists.

Sovereignty (a fancy name for compulsion) has never yet fulfilled its avowed promises, while liberty (the condition under which voluntary associations would have their being) has never yet failed to fulfill its promises.

True, royalists and other governmentally-perverted people, “point with pride” to meritorious achievements made under government. Analysis will show that whatever may be thus claimed (as meritorious) is only an incident and not at all in conformity with the governmental principle. All such achievements could have been (and indeed, when occasion has offered) either performed much better by voluntary co-operation, or if no better then at much lower cost to the

producers of goods, who in the end must defray the cost of all enterprises. Even war, an art in which governments have great experience, and in the pursuance of which the products of toil are lavished with boundless prodigality, can be better conducted by voluntary association, as was shown in the conflict between the American colonists and "good King George of sacred memory."

It is claimed that governments are instituted among men for the purpose of establishing justice. But justice does not require to be established. Voluntary association would see to it that no injustices became institutionalized, and any injustices that have not the sanction of governmental institution and maintenance would be negligible qualities, if they found existence at all.

I am not willing to yield any credit to governmentalism even for its occasional indulgence in the "good work" of repealing laws, for no law is ever repealed by formal governmental action until and unless it have proved inane, incompetent or absurd, altho governmentalists may take some comfort from repeal, if they want to, as a last refuge of their claim for the beneficence of the compulsive principle. But more laws are repealed by nullification, which shows but little respect for the king, and is reprehensible in the eyes of all who regard "sovereignty" as a heaven-sent boon.

It is a pity to find so excellent a gentleman as John Z. White devoting the powers that might well be employed on behalf of liberty, in support of the principles (if his primal absurdity deserves to be so dignified) upon which all despotism must depend at length for its acceptance.

He has made as good a case as any one could have done in support of the contention that nature blundered in granting rights which it requires human enactments to support and enforce.

On behalf of nature, I hereby enter a plea of "not guilty," to Mr. White's indictment, and move that it be referred back to him with leave to amend. And when he comes again it is to be hoped when he undertakes to prove a proposition he employ premises that themselves do not require considerably more proof than his original contention.

SCHOOL OF FREE THOUGHT.

Owing to the urgent demands of subscribers and friends, we have decided to take immediate steps to organize a school wherein will be taught only those branches which go to make up a rational, practical education, and wherein the teaching of morality, abstemiousness, and good character will be on free thought lines without any of the dross of superstition or conventional lying.

The next need is text books by which to impart a common-sense education, and we therefore call upon those who may be equipped for the task to compile such books which will come into active demand as soon as this and other free thought schools begin to be established, as we have received information of several other movements of this character through different parts of the country.

Beliefs.

By William Everson.



I believe the world is mine and to so live that my conduct will bring me and the beings about me the greatest life happiness, should be my ambition. I can conceive of nothing so narrow as a soul that does not envelop the Earth. **All are brought into the world equal in the sight of Nature.** Every being born has the same structure to begin and the powers of the same development as every other of similar species the possible exception at times of a physical defect or shortcoming of inheritance. Such defects are the violations of Nature's laws in the course of regeneration and are blameable only to parents of the offspring.

Beings, and I speak hereafter particularly of the human being, develop into just what their environments make them both physically and mentally. 'Tis true the physical body has its mould from Nature but many of Nature's moulds are distorted by customs of dress and habits of conduct. The minds of all men of the world would be identical if taught the same things from infancy. If all men thought alike the social world would be one of harmony always. But the minds or beliefs of men are as varied as are their customs, religious forms and political systems. It is the variance with one another among the beliefs of the men of the world that causes all the strife and discord in society.

The age is at hand when the dawn is broken upon a few of the minds of men that harmony and life happiness (the result of harmony) are to be gained by universal brotherhood and that sect, dogma, creed or 'ism brotherhood must eventually be a mere memory. Never until the present decade have periodicals and books been so liberal nor have they even dared to express what has since the times of Thomas Paine, Voltaire, Darwin and Spencer been held in the hearts of a thinking few.

All minds are active along lines of belief they are taught from their beginnings and since all are not begun the same, where arises a cause for fault finding one with another? Should we not forbear and not censure where the life happiness of ourselves and ours is not affected? What right has any mind to blame or pity another on any part of the Earth? It seems to me the faults that should be given our attention are those alone which work iniquity, sloth, indolence, immorality, beggary and slavery in general among the world's people; where the life happiness of the many is taken away for a select few's benefit and where the **equality given us by Nature is destroyed.**

Man in his natural state first seeks food and protection, then love and the power of reproduction and these he maintains through life's development and decline. These are common to **all upon the earth**. The differences only arise in the **beliefs** or that training of the imaginative and constructive seat which we term mind or brain. The world o'er there have been as many changes in beliefs as there are minds. There have been numerous wars and crusades, tortures and inquisitions, martyr's deaths and criminal's deaths, campaigns of slaughter and campaigns of knavery, all for **beliefs** while the desires for **food and protection, love and passion** have always been universal among those who even differed widely in their beliefs.

To focus it all then the life happiness to be derived from the enjoyment of nature's products as sustenance and shelter, the love and caresses of our dear ones in a manner which makes such enjoyment equal to **all**, should be the scope and goal of life, should it not? Where is the happiness from wars of battle and political rivalry? Where the happiness from the hoarding of wealth which leaves many of your fellowmen without life's requisites and broods contention and idleness in your heirs, the ruling over your brothers like so many slaves or the endless seeking to convert some fellowman to a religious or political belief which does not better his life's condition even though he accepts its forms? Does not the world and its products belong to all of us? Is not the time ripe to do away with masters and lords in every form?

The universal mind of life must and can only be changed by a system of education from that which we have of sham, show, avariciousness, indolence, immorality and superstition to that of a practical natural life. To gain this the human brute will do well to study the habits of the other brutes of earth most of which are superior to man in the course of life Nature intends to be fulfilled. The human being is subject to more diseases and crimes against the edicts of Nature than any other. To gain an education close to Nature, to study the natural grandeur of Earth of which we are a part with other beings, is to learn to avoid the inevitable corruption of wealth of worldly goods, vice and idleness. To educate ourselves and our children to be slaves to the laws of Nature and not slaves to men and the vices men's minds have made, to place the love of protection of homes and family high above the loves of idle display, indolence and crime. to work for the good of **all** and not merely for the profit of self, and above all to give woman her proper position in life and make her maintain it, are some of our first duties. The present day woman is too much the plaything of man and not enough the companion, the helpmate and noble mother of his children. Little can be hoped for higher regeneration until women cease to make excellent paramours of themselves and try to make excellent mothers. Motherhood should be the shrine for all forms of worship. Never since the old Germanic tribes left their forests beyond the Rhine

to gather the decaying civilization and ripe vices of the Roman Empire has woman been given her proper sphere in the Latin countries. The home is the most divine of structures to me and the **worship** of the woman who is to be a mother and mistress of that home is the strongest worship I ever expect to have.

My love for man embraces **all** and places no class or form of belief above another. I believe men do wrongs and commit crimes only because their teachings and judgments have been misdirected. I believe if future children could be reared among the structures and amid the teachings of Nature instead of the structures and teachings of perverted minds of degenerate men a few generations would have accomplished the formation of an universal brotherhood.

And I say again the world is mine, and the world is yours whosoever you are, in common with me; and narrow indeed is the soul so set by belief in 'ism, creed, dogma, rule or political forms that can not leave the beaten rut to join our cosmic circle.

FORTUNE'S FISHERMAN.

By Suzanne Lebeau

Over the speckled pool he bends his rod,
 Whatever fortune waits, with hope sublime;
 Wisest who casts from banks before untrod,
 O angler, fishing in the stream of Time.

THE PIN-HEAD PHILOSOPHER.

"Would "To-Morrow" be a free publication ready to discuss any side of any question if it listened to the advice of every cross-read picker willing to waste a 2c stamp? Well, hardly! Now a good fellow down in Fernandina, Fla., who thinks he is truly American, truly democratic, writes that he is returning his supply of To-Morrow Magazines to his New York dealers because the November number contained an article contrary to his belief. This man sells cigars and tobacco, (a dirty business in my estimation) and also magazines and newspapers, but notwithstanding the limitations of his occupation he considers himself eligible to write a long letter advising how a liberal magazine should be run.

He confesses that he likes "To-Morrow" that it is a "nice" book—that is, it is nice when the other fellows ideas are ripped up, but not his very own.

Oh, pshaw, shaw, haw!

Why cannot some of these half-baked liberals stop and consider what we real radicals have to stand.

The man who comes across an article that denies his favorite self-deceptions once a month executes a series of side-jumps and throws a fit while we real ones bear ourselves with disbelief in all of the farces, and fabrications of human society as manifested in nearly every book we read and every person we meet.

Great God, dear reader, if I, a normal, rational man can stand you with your vagaries without growing warm about the collar, surely you ought to be able to stand mine without threatening a boycott.

We are obliged to see and hear a lot each day that we don't believe in but we don't get mad about it—we don't boycott anyone on account of it—we don't expect anything different.

Love in Chains.

By George Vail Williams.



A voice resounds from every land,—
It comes o'er Ocean's heaving
From hovel and from palace grand,
From North and South, from East and
West:

It is the voice of captive Love
In Slavery's darkest dungeon bound;
It comes, the knightly soul to move
Wherever manhood true is found,

"I kindle all the holy fires
That burn within your shrines of clay;
I tune a thousand living lyres,
My voice inspires each deathless lay,
My feet are placed upon the earth,
The stars of Heaven adorn my head;
I give true Genius mortal birth,
And with immortals make my bed,"

"Altho' in Heaven I had my birth,
Terrestrial homes I ne'er despise;
I bring a brimming cup to earth—

Of purest nectar from the skies,
I weave a garland fair and bright
To deck the sacred lilies white
With passion's roses sweet and red."

"I make the fields with plenty smile,
I toil in 'busy shop and mart';
I rear the stately marble pile,
I ply the magic brush of 'Art';
You hear my voice in music breathe,
I touch the lips with 'holy flame.'
I twine the victor's laurel wreath,
My key unlocks the 'hall of Fame'."

"I give the fearful—'Strength divine';
I whet the hero's trusty sword;
And millions at my holy shrine
Their consecrated 'life blood' poured,
Thro' prison bars. I kiss my mate
In spite of "penury, hate and death,"
I bid defiance—bold—to Fate
And stay to catch his dying breath."

"I forge no fetters for my own,
I build no prisons in their way;
I sit supreme upon the throne
Of every soul that owns my sway;
They hear my voice o'er hill and dale,
O'er rocky steep, and ocean wave,
I even lift the mystic veil
And claim them still beyond the grave."

"False priests have seized my holy shrine.
They laid my alters in the dust;
Profaned my temple—courts—divine,
And there enthroned the hireling—Lust.
They bound me in this dungeon vile
And placed a slave upon my throne,
Then virtue ceased on earth to smile,
And Hate, and Envy ruled alone."

"Now, from their vile, impure embrace
 The prostitutes, and tyrant knaves
 Have reared a wretched craven race,
 And peopled earth with cringing slaves.
 And yet I give my children birth,
 To bring to men my genial smile;
 Tho some are outcasts on the Earth,
 And some are bound in prisons vile."

"Oh goddess true! Oh Liberty!
 Whose smile lights up the western plains;
 Come set thy captive sister free!
 And from her limbs strike off the chains,
 I'll light again the holy fire
 Within the heart's deserted shrine,
 To burn away all base desire,
 And make the human soul divine."

"The lilies with the rose shall bloom,
 And waft their fragrance to the skies,
 Triumphant Love shall burst the tomb
 And from the grave in glory rise.
 Then Virtue's Smile shall bless the Earth,
 And Justice reign from shore to shore;
 The goddess shall be brought to birth,
 And gods be seen on Earth once more."

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I had hoped to walk my worldly way and meet but flowers and buds
 of pleasure,
 Giving meed and spice to a fenceless life and a welcome grave.
 But realities rub off the tints of hope and stab the heart with thorns
 of balm.
 As hungry worms eat the hearts of buds,
 So disappointments blight the flowers of life and doom them to con-
 tortured guise.
 Anticipation would make straight the labyrinthian maze of life's
 uncertainties.
 Were the road straight and we walk like an arrow, then all were
 well,
 But few highways permit of long travel on a bee line.

—Joseph A. Labadie.

MY SONG.

By David Diamondstein.

'Tis the song of the common life I am singing,
 Oh, hear it my patient friend;
 'Tis a message of hope and love I am bringing,
 Which the suffering must understand.

The end of the sorrowful days are coming,
 The slaves of Mammon are up;
 And loving flowers of freedom are blooming
 In place of that bitter cup—

Of the bitter cup which made life dreary,
 For ages and ages past;
 And the unjust toil that makes men weary,
 Must disappear at last

Indians are Men, not Freaks.

By Carlos Montezuma.



For this number of "To-Morrow" we will change, somewhat, the trend of our discussions of Indian matters, and devote a little time to the consideration of what might be termed the Indian Commissioner's "Side Lines," suggested by what we saw in the New Haven, Conn., publication, known as the "Indian's Friend," which says: "They (the Indians) have earned and saved money for themselves; they have handled other people's money. Some have been bank cashiers, even, and one, a financial man on a reservation, last year handled nearly a million dollars in the settlement of timber claims, etc." And again, "Over one hundred Sioux from Pine Ridge

Agency are employed on the railroad near Rapid City, S. D., earning \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. The Northwestern Railroad has asked for thirty Indians to work on a branch of its line." All of which is not remarkable to one who views the Indians from the standpoint that he views mankind generally. It is only when hysteria takes the place of good sense that the other view of the Indian becomes prominent in contrast, as shown by the following extract from the same publication:

"The Indian Bureau has an interesting work in progress, the preserving of Indian songs. Mr. Harold Loring, of Portland, Me., a skilled musician, has been appointed an inspector of Indian music. He goes from school to school, gets acquainted with the children, whose love he easily gains. through them meets the parents, and from parents and children he gets their best music. He then takes Indian themes, arranges them with our notations, and they are played by the Indian school bands. Soon he will translate the words into English, the Indian school children will learn them and be singing the songs of their ancestors, and we will have native Indian music."

Commissioner Leupp, in speaking recently of the fear some had of letting the Indian keep his Indian songs lest he failed to become Americanized, said: "The Frenchman comes to this country and still loves and sings his native songs, and is just as good an American; the German comes and keeps the songs of his fatherland, and is as good an American. Why not the Indian?"

Why not, indeed, not only for his own sake, but for the con-

tribution, a valuable one it will make to our national music store?"

Before considering the hysteria made manifest in the last two quotations let us see what music is defined to be in the general acceptance of the word. The Imperial Dictionary and Encyclopedia of Knowledge (1892) defines it thus: "A succession of sounds so modulated as to please the ear; melody or harmony: the science of harmonical sounds: the art of producing harmony or melody: the written or printed score of a composition;" and Webster—science of harmonical sounds, harmony or melody."

But we do not need the dictionaries in these days to tell us what music is. The ear of the civilized being distinguishes readily between mere noise and music. In its simplest and crudest form music involves harmony—the opposite of discord. The laws of sound, made manifest in so producing a succession of vibrations that melody results, are as fixed as any of the rules that mark the regularity of manner in which the universal power so variously manifests itself; so that whenever sounds are so produced, either in point of variety or of succession, that they do not conform to a fixed rule called the science of harmony, there can be no melody, no pleasing sensation on the ear, no harmony and hence no music; and when Commissioner Leupp uses the expression Indian music, anyone who knows what, in reality, is referred to, knows that one might just as correctly say the music of quacking ducks and cackling hens.

One of the Burgess brothers of Chicago, engaged in business here, a musician himself, and familiar with all there is of Indian music, gives us the following description of what Commissioner Leupp desires the government to use some of the Indian Bureau money in keeping alive and perpetuating for the educated and uneducated Indian to delight himself with in the future, "The greater portion of the songs and chants used by the native North Americans were sacred or of a religious nature, and could be imparted by only certain individuals, with great ceremony; and it was no uncommon thing for the native student of savage harmony to devote a lifetime to his art, and to transfer much of his possessions to his master and spiritual guide—the 'Medicine Man.' This 'music' was in no sense public property and could not be commonly used, and was guarded by the master of melody with all the jealous care of civilized authorship."

No warriors dared to warble the mystic strains of savage opera or oratorio under the balconies of "Buffalo-skin's lodge," or along the trails or by-paths. There were no printed editions, at bargain prices, of the "Eagle and the Bear" or "The Wind God." These rights were reserved, and any infringement would not only incur the ill will of the mighty mystery workers, but would call forth the wrath of the offended gods. A bit of weird melody—a semblance of tune—a scale ignoring all standards, and subject to myriad innova-

tions—suggestive of melancholy and the tyranny of evil powers.

SYNOPSIS:

La-la-la, pum, pum, pum, rattle, rattle, rattle O O O; an indescribable blending of minors and semi-tones rising to falsetto screeches, and descending through tangled skeins of sound to guttural tones.

The human creature is transformed to a bear, and is beseeching the gods to let the universe collapse about his unworthy foes, etc, etc."

It is proposed by the Indian department at Washington to accomplish great good for the people of my race by instituting a chair of Indian music in the Indian Bureau. What good can come to the "Indian" by teaching him his own benightedness? Who shall rise to meet the emergency? Shall we bring "Crazy Crow" and "Sitting Possum" to Washington to be the anthropological right and left bowers for the Commissioner? Worthy predecessors in the department, and notably in the Carlisle School, have devoted their best energies toward leading the poor, distracted and pampered unfortunates of the reservation out of themselves—their ignorance, superstition, dirt, melancholy and racial prejudices. The results attained are historical facts, beyond the pale of criticism by any new regime.

We want no retrograde movements; we have naught but pity and charitable contempt for the so-called Arts of our people. These political helpers of the Indian (at good salaries from the Department and Bureau of Ethnology) would undo all that has been accomplished in the past twenty-five years. With every spark of enlightenment I possess I spurn these innovations of political origin that emanate from the Indian Department at Washington.

The falsity of it all is appalling. They would have a quasi-public sentiment sustain their position and conceal their real motives. They presume upon the indiscriminating character of the average Indian.

The gentlemen at Washington who temporarily control the Indian's destiny are my superiors politically, but I challenge them to prove themselves more honestly and earnestly concerned for my race. It is not assuming too much to say that every educated, and hundreds of every-day, common sense, uneducated Indians will resent this last hysterical pronouncement of the Indian affairs commissioner. The fact is that Mr. Leupp is determined not to commit himself to any movement, or to permit, if he can prevent it, the adoption of any plan in the government's dealing with the Indians that would so tend to bring them out among the people of the country, generally, as to do away with the Indian Bureau as one of the executive branches of the government—the one thing which he must know is earnestly desired by all the educated and thousands of the other Indians. Mr. Leupp is not willing to let the Indian get away from himself as an Indian. He would

make him simply a "better Indian"; and this by giving him something to eat and wear, and an occasional reminder of his savage life, encouraging him to whoop some of his old-time whoops, to dance some of his frenzied dances, to shout and shriek some of his wild noises (alias "Leupp music") and, finally, by all means would the Commissioner neglect nothing that might be necessary to preserve the Indian as a permanent curiosity so unchangeably different from the rest of mankind that the Indian Bureau must always be a necessity.

What "great minuteness of observation" and "what amplitude of comprehension" Mr. Leupp displayed in his reference to the German and the Frenchman, and which so logically carried him to the conclusion that because they brought their songs with them to this country and were none the less Americans, Indian music should, therefore, be preserved and taught to the Indian children. Think of the conception. Think of the analogy, the applicability and the similarity of situations. In other words, think of the aptness of illustration as shown and exhibited by this reference of the Hon. Commissioner to the Frenchman, the German and the Indian. When Macaulay wrote of Bacon as possessing "the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed upon any of the children of men," he had not lived to know some of the exquisite mental make-ups that have become visible in American public life. The German and Frenchman, each, came here from a country where, for centuries, music had reached almost the highest possible development. They brought melody and harmony in songs; songs that were sung by great singers, by trained voices; music that had thrilled and enraptured kings and queens as well as the most cultured men and women that the world ever knew. The German and the Frenchman brought no jargon of discordant sounds. They had no "wow-wows," no "pum-pums," no "la-la-las" to be uttered to the accompaniment of frenzied leaps and weird gesticulations mingled with all the variety of semi-delirium that manifested itself in the Indian's benighted efforts to give vent to his sensations in something like rhythmic utterances. The French and the German came from countries where civilization itself began. They came as civilized beings and the music they brought with them was a part of the history of the civilization from which they came. It had a place already, among the Arts; there was no guess, uncertainty, or indefiniteness about it. It was a matter of record, open to all who wish to learn it. If the Indian wishes to preserve his savage noises for the future edification of his people let him do it himself. If he does not so choose then neither he nor anyone else will have missed anything of worth. There are everyday necessities in the Indian Bureau work that call for all the attention which officials are capable of giving them without wandering into those imaginary fields where hysteria always keeps its army of visionaries employed.

The weakness of the "Indian's Friend," the publication above referred to, as a medium through which any benefit

can be conferred upon the Indian, is clearly apparent from the reading of the paper itself. It quotes Mr. Leupp's reference to the Frenchman and German coming to this country and bringing their songs, etc., as if he had really used an illustration, when in fact he might as well have said nothing. Yet the "Indian's Friend" makes no comment on Mr. Leupp's meaningless reference, but swallows it as something wonderfully said, and practically affirms it by saying "Why not."

Just so long as sayings of this kind from Commissioner Leupp are accepted as having some meaning instead of being ridiculed, then just so long may we expect the Commissioner to feel encouraged to continue uttering "such a deal of nothing." The attempt made by the Commissioner to prove that he had an idea shows conclusively that he has no conception of what is involved in his fad about Indian Music. In fact he appears not to think much about what the word "Music" means, else he would not use it in connection with the noises that the Indians were in the habit of generating in primitive life.

It seems that under the new regime, all around, every publication that was formerly devoted, in reality, to the best interest of the Indian has become nothing but an echo of the utterances of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This is not strange, however, when we note the fact of the growing tendency on the part of the newspapers and magazines to become simply the mouthpieces of persons holding office under the Government. All of which nevertheless, shows the falling off of individual courage among those who are connected with the press and periodicals; everything being subordinated to the one object of increasing their circulation that they may get the money or if necessary, ignore a manifest falling off of circulation rather than miss the favor of those whom they wish to serve.

All these things go to show that, left to itself, the Indian Bureau will never work out anything having for its object, exclusively, the permanent welfare of the Indian. It thus behooves us to continue our assaults upon the existing condition of things and upon all hysterical outbreaks such as Mr. Leupp has lately given vent to on the music question, and upon other false theories which he may continue to advance tending to perpetuate the Indian Bureau and all its characteristic failures.

In order that the people may not be deluded by these late utterances of the Commissioner into the idea that he is advocating something new and practical, it is well that we should state that these fads have always been more or less nursed by the hysterical few; but that until the new order of things was brought into existence by President Roosevelt these attacks of "Fadism" had been for thirty years firmly kept in subjection and would have so remained to this day but for the recent changes at headquarters. As it is now it would seem that the tendency to yield to the sug-

gestions of the army of phantom-chasers who are always ready and waiting with a full supply of the latest and best "helps for the Indian," keeps the bureau officials in a kind of mental ferment disqualifying them for the practical work which their positions affords them an opportunity of doing.

Excessive enthusiasm generally results in unhealthy infection, and it behooves government officials to be on their guard against its influence in the matter of Indian Bureau management lest they be led into the habit of attaching importance to things that are merely "trifles light as air." At present the media in which "we live, move and have our being" is everywhere heavily charged with the bacilli of frenzy. Let those who will, take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

BEWARE!

(By Victor Robinson.)

I rocked my girl upon my knee,
And gently stroked her hair,
My girl, she smiled and looked at me,
But only said, "Beware!"

I presst her plump and ruddy cheek,
And told her she was fair,
And asked her why she had to speak,
To tell me to "Beware."

Then on my knee she firmer set,
And said, "You've lost your lore,
I think all wisdom you'll forget,
And you'll be wise no more."

"Your lines are fading from your brow,
You never looked so young,
And where are all the sages now,
Whose praises once you sung?"

"The mighty Haeckel, where is he,
Of whom you often raved,
And Comte, of whom you once told me,
And Marx, for whom you craved?"

"And Darwin, Buckle and Tom Palne,
Are unused and unread,
And Strauss—remember you that name?
"Great! Great!" was what you said."

"And where is Herbert Spencer now,
You never scan his page,
You never pucker up your brow,
And hail him 'Greatest Sage'."

"You' read no more great histories,
All science you'll forget,
And when it comes to mysteries,
You'd better write: 'To let'."

"And I know why you scorn the school,
For anyone can see,
'Tis cause you wish to be a fool,
And just make love to me."

The Doom of Dogma.

By Henry Frank.



As a studious expose of the fallacy of revealed religion, this work by Dr. Frank no doubt stands at the head of books of the epoch.

Scarcely another writer has so systematically and elaborately dug into the ashes of the past and so thoroughly set before his readers the dry bones of a decayed faith by which man has for several centuries so successfully deluded himself.

The writer's splendid preparation for his task, his exhaustive list of authorities and his power of generalization is manifest from the first to the last chapter.

Under such titles as "Does a Man's Belief Constitute Him a Christian," "Reason the Real Savior," "The Myth of Hell," "The Defeat of Death" and many others the author makes unanswerable demonstration of the falseness of all the dogmas of the church in such fashion that it will never have to be done again by mortal man.

Henry Frank was born in Layfayette, Ind. He was educated in the public school system of Chicago Ill., at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and in the Northwestern and Harvard Universities. He entered the Methodist ministry and was ordained in Kansas in 1878. He afterwards held important charges in Kansas, Minnesota and Wisconsin. In 1888 he was pastor of the Congregational Church in Jamestown, N. Y. During this pastorate he experienced a change of views and organized the Independent Congregational Church in the same place, securing a very extensive following. This church was established to expound the principles of the new Theology. In 1897 he launched in the city of New York the church now known as the Metropolitan Independent. Copies of "The Doom of Dogma" will be sent post paid on receipt of \$1.50.

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Words of Wisdom.

By B. T. Calvert.

Why must we hear everlastingly so much about The Savior as though the race never had but one. We have had many and we need more saviors. One can do but little. The world is groping in darkness today because we have had too few.

Yes we can all be saviors, you and I and each one of us can and should be. Let us try.

And don't forget that all candidates for saviorship must begin at home. We've got to clean up our own back yards first. Lift ourselves up and then reach out a helping hand for our brother.

The man who has to work overtime to earn his salary is drawing more than he's worth.

Well now be honest about it—you know you've been let down easy.

What if we were held up strictly to account for all of our shortcomings and indiscretions? Wouldn't there be a jolly score to settle? Well, I guess.

Where would we be if nature paid any attention to our vagaries?

Come to think of it, would it be worth while to tackle this game of whiplack we call life, at all, if we did not feel deep down in our hearts, underneath all else, the steady pull of that certainty, that the truth will not be moved from its bearings by our mistakes.

Nature will ever be true to herself. We may fly wide of the mark in our conclusions, set up false systems, build upon sandy foundations, but all the time the living rock of truth is there, the light shines steadily in the darkness, even though the darkness comprehends it not.

We'll just push on, brothers—to be in the line of evolution is all we need—and we'll see the light in good time.

But what comfort to know that the right is fixed, that our foolishness will never shake it from its eternal moorings.

Still there are some things I cannot quite understand. Man is supposed to have been helped thus far on his upward way, thru the working out of nature's benevolent scheme for his good.

But isn't he just now doubling back on his path? Hasn't he got a Half-Nelson on Evolution, and isn't somebody going to smite the Tan Bark?

Why? Well let's see. Nature's aspect toward man has ever been kindly, but in his attitude toward his fellows is he benevolent? May be he is, but I don't see it. He seems to me but savage and cruel, as Talkative Tom puts it, "Tigerishly cruel."

In all his relations the center pole he's swingin' round is getting the better of his friends.

In business he must rise at his neighbor's expense. Same thing in social affairs, the struggle is to outshine the other person even if that other has to be pulled down. It's like a raft, step on one end, the other tips up—One fellow bobs up, the other goes spluttering beneath the wave, with the cool and placid keeps of Davy Jone's Locker awaiting him if he can't grab somebody else and crawl out. And if he does get a hold on the raft, those on top are ready with a club to rap him over the knuckles and make him let go. All scrapping, that's all it is, up and down.

Now what I want to know is why can't we strike a stable equilibrium, and all sit together on that raft and let our feet hang over and paddle in the water, and be happy without fear of the sinister depths below? And if one does slip off, all join in handing him a rope and getting him back?

"Can't do it," they say, "business is business." "Competition is the life of trade."

Sherman said, "War is hell"—Wonder what our business and social life would be called?

But now with nature, all is different. She seems bent upon giving each and every one of us all she can for the least effort on our part. Nature never takes a mean advantage of our weakness. She doesn't even exact the penalty that she might for our ignorance and mistakes. She ever holds out a hospitable hand—there is probably no spot on our globe where she will not support human life. She meets us half way.

Why can't we keep step with Nature?

The law of compensation never sleeps. Out of the lowest, nature brings forth her fairest creations.

It seems that in degradation lie hidden the germs of beauty, purity and grandeur.

From the lowest round of life, from the scum of the earth spring the proudest, noblest of our race.

When nature undertakes to produce the spotless lily, she does not select the polished granite surface, shimmering in the sunlight, for a breeding ground. No, she passes that by. She reaches far down in the dark depths of ooze and slime and there she plants the roots of that fairest flower of Earth's Garden's, her love child, that is to rise in splendor and float in beauty upon the dancing waves.

Belief? Yes, but wear it loosely. Do not rivet it with chains around your neck. Put it on and off as occasion demands like a clean collar. After all the only settled belief worth anything is belief in yourself. This is freedom and the way to the truth. All other belief is but a form of slavery. Beware how the rivets rust and the links become fixed. They are not so easy to loosen up.

Who knows? If our schools and colleges could only make work popular, perhaps that would be worth more to society than all else they are doing or attempting?

The Dreamer.

By Philip Green Wright.



From the vituperative literature of reform—reform with a sting in its tail—it is pleasant to turn to Prof. Wright's little volume, "The Dreamer," the title poem of which appeared in our July issue. The book has the rare merit of giving you a spiritual understanding of some of the great, dominating types of society. It is not an exposition of monarchism or capitalism or socialism, yet you can hardly lay down the little book—and you can read it all in a couple of hours—without feeling that your soul has in some manner undergone metempsychosis. You feel that you have actually been a queen, a captain of industry, an underling, one of the outclassed millions, a socialist; and you rise with a more catholic sympathy, a broader understanding, a wider tolerance and for-

giveness. Here is a stanza from "The Cry of the Underlings:"

Our minds are dull, we mull and mull,
But we're waking, masters; ay,
We're waking now, and with knotted brow
We're wondering dimly, why.
Only wondering, slow and vast and dull,
Brutal to do and dare,
But if ever we shake ourselves awake,
Masters of bread, beware.

Read these lines slowly, with concentration of thought, a few times, and you begin to perceive how "the man with the hoe" feels when he first begins to realize that he is "the man with the hoe."

The book is interesting in another particular. Readers will recall Prof. Wright's article on Asgard in the September issue. He has already begun this movement in a small way, and this volume is one of the first fruits of the Asgard Press. It makes a charming gift book, something unique, exceptional, distinctive. The Asgard Press will send you a copy, as Elbert Hubbard says, "on suspicion."

(The Dreamer, by Philip Green Wright, The Asgard Press, Galesburg, Ill.)

Asgard—Additional Suggestions

By Philip Green Wright.

I have received so many sympathetic and encouraging letters that I am beginning to look upon "Asgard" as a thing of to-day as well as "To-morrow." My present occupation so fully occupies my time that I cannot answer all these letters personally. I therefore offer the following suggestions to friends through the magazine:

I am enough of a "Historic Materialist" to believe that the higher attributes of the mind and heart which the very fact of our considering such a movement indicates that we expect to see developed in men and women living under surroundings more congenial than those which our present social order affords can flourish only upon a sound economic basis.

The best things of life are curiously elusive. I know of no other rational end of life than happiness; but those who seek it as an end find frivolity, jaded nerves, and disgust. What is more to be desired than love? But the woman who seeks it too often finds jealousy, heart burning, and isolation. The best things must come to us as incidents. We cannot make them our own by violence.

So I feel that we must go into this movement with the idea of doing something, not of enjoying something; with the spirit of pioneers, not refugees. Each prospective comrade must ask himself, what can I contribute? How can I help toward making "To-Morrow" a more vital magazine? Am I now fitted or can I fit myself to set type, to do press work, to raise vegetables, build houses, make furniture, cure the sick, handle the finances, purchase or sell for the community, cook, clean, sweep the streets, so that my work will be a joy to my comrades and to myself.

I am frank to say that for the purposes of community life I am far more concerned in these things than in the question whether the comrades are Christians or Agnostics, whether they believe in marriage or free love, whether they are anarchists or socialists. I do not mean to say that I consider the latter questions of no importance. If, in these philosophical matters, some of the comrades hold radical and uncompromising opinions on one side, and some on the other, if there is not a spirit of conciliation and *laissez faire*, if there is no gravitation based upon something deeper than mental ratiocination, the separate particles will fly apart, the community will disintegrate.

Therefore, will not all who feel attracted to this movement answer the following questions and send in their answers to "To-Morrow?": Name, address, age, capital, present occupation, preferred occupation, qualifications for same, opinions

which I hold and regard as important in regard to religious, social, and sexual matters.

As soon as a sufficient number of men and women and capital are assured a committee will be appointed to investigate for a site and decide upon further details.

"ASGARD" AND ITS LOCATION.

Each state and subdivision thereof offers certain opportunities to industry, energy and enterprise, each has its advantages and its disadvantages. No one section can justly be called the one and only paradise, but on account of some of the natural resources that are to be found in Humboldt County, Cal., I suggest it as a good location for to execute the ideas as set forth in a previous number of "To-Morrow." Now in giving a few reasons why I think the above named place should be investigated, I will state things as they are, according to the best of my ability. I will endeavor to mention only a few of the conditions that I think most necessary as the reasons why I think the place named a good location. According to the United States Weather Bureau no station can show a record superior for evenness of temperature to that of Eureka (the county seat of Humboldt County). The soil is very productive and produces large crops of grain, fruit, and vegetables of most all kinds. There is also redwood forests to the extent of about 486,000 acres in the county, and along the streams there are considerable bodies of maple, pepper wood, laurel, and etc. The county is well watered by numerous streams. Eel river for a few miles of its lower course is navigable for small vessels. With the evenness of temperature and general climatic conditions it may be readily inferred that healthfulness is one of the chief attributes, where abundant moisture, constant ocean breezes, and a redundancy of clear mountain streams are combined with a complete absence of swamps, pools, reservoirs and etc., the average health of the inhabitants must be good. Land for farming, dairying and fruit and stock raising purposes is valued all the way from \$3 to \$300 per acre. There are also 442,072 acres of government land untaken. There are many choice spots of both hill and valley land, which are still open to purchase from the government, but they are quite inconvenient to roads, schools and etc., at present. Irrigation is not practiced in this section of the country as the average rainfall is about 46.66 inches per annum and quite evenly distributed through the year. It appears to the writer that a place where the very lowest temperature ever recorded was twenty degrees above zero and the highest ever recorded was eighty-five degrees, where cyclones, blizzards, floods and drouths do not occur, where there are beautiful bays, creeks, and rivers, where with the requisite amount of land and the right kind of people of good character, culture can be established and perpetuated and the **New Civilization** made a Success.

—E. F. Garner.

Looking Forward.

By Philip Rappaport.



This is one of the books that every thinker should read. In it Mr. Rappaport has with masterly argument and a strong array of facts sought to separate the view of family life entirely from its mystical interpretations. He has endeavored to study human family and marriage relations with the same honesty, accuracy and freedom from bias or personal interest that Burbank employs to form his conclusions in relation to flowers, fruits and vegetables. In reality it is all the same problem. Any scheme for betterment of either animals, plants or

human being must be amendable to exactly the same set of laws. Mr. Rappaport makes it evident that there are not two sets of laws in the world. The following estimates of "Looking Forward" by the literary editors of two notable dailies are of exceptional interest.

That "the best medicine against social ills is freedom," is the conclusion ultimately attained by the writer, who well and thoughtfully traces the rising status of the feminine sex from very early beginnings down to the present, touching upon various related and concomitant social and sociological topics in the process. In greater and ever growing liberty he believes will yet be found the relief and cure for most of the evils, economic and otherwise, under which society now labors. His book, which shows careful preparation and contains many tersely presented and important facts, does not lack for interest or value. Sociological students should find it of suggestive aid.—Chicago Record Herald.

As for the status of women—the writer shows by a long series of illustrations from ancient and modern sources that this has always depended upon her economic value. When she has been a factor in production it has been high, as among our Pueblo Indians, for example; when she has been economically dependent it has been low, no matter what so-called "chivalry" may pretend to the contrary.—Denver Post.

Looking Forward well bound in cloth \$1.00, or send \$1.50 and receive the book and "To-morrow" magazine for one year.

Au Revoir.

By Viola Richardson.



The sun had set and the gray shadows were creeping through the room.

She was dying—all day she had fought with the dark spectre that stood at her bedside, but the fight was over and they knew the end was near.

He sat beside her, holding one of her thin, cold hands in his big strong one, so full of life and warmth. He wondered in dumb pain why he could not drain the rich warm blood out of his veins into hers, and give her a new hold on life. Why must she die? His whole being shrank back with a shudder of unendurable horror at the thought of the days and days without her—the emptiness, the chill—never to look across the table and see her smiling back at him—never to feel the loving caress of her eyes as he read to her—never to feel the delicious thrill of tenderness at the nearness of her body to him in the night time—never—never—never.

She had lain so still for a long time that he would have thought the end had come, and that she was with him no more had it not been for her eyes, gazing out beyond him, seeing and yet not seeing.

He drew a long trembling breath and stroked the hand that lay so passively in his. She turned her eyes from that far off something to his face.

"Sweetheart," she whispered.

"Yes, dear," and he dropped down on his knees beside the bed that it might bring his face nearer hers, so that she need make no unnecessary effort to see him and speak to him. "What is it, Little Girl?"

She smiled faintly at the name that he had used first in the sweet days of their courtship—the name that symbolized in a way that love which sought to enfold and protect to the uttermost.

"I see things now that I never saw before—I understand things now that I never understood before—and before I go—" she stopped with a break in her voice. The man's head went down against her breast and she stroked back the dark hair.

Presently she went on, "I want to say to you things that I know now I should have said long time ago—things that I have kept from you." The voice, the eyes, the gentle pressure of the hand, all gave out a wordless cry for forgiveness.

"My wife! as if you ever kept anything from me! Do not weary yourself, dear love, your whole life has been as open to me as the sky—your dear life which could conceal nothing. Do you want just to rest here close to me?"

"I did not realize it, but now I see," she went on gently. "I thought I was giving you all my life, and now I see that I had a life outside of you, apart from you—of which I never told you. Now—as I feel myself slipping away from you—I realize that running through all my life with you has been a rebellion—a protest—" She stopped and strained her eyes to see him in the deepening gloom. Let nothing I say pain you, dear, because we never were so nearly one as now—never have I rested my life so openly in yours—as now. You will not let what I say pain you, will you, dear?"

"No, no, sweet, nothing you would say could pain me, for I know your dear heart too well. Be free to say whatever it rests you to say."

"I want to say it because it will take away the only barrier between us—and there will be nothing but perfect understanding—forever."

The man whispered, "Yes, dear."

"All these years I have wanted to be free; I have chafed at bondage—"

The man felt a shock go through him like a stab, and his soul stood still as if an abyss had opened before it.

Silence lay between them for awhile—the woman gathering her wasting force for this last message from the innermost chamber of her being, and the man groping in darkness for he knew not what.

"It began only a little while after we were married—the sense of bondage—and my soul protested because it must fit itself to your ideas of things—that I could have no activities outside the limit you prescribed for me—to gradually put away the things I loved to read and adjust myself to like what you wanted—to forget my own desires for expression and immerse myself in your hopes and ambitions—to become acquainted with the people you wished me to know—to follow always in the path that you had made—to never be able to take a step alone—to suppress my views of things—or bend them to meet your own—"

"I did not know I had been like that. I have loved you so, dear, I have wanted the way to be easy and smooth for you you were to me as a rare and delicate flower to be shielded, cared for—I have made you suffer and I thought I was being good to you."

"You have been good to me—" There was infinite love in the voice. "The fault is not yours—there is no fault—or if there is it is mine. I think this protest that has run through all my life is an innate something in human nature—the struggle for self-expression—for self-growth—the reaching after self-consciousness. I should have talked with you of it, but I could not; I felt that it might bring discord, misunderstanding, and so tried to crush it out. But now I see that I should have told you—that if I had told you our love would have been rounded out to something more beautiful even than it was—it has been sweet to me, dear—I do not mean that it has not been sweet—always remember that it has been full and rich and sweet to me,"

The effort to speak exhausted the woman, and she lay still for many minutes, while the man's thoughts went back over the past like an accusing thing. A new consciousness had come to him, wherein he saw that his love had been filled with a great selfishness. Incidents stood out here and there like searing torches—incidents where he had gently put aside some wish of hers that seemed childish to him because he had thought something else would be better for her.

He put his face down close to hers on the pillow.

"Little Comrade, I understand," he said brokenly.

Her eyelids trembled, a smile glorified her face, her fingers trembled in a last loving hand clasp—and he was alone.

ISRAFEL AND I.

By John Francis Valter.

While wandering in the Borderland
Where lonely souls seek respite from their pain,
I heard the voice of Israfel soaring in a song,—
So intensely mournful—
So tremulously sweet,
As to leave no trace in memory,
Tho' I crave to feel again,

Presently I saw Him
In the moon's pale sensuous light,
Advancing straight towards me
From the shadows of the trees.

A cowed robe enwrapped Him,
He walked with bowed down head
And arms clasped o'er some object
Hidden in his breast.

When opposite to me he paused
Bared a lily to my gaze,
Whose once immaculate petals
Were stained with black decay

"The Beautiful must die," wailed He
"The Beautiful must die:
"Oh, let us weep in silence here,—
"A moment—You and I."

Reverently we bowed our heads,
And bitterly we wept,
There in the silent moonlight—
Israfel and I.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By H. M. Walker.

A beautifully printed book on the line of New Thought Philosophy and "Soul Building." Those who wish to be in line with new, original ideas by one of the best writers in this field may address The Segnogram, Los Angeles, Cal.

Pleasing Face Always Wins.



In one of his fascinating novels, William Black, author of "A Princess of Thule," and other noted works of fiction, describes a young woman who was tall and strikingly handsome in figure, with abundant masses of raven-black hair, dark eyes under darker eyelashes, and proud and well-cut lips, but who, unfortunately, was constantly mortified by a complexion that was anything but clear and velvety, a crooked nose and outstanding ears. These distressing defects proved to be a handicap to her through life, because the art of correcting such blemishes was little practiced at that time, and had by no means attained the high development which it enjoys to-day, especially in the western world.

As a matter of plain fact, a pleasing face has a great advantage over one that is marred by distortions and unlovely blotches and is nearly always successful in winning the most coveted prizes of life. There is no gainsaying the unchangeable truth that an attractive countenance is the handmaid of success and popularity. This has been thoroughly established by patient investigators who have sought an answer to the question: Why is it that of two persons who are seemingly equal in merit, capacity and opportunity, one will fail and the other succeed? The fatal defect is found in the personality, in which the countenance plays a most important part.

Happily for those who feel the mortification arising from physical blemishes, for which they are in no way responsible, there exists at the present time in the highly developed art of dermatology a method of treatment and surgical correction which offers such sufferers new hopes and opens up new vistas in the race for love, honor and success.

H. J. Saunders, B. S., M. D., 148 State street, Chicago, is unquestionably one of the leading exponents of this art in the West. He is not only an expert and practical dermatologist, but a bachelor of science and a graduate in medicine and surgery, with a license to practice. This being the age of scientific achievement and artistic development, Dr. Saunders has devoted a great part of his time in recent years to the laudable work of improving faces lacking in the qualities that captivate, because of patches, pimples, blotches and muddy complexion; red noses, superfluous hair, dull, spotted, sallow, leathery skin; outstanding ears that give the wearer the appearance of a caricature; humped or crooked noses, thick lips indicative of sensuality, hollow cheeks and the wrinkles of premature age; marks of dissipation, injurious habits, worry, disease, etc.

The more Dr. Saunders studied this subject, the more clearly he saw that neither man nor woman could afford to go through life suffering from the disadvantages caused by abnormal or repulsive features, if relief was in any way to be obtained.

Dr. Saunders logically argues that while success is written on some faces peculiarly favored by Mother Nature, failure is just as legibly inscribed on others that for some mysterious reason have not won the propitiation of the gods. Just here he steps in—provided you secure his services—and by a magical skill, suggestive of the wonders performed by the genii of the fable, but in reality resulting from true scientific principles, transforms the repulsive face into an attractive one, thus snatching victory from the hands of defeat and turning failure into success.

Informal Brotherhood and Correspondence Club

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense or for the willing heart—but make it short.

WOULD WE OBJECT?

Suppose, for a moment, that the Messiah or sacred story should to-day be walking the earth, doing wonders, teaching truth, denouncing religious show, living simply on the shin bounty of his hearers and disciples, **who would object?**

Would we, who think for ourselves, object?

Did he not then stand for all we stand for now?

Has our crowd any criticism at all for a real disciple of Jesus Christ? I haven't, for one.

We can't get along without religion nor dispense with moral ideals, and where among all the religions can we find a better ideal than the lowly man of Nazareth?

If all Christendom were a consistent Christian fabric, would professional ecclesiastics be prating and protesting freethinkers berating?

What in the world can save "Christianity," which now claims 500,000,000 adherents, or one-third the planet's population, except just such a jolt as is indicated by the ancient Christian prophecy of a triumphal return of the Messiah to capture the race by resistless power?

Whether we "believe" Christian "last things" or not, would we object to the rankest literal second coming of Christ? I shouldn't. Why? Because it would settle some live questions forever.

—John R. Downer.

TO CHAMPIONS OF PROGRESS.

By W. F. Fischer—a Workingman.

Natural ways of thinking, living and belief,
Can bring not but progress,
And never causes grief.
Living close to nature,
As onward the soul speeds,
No narrow mind! no prejudice! no unnatural needs.

Welcome! Champions of real progress,
May your names be ever spoken,
May history reveal your teachings,
The naked truth unbroken,
And when your lives on earth is o'er,
May they to all, be sublime,
While you have passed, leaving behind your
Footprints in the sands of time.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILD SLAVE.**By Llewellyn Flowers Withers.**

Out of the darkness of despair, comes the pitiful wail of the child slave, crying to us for protection from the cruel task-master who is grinding out every hope that has blossomed in his young heart; crushing every joy in its bud; dwarfing every noble impulse that would find an abiding place in his mind, and making him the criminal of the future:

Men and women, let us rise to the occasion, and join our forces to the brave souls who have no voice in the matter. Read Edwin Markham's article entitled "The Hoe Man in the Making," in the October "Cosmopolitan," and then join the Child Labor Federation, by sending your name and address to Mr. Gustavus Meyers, 1789 Broadway, New York city. He will send you a certificate of membership free of charge. The idea of the federation is to get as large a list as possible, in the hope of influencing legislation in behalf of the child slave. If you wish to do more than send in your name, you might get up a list of the people you know, who wish to help in the cause, and send to the above address.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A MONOPOLIST.**By Frederic C. Howe.**

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APPENDICITIS.

In Health Culture Dr. Latson takes up for thorough and thoughtful consideration, "Appendicitis, its Causes, Prevention, and Treatment." It is found to come from various causes, that we should understand, and that it can be cured without an operation by common sense home treatment methods. This paper should be widely read as it would save much of suffering and needless expense. The number also contains other valuable matter, including a very thoughtful paper by Dr. F. H. Millener on "How Health of Men Working in Electrical Works are Effected by Electrical Currents of High Voltage," an illustrated paper on "The Fine Art of Movement," "The Salt Eating Habit," by Julia Colman, in which it is shown that salt is an injurious condiment.

"New Poison Habits," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, explains how people are poisoning themselves by the use of patent medicines, etc. "The Care of the Baby," is considered by Dr. C. W. Young, "Irritable Children," by Mrs. I. M. Bond. There are also papers on "Sleep and its Relation to Health," "The Danger of Impure Drugs," "The Fruit and Nut Diet," "Physical Decay in Women," "The Health of Authors." An important factor in Health Culture is found in the practical answers to questions of its readers in relation to recovery and maintenance of health. The speciality to which this magazine is devoted is one of universal interest and it ought to have a universal circulation. It is published at 10 cents a copy, and \$1.00 a year, by The Health-Culture Company, 153 West Twenty-third street, New York.

Dear Editor "To-Morrow:"

The other day my muse inspired me with the following:

Stars shalt thou have for jewels,
 With moons will I deck thy hair,
 The morning light for wedding robe
 Shall be thine, my lady fair.
 Gold from the sun's last sunset,
 Silk from the sheen of the sea,
 The turquoise band of the tropic sky
 Shall be raiment, love, for thee.

I send it on its mission of awakening similar thoughts in you. I have been out for the last two weeks soap-boxing for the Socialist party and I tell you the "cicada" is breaking its shell and the faint murmurs of it can be felt even in cross road Ohio villages and I begin to wonder whether "**To-Morrow**" is not already here.

Yours in the Hope,

—W. J. Millard.

TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

Editor "To-Morrow":—In reply to your request for arguments relative to the taxation of Church property, I desire to contribute this:

A church is a building, which like all other buildings, is produced by labor and capital applied to land. It is like other buildings, also in that it is perishable and has to be repaired constantly to keep it in usable condition.

A Church is not capital, but is simply wealth and like all other wealth should be exempt from taxation. If it is a good thing, it should not be taxed for the same reason that no good thing should be taxed. If it is a bad thing it should be prohibited. I think it is a negative thing. The value of a Church is not due to government, or to organized society, but is due solely to the fact that certain individuals believe in it, want it, and support it.

The sinners, free thinkers, philosophers and thoughtful people do not make church values, because they do not value the Church for anything save the building material they contain.

With the land under the building called a church, the case is wholly different; it is a secular, not a religious value, it is a social, not an individual value. Its existence is due to the presence, industry and needs of the whole people, saint and sinner alike, if such there be—and it is the only value about or relative to a church which society as a whole has a right to, and if this value were taken as it ought to be, and will be taken before twenty more years have elapsed, it will shrink the value of church "property" in this country more than one-half, probably two-thirds, and enlightened liberalism and the steady resistless march of the human mind toward religious liberty and economic freedom will do the rest.

To see the force of this one has but to consider the difference between the value of the Methodist Church on Clark and Washington or Old Trinity at the head of Wall Street and the value of the land they stand on. It is dollars to doughnuts in both cases.

The Old Trinity corporation in New York is one of the wealthiest corporations in that city, and one of the greatest landlords or landgods; they, also, have the attribute of all respectable gods, unlimited power, and until they are shown of this power, justice will not obtain in America.

This is the doctrine of the Single Tax, it is a good doctrine and true. Like all true doctrines it has the quality of universal applicability, it dovetails into all the known facts and factors and like every other good and true thing in this world it can not be refuted. It is an economic Gibraltar.

Yours faithfully,

—Henry H. Hardinge.

ANOTHER.

Greeting to the Editor of "To-Morrow":—You ask about "Taxation of Church Property." Church property should be taxed the same as other property. This is the strongest way I can write my opinion on this subject.

But why have taxation on any property? We can coin and print a medium of exchange and that is all we need, and all that is got at great expense by taxation. I have been considering how to abolish taxation of homes, the same as is now done for church property. Let us abolish taxation.

Yours truly,

Boston, Mass.

—A. F. Hill.

TAX CHURCH.

Why should one set of club-house owners have their houses exempt from taxes more than any or all others? This

club-house church claims to do as they would be done by, and then let the other club-house owners be assessed enough more to make up for what their house and ground should be assessed and paid for? We notice the state has to have so many dollars for their apportionment and every dollar let off from their club house has to be paid by the other club houses and their grounds. Are we to continue to exempt them. They will have a half and a whole million in their clubhouses and a million dollar lot to put it on. Shows very plainly on the face of their business that they mistrust God, for their seeking His righteousness all other necessary things would be added and for the mistrust in God to give them (just common compensation) for their daily efforts, they seek to (and have) made all other club-house owners pay their taxes—made the devils, sinners as well as infidels pay their bills. That is what I call a hell of a church. May be a church, but not Christ! A cannibal people eat up the body of the Jew as long as he lasted and seeing he is no more, go through the motion of yet drinking human blood and eating his human body. Bah!

Only a few months have passed when the first four corners in a town, village or city was occupied with a grocery, a clothing, blacksmith shop and postoffice, and now 'tis a church, a drug shop, a bank and trial court rooms. A few months ago a man traded where he liked to, and he feared no one. But now if he doesn't pay into the church he is boycotted at the bank, the drug store and ends up in the court room. They won't buy from him or sell to him unless they get double what the article is worth. Most cheerfully submitted by your worthy subscriber,

Long Beach, Cal.

—A. A. Caswell.

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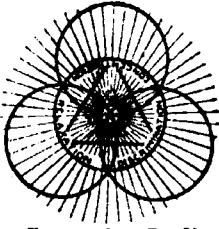
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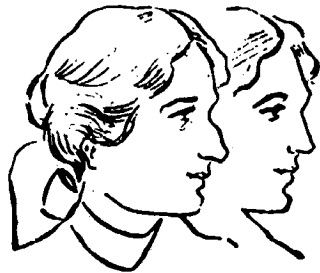
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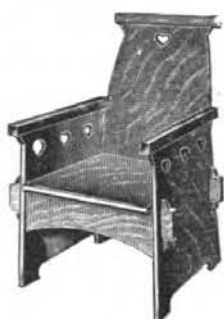
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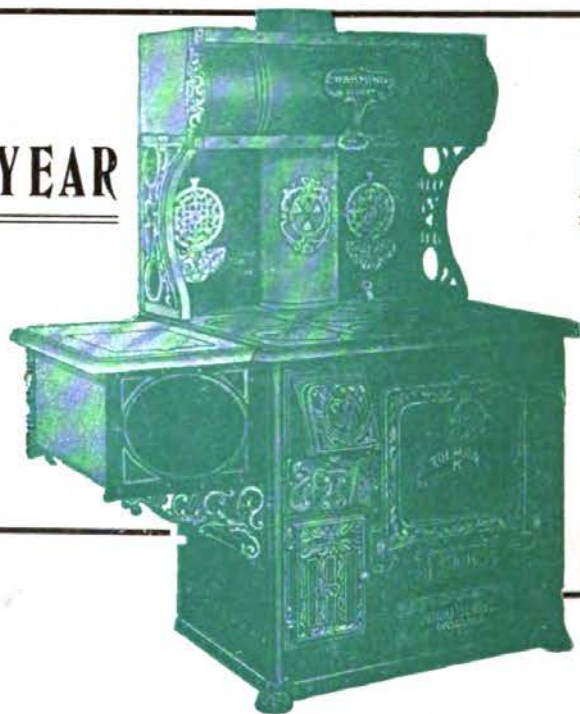
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